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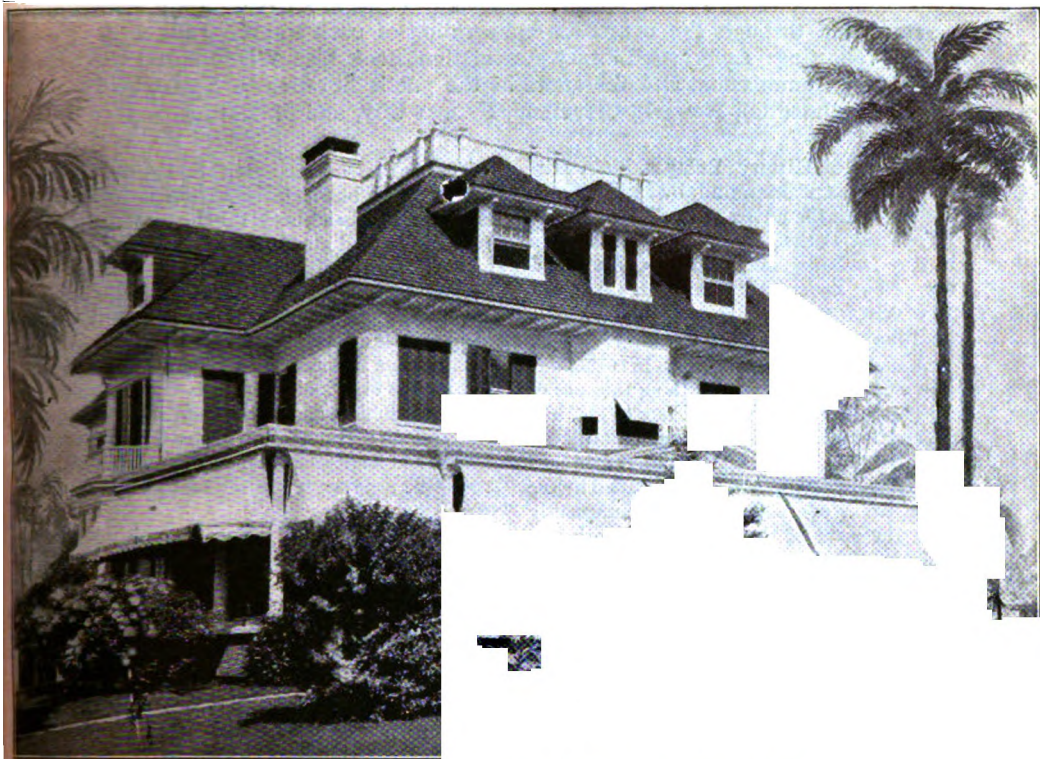
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# THE ATLANTIC'S BOOKSHELF

These reviews of recent books of unusual value are based upon lists furnished through the courteous coöperation of such trained judges as the following: American Library Association Book List, Wisconsin Free Library Commission, and the staffs of the public libraries in Springfield (Massachusetts), Newark, Cleveland, Kansas City, and St. Louis.

**The Outline of History, Being a Plain History of Life and Mankind,** by H. G. Wells. Written with the advice and editorial help of Mr. Ernest Barker, Sir H. H. Johnston, Sir E. Ray Lankester, and Professor Gilbert Murray. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1920. Two vols., royal 8vo, xx+648 and xii+676 pp. Illustrated by J. F. Horrabin. \$10.50.

This is an ambitious book, both in conception and in execution. It is a bold thing to conceive the world's history from primal chaos to 1920 and after, and it is even bolder to assume that this can be compassed by a brilliant novelist rather than by the tried historian. Always undaunted by the future, Mr. Wells now goes up courageously against the giant of the past, taking with him eminent scholars to guide him to good books and save him from gross error. The result is a notable work, enlarging, stimulating, often informing. Those who know considerable history will profit by its reading; those who know little will have much to learn when they have finished it; it should be neither one's first nor one's last book on the subject. The task was well worth doing, and it will be worth doing again and better.

Decidedly interesting as a whole, the work has sweep and vividness rather than flow. The minimum of historical fact is often given in desiccated form, and the citation of widely differing views is apt to be confusing, especially in the earlier chapters, so that one is tempted to jump from one to another of the luminous passages of reflection or portrayal which Mr. Wells intersperses. The nature of these observations can often be predicted by those who know their Wells. We are not surprised to find him stressing religion, world-peace, the comforts and conveniences of mechanical invention, much interested in the dinosaur and the swastika and all those obscure periods and peoples which give scope to the imagination. The comparison of President Wilson to Daisy Miller is novel, but we rather expect the author to be cold to a lawyerly people like the Roman; to that unsocialized person, 'the bent Scholarly Man'; to one Aristotle, who was 'terribly wanting in self-sacrificial enthusiasm'; to Napoleon, who might have been the maker of a new world but 'preferred to be the son-in-law of the old.' The institutional sense is lacking, and there is no appreciation of the social and intellectual values of tradition. Some of the more superficial remarks remind us of the swallows whom Lowell saw plastering their nests on 'the awful Past' at Chartres. Mr. Wells is not in awe of the past, for he is thinking of the superiority of the present and the far greater superiorities of the future; but he cannot escape the past's abiding power, and therein lies much comfort for the historically minded.

The book is more accurate than the run of general histories, but its information is inevitably second or third hand, based for the most part upon cyclopædias and standard histories and school textbooks, nearly always in English. This means that its scholarship is likely to be behind the times, in spite of the revision by eminent assistants. Even so up-to-date a person as Mr. Wells is often living in the past of historical and scientific knowledge, and for the events of 1919 he is content to clip from such dubious and partisan sources as Keynes and Dillon. Greater calm in treating his own time would have strengthened our confidence in Mr. Wells's power to see all history *sub specie æternitatis*.

The judicious reader will get much joy from the pungent footnotes, the last refuge of the scholars who pull Mr. Wells's coat-tails as he races through the ages. Here a running fight is waged over such issues as the place of conscience in the Puritan Revolution and the value of classical education as seen in Gladstone, while at times the barriers of small type are broken and the upper air witnesses such a battle royal as that between the author and Sir Gilbert Murray over the comparative civilization of the ancient Athenians and a music-hall mob. Sir Gilbert likewise finds the text 'too dogmatic about Helen' of Troy. But then, Mr. Wells has always been rather dogmatic about his Helens! C. H. H.

**The Frontier in American History,** by Frederick Jackson Turner. New York: Henry Holt and Co. 1920. 8vo, vi+375 pp. \$2.50.

PROFESSOR TURNER modestly calls the papers in this volume 'reconnaissances'; but they are a cumulative series of studies presenting the leading influences that have made the United States. The frontier, to him, means the edge of settlement, and not, as in Europe, a political boundary. As it has moved westward, from military or economic causes, it has recorded the expansive energies of the people behind it and carried on the pioneer ideals. The fruitful results of this survey give a new reading to American history. By obliterating state lines and by considering movements of the people, the rise of large areas, like the 'old West' and the 'Middle West,' and the special effect of foreign immigration, the story of the western country is brought into close connection with the 'East,' and the development in its many processes becomes 'inevitable.'

The distinction between the community type of settlement of New England and the quit-rents, head-rights, and homestead grants of Virginia; the clash of interest between the people of tide-water and upland regions, between pioneer for-ester and farmer and absentee owner; the reason



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## THE ATLANTIC'S BOOKSHELF

town in North America, and 'its Main Street is the continuation of Main Streets everywhere.' The art of the fictional copyist can no further go, in either depiction or — and this is the miracle — representation. *Main Street* will be to you, according to the æsthetic creed you profess, a triumph of realistic synthesis or the *reductio ad absurdum* of realism. Perhaps it ought to be called both; perhaps it is the first because it is the second. In any event, it gives you, as does *The Old Wives' Tale*, the sense of its being greater than the realistic creed which made it. Certainly there will be no one to challenge its purely artistic integrity.

Its artistic integrity, though, is hardly the point. The book itself is a challenge — first, to the whole sprawling and inchoate mass of life which is the sum of all the Gopher Prairies; then, and not less significantly, to the shallow cosmopolitan æstheticism that expects to reform and beautify the Gopher Prairies from without by transplanting into them an alien and city-bred culture, which, being not of their soil, can take no root therein. For Mr. Lewis seems to have faith that our Gopher Prairies shall be saved at the last, and self-saved. He is the mordant, almost vindictive satirist of their present; but he is at the same time the confident spokesman of their future.

In a book about such a composite reality, there must be an individual for protagonist against the huge, blind, cramping, inescapable impersonal force. Mr. Lewis's individual is the Carol Kennicott of his sub-title. She, a young university graduate and ex-librarian, marries a country physician of Gopher Prairie and takes up her life in the little town, sustained by self-flattering visions of how she is going to enlighten and uplift it. She is a vivid enough example of the immature, effervescent, easily discouraged idealist, and her personal history is compound of truth and pathos. But the ultimate unimportance of the exceptional person is shown by the fact that she, the enlightened, superior individualist from whose angle we view the scene and the struggle, seems in retrospect a mere unmemorable wraith by comparison with her husband, who, in his stupidity, his good-natured vulgarity, and his capacity for killing himself with drudgery and counting it all in the day's work, is the small town incarnate — a monumental definition of both its present spiritual inertia and its future potentialities.

H. T. F.

**Potterism**, by Rose Macaulay. New York: Boni and Liveright. 1920. 12mo, pp. xii+227. \$2.00.

THOSE of us who delighted in *The Making of a Bigot* will not be surprised to find Rose Macaulay equalling, and perhaps even surpassing, her earlier

work in this delicately ironic picture of contemporary English society. It is even conceivable that her amusing applications of the word 'Potterism,' as summing up the great mass of 'incoherent muddled emotion that passes for thought,' should become as epoch-making (to use a phrase which is itself redolent of Potterism) as Matthew Arnold's famous classification of a certain unenlightened section of society as Philistines.

The scene of this brilliant and searchingly truthful little tale is laid chiefly in England; for Potterism is, the Anti-Potters decided, 'mainly an Anglo-Saxon disease. Worst of all in America. . . . Less discernible in the Latin countries, . . . and hardly existing in the Slavs.'

The book is original in form as well as in matter, the first and last parts being written frankly by Rose Macaulay as spectator of the tragic-comedy of life; the four intervening sections, written ostensibly by four of the characters of the story, and revealing the cleverly conceived personal slant and reaction of their varying temperaments. The style of the story is agreeably colloquial, and somewhat reminiscent of Wells, in its modern mannerism of abrupt and occasionally verbless sentences suggesting the spoken rather than the written word. The author looks at things with the unflinching eye of truth, an eye sparkling with humor, gleaming with irony, and totally undimmed by sentimentality. The Potter family, consisting both of Potters and Anti-Potters, and the circle of friends belonging to the same two general divisions of society, form the subject of this entertaining story, which is too truthful to be a satire and, in spite of episodes of grim tragedy, too amusing to be a mere social study.

'Leila Yorke' (the pen-name of the lady novelist who is the mother of both Potters and Anti-Potters) becomes a masterpiece of humor, in her unconscious humorlessness. She is the apotheosis of Potterism, and the section of the story which she is supposed to write betrays an authentic banality of style completely Potteristic.

The chief characters are all portrayed with sureness and sincerity, particularly the complex, unilluminated Jane, with her repelling hardness and compelling charm — the ring-leader of Anti-Potterism; also the nobly human figure of the Jew, Arthur Gideon, whose death is a symbolic sacrifice to the confusion of the hour, and not a perfunctory bit of tragedy introduced as a dramatic climax.

Potterism is a word which should go into the language, whether applied to the press or the pulpit, to institutions or individuals; for though Potters will pass away and their bones whiten — perchance in a Potter's Field — Potterism will remain immortal while human nature persists.

P. S.

In response to requests from many librarians, the reviews printed each month in this department of the magazine will be reprinted separately in pamphlet form. Copies may be had by any librarian, without charge, on application to the Atlantic Monthly, 8 Arlington St., Boston.





*P. G. Quincy*

# THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JANUARY, 1921

## THE NATIONAL GENIUS

BY STUART P. SHERMAN

### I

SOME people have one hobby and some another. Mine is studying the utterances of the Intelligentsia—a word by which those who think that they exhibit the latest aspect of mind designate themselves. I like to hear what our ‘young people’ say, and to read what they write; for, though they are not meek, they will, at least in a temporal sense, inherit the earth—and one is always interested in heirs. So much depends upon them.

Not long ago, progressive thinkers organized a public dinner in order to consult together for the welfare of the Republic. The marks of a progressive thinker are profound pessimism with regard to the past and infinite hope with regard to the future. Such a thinker was the toastmaster. Now, a thoughtful and progressive pessimist is a joy forever. He says for the rest of us those bitter things about history and society which we all feel at times, but hesitate to utter, not being so certain that we possess the antidote. I had long surmised that this was not the best possible of worlds, whether one considered it in its present drunken and reeling state, or whether one peered backward, through stratum after stratum of wrecked enterprises, into its iniquitous

and catastrophic antiquity. Accordingly, I felt a kind of rich, tragic satisfaction when this toastmaster, in a ten-minute introduction, reviewed the entire history of the world from the time of the Cave Man to the time of the Treaty of Versailles, and concluded with a delightfully cheerful smile:—

‘Up to date civilization has been a failure. Life is tolerable only as a preparation for a state which neither we nor our sons shall enter. We shall all die in the desert,’ he continued, as the gloom thickened to emit the perorational flash; ‘but let us die like Moses, with a look into the Promised Land.’

Then he began to call upon his associates in the organization of progress.

Nine tenths of the speakers were, as is customary on such occasions, of the sort that editors include when they arrange a series of articles called ‘Builders of Contemporary Civilization.’ They were the men who get cathedrals begun, and make universities expand, legislatures vote, armies fight, money circulate, commodities exchange, and grass grow two blades for one. They spoke in a businesslike way of eliminating waste and introducing efficiency, of tapping unused resources here, of speeding up

production there, of facilitating communications somewhere else. Except for the speeches of the bishop and the university president, the discourses had to my ear a somewhat mechanical twang. Yet one could not but approve and feel braced by the leading idea running through them all, which was to extend the control of man over nature and the control of a creative reason over man. All the speakers—engineer, banker, and farmer, no less than clergyman and educator—seemed to have their eyes fixed on some standard, which some internal passion for improvement urged them to approximate, or to attain. I could n't help thinking how Franklin would have applauded the spirit of his posterity.

When, as I thought, the programme was completed, they had substituted for the present machinery of society a new outfit of the 1950 model, or perhaps of a still later date. The country, under intensive cultivation, looked like a Chinese garden. The roads, even in the spring of the year, were not merely navigable, but Fordable. Something had happened to the great smoke-producing cities; so that Chicago, for instance, shone like a jewel in clear air and sunlight. High in the heavens, innumerable merchant vessels, guarded by aerial dreadnaughts, were passing in continuous flight across the Gulf to South America. Production had been so enormously increased by the increased expertness, health, and sobriety of the producers, that a man could go to market with only a handful of silver in his pocket and return with bread and butter enough for himself and his wife, and perhaps a couple of biscuits for his dog. Every one of the teeming population, a low and aloft, male and female, was at work in uniform, a rifle and a wireless field-telephone within easy reach; for every one was both an expert workman and a soldier. But no one was

fighting. Under the shield of that profound 'preparedness,' the land enjoyed uninterrupted peace and prosperity.

Perhaps I dreamed some of this. The speeches were long.

When I returned to a condition of critical consciousness, the toastmaster was introducing the last speaker as follows: 'We have now provided for all matters of first-rate importance. But we have with us one of the literary leaders of the younger generation. I am going to call upon him to say a word for the way the man of the new Republic will express himself after he has been fed and clothed and housed. I shall ask him to sketch a place in our programme of democratic progress for art, music, literature, and the like—in short, for the superfluous things.'

That phrase, 'the superfluous things,' rang in my ear like a gong: not because it was new, but because it was old; because it struck a nerve sensitive from repeated striking; because it really summed up the values of art for this representative group of builders; because it linked itself up with a series of popularly contrasted terms—practical and liberal studies, business English and literary English, useful and ornamental arts, valuable and graceful accomplishments, necessities and luxuries of life, chemists and professors of English, and so on *ad infinitum*. I myself was a professor of superfluous things, and, therefore, a superfluous professor. As I turned this uncomfortable thought over in my mind, it occurred to me that things are superfluous only with reference to particular ends; and that, in a comprehensive plan of preparation for a satisfactory national life, we might be compelled to revise the epithets conventionally applied to the arts which express our craving for beauty, harmony, happiness.

Before I had gone far in this train of thought, the literary artist was address-

ing the business men. His discourse was so remarkable, and yet so representative of our most conspicuous group of 'young people,' that I reproduce the substance of it here.

'The young men of my generation,' he began, 'propose the emancipation of the arts in America. Before our time, such third-rate talents as the country produced were infected, by our institutions, and by the multitude, with a sense of their Messianic mission. Dominated by the twin incubi of Puritanism and Democracy, they servilely associated themselves with political, moral, and social programmes, and made beauty a prostitute to utility. Our generation of artists has seen through all the solemn humbug of your plans for the "welfare of the Republic." With a clearer-eyed pessimism than that of our toastmaster, we have not merely envisaged the failure of civilization in the past: we have also foreseen its failure in the future.

'We have talked with wiser counselors than those pious Philistines, our naïve Revolutionary Fathers. George Moore, our great contemporary, tells us that "Humanity is a pig-sty, whereliars, hypocrites, and the obscene in spirit congregate: and it has been so since the great Jew conceived it, and it will be so till the end." Leopardi, who in certain respects was our pioneer, declares that "all things else being vain, disgust of life represents all that is substantial and real in the life of man." Theodore Dreiser, our profound philosophical novelist, views the matter, however, with a bit of creative hopefulness. Though God, as he has assured us, cares nothing for the pure in heart, yet God does offer a "universe-eating career to the giant," recking not how the life-force manifests itself, "so long as it achieves avid, forceful, artistic expression." From serving the middle-class American, Flaubert frees us, saying,

"Hatred of the bourgeois is the beginning of virtue." Mr. Spingarn, our learned theorist, brushes away the critical cobwebs of antique poetic doctrine, and gives us a clean æsthetic basis, by his revelation that "beauty aims neither at morals nor at truth"; and that "it is not the purpose of poetry to further the cause of democracy, or any other practical 'cause,' any more than it is the purpose of bridge-building to further the cause of Esperanto." We have had to import our philosophy in fragments from beyond the borders of Anglo-Saxonia, from Ireland, Germany, France, and Italy; and we have had to call in the quick Semitic intelligence to piece it together. But here it is; and you will recognize that it liberates us from Puritanism and from Democracy. It emancipates us from you!

'You ask me, perhaps,' continued the young representative of American letters, 'what we intend to do with this new freedom, which, as Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn truly says, is our "central passion." Well, we intend to *let ourselves out*. If you press me as to what I mean by that, I can refer you to the new psychology. This invaluable science, developed by great German investigators, has recently announced, as you possibly know, an epoch-making discovery — namely, that most of the evil in the world is due to self-control. To modern inquiry, it appears that what all the moralists, especially in Anglo-Saxon countries, have tried to curb or to suppress is precisely what they should have striven to release. If you wish corroboration, let me quote the words of our talented English colleague, Mr. W. L. George, the novelist, who says, "I suspect that it does a people no good if its preoccupations find no outlet."

'In passing I will remark that Mr. George, being an Englishman, shows a certain taint of inherited English Puri-

tanism in defending letting people out *in order to do them good*. From the point of view of the new philosophy, letting one's self out completely and perfectly is art, which has no purpose and therefore requires no defense.

'But to return: what are the preoccupations of the ordinary man? Once more Mr. George shall answer for us. "A large proportion of his thoughts run on sex if he is a live man." French literature proves the point abundantly; American literature, as yet, very imperfectly and scantily. Consequently, a young American desiring to enlarge his sex-consciousness must import his fiction from overseas. But our own Mr. Cabell has also begun to prove the point as well as a foreigner. His release of the suppressed life is very precious. If he were encouraged, instead of being nipped by the frost of a Puritanical censorship; if a taste were developed to support him, he might do for us what George Moore is trying, subterraneously, to do for England.

'Our own Mr. Dreiser has been so preoccupied with this subject that he has been obliged to neglect a little his logic and his grammar. His thinking, however, runs none the less surefootedly to the conclusion reached by Mr. George. What does that remorseless artist-thinker, Mr. Dreiser, say? He says: "It is the desire to enthrone and enhance, by every possible detail of ornamentation, comfort, and color, — love, sensual gratification, — that man in the main moves, and by that alone." We do not maintain that Mr. Dreiser is a flawless writer. But if, at your leisure, you will study that sentence from his latest and ripest book, till you discover its subject, predicate, and object, and can bridge its anacoluthon, and reconcile "in the main" with "by that alone," then you will be in a position to grasp our leading idea for the future of the arts in America.'

## II

When the young man resumed his seat, there was a ripple of applause among the ladies, one of whom told me later that she thought the speaker's voice 'delicious' and his eyes 'soulful.' But I noticed that the bishop was purple with suppressed wrath; that the university president had withdrawn; while the other builders of civilization, notably the business men, were nodding with a kind of patient and puzzled resignation.

In my neighborhood there was a quick little buzz of questions: 'Will you tell me what all that has to do with a programme of democratic progress?' — 'What is George Moore trying subterraneously to do for England? Is he interested in the collieries? I thought he was a novelist.' — 'He has downright insulted them,' said my neighbor on the right, 'don't you think?'

'Why, no,' I replied, 'not exactly. He was asked to speak on the superfluous things; and he has really demonstrated that they are superfluous. After this, don't you see, the builders of civilization can go on with their work and not worry about the arts. He has told them that beauty is not for them; and they will swiftly conclude that they are not for beauty. I think he has very honestly expressed what our radical young people are thinking. They are in revolt. They wish by all means to widen the traditional breach between the artist and the Puritan.'

'What do you mean by Puritan?' inquired my friend, as we made our way out of the hall together.

He is a simple-hearted old gentleman who does n't follow the new literature, but still reads Hawthorne and George Eliot.

'It is n't,' I explained, 'what I mean by Puritan that signifies. It is what the young people mean. A Puritan for

them is any man who believes it possible to distinguish between good and evil, and who also believes that, having made the distinction, his welfare depends upon his furthering the one and curbing the other.'

'But,' cried the old gentleman in some heat, 'in that sense, we are all Puritans. That is n't theological Puritanism. That is scarcely even moral Puritanism. It's just — it's just ordinary horse sense. In that sense, for God's sake, who is n't a Puritan?'

I recalled an old case that I thought would illustrate the present situation. 'There was Judge Keeling,' I said, 'in Charles the Second's time. Judge Keeling put Bunyan in jail for failing to use the Book of Common Prayer, and similar misdemeanors. In the reign of the same Defender of the Faith, two merry wits and poets of his court became flown with wine and, stripping themselves naked, ran through the streets, giving a healthy outlet to their suppressed selves in songs of a certain sort. The constable, an ordinary English Puritan, so far misunderstood the spiritual autonomy which the artist should enjoy, that he arrested the two liberators of art. When, however, the news reached Judge Keeling, he released the young men and laid the constable by the heels; which, as Pepys, — himself a patron of the arts, yet a bit of a Puritan, — as Pepys remarked, was a "horrid shame." Now Judge Keeling, I think our own young people would admit, was not a Puritan, even in the latest sense of the term.'

'But those Restoration fellows,' replied my friend, — 'Keeling and the wits and the rest of them, — they were opposing the sense of the whole English nation. They made no headway. No one took them seriously. They all disappeared like gnats in a snowstorm. When the central current of English life had done its scouring work, people thought of your two poets as mere

stable-boys of the Restoration. Surely you don't think our democratic young people are so silly as to imitate them? We have no merry monarch to reward them. What do they gain by setting themselves against the common sense?'

'Notoriety,' I said, 'which is as sweet under a republican as under a monarchical form of government. I used to think that to insult the common sense and always to be speaking contemptuously of the "bourgeoisie," implied sycophancy, either to a corrupt and degenerate aristocracy, or to a peculiarly arrogant and atheistical lowest class. But our "democratic young people," as you call them, preserve and foster this artistic snobbishness as a form of self-expression.

'When Mr. Dreiser declares that God cares nothing for the Ten Commandments or for the pure in heart, he really means that inanimate nature cares nothing for them, and that the animal kingdom and he and the heroes of his books follow nature. But he denies a faith which in some fifty millions of native Americans survives the decay of dogma, and somehow, in attenuated form, keeps the country from going wholly to the dogs. For, of course, if it were demonstrable that God had abandoned a charge so important, plain men of sense would quietly assume responsibility and "carry on" in his stead.'

'I quite agree with you,' said the old gentleman; 'but as I am not acquainted with the author you mention and am just completing my third reading of *Middlemarch*, I will turn in here. Good-night.'

### III

I went on down the street, resuming, unaccompanied, the more difficult part of my meditation on the place of the fine arts in a programme of democratic progress, and internally debating with the young man who had caused such a

sensation at dinner. Having made this general acknowledgment of his inspiration, I shall not attempt to reproduce our dialogue; for I found that he simply repeated the main points of his speech, and interrupted my comment upon it.

When Mr. Spingarn declares that beauty is not concerned with truth or morals or democracy, he makes a philosophical distinction which I have no doubt that Charles the Second would have understood, approved, and could, at need, have illustrated. But he says what the American schoolboy knows to be false to the history of beauty in this country. By divorcing, in his super-subtle Italian fashion, form from substance, he has separated beauty from her traditional associates in American letters, and so has left her open to seduction.

Beauty, whether we like it or not, has a heart full of service. Emancipated, she will still be seeking some vital activity. You have heard how the new writers propose to employ her new leisure: in extending the ordinary man's preoccupation with sex. We don't, you will observe, by the emancipation of the arts from service to truth, morals, and democracy — we don't obtain a 'disinterested' beauty. We obtain merely a beauty with different interests — serving 'sensual gratification' and propagating the curiously related doctrine that God cares nothing for the Ten Commandments or for the pure in heart.

We arrive finally at some such comprehensive formulation of relationships as this: It is the main function of art to deny what it is the main function of truth, morals, and democracy to affirm. Our speaker for the younger generation has made all this so clear that I suspect the bishop is going home resolved to take music out of his churches. The university president is perhaps deciding to replace his profes-

sor of Italian painting by a professor of soil-fertility. As for the captains of industry, they can hardly be blamed if they mutter among themselves: 'May the devil fly away with the fine arts! Let's get back to business.'

It is to be hoped, nevertheless, that the devil will not fly away with the fine arts or the fine artists, or with our freshly foot-loose and wandering beauty; for the builders of civilization have need of them. If the young people were not misled by more or less alien-spirited guides, the national genius itself would lead them into a larger life.

When our forefathers, whom it is now customary to speak of as 'grim,' outlined their programme for a new republic, though they had many more immediately pressing matters on their minds, they included among objects to be safeguarded, indeed, among the inalienable rights of mankind, 'the pursuit of happiness.' It appears that they, like ourselves, had some dim idea that the ultimate end of their preparation was, not to fight the English or the savages or the wilderness, but to enjoy, they or their posterity, some hitherto unexperienced felicity. That, at heart, was what sustained them under the burdens and heats of a pioneering civilization, through those years when they dispensed with such ingredients of happiness as musical comedy and moving pictures, and when the most notable piece of imagist verse was Franklin's proverb, 'It is hard for an empty sack to stand upright' — a one-line poem of humor, morality, insight, and imagination all compact.

We, too, entertain, we ordinary puritanical Americans, some shadowy notions of a time to come, when, at more frequent intervals than now, men shall draw in a delighted breath and cry. 'Oh, that this moment might endure forever!' We believe in this far-off time, because, at least once or

twice in a lifetime, each of us experiences such a moment, or, feeling the wind of its retreating wing, knows that it has just gone by. It may have been in some magical sunset, or at the sound of a solemn music, or in the sudden apprehension of a long-sought truth, or at the thrill and tightening of resolution in some crisis, or in the presence of some fair marble image of a thought that keeps its beauty and serenity while we fret and fade. It may even have been at some vision, seen in the multitude of business, of a new republic revealed to the traveling imagination, like a shining city set on a hill in the flash of a midnight storm. Till life itself yields such moments less charily, it is incumbent upon the artist to send them as often as he can.

## IV

There came among us in war-time an English poet whose face was as sad as his who from the Judecca climbed to see again *delle cose belle che porta il ciel*. He had been where his countrymen, fighting with incredible heroism, had suffered one of the most heart-breaking and bloody defeats in English history. His memory was seared with remembrance of the filth, waste, wounds, and screaming lunacy of the battle-front to which he was about to return. When someone asked him to write his name in a volume of his poems, he inscribed below it this line of his own verse:—

The days that make us happy make us wise.

Why these days? Because in them we learn the final object of all our preparation. These days serve us as measures of the success of our civilization.

The ultimate reason for including the 'superfluous things' — art, music, literature — in a plan of national preparation is that, rightly used, they are both causes and consequences of happiness. They are the seed and the fruit of that

fine and gracious and finished national life toward which we aspire. When the body is fed and sheltered, there remain to be satisfied — as what Puritan does not know? — the inarticulate hungers of the heart, to which all the arts are merely some of the ministers. Other ministers are religion, morality, patriotism, science, truth. It is only by harmonious coöperation that they can ever hope to satisfy the whole heart, the modern heart, with its ever-widening range of wakened hungers. It is certainly not by banishing or ignoring the austerer ministers, and making poetry, painting, and music perform a Franco-Turkish dance of invitation — it is not thus that the artist should expect to satisfy a heart as religious, as moral, and as democratic as the American heart is, by its bitterest critics, declared to be.

'Art is expression,' says the learned theorist of the young people, 'and poets succeed or fail by their success or failure in completely expressing themselves.' Let us concede that the poet who expresses completely what is in him by a hymn to the devil is as perfect an artist as a poet who expresses what is in him by the Iliad. Then let us remark that the poet who hymns the devil, the devil is likely to fly away with. And let us add as rapidly as possible a little series of neglected truisms. An artist is a man living in society. A great artist is a great man living in a great society. When a great artist expresses himself completely, it is found invariably that he has expressed, not merely himself, but also the dominant thought and feeling of the men with whom he lives. Mr. Spingarn, indeed, indirectly admits the point when he says: 'If the ideals they [the poets] express are not the ideals we admire most, we must blame, not the poets, but ourselves; in the world where morals count, *we have failed to give them the proper materials out of which to rear*

*a nobler edifice.*' (Italics mine.) This seems to mean that society is responsible for the artist, even if the artist is not responsible to society. Society gives him, as a man, what, as an artist, he expresses.

I have perhaps hinted here and elsewhere my suspicion that Mr. Dreiser, a capital illustrative example, is not a great novelist, because, though living in a great society, he does not express or represent its human characteristics, but confines himself to an exhibition of the habits and traits of animals. Is it that we have not given him materials to rear a nobler edifice? That which we — that is, society — can give to a novelist is the moulding and formative influence of the national temper and character. What have we given to Mr. Dreiser? What, in short, are the dominant traits of the national genius? I am delighted to discover in Mr. Dreiser's latest book that he himself knows pretty well what the national genius is, how it has manifested itself in religion and politics, and how it is nourished and sustained by ancient traditions and strong racial proclivities. I like to agree with our young people when I can. When I find one of them testifying, contrary to their custom, that America does now possess a powerful national culture, I like to applaud his discernment. It is a pleasure to make amends for my disparagement of Mr. Dreiser as a novelist, by illustrating his critical ability with these words of his on the national genius: —

'No country in the world (at least, none that I know anything about) has such a peculiar, such a seemingly fierce determination to make the Ten Commandments work. It would be amusing, if it were not pitiful, their faith in these binding religious ideals. I have never been able to make up my mind whether this springs from the zealotry of the Puritans who landed at Plymouth

Rock, or whether it is rooted in the soil . . . or whether it is a product of the Federal Constitution, compounded by such idealists as Paine and Jefferson and Franklin and the more or less religious and political dreamers of the pre-constitutional days. *Certain it is that no such profound moral idealism animated the French in Canada, the Dutch in New York, the Swedes in New Jersey, or the mixed French and English in the extreme South and New Orleans.*' (Italics mine.)

I know how differently our young people feel; but, to my thinking, a national genius animated by an incomparably profound moral idealism does not seem such a contemptible moulding and formative influence for an artist to undergo. English-speaking poets, from Spenser to Walt Whitman, have grown great under the influence of such an environing spirit. At any rate, if the great artist, in expressing himself, expresses also the society of which he is a part, it should seem to follow, like a conclusion in geometry, that a great American artist must express the 'profound moral idealism' of America. To rail against it, to lead an insurrection against it, is to repeat the folly of the Restoration wits. If in this connection one may use a bit of the American language, it is to 'buck' the national genius; and this is an enterprise comparable with bucking a stone wall. On the other hand to acknowledge the leadership of the national genius, to subject one's self to its influence, to serve it according to one's talents, to find beautiful and potent forms to express its working — this is to ally one's self with the general creative effort of the country in all fields of activity; this is to be in a benign conspiracy with one's time and place, and to be upborne by the central stream of tendency.

There is small place for Bohemia in democratic art. I sometimes wonder with what spiritual refugees, under what rafters, those poets and novelists



live who are so anxious to secede from the major effort of their countrymen. For their own sakes one wishes that they might cultivate acquaintance with our eminent 'builders of civilization.' The good that I should expect from this contact is a vision of the national life, a sense of the national will, which are usually possessed in some degree by these Americans, whatever their æsthetic deficiencies, who bear the burden of the state, or are widely conversant with its business, or preside over its religious, moral, or educational undertakings. I do not intend in the least to suggest that the artist should become propagandist or reformer, or that he should go to the bishop or the statesman for a commission, though I believe that Leonardo and Michael Angelo did some very tolerable things under direct inspiration of that nature. What one feels is rather that intercourse with such men might finally create in our artistic secessionists a consciousness of the ignobility of their aims. For in America it will be found more and more that the artist who does not in some fashion concern himself with truth, morals, and democracy, is unimportant, is ignoble.

In an unfinished world, where religion has become so largely a matter of traditional sentiments and observances, poetry has a work to do, poetry of any high seriousness. Our critics and poets of vision have long since recognized what that work is. 'I said to Bryant and to these young people,' wrote Emerson in his journal many years ago, 'that the high poetry of the world from the beginning has been ethical, and it is the tendency of the ripe modern mind to produce it.' — 'I hate literature,' said Whitman, perhaps over-emphatically expressing the traditional American disdain for art in its merely decorative and recreative aspects. 'Literature is big only in one way, when used as an aid in the growth of the humanities.'

Our young people, of course, will exclaim that these are typical utterances of our New England Puritanism, fatal to the arts; but, as a matter of fact, this Puritanism is of a sort that the New Englanders shared with Plato and Aristotle, who have not been fatal to the arts. When Emerson said, 'Honor every truth by use,' he expressed, I think, what Socrates would have approved, and at the same time he spoke in fullest accord with the national genius, ever driving at practice, ever pressing toward the fulfillment of its vision.

Why should a spokesman for *belles-lettres*, bred in the national tradition, hesitate to go before a group of 'practical' men and talk to them, unashamed, of the 'utilities' of artistic expression? He may borrow a figure from the economist, and declare that the poet 'socializes' the spiritual wealth of the country. Art is rooted in social instinct, in a desire to communicate goods to others, to share one's private experience and anticipations. It is the spontaneous overflow of thoughts and feelings which one cannot consume alone. 'Full of the common joy,' says Donne, 'I uttered some.' This is your true and unassailable communism. When Saint-Gaudens, having conceived his heroic and inspiring image of Colonel Shaw leading his colored troops, sets it up on Boston Common, it becomes common property; and the loafer in the park, the student, the hurrying merchant, the newsboy, are equal sharers in its commemoration and inspiration. A village poet with an ethical bent makes this thought sing:—

When duty whispers low, 'Thou must,'  
The youth replies, 'I can,'—

and he has slipped a spiritual gold-piece into the palm of each of his fellow countrymen. This is wealth really distributed. It would be of advantage to both bards and business men if some spiritual

economist would remind them more frequently that the wealth of a community is in proportion to the number of such ideas that it has in common.

## V

Among builders of American civilization, many means are now discussed for awakening national pride and attaching the affections of the people to the state; conspicuous among them are, or were, Liberty Bonds, nationalization of the railroads, and universal military service. Robert Burns and Sir Walter did the work more simply and cheaply for Scotland. It has never been hard for the native-born American to hold America 'first' in political affairs; but musicians as such, painters as such, men of letters as such, cannot, without straining the meaning of the word, hold her first till her national genius expresses itself as adequately, as nobly, in music, painting, and literature, as it has, on the whole, in the great political crises. Irving, at the beginning of the last century, worked with a clear understanding of our deficiencies when he wrote his *Rip Van Winkle* and other legends of the Hudson Valley, with the avowed purpose 'to clothe home scenes and places and familiar names with those imaginative and whimsical associations so seldom met with in our new country, but which live like charms and spells about the cities of the Old World, binding the heart of the native inhabitant to his home.'

You may persuade all men to buy Liberty Bonds or to invest in the stock of nationalized railroads, or you may legislate them into the army; but you cannot dragoon them into crying, 'O beautiful, my country!' That is the work of the poets, who have entwined their loyalty with their heart-strings. That is the work of the artists, who have made their Americanism vital,

devout, affectionate. 'How can our love increase,' asks Thoreau, 'unless our loveliness increases also?' A good question for 'Americanizers' to meditate upon. It would benefit both public men and artists if someone reminded them more frequently that one of the really important tasks of national preparation is to draw out and express in forms of appealing beauty, audible as poetry or music, visible as painting or sculpture, the purpose and meaning of this vast half-articulate land, so that our hosts of new and unlearned citizens may come to understand her as they understand the divine compassion — by often kneeling before some shrine of the Virgin.

When art becomes thus informed with the larger life of the country, it vitalizes and gives permanency to the national ideals. It transmits the hope and courage and aspiration of one generation to the next, with the emotional glow and color undiminished and unimpaired. If we receive and cherish the tradition, our imaginative experience transcends the span of our natural lives. We live in the presence, as Burke declared, of our 'canonized' forefathers and in a kind of reverent apprehension of our posterity, happily conscious of a noble and distinguished national thought and feeling, 'above the vulgar practice of the hour.'

Precisely because Lincoln had communed so intimately with the national genius and obeyed so devoutly its promptings, America ceases, in some passages of his letters and speeches, to be a body politic and becomes a living soul. Who was it wrote that letter to Mrs. Bixby on the loss of her five sons in battle? 'I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic that they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave

you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.'

The words are thrilling still with the pathos and splendor of patriotic death. They seem charged with the tears and valor of the whole Civil War. To speak like that of death is to unfold the meaning of the Latin verse: *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*. It is to hallow the altar on which the sacrifice is made. One can hardly read the letter through with dry eyes; and yet reading it makes one very happy. It makes one happy because it renders one in imagination a sharer of that splendid sacrifice, that solemn pride, that divine consolation.

It makes one happy because it uplifts the heart and purges it of private interests, and admits one into the higher, and more spacious, and grander life of the nation. For my purposes I am not writing an anti-climax when I say that it makes one happy because it is the perfect expression of a deep, grave, and noble emotion, which is the supreme triumph of the expressive arts. It is the work of a great artist. Was it Lincoln? Or was it the America of our dreams? It was the voice of the true emancipator of our art, who will always understand that his task is not to set Beauty and Puritanism at loggerheads, but to make Puritanism beautiful.

## THE SCHOOLMA'AM OF SANDY RIDGE

BY IRENE HUDSON

SANDY RIDGE MISSION, June 1, 1918.

DEAR BOY, —

Here I am on this wonderful mountain-top, the new schoolma'am of Sandy Ridge. From where I am sitting on our little two-by-four porch, I look out on peak after peak, covered with a dense growth of laurel and ivy. Through the haze I can see the Blue Ridge, fifty miles away, in Tennessee and North Carolina. One actually has to see these mountains to realize why the people have become so isolated. The mountains are like so many hummocks, with hollows in between, each little hollow being a separate unit walled in on all sides. It's fine to be up at the top of the world, with this indescribably refreshing air and expanse of view. At

night the stars seem so close, I feel as if I could reach up and touch them.

The nearest mining-camp, Dante, is five miles down a steep, rough trail through the underbrush and creek-bed. We get our supplies from Montgomery Ward. These have to be hauled up the mountain from the freight station seven miles away. There are few wagons because the roads are so impassable. Winter and summer they use sleds. My trunk and box of books came rattling up the mountain yesterday, tied to a sled pulled by the thinnest mule I have ever laid eyes on.

The Mission consists of a two-room log cabin for us to live in and a thirty-by-fifty-foot log schoolhouse. First of all, I must tell you how it all started.

Several years ago some of our neighbors went down to Dante to peddle berries. Deaconess Williams was so kind to them that they became friends, and she consented to come up and have Sunday-School for them. There was only one little one-room cabin available. When it was pleasant they had Sunday-School out under the big walnut tree. When it rained, somehow they scrouged into the cabin. With its one door and porthole of a window, the cabin had once been a favorite place for newly married couples to start house-keeping. Then it was used as a stable, until it became Sandy Ridge Mission. Deaconess had the old puncheon floor taken out and made into a porch, and a new door and window cut.

For two summers in this cabin the two workers lived and held Sunday-School, and cooking- and sewing-classes, and even entertained the Bishop and Archdeacon. Then the neighbors suggested that they would get out logs for a schoolhouse and help raise it, if Deaconess would provide a teacher. So the schoolhouse was built. I shall have the second term of school ever taught here. Using one wall of the cabin, and one wall of the schoolhouse, a connecting room was put up, with five sides and no corner a right angle. We call this Middlesex, and use it for a kitchen and living-room. It has a lovely old sandstone fireplace and broad, low windows, through which we can see for miles on either side of the Ridge. A huge denim-covered screen marks where the living-room ends and the kitchen begins. We have been putting up some Venetian blue prints on the gray, weather-beaten walls. With the shelves full of our own precious books, we are developing a decidedly cozy atmosphere. The old cabin, contrary to mountain custom, we use exclusively for our boudoir. Rain or shine, we eat out on our little puncheon-floored

porch, where this prairie-raised mortal feeds on view as well as food.

July 28, 1918.

I have just come from Troy Howard's, five miles around the Ridge. His daughter Ellie is dying, by inches, of tuberculosis. Her mother died of it six years ago, leaving Ellie, then ten years old, to bring up a family of six younger children. At that time, Deaconess suggested that she find homes for some of the children. Troy asked them. They said, 'We'll hoe corn and work all the time if we kin only stay with Poppy' (the mountain children's name for father). So Ellie struggled along. For the last six months she has been in bed, while a younger sister takes up the burden. Whenever Ellie has a bad spell, they send word to the neighbors. All come who can, for fear Troy might be alone when she dies. They have a great fear of death. The older people come out of courtesy and sympathy. The young people come to spark and have a good time. Her friends have just as much as buried Ellie already. In speaking of someone being very sick, the expression is, 'We're lookin' fer 'em to die.' A woman resembling the description of Betsy Trotwood was there this afternoon.

'Law, it's a sight, how you've fallen away!' she said to Ellie, cautiously, standing way off by the door.

Josiah Howard, Ellie's uncle, and I came back on horseback about eleven-thirty, leaving Mrs. Josiah and Miss W—— to stay the rest of the night. The moon cast curious shadows in the woods. A heavy, languid humidity enveloped us as we rode along. Josiah can read very little and write less, but he has that innate fineness that shows itself in his manners and conversation. We are very fortunate to have him for our nearest neighbor.

The people think it strange that we

are not afraid to stay alone at night. They have the primitive fear of darkness. Only the young bucks think of being out after dark. They often spend the whole night, just scouting around, or building a fire and going to sleep beside it. Some nights they collect all the boys and dogs on the Ridge, and have fox-hunts. Such yipping and yelling you never heard, up one ridge and down another. They think it great sport these glorious moonlight nights.

Another question that puzzles the mountaineer mind is, why are we not married?

July 22, 1918.

Miss W—— got in at 6.30 A. M. We had a combination breakfast and dinner at noon. Then I set out for the funeral preaching. The custom is to have a funeral preaching every two or three years for all the people who have died during that time. Each one is buried at the time of his death, but the preaching is reserved for a later day, when it is convenient for more people and more preachers to get there. Sometimes a man will be married again, and his second wife will be one of the chief mourners at his first wife's funeral preaching. This custom is dying out to some extent. The burying and preaching together are becoming more common. To-day there were five people to be preached for and five preachers. There was much shouting. Most of it was knocks at all the other denominations and praise for the old Baptists. One has to be baptized to be saved, and one may be saved just as often as there is enough water in the creek and a preacher handy to perform the ceremony.

This is the most democratic community, I believe, that exists. You see, there is only *one class*. People exchange work, but no man works for another as a servant. Being as remote and isolated from the rest of the world as if they

were on a desert island, they have no conception of any other condition of society. I am having sent to you Horace Kephart's *Our Southern Highlanders*. It is the best book published on the mountaineers. So far as I have been able to observe, he is very accurate.

Until one realizes how much hard work it requires to get their daily bread, and the physical obstacles life presents for them, one cannot appreciate what is back of what the outsider calls shiftlessness. They are not the heavy, sturdy peasant type, which we are accustomed to see among our immigrants, who thrive on the hardest kind of labor. They are slight, delicately built, aristocratic Anglo-Saxons. Each year, from inbreeding and malnutrition, they are physically weaker; and because they know nothing about fertilizing, the land is less fruitful. Most of all, they need someone to teach them how to farm. I wish we could import a few Swiss to show them how to terrace the land. Every now and then I have to remind myself that they are living according to eighteenth-century standards, the heritage of two centuries having passed them by. All the sterling qualities of the Anglo-Saxon race are there awaiting development.

Here are some of my aristocrats. Yesterday, as I was going to Preaching, I met some strange women on the road, and stopped to talk.

'Would it hinder ye to stop in to Litty Coburn's and git the chaw of ter-baccer I left with Litty's gal, and fotch hit to my gal Dillie?' asked one of them. 'She's at the Preaching and, poor gal, she hain't got nary a bit.'

I stopped at the next house. Litty's gal, Bessie, gave me a wad wrapped in newspaper, which I carried to Meeting and delivered as instructed. Litty's house has no windows, no chairs, no table, no stove. The furnishings consist of two beds, one safe (cupboard),

one huge walnut chest. She and her three children cook their meals over a ramshackle fireplace, and, begrimed with smoke and ashes, sit on the floor to eat them.

If you had the toothache up here, the Tooth-Jumper would take the tooth out, with one lick of his hammer on a nail, deftly adjusted at the base of the tooth. He is n't any good unless he can do it with one lick. At least that is the old-time way of doing it, so they tell me.

SANDY RIDGE MISSION, *August 2, 1918.*

DEAR BOY,—

Poor Ellie is suffering a great deal. I'm afraid she can't live much longer. I went over there last night about 9.30. It was a wild night, with the wind blowing a gale, pouring rain, and dark as pitch. Every house along the road was closed up tight. Only the flickering firelight through the little portholes of windows showed any signs of life. It was right spooky, stumbling over the stones, through the thick woods. The ha'n'ts were all out, especially around the Burying-ground.

When I arrived at the Troy Howards', all were amazed that I had come alone, but poor Mr. Troy was delighted to see me. He has not slept more than a couple of hours for weeks. I persuaded him to lie down and rest, promising to call him if Ellie were worse.

The house has two rooms. In the middle of the largest of these is Ellie's bed, between two open doors. Back of it, in the two corners, are two other beds, the sleeping quarters for the seven other members of the family. After placing the three least uns in one bed and covering them tenderly with dirty remnants of quilts, and removing his coat, Troy Howard himself tumbled into the other bed, and in a few minutes was sleeping audibly.

Behind the head of Ellie's four-pos-

ter bed sat Mrs. John Howard, an aunt, and myself, on two dilapidated, home-made chairs, the only chairs in the house; between us a small rickety table, on which was a can of insect-powder, a Bible without any cover, a rusty tin cup for Ellie to drink from, a bottle of patent cough-syrup, and a sort of kerosene torch, whose light, flickering in the wind, cast strange shadows on the wall. In the adjoining room, around the fireplace,—in which burned a sickly fire,—on the floor and on a long, narrow bench, sprawled the three older children and two neighbor young people, who had come for the novelty of the occasion. All expectorated freely on the floor and in the fire—a habit quite prevalent, whether chewing or not. A long table, covered with dirty dishes and crumbs from supper; a very small battered cookstove; a few shelves with a handful of dishes; and a barrel minus several staves, containing the family provisions of meal and flour, were the furnishings of the room. Under the floor occasionally squealed a pig or rabbit. To replenish the fire, I picked a stick off the floor. To my great dismay, I found that I had thrown into the fire one of the props that kept the floor from falling in. Unconcernedly, one of the boys ran out and brought in another stick to put in its place.

Ellie moaned. Sometimes she struggled for breath, as she tossed restlessly on her bed, calling for Poppy again and again. The only thing that quieted her was my cool fingers on her burning forehead. Mrs. John was much disturbed, but never went near Ellie or offered to help me raise her up to drink. The mountain people have an instinctive fear of sickness, especially tuberculosis.

Ellie's hay-mattress had grown humpy. The bedding was indescribably dirty. She had on a black woolen shirt and calico waist over her under-

clothes, which she had worn in bed for two months at least. I longed to freshen up her bed and make her clean and comfortable. She refused to change the clothes she had on, or to let anyone touch her bed, partly from pride and partly from not wanting to make work for anyone. Poor little Ellie! At sixteen she has already borne more than a woman's load.

The children continued their hilarious time around the fire, quieting down only when I went in and suggested that they refrain from waking up their father. As it drew near midnight, it became more difficult for them to fight off sleep. Fat, sloppy Osie Kirby hung, half asleep, over one end of the bench, almost pinning skinny Columbus Rose to the wall. (I wish you could see him ride a kicking, plunging mule over fences, without a sign of saddle. Loose-jointed and impossible to kill, he can stick like a leech.) Savanny Howard was spread full length on the other end, while underneath the bench the two small Howard boys waked up betimes to pinch the girls' legs and replenish the fire. Thus they continued until 1.30 A.M., when Savanny came in to reach down the lantern hanging over our heads, with which to light home the Amazon Osie. I have said that the mountain girls are slight of stature and that they never go out at night. Osie is the necessary exception.

Their company gone, the young Howards prepared to retire also. Savanny took off her shoes and a shredded pair of white stockings, and crawled in with the little girls. The boys, having no shoes to remove, crawled in with their father just as they were. With a jerk at the 'kivers,' all were immediately asleep.

Mrs. John and I continued our watch. The fleas nearly devoured us alive. You may know they were ferocious when even Mrs. John was dis-

turbed by them. My skirt and stockings were wet from the walk through the rain. So far I had been too much occupied to notice it. I shivered when I sat still. At times Mrs. John leaned her head on the table, and went off completely. I leaned my elbows on my knees, and my head in my hands, with all the heaviness of sleep, but kept awake. Meanwhile Ellie moaned in hersleep, Troy Howard snored, the rabbits ran in and out, chasing each other round the floor, hunting for something to eat, and all the night noises went on out-of-doors. Sometimes Mrs. John sat looking intently at the Bible, although she cannot read. About every twenty minutes, she asked me the time.

'Hit's a long night when a body sets up,' she reiterated several times. Mrs. John has a strange habit of looking fixedly at you, and mumbling along with you everything you say. If she can't quite keep up with your speed, she at least repeats the last few words of your sentences after you. It is as if she felt that you needed encouragement and her continuous approval. We grew chummiest when we repaired to the bench by the fire. Then she told me all the sickness she'd seen in her family, and I told her all about my family and where they lived. Before retiring, Troy Howard offered us the only food ready for eating in the house—some green apples off their run-out trees. Mrs. John ate several, and the children ate a great many, but no food had appeal for me under the circumstances.

After an endlessly long night the dawn gradually appeared, lighting up the rags and the dirt even more painfully than the torch and the firelight. Mrs. John set out for home, having been before. I stayed on, with nothing to do but replenish the fire and wait for Mr. Troy to wake up. At 6.30 he bestirred himself, looking like a different

man after the first eight-hours' sleep in weeks.

'Jes' stay,' he urged, as I began putting on my cape; 'I'll rouse Savanny up to git ye some breakfast.'

He did n't say, 'Thank you.' That expression is not used. However, he showed much gratitude and solicitude in asking as I said good-bye, 'Kin ye git some sleep when ye gits home?' Troy Howard lives in a hovel, but he knows more about loving his children and the essential qualities of a home than the most successful man in the land.

The mist was everywhere as I walked the five long miles home. I was too weary and flea-bitten to care much about anything but physical refreshment. Miss W—— greeted me with a cup of hot malted milk and some oatmeal crackers. Stopping only long enough to scrutinize each article of clothing as I took it off, and to demolish two fleas, I dropped into bed and slept for four hours, waking to devour a huge dinner.

*August 5, 1918.*

I began morning school last Monday, and I'm worn to a frazzle already. I have thirty children, ranging in age from five to thirteen, bright and feeble-minded all together, in all stages of development. The children run as wild as little savages at home, and see no reason why they should n't have the same privilege here. They think nothing of yelling out in school. If I scold them, they run off and hide and don't appear at school-time. The day before school began, I spent in deep consideration of the formidable mysteries of the 'Course of Study for Virginia Rural Schools,' hoping that a kind Providence would somehow see me through. I have divided them into three groups, but even at that, in my phonics class I have children from five to twelve years old. Fortunately I brought with me a lot of my kinder-

garten handwork materials, and some blessed wall-paper samples. When things get too thick, we construct chairs and tables out of wall-paper. At such times you can hear a pin drop, the children are so delighted with the paper and the idea of making something. The big boys have promised to make us a doll-house, so that all these beautiful rose-covered chairs can really function.

Little feeble-minded Gillard Coburn has learned what the letter A looks like. He cuts it out of paper and writes it on the board and the desks and the floor and the books. In fact, he is so delighted with A, he will have nothing to do with B, or any more of their family. Gillard is a great trial. If I let him be with the other children of his age, he feels badly when he can't do as well as they. If I give him some handwork off by himself, his feelings are hurt because he can't be with the others. With twenty-nine other little problems, I can't devote the morning to him, poor child! He ought to be in a feeble-minded school, but his mother would never consent, being feeble-minded also. She is Litty Coburn of the windowless, chairless, and stoveless house.

The first day of school the children were here before we were up, they were so anxious for school to begin. Cornelis Marshall brought two of his children in to me. With the air of a millionaire father presenting his children at the most exclusive school in the country, he imperiously said, 'I've fotched my young uns an' I wants ye to whup 'em an' larn 'em.'

I like the quaint, indirect way people have of saying good-bye. Here is an example.

Josiah Howard, about to depart: 'I reckon I better be a-goin'.'

John, the host: 'Don't rush off.'

Josiah: 'I'll have to be gittin' on.'

John: 'Jes' stay all night.'



Josiah: 'Cain't. Jes' you uns come down with me.'

John: 'Reckon we uns 'll not go.'

This is n't just once. The same kind of conversation goes on every time they part. Even if they just stop to talk a minute on the road, one politely starts the signal to move on by saying, 'Well, you-all go down with me.'

'No, I cain't. You jes' go round with me,' the other returns, moving on, too.

When I first came, I was very much amused at Jim Dyer, a man working for us. Every night before he went home, he would come to the door and say, 'Well, you and Miss W—— jes' go down and stay all night.'

At first I did n't know what kind of reply to make to Jim Dyer's inviting two maiden ladies down to spend the night. I finally discovered that that was merely a polite way of bidding us good-bye. We, to have been equally polite, should have said, 'No, we can't go down, Jim. You stay with us.'

*August 15, 1918.*

Ellie Howard died on Wednesday. Miss W—— went right out. As no one else undertook the job, she prepared Ellie's body for burial, putting on a clean white nightgown that she took with her. The women were not satisfied with that, but sent one of the men off to Dante to buy new material for burying-clothes. Cornelis Marshall usually makes the coffins, and does it very neatly. Somebody foolishly persuaded Troy Howard to send off for a 'store' casket. This will cost twenty-five dollars at least, and there is hardly a bite to eat in the house; but poor Troy thinks that Ellie must have the best.

Thursday afternoon, when we arrived for the burying, the yard was swarming with people of all ages, standing around saying hardly a word. The burying-clothes had not arrived, nor had the

men finished digging the grave. Finally a woman appeared with the clothes. We shooed out the children. While two girls held up a sheet over the doorway, we dressed Ellie in the finery that came from the store. It fell to my lot to put on the long silk gloves. Ellie never having owned a pair in her lifetime, the women thought she ought to have them when she was buried. I wanted to get up and shout that I would have nothing to do with decking out this empty shell of a body with emptier finery; but appreciating the loving spirit of the women, I picked up the gloves and, with much stretching and tugging, pulled them onto the stiff, cold hands. When she was all dressed, we put her in the black, shiny box, with fancy brass handles, which the women gazed on admiringly. It seemed to me I read scorn on Cornelis Marshall's face, when he saw it.

Her few little treasured possessions ('tricks,' they call them) were put in with her—a red, heart-shaped box containing some old hair-ribbons and a tooth-brush, from the Mission, and her doll, from the Mission Christmas tree. The doll's dress being dirty, a woman took it off and made a new one. The women were well satisfied with their labors, except for the fact that they had not been able to get any shoes. You see, they believe that at the Last Trump the graves will all be opened and people will come out of them as they went in. They did not like the idea of Ellie walking round in her stocking feet.

The preacher kneeled down in the yard and prayed and sang a hymn. Then the men carried the coffin up a steep hill, just a little way from the house, to the burying-ground, the women singing all the while. Where they got the breath, I'm sure I don't know. It was all I could do just to climb. The preacher prayed long and

loud, dwelling on the shortness of life and exhorting all to mend their ways and be saved, especially appealing to Troy Howard and his children. Poor Troy was so grief-stricken and worn out by staying up nights with Ellie, and working daytimes, that the words of the preacher wrought him up to a wild frenzy. The tears fairly gushed out as he swayed back and forth on the ground, calling out to God and to the preacher to have mercy on him. After it was over, Mr. Josiah took Troy and the six children home for the night, for Mrs. Josiah to mother.

A visit is a great occasion. The other day I was over at Mrs. Josiah's. She was peeling apples to dry on the roof, when Emmet rushed in yelling, 'Mammy, Mis' Rose an Dillie, and Connie, an Orbin, an Troy are a-comin' round the pint.'

'Hain't I the luckiest woman to have so much company come to my house!' exclaimed Mrs. Josiah.

'But it makes you such a heap of work,' I remonstrated.

'Law, hit's a sorry woman as would n't be proud to have company,' she replied.

Mr. and Mrs. Josiah are fine. It's a real joy to go over there. Many nights after supper I visit with them. It's so homey and cosy to sit with all the eight children round the fireplace. They ask me about my home and the strange, level country where I live; and I ask Mr. Josiah about what they did on the Ridge when he was a boy, and about his father and grandfather. Sometimes 'Pap' is there (Mrs. Josiah's father). He tells us ghost stories that his father told him, until the children's eyes fairly pop out of their heads. As the least uns fall asleep in somebody's arms, they are dropped into the beds behind us, and the stories go on. It's hard to break away from such a fireside.

September 21, 1918.

Cornelis Marshall's boy, Richmond, told me the other night that since he was nine years old, he has always been drunk on Saturday night until the last two years. Even once in a while now Richmond does n't appear for a few days, and we know he's off again. It all began when his older brother started taking him along on his weekly carousals. For a time old Cornelis had a still of his own, where Richmond could get all he wanted. Then the 'Revenues' put a stop to that. After that, Cornelis and Richmond together went off to the nearest mining-camp for their weekly spree. Is it any wonder that nineteen-year-old Richmond has the brain of a boy of ten? The old Baptists have such a hold on Cornelis of late, that he no longer imbibes. Moreover, it is not so easy to get.

The mines are being opened up just half a mile from us. That means work and high wages for the men, but it also means the entrance of a demoralizing influence. You see, the mountaineers are living according to the standards of the eighteenth century. When the mines open up, they bring with them the degenerating side of twentieth-century commercialism. We are trying to bring them the best influence of the civilization that has passed them by, but we and all the other social agencies at work are such a drop in the bucket! It's a mighty big step from the eighteenth to the twentieth.

Up to this time they have had practically no money. When they begin working in the mines, they will get five dollars a week and up. The simple mountain boys lose their heads, their money, and their self-respect in the corrupting life of the camps. It all has to come because these mountains are rich in the coal and lumber that the world needs. Would that the schools might come first!

November 20, 1918.

A week ago Miss W—— came down with the flu, so I've been cook, nurse, water-carrier, fire-tender, and everything else combined. She had been nursing flu patients and was all tired out. The doctors are all so busy and so far away, she would n't let me get one for her, because she knows so much about nursing herself.

Yesterday I had to go down to Dante for medicine. One of the Josiah Howard children came over to look after the fires and give Miss W—— her meals. Coming back, I got started later than I expected, forgetting about the short days. Just as I struck the foot of the mountain, it began to rain and darkness enveloped me, so that I could not see any trace of the trail ahead. The bag full of medicine and grapefruit that I carried cut into my shoulder. My long heavy rain-cape weighted me down. I slipped and fell, being unable to catch myself. Every step forward, I took two back. The only way I had of knowing where I was, was by feeling with my feet. Finally I felt the familiar creek bed. Splashing through the water, wet up to my knees, stumbling over the stones, I followed it in the blackest darkness I have ever experienced. So long as I was in the creek, I could find my way; but the difficulty was to discover where the trail turned off the creek into the woods. Taking a wild chance, I climbed up the bank. The underbrush scratched my face, sharp sticks stuck into my legs. Stretching out my hand to save myself from falling, my full weight pressed a chestnut burr into my bare palm. Tears came to my eyes from the pain of it. Crashing and floundering through the trees, I lost all sense of direction. Absolute despair came over me. I knew that I was lost and that I'd have to wait for morning to come. The wind made unearthly noises through the

trees as I sat quietly on a stone to wait.

The idea of Miss W—— sick in bed, waiting and worrying, started me searching for the lost trail again. In a second I stumbled onto it. I had been scrambling within a few feet of it all the time. Then followed a steep climb, but a sure trail, until I reached Mr. Josiah's perpendicular cornfield. I wallowed round in the mud, until I became so faint and nauseated that I sat right down in the mud to rest. One of the bottles of medicine hit a rock and dripped over me. How I made the last pull to the top, I don't know. It seemed to me I rested more than I climbed. The broken bottle contained the medicine I went after specially for Miss W——. However, she is enjoying the luxury of grapefruit so much that the trip was almost worth it.

DANTE, VIRGINIA, December 3, 1918.

The old flu got me too. I'm in bed down here at Deaconess's. No one will give me credit for being very sick, because I am such an obstreperous patient, threatening to break up the furniture generally if they don't comply with my wishes.

You see, Miss W—— came down here to recuperate, leaving me alone up there. The Josiah Howards took the flu. I stayed up two nights with little Sabry, who has pneumonia. One morning I woke up with a temperature and cough and headache. I decided I'd better get off the mountain while I could. I cleaned up the house, took the cat to Mrs. Lulars, and walked down to Dante. Deaconess gave me the luxury of a hot bath in a *bath-tub*, and put me to bed, and my head has been about to crack open ever since. I can't take long getting well because the poor Josiah Howards are all down with it, except Mr. Josiah. He has to keep going whether he feels like it or not. I've got to get back to help them. The

mountaineers don't get work done ahead. They take out coal for a few days. Every Friday they take enough corn to mill to last until the next Friday. Water has to be carried from the spring for the stock and the house. When there's only one to do everything, it's almost an impossibility. The neighbors are all so afraid of the flu, they won't go in to help. In the camps the people are dying in hundreds.

*December 11, 1918.*

It is 11.30 P. M. I am writing by the light of the Josiah Howards' fire. Mrs. Josiah, Ornie, and Sabry have pneumonia. As they are resting pretty comfortably to-night, I have n't much to do. Mr. Josiah is snoring loud enough to raise the roof. Poor man, he's had his hands full with all of them sick. Miss W—— and I take turns staying nights with them, since we came back from Dante. The pneumonia patients are still very sick, but the rest are all up and around. It's hard to take care of them because they wear all of their clothes to bed and are afraid to change them for fear of taking cold. I don't believe there'll be any squeamishness left in me after this job on Sandy Ridge. The Josiah Howards are so appreciative of everything we do that it's a joy to take care of them, no matter how much our olfactories may be offended.

*December 27, 1918.*

Christmas has been a day for the women to look forward to with fear and trembling. For their lords and masters, 'takin' Christmas' means drinking and shooting. Our friends have predicted dire happenings at our Christmas trees, but so far nothing unpleasant has occurred. To-day there were several men here whose joviality left no doubt as to what rested in their back hip-pockets. The very sight of the revenue officer almost started a

fight out in the yard. The appearance of such a personage, to the mountaineer, is like waving a red flag before a bull. However, it soon quieted down and there was no more disturbance. The only Christmas casualty I heard of was a boy shooting his mother in the leg in a drunken fit of rage.

After the tree we all walked down to Dante, to have dinner and stay all night with Deaconess. It was just cold enough to make you want to breathe from your boots up. The snow began to fall in the morning. By the time we went through the woods, the laurel and ivy were weighted down with a feathery white covering. We tramped on a soft carpet, which now and then gave way and sent us sprawling most uncereemoniously.

We stopped to say 'Howdy' to Noah Howard in passing.

'My folks is all down with the influenzy, and Mirie's had turrible fevers on her, so's I hain't had a chanet to strip fer three weeks,' announced Noah.

He is another of the great unwashed. Stripping means taking off dirty clothes and putting on clean ones, bathing being an unknown institution in these parts. How can they bathe, with one wash-basin, a large family living in one room, and water to be carried from the spring, maybe a block away? Some of these nights, when I stand almost in the fireplace, with the wash-basin on a chair, the wind blowing through the cracks, and my breath visible in every direction, I wish that I might dispense with the ordeal.

*January 25, 1919.*

Iva, Josiah's oldest girl, wants to get married. Patton Edwards has been 'talkin' to her' for some time. Last Sunday he sent Iva's uncle, Paris Kirby, to put his case before Josiah. Mr. and Mrs. Josiah have no objection to Patton, but as Iva is only sixteen, they think she ought to wait.

Mrs. Josiah was just sixteen when she was married, so her words don't bear much weight. I think the wedding will be very soon.

March 1, 1919.

I went to two weddings the other day, one at Josiah's and the other at Cornelis Marshall's. The Howards had been making preparations for a week. First they scrubbed every board and piece of furniture in the house and washed every article of clothing; then, with the help of their kinswomen, set in to make cakes and pies. When Mrs. Josiah came over to invite us, we asked what time the wedding would take place.

'Whenever we kin git the dinner up,' she replied.

As I learned later, the dinner was the *pièce de résistance* of the day.

At nine o'clock in the morning people began to arrive, on foot and on horseback. At ten, Ornie and Nancy came after all our dishes. At eleven-thirty, we went over. The women had a table outdoors, rolling out dozens of biscuits. The old men stood around, talking and swapping; the young ones cut all kinds of shines with the horses and mules. Columbus Rose had a large audience watching him put life into cadaverous old mules you would think had lost the power to move. The children yipped and yelled and set the dogs to fighting, having the wild kind of time they like. The biscuits being all rolled out, the women made the dumplings, and dropped them in leisurely fashion into a boiler, in which two chickens were cooking over an open fire.

At length the dinner was done got up, and the bride changed her dress. There were two rooms (houses, they call them) to this home. This space would not hold the bountifully spread table and the hundred people present, so the ceremony was performed in the

backyard. When the women announced that dinner was ready, the boys and girls, jeering and laughing, dragged the blushing bride and groom into the yard. The old Baptist preacher, in a brown mackinaw, took his place in front of the bride and groom. The 'waiters' (attendants), two boys and two girls, were shoved into their places on either side of the bride and groom. The preacher tied the knot in very short order, saying only a few of the sentences of our prayer-book service. The words were hardly out of his mouth when an uproar began, everyone hollering and yelling at the top of their lungs. There was hardly any more solemnity to this ceremony than to the primitive marriage custom of jumping over the broomstick.

The bride, groom, waiters, and preacher sat down at the first table. I was supposed to have had a seat with them, but there was one seat missing, so I stepped out. As I was not so aggressive as some of the rest, it was the fourth table before I got my turn at the dinner. While it was being served, the children swarmed round, on our feet and under our feet. To keep them quiet, their mothers gave them hand-outs of pie, cake, and biscuits, and they helped themselves out of the dumpling-pot. Gravy and pie running down their fronts, they squeezed in amongst us.

The chicken had given out long before the fourth table, but there remained dumplings, baked ham, potatoes, pickled beets, pickled beans with ham, rice, biscuits, coffee stronger than moonshine, three kinds of canned fruit, coconut and chocolate cake, and dried-apple pie.

The man on my right had served eight years in the penitentiary for killing three Italians. He went into their saloon down in one of the camps. Because these men did not do some trivial thing he wanted, he pulled his

gun and shot five, killing three of them. When the constable got there, he was laying them out. The court gave him fifteen years, but he got out in eight for good behavior.

It took so long for me to get my dinner at the Howards', that by the time I got to the Marshall cabin, Richmond and his bride were done married. Mrs. Marshall insisted that I sit right down and eat. Cornelis Marshall in his greasy sweater, which had n't been off his back, day or night, all winter, and the dirty, dingy old lean-to of a kitchen, where the wedding supper was spread, did not stimulate my appetite, as I was already too full for utterance; but Mrs. Marshall's hospitality was so sincere that I forced down some more beans and cake, for fear of hurting her feelings.

Richmond, the ne'er-do-well, — age nineteen, — married a woman of thirty-five, with four children, the eldest fourteen years old. Richmond is out of work. Neither of them has a cent, or an article of furniture to start house-keeping with; but that does not seem to worry them. For the last five years the bride has been living with those of her relatives whose dispositions could stand the strain.

The wedding in this case was even less of a ceremony than the other. The bride laughed all the time that the same brown-mackinawed preacher was talking. When the ceremony was over,

she announced that she expected to be married two more times before she died. A little later, when I arrived, the bride and groom were both chewing tobacco, as the corners of their mouths evidenced, and the groom's sister had her lower lip full of snuff. Poor Mrs. Marshall is heartbroken over this wedding. Iva's is the more typical mountain wedding.

According to custom, Iva and Patton spent the first night at her home. The next morning, on horseback, the newly married couple, followed by family and friends, led the procession to the groom's house eight miles round the Ridge. There they were to have another big spread, called the 'Infare.' In the procession were two wagons; in one of these was Maggie Rose, an aunt of the bride. Just at the top of the hill, in sight of the house, she got out of the wagon. Uncovering the baby she held in her arms, she found it was dead. The children were sent to the house, where the dinner had begun, for fresh horses. They got to playing and forgot what they were sent for. The father, becoming impatient, grabbed the dead baby and set out for home, the mother, carrying a larger child, vainly trying to keep up with his frenzied strides. They did not stop until they came to their home six miles down the mountain. Seemingly the only effect on the Infare was that it broke up unusually early, so that the men could get off to dig the grave.

## OLD AGE

### I

AFTER well-nigh half a century of almost unbroken devotion to an exacting vocation, I lately retired. The position I held involved considerable responsibility, which could never be entirely escaped, even in the Augusts which were the only vacations in all these years. It was an enterprise I had much to do with starting, and I had thrown myself into it heart and soul as a young man, had nursed its infancy with an almost maternal solicitude, had seen it through various diseases incident to the early stages of development of every corporation, and had steered it through several crises that taxed my powers of physical and mental endeavor to their uttermost. In its service I had had to do, as best I could, many things for which I was little adapted by training or talent, and some of which were personally distasteful. But even to these I had given myself with loyalty, and occasionally even with abandon, as doing my 'bit' in life, remembering that men come and go, but good institutions should, like Tennyson's brook, 'go on forever.'

There was also considerable publicity involved. Indeed, there were three aspects of it all which I had to consider in every measure, namely, its effects upon the superintendents and employees, the directors, and the public, the interests and points of view of all of whom were sometimes so utterly at variance that, if either had known exactly how the others felt, there would have been serious trouble. Occasionally, too, my own opinions differed from those of all the others, and this involved a fourth

factor to be reckoned with. Thus, much of my effort went to placating and compromising between the different interests; and not very infrequently the only way open was concealment, temporary at least, of the views of one of the parties, because an untimely disclosure would have brought an open rupture.

However, I had muddled on, learning much tact and diplomacy and various mediatorial artifices, as the years rolled by. And now I have resigned, and after months of delay and with gratifying expressions of regret, another, younger captain whom, happily, I can fully trust, is in my place. I had always planned that my retirement, when it came, should be complete. I would do my full duty up to the last moment, and then sever every tie, and entirely efface myself so far as the institution I had served was concerned, with no worries even as to the fate of 'my policies.'

That was only fair to my successor; and all my interests must be vested elsewhere. But what a break after nearly five decades! It seemed at first like anticipatory death, and the press notices of my withdrawal read to me not unlike obituaries. The very kindness of all these and of the many private letters that came to me suggested that the writers had been prompted by the principle of the old adage, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*.

Now I am divorced from my world, and there is nothing more to be said of me save the exact date of my death, — and men who retire often die soon after-

ward, — and my prayer might well be, *Nunc dimittis*. Ex-presidents, like founders of institutions, have often been a meddling nuisance, so that even those whom they have benefited, secretly and perhaps unconsciously long to participate in an impressive funeral for them. At least, what can remain but a trivial postscript? Perhaps even Osler's chloroform at forty would have been preferable to a Carnegie pension at seventy. Of course, it is bitter even to feign that I am suddenly dead to the concern I have lived in and for so long, as all the proprieties demand I should do, and as I inexorably will to do, for my very heart and soul went into it. But I did not build it as a monument to myself in any sense, but as an instrument of service, and such I know it will remain, and, I hope, far more effectively than under my hand.

But I thank whatever gods there are that all this painful renunciation has its very satisfying compensations and that there are other counsels than those of despair; seeing which, I can take heart again. I can almost sympathize with the Kaiser, who has no other resource than wood-sawing.

## II

First of all, I must realize that I am old. Associated for so long with young men, and able to keep pace with them in my own line of work; carrying without scathe not a few extra burdens during the war; and having, varied as my duties were, fallen into a certain daily, weekly, and monthly routine that changed little from year to year, I had not realized that age was all the while creeping upon me; and now that I am out, the full realization that I have reached and passed the span of years scripturally allotted to man comes upon me with something hardly less than a shock. Emerson says that a

task is a life-preserver, and now that this is gone, I must swim or go under. To be sure, I had been conscious during half a decade of certain incipient infirmities and had had moments of idealizing the leisure retirement would bring; but now that it has come, I am overwhelmed and almost disoriented by its completeness, and am at a loss how to use it.

I have a fair competence, and from that point of view need to do nothing but enjoy myself. I might even travel and see the Orient, which I have so often longed to do, although I 'did' Europe in half a dozen hasty summer tours. I feel that I have a certain right to a 'good time,' for my life has been altruistic and almost entirely in the service of others. I might read for pleasure, for I have literary tastes. I might live much out-of-doors on my small farm, and tour in my auto, or move to a large city and take in its amusements, of which also I am fond. Or, again, I could devote myself to my family, which I now feel I have rather neglected; for I have children and grandchildren. I could easily give more time to certain avocations for which I have a taste, but which I have never had time to cultivate save in the crudest way. Or, finally, I could do a little of all these in turn.

But somehow no programme that I can construct out of these possibilities is entirely satisfactory. I surely may indulge myself a little more in all these ways, but I really want, and ought, to do something useful and with unitary purpose. But what, and how shall I find it? Thus for weeks and even months I have been *senex querens institutum vite*.

Slowly but strongly it came to me that I must, first of all, take careful stock of myself and seek to attain more of the self-knowledge that Socrates taught the world was the highest, hardest, and latest of all sorts of know-



ledge. To this end I must begin with a kind of physical inventory; and so I visited doctors. The oculist found a slight but unsuspected defect in one eye, and improved my sight, which was fairly good before, by better glasses. The aurist found both ears fairly good, even the less sensitive one. Digestion was distinctly above the average. I had for a long time been losing two or three pounds each year; but this, rather than the opposite tendency, was thought good (*corpora sicca durant*), and I was told that I might go on unloading myself of superfluous tissue for fifteen or twenty years before I became too emaciated to live, which humans usually do on losing about one third of their weight. My heart would probably last for about the same period, and smoking in moderation, a great solace, was not forbidden. A little wine, 'the milk of old age,' was not tabu, and I was given a prescription which would enable me to get it, even in these prohibition days, if I desired. One suggested that I insure my life heavily, and another advised an annuity; but I thought both schemes hardly fair in view of the above findings, for I did not wish to profiteer on my prospects in life.

This hygienic survey reinforced what I had realized before, namely, that physicians know very little of old age. Some of them can help, but none have specialized in its very distinctive needs and problems, as they have in the diseases of children, women, and the rest. Thus, the older a man is, the more he must depend upon his own hygienic sagacity for health and long life. The lives of almost all the centenarians I could find have shown that they owe their longevity far more to their own insight than to medical care; and very likely there is a far greater individual difference of needs than medicine recognizes as yet. Of the philosopher Kant it was said that he spent more mentality

in keeping his feeble body alive and in good trim to the age of eighty, than he expended in all the fourteen closely printed volumes of his epoch-making Works.

Thus, again, I realized that I was alone, — indeed, in a new kind of solitude, — and must pursue the rest of my way in life by a more or less individual research as to how to keep well and in condition. In a word, I must henceforth and for the most part be my own doctor.

All the doctors agreed that I must eat moderately, oftener, and less at a time; sleep regularly according to certain norms; cultivate the open air and exercise till fatigue came, and then promptly stop; keep cheerful and avoid nerves, worry, and all excesses. But with these commonplaces the agreement ceased. One said I needed a change, as if, forsooth, I was not getting it with a vengeance. One prescribed Fletcherizing; another held that this was bad for the large intestine, which needed some coarse material to stimulate its action. One thought there was great virtue in cool, another in warm, baths. Several prescribed a diet, and one said, 'Eat what you like, with discretion.' One thought I should find peculiar virtue in thyroid extracts; another suggested Brown-Séquard testicular juices; but both agreed that a man is as old, not as his heart and arteries, as was once thought, but as his endocrine glands.

One thought that chief attention should be paid to the colon, and provided me with Metchnikoff tablets and an apparatus for souring milk to the right degree. One called my attention to Sanford Bennett's wonderful rejuvenation, from premature senile decay to the figure and habits of an athlete, by means of persistent exercises taken horizontally and almost without apparatus. His book and cuts made so strong

an appeal that I wrote him to see if he is still alive and well; but I have not heard. Several believe that vigor can be conserved by rubbing or self-massage on rising and retiring. Battle Creek advises bowel movements not only daily, but oftener, while others insist that constipation should and normally does increase with old age. Most Pavlovists, especially Sternberg, trust appetite implicitly, believing that it always points, true as the needle to the pole, to the nutritive needs of both sick and well, and that it gives the sole momentum to all the digestive processes, even down to the very end of the alimentary canal; while others prescribe everything chemically, calculating to a nicety the proportion of carbohydrates, fats, calories, and the rest, with no reference to gustatory inclinations.

Perhaps I ought to try out all these theories in turn, one after another, in the effort to find out by experiment which is really the best for me. I almost have the will to do so, for I certainly illustrate the old principle that, as life advances, we love it not less but more, perhaps because, as the French philosopher, Renouvier, said, at eighty, the longer we live, the stronger the habit of doing so grows, and the harder the thought of breaking it becomes. In the light of all the above, it would seem rather that the longer we live, the harder it is to keep on doing so, and that intelligent centenarians who have succeeded in prolonging their lives far beyond the longevity they inherited are justly proud of their achievement in putting off the great life-queller, which all the world fears and hates as it does nothing else. This is passing strange, for, as Minot showed, all creatures that live begin to die at the very moment when they begin to live. All the theories of euthanasia ignore the fact that death is essentially a negation of the will to live, so that a positive and

conscious wish to die is always only an artifact.

So much I gathered from the doctors. Their fees cost me a tidy sum, but probably it was worth it. I now knew myself physically better than they, and saw that henceforth I must give far more time and energy to body-keeping, if I was to stay fit.

I had always kept up the habit of reading evenings, and years before, when my children were in their teens, had been interested in a bulky work, by an author whose name I forget, on Adolescence. Now I wondered if senescence, its counterpart, might not be a no less scientific, cultural, and to me personally interesting study. I spoke about this to a librarian friend, who a few days later sent me a list of ninety-one titles on the subject, from Aristotle and Cicero down. I picked a few, grew interested, and have now got in touch with most of them and read much in some of them. I read how savages often kill and even eat their old people (although they must be far less palatable than babies); in famine, war, migrations, and shipwreck the aged may be an incumbrance. Their estate bettered slowly, until near the dawn of the historic period they began to be respected, and sometimes revered, as vehicles of superior wisdom. Both extremes of attitude have been most pronounced toward old women, who have been hated as hags and witches and revered as priestesses in peculiar *rapport* with divine powers.

Now that the average of human life is lengthened, and there are more and more old people (a fact that marks the triumph of science and civilization), there is more need of studying them as in recent decades children have been studied, so that we may have a gerontology as well as a paidology. Saleeby regards the aged after the climacteric as almost a class by themselves, with

needs, traits, and interests somewhat unique and apart. But of these we are so far relatively ignorant.

Old age may be trivial, fault-finding, selfish, meddlesome, childish, and even filthy, and always involves some change of character, which, happily, however, is sometimes for the better. The old often become egoistic, instead of altruistic, as they should. Adolescence in itself involves no greater readjustments to life, and grand old men and women are, in proportion to their numbers, as rare as, and perhaps rarer than, grand young ones. The old are less gregarious, and seem to get on less with their fellows, than the young; and even strong friendships between them are rare, partly because there are less of them and it is harder for them to get together, and partly because individualities of tastes, habits, and opinions are more accentuated. Sanger, who studied old people in homes for the aged, found them very critical and often prone actively to antagonize one another; and who ever heard of a club or association of old men! Children often look upon the aged with much awe, as about to die or as being half-dead already. In young and newly opened regions of the world, old people are scarce, and they are far more numerous among civilized than among savage peoples. Fiske held that in both animals and men longevity was correlated with the length of the growth-period of the young, most creatures living normally just long enough to bring their latest progeny to full maturity, Nature having no further use for them. The moribund soma always serves the needs of the immortal germ-plasm, as Weismann showed.

### III

Now then, first of all, I must face reality with no illusions or conscious disguises of my age: there must be no

wigs, paddings, or pretensions, even before the other sex, that I am younger than I am. I do still ride a wheel, and am generally my own chauffeur; have a little gymnasium with bars, rings, clubs, chest-weights, punching-bag, and have enjoyed skating a little every winter; but I have ceased to speak of these things, and indulge in them rather furtively; indeed, I have felt somewhat impelled to give them up, lest people think I do them to seem young. I have learned to let friends, who wish to do so, help me on with my overcoat without resentment, have even accepted a seat in a street-car from a respectful young man, and let myself be waited on in other ways I really do not need; and on two occasions in recent years I have accepted, with all the courtesy I could summon, a cane, although I have never used either of them.

I have grown a little conscious, too, of my love of, and fair degree of skill in, golf, and also of my white flannel suit, lest I be suspected of fancying myself still young. Although I have to show some deference to the fashions of the season in my dress, I defer to my tailor, who tells me what color, cuts, and so forth, are suitable 'for men of your age.' I love the theatre, but have a new horror of front rows, especially if there are 'legs' in the show; for, alas! I am bald-headed. I still love social functions, but realize that I have lost what small attractions I ever had for the other sex, who accept me politely but on a new basis; so that I have come to prefer the society of men, and to regard women, with very few notable exceptions, as rather trivial.

If there is any truth in the old saw that a woman is as old as she looks and a man as he feels, the chief and almost only sign of age that I feel — save when I look into the mirror, which I abhor — is that in either physical or mental effort I fatigue more easily and

also can devote myself to things I love, whether work or play, with somewhat less intensity, abandon, and endurance than formerly. I try to overcome a sort of instinctive aversion that has grown upon me of late years toward anecdote and even reminiscence; and when young people ask me how things were in my childhood and youth, I begin to be pleased rather than otherwise. So I am taking some pleasure in memory, although I know this means regression and senile involution. Thus I accord to the past its rites, and am no longer so jealous of its encroachments on the interests of the present and the future.

Of the latter, too, I have no extravagant expectations. I am not planning to live far into my second century. I am heartened to know that Ranke wrote all his famous *Weltgeschichte*, I think in five volumes, beginning at the age of 85; that Michael Angelo was drawing plans of Saint Peter's at 89; that Cornaro wrote his last version of *The Temperate Life* at 95; that W. S. Smith made his notable trip around the world, alone, at the age of 88; that Durand edited a volume of his at 110; and it is pleasing to find, not only scores, but hundreds, of such records. While if we turn to statistics we find, for instance, that Bulgaria has one centenarian to every thousand inhabitants; this country, one to every twenty-five thousand; while in most European lands there is but one to one hundred thousand or more of the population; showing that neither the absolute number nor the percentage of centenarians is a true index of the degree of civilization of a country.

#### IV

All I have thus far said is preparatory to what I believe an essentially new and original thesis, which I shall now try to state roughly, with its implications, as follows: —

Intelligent and well-conserved senectitude has very important social and anthropological functions in the modern world, not hitherto utilized or even recognized, the chief of which is most comprehensibly designated by the general term *synthesis*, something never so needed as in our very complex age of distracting specializations.

In the first place, it has often been noted that the withdrawal from biologically phyletic functions is often marked by an Indian summer of increased clarity and efficiency in intellectual work. Individuation now has its innings. Passion and the lust for wealth and power, and in general the struggle for place and fame, have abated, and in their stead comes a philosophic calm, a new desire to draw from accumulated experience and knowledge the ultimate moral lessons of life; in a word, to sum up in a broader view the net results of all we have seen of the *comédie humaine*. Taylor even considers the climacteric as not pathological but as 'a conservation process of Nature to provide for a higher and more stable phase of development, an economic lopping off of functions no longer needed, preparing the individual for a different form of activity.' Shaler notes 'an enlargement of intellectual interests.' The dangers and excitements of life are passed. Men are more judicial and benevolent, and these traits suggest new possibilities for the race as vicariates for the loss of the power of physical procreation. Some think these phenomena more marked in woman; but even men who seem to have crossed the dead-line at fifty are sometimes later reanimated. Apperceptive data have increased facility in getting together, perhaps even into a new and larger *Weltanschauung*; and there may come a genuine erethism, or second-breath, half ecstatic, as the soul on the home-stretch 'expatiates o'er all the

world of man a mighty maze, yet not without a plan.' There is thus a kind of harvest-home effort to garner the fruitage of the past and penetrate further into the future. It is a stage of life in which all Freudian mechanisms and impulsions fail to act, and very different ones take their place, which as yet lack any adequate psychology, much as it is needed. This is the 'wisdom' of Solomon and the Psalmists, the vision of the mystics, and it exists only in those senescents who have found the rare power of conserving the morale of their stage of life by keeping themselves at the very top of their condition.

The countless tests that have sprung from the Binet-Simon technique, in which just now everyone is interested, stop with the earlier years of life, and we have no inkling of how the physiological and mental age are related in the old. Only when we know this, shall we be able to evaluate the mentality of real sages wise in the school of life. This kind of sapience has a worth and value quite apart from and beyond the methods of even our most advanced pedagogy. St. John thinks there is a certain rejuvenation due to change from *a-posteriori* to *a-priori* habits of mind, and that subjectivity, and perhaps introversion, now have their innings. Ripe old age has been a slow, hard, and precious acquisition of the race, perhaps not only its latest, but its highest product. Its modern representatives are pioneers, and perhaps its task will prove largely didactic. It should go with the corresponding prolongation of youth and increased docility on the part of the rising generation, if we are right in charging ourselves with the duty of building a new story to the structure of human life. Thus while old age is not at all venerable *per se*, we have a mandate to make it ever more so by newer orientation, especially in a land and age that put a

premium on its splendid youth, who are often called to precocious activities, which sometimes bring grief and disaster because we have been oblivious of the precept, 'Old men for counsel.'

True old age is not second childhood. It is no more retrospective than prospective. It looks out upon the world anew, and there is something like a rebirth of faculties, especially of curiosity, and even of naïveté. Age is in quest of first principles, just as ingenuous youth is. Plato thought that the quest and love of general ideas was the true achievement of immortality by participation in the deathlessness of these consummations of the noetic urge; for to him philosophy was anticipating death, because it involved a withdrawal from the specific and particular toward the vastness and generality of the absolute.

But to-day normal old age cannot be merely contemplative. True, our very neurons do seem to tend to aggregate into new and more stable unities, as if the elements of our personality were being bound more closely together, perhaps in order to survive some disruptive crisis, or so that our souls should not be blown away if we chance to die on a windy day, as Plato put it. But now we must conceive the synthetic trend as chiefly in the service of mankind. Our message must not be a mere *morituri salutamus*, however cheerful, but must have a positive and practical meaning, and our outlook tower should have a really directive significance.

The outstanding cultural trait of normal old age is disillusionment. It sees through the shams and vanities of life. Many of the most brilliant intellectual achievements of youthful genius are precocious anticipations of the insights this latest stage of life brings. Carlyle's *Sartor*, Hegel's *Phänomenologie*, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, Emerson—to say nothing of Jesus and

Buddha—show premature age. Young men who occupy themselves with the highest and most abstract philosophical problems unconsciously affect or strive to anticipate the most advanced mental age, and many of them who discourse so sapiently on 'experience' are those who have really had very little of it. Max Müller describes the typical grandfather in the classic age of the Punjab as seeing his grandchildren accepting all the tales and superstitions of bards and even nurses, the parents worshipping the old gods in more sedate and settled ways, while he himself reveres only the great One and All, and sees all faiths and rites as but painted shadows which fancy casts upon the unknown, and awaits a blessed absorption into Nirvana.

True, very few attain ripe senescence in religion, and realize that there is no external god, but only physical and human nature, and no immortality save that of our offspring or our influence. All who fall short of this are arrested in juvenile, or even infantile, stages of development. So in all matters pertaining to sex, marriage, family, most remain the slave of the *mores* of their age and land, and do not realize the pregnant sense in which love and freedom, the greatest words in all languages, should be wedded. Only when the *vita sexualis* wanes can we look dispassionately upon all these problems and glimpse the better ways which easier divorce, backfires to lust and prostitution, some of which current hypocrisy taboos the very mention of, can bring. In social and economic conditions we are drifting perilously near to wrecking reefs, and the very basis of our civilization is in the greatest danger, for want of the very aloofness and impartiality which age can bring to them. We oldsters do see these things in a truer perspective, and the time has now come to set them forth, despite the certain penalty of

being voted pessimistic and querulent.

With all these problems, peculiarly open since the war, crying out for solution, surely senescents who have retired and enjoy a super-academic freedom, with no responsibilities to boards, institutions, or corporate interests, with no temptations of the flesh, and with a mild pity for their former colleagues still toiling in their various harnesses, have an inspiring function and must rise to it. With a competence sufficient for our needs, with no anxieties about a future state, with none of the dangers young men feel lest they impair their future career, we should not devote ourselves to rest and rust (*Rast Ich, so rost Ich*), or to amusements, travel, or self-indulgence of personal tastes, much as we may feel that we have deserved any and all of these, but should address ourselves to new tasks, duties, and services, realizing that we have a debt to the world which it now vitally wants us to pay. Carnegie, Rockefeller, and countless other benefactors and founders, large and small, have acknowledged this debt and have striven to pay it in the service which the rich can render. We intellectuals cannot pay it in their coin, but we owe it no less, and must pay in the currency we can command.

For myself, I thank all the gods at once that after my first appalling solitude I have found my *goru*. There is one theme on which I believe I am informed up to the moment, and on which I have never before been able to speak freely. To this I can now devote myself, and write with spirit and understanding and with the abandon the subject really demands. I will not accept the subtle but persistently intrusive suggestion that it will do no good, or even that my former colleagues, whose esteem I have so highly prized, will ignore it because other old men have written fatuously. I will at least speak more honestly than I have ever dared

to do before; and if I am never read, or if I never even venture into print, I shall have the satisfaction of having clarified and unified my own soul.

Old age is not passive and peace-loving, but brings a new belligerency. Many of us longed for the physical ability to enter the war as soldiers, and we did our 'bit' in ways open to us with as much zest as our juniors. We not only want, but need, spiritual conflicts, and feel a reinforced aggressiveness against ignorance, error, and the sins of greed and lust. I have even made a list of evils that I want to attack, which I have never before felt the courage to do. The only one of these here in place is the current idea of old age itself. We have too commonly accepted the antiquated scriptural allotment of three-score and ten as applicable now. But the man of the future will be ashamed and feel guilty if he cannot plan a decade or two more of activity; and he will not permit himself to fall into a thanatopsis mode of mind, or retire to his memories, or to the chimney-corner.

If we have lived aright, Nature does give us a new lease of life when passion abates and bodily powers begin to decline. The very danger of collapse is itself a spur to develop the higher powers of man in this their time. The human race is young, and most are cut off prematurely; it is ours to complete the drama and add a new and higher story to the life of man; for as yet we do not know what full maturity really is, and its last, culminating chapter is yet to be written.

Never was the world in such crying need of Nestors and Merlins. What a priceless crop of experiences in these post-bellum days remains unharvested for want of precisely the objectivity,

impartiality, breadth, and perspective which senescence alone can supply! These were the qualities that enabled the venerable Joffre to make his masterly two weeks' retreat at the Marne. It was done against the will and wish of every one of his younger generals, who now admit that it saved Paris and the war. On the German side Hindenburg, like von Moltke in 1870, was more or less of a superman, and both saw the whole of the war in all its broader aspects, as did Roberts in England up to his untimely death.

Now the world needs the wisdom, which no learning can give, that sees the vanity and shallowness of narrow partisanship and jingoism, of creeds that conceal more than they reveal, of social shams that often veil corruptions, and the inanity of the money-hunt that monopolizes the energies of our entire civilization; and realizes that, with all our vaunted progress, man still remains essentially juvenile, much as he was before history began. What the world needs, then, is a kind of higher criticism of life and all its institutions, to show their latent beneath their patent meaning and value, by true supermen who, like Zarathustra, are all old, very old, with the sapience that long life alone can give. We need prophets with vision, who can inspire and also castigate, to convict the world of sin, righteousness, and judgment. Thus there is a new dispensation which gray-beards alone can usher in. Otherwise mankind will remain splendid but incomplete. Heir of all the ages, he has not yet come into his full heritage; a traveler, he sets out for a far and supreme goal, but is cut off before he has attained, or even clearly seen it. The best part of his history is unwritten because it is unmade.

# A PARISH MINISTER'S DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

BY WILLARD L. SPERRY

## I

To get back again to that hackneyed subject, 'The Collapse of the Church.' Obviously the Church is as good as dead and there remains little more to be done aside from the decent obsequies. There is, for the passing Church, the mitigating comfort to be derived from the prediction that the mortality among all other ancient and venerated institutions will be high in the near future. Her going is so timed that she can point the way for a very respectable company of followers, the home, the state, the college, and other outworn cumberers of the ground, which have been stricken down by the epidemic of 'collapse,' and have nothing more to ask of this world than the opportunity for decent euthanasia.

Meanwhile, 'Who would have thought the old man had so much blood in him?' The Church is patently passing away from an incurable and pernicious anemia. But since this is a lingering death, any number of humane practitioners are ready to shorten the agony by opening for good and all some convenient artery that invites the scalpel of wholesale condemnation. Even so, the Church lingers. Like Browning's martyr at the stake, the collapsing Church of the present time at least has voice enough to affirm, 'I was some time a-dying.'

As a matter of plain, ecclesiastical history, there never was a time when the

Church was not in collapse. The spiritual specialists have always agreed in their diagnosis. This universal verdict may have induced a certain constitutional hollow-chestedness on the part of the institution which has now become habitual, and may easily be mistaken for an acute, rather than a chronic condition. For when the doctors all agree that the patient is suffering a complete breakdown, he must have more than a superhuman self-confidence if his own posture does not reflect the consensus of expert opinion. He is convinced that they are right, and yet he surprises himself and the wise men by hanging on when, from all the signs, he should be dead and buried. He realizes that he is a physiological monstrosity and a medical scandal, but he cannot help himself. He even finds a certain perverse satisfaction in his innate vitality which cannot be measured by the book. The Church has always had to live, and indeed has succeeded in living for some hundreds of years, in the face of the combined and uniform judgment of the specialists that, from all the symptoms, she should be in her grave.

It is generally understood that the churches are practically empty. No one any longer tries to pretend otherwise. It avails nothing that many city churches are still crowded every Sunday, that many more are half full, and that most of them muster their handful



of worshipers. Patently, this is the last flicker before the end. And what are these among so many? The time was when David and Jonathan scaled the rocks Bozez and Seneh, to attack the Philistine single-handed, because, in those days, there was 'no restraint to the Lord to save by many.' But modern scholarship can dispose of that archaic temper, since the God of Democracy never does anything without first counting noses. In the old days it was considered dangerous procedure to number the host. But to-day statistics are the handmaiden of piety, and the figures are against the Church.

Yet empty churches do not seem to be solely a modern phenomenon. Nearly a hundred years ago Wordsworth lamented 'The Decay of Piety':—

Of late I have seen, ere Time had ploughed my  
cheek,

Matrons and sires — who, punctual to the call  
Of their loved Church, on fast or festival  
Through the long year the house of prayer would  
seek;

By Christmas snows, by visitation bleak  
Of Easter wind unscared, from hut or hall  
They came to lowly bench or sculptured stall,  
But with one fervor of devotion meek.

I see the places where they once were known,  
And ask . . .

Is Ancient Piety forever flown?

That was in 1827. As Francis Thompson says of nineteenth-century England, 'The east wind has replaced the discipline.' But at least things are no worse now than they were in Wordsworth's time, and a hundred years of snow, hail, and stormy vapor have not entirely dissipated 'the great congregation.'

Altogether, the reputedly empty meeting-houses have been able to gather enough witnesses to embarrass the case for the prosecution, and the suit of Society *vs.* the Church drags on in the court of common opinion. After all, the major institutions of human society are not so collapsible as they appear

to be. They were not fabricated wholesale for emergencies. They were put together by patient hand labor. And they betray, when their framework is investigated, the cunning of the human artificer at his best. They have gone up, like Solomon's temple, without noise in their building. And he who takes the social contract for wrecking them would do well to allow himself a little margin of time beyond his expectation of completing the job.

Certain of the Oxford colleges are built of a very soft limestone, dug from hard by, which weathers rapidly. After an odd century or two at the mercy of the raw air of the upper Thames valley, the fabric of these colleges looks to be in a state of imminent collapse. Two American women, wandering around Oxford not long since, ventured into one of these shabby sepulchres of 'lost causes,' pushed their unabashed way up a stair in the back quad, and opened a door. They saw before them a much alive and entirely contemporary-looking boy, sprawled out in his basket chair before a cheerful fire, filling the room with pipe-smoke and his brains with the Nicomachean Ethics. 'We beg your pardon, we did n't know that these ruins were inhabited.' For the benefit of those emancipated investigators who look upon the Church as the home of a lost cause, it is worth while merely to say that the ruins are still inhabited.

## II

There is, however, one distinctively modern aspect of the situation, altogether apart from the perennial Decay of Piety, which is in a fair way to depopulate the ruins for good and all. This particular aspect of the many-sided 'Problem of the Church' bears the mark of our own time, has already become a sore daily perplexity to the ministry, and is fast becoming a

conscious grievance on the part of the congregation.

Let us approach the problem by way of illustration. There was once upon a time a very romantic institution known as the Christian Year. This arrangement of the calendar, arbitrary, artificial, perhaps, but always suggestive, was devised to express a certain cyclic tendency in human nature, the desire to get back or come round again to some of the major items of thought and conduct. There was Ember Day — what a romantic name! — and Maundy Thursday — what an intriguing title! There were Innocents' Day and All Souls' Day. There were Advent and Holy Week and Whitsunday.

But this scheme of things has long since been superseded by another Christian Year, which every minister has come to recognize. He sits down at his desk on Monday morning to try to recover a little of the lost grace of 'recollection.' Next Sunday is Epiphany, so much is clear in the near future. 'Recollected' to this tentative degree, he begins opening his morning mail. From an important-looking envelope he takes out a legal-sized document, an impressive piece of printer's art. (Mental note: That would be good paper for my church calendar if we could afford it — watermark shows 'Capitalist Bond, Heavy Deckle.' But we can't afford printing like that!) The document announces that next Sunday has been appointed to be observed in all the churches as Nation-Wide Anti-Trichinosis Sunday. The Secretary of some department in Washington lends his sanction. A Minor Canon adds that the opportunity of the Church is plain. Inside the folder are pictures. Item: one trichina, very lifelike and sinister. Item: victim of trichinosis, obvious ennuï. Item: our agent in Lone Ridge, Ford car and infected hogs in background. Item: cured patient, alert and

aggressive. The last page announces that parcel-post will bring cards allowing members of the congregation to enlist in the great modern crusade: annual dues, \$1; sustaining membership, \$25; life membership, \$100. It is confidently anticipated that at least two or three of the congregation will join as life members, and that there will be a very general response to the appeal for annual dues. Cards are to be returned to — and so forth. There often follows an appropriate Bible text, counseling sacrifice, as a last succulent morsel of bait for the ecclesiastical mind.

The minister, whose business it is not to ignore any means by which mankind may be bettered, begins to see that Epiphany is after all an anachronism, that the great modern world has got beyond that. Trichinæ have the obvious advantage of contemporaneity. Trichina it shall be. The plot thickens, however, as the opening of the mail goes on. Five letters farther is a statement that next Sunday has been appointed to be observed by all the churches in behalf of the Relief of the War-Devastated Districts of Upper Senegambia. Very prominent names in the business and ecclesiastical world appear on this letter-head: well-known bankers and prominent churchmen, with a smattering of the humaner radicals. More pictures of atrocities and plague victims. Obviously the need in Senegambia is as great as in Lone Ridge. The minister wishes to think internationally, and now leans to the war-victims, to avoid the charge of provincialism by concentrating upon the American trichina. Perhaps it could be shown that Upper Senegambia is devastated by trichinæ. The victims in both cases look rather alike in the pictures. In that case the task would be made simpler, and the collection could be equally divided.

But there seems to have been some

lack of 'coöperation' — fine upstanding modern word, that! — on the part of these agencies. The perplexed minister lets his problem simmer until mid-week, and then finally decides that he will preach a regular Epiphany Sermon on the Manifestation of Jesus to the Wise Men of To-day. He does this, not in a moment of petulance or distraction, but discreetly and advisedly, on the sober conviction that, in the long run, he will do both these causes more practical good by trying to make men understand the Mind of Christ, than by discussing the causes, symptoms, and cure of trichinosis, or by getting mired in the political misfortunes of Senegambia.

His punishment tarrieth not. It cometh like the Assyrian. These causes keep tab on him. They write him off the great books of life which they keep at their headquarters. The report is passed on to other agencies, that he is out of touch with modern life, that he is merely an impractical dreamer who cannot be counted on to help when the fighting is hard. The cause went up to do battle for the Lord and he stopped in Meroz. He has his taste of the curse on Meroz. Various members of his own parish, who are specially interested in the trichina or Senegambia or some other Holy Day in the modern Christian Year, begin to feel that rumor is true. Altogether he begins to realize that the world is determined to write him down a renegade, and to adjust himself to that situation.

This is not rhetoric. It is hardly satire. It is merely a free paraphrase of the everlasting problem of the modern minister. The thing had gained great headway and vogue before the war. Even then, the laziest minister in Christendom did not have to stoop to buy his sermons ready written from that wholesale homiletics factory somewhere out West. He could get them all

free in outline from the 'causes.' With the war there was hardly a Sunday when his way was not made plain before him, either by actual officials or by civilian philanthropies. The Draft, the Bond Issues, the Food Conservation, the Welfare Agencies — all of them claimed his instant service, week by week. He was given very little opportunity to reflect himself, or to ask others to reflect, that there are certain humane and catholic aspects of the character of Jesus which in history have somehow outlasted all wars and rumors of wars.

He was somewhat startled to find that the great world of affairs took him so seriously. Obviously, what he said still had some influence, and it seemed to be taken for granted that he spoke to more men and women than the 'ruin hypothesis' implied. But he never had time to think that contradiction through. After the war his denominations, singly or collectively, having been illuminated as to the true function of the modern minister, descended upon him with programmes for millions which, ten years ago, both he and they would have thought impossible. His leaders were certainly right to try to conserve the deeper moral lessons of the war. They were right as to the need of the world and the opportunity of the Church. But somehow, in the process he found himself depersonalized. He had ceased to be a prophet and a pastor and had become simply a middleman. The modern world of organized philanthropy and ecclesiasticism had elected him salesman for its countless causes. All he had to do was to follow instructions. The thing culminated in the spring of 1920, when the Interchurch Movement relieved him of all further personal responsibility by outlining his whole half-year for him. He was to pray in January, exhort in February, convert in March, and collect in April

and May. Somehow, he broke down under the strain. His life had become too wooden. And he has been thinking his whole status over once again.

He has had time for a little sober reflection as to what the rest of his days are going to be if the process goes on indefinitely, and he yields the major point of his independence. Obviously, there will be no need for men to go to theological schools in the future, if this is what the Christian ministry is to become. Young men had much better take a couple of correspondence courses, one from the man with the magnetic index finger who can make him a persuasive speaker, the other from some brisk, up-to-the-minute school of salesmanship.

But this prospect calls for a revised conception of the ministry. And its compensations are not those which he has associated with his past liberty of prophesying and his cure of souls. He sees himself as a kind of permanent beater for unending drives. He it is who, week by week, must hound the now attenuated and gun-shy giver into the open, where the causes may pot away with both barrels and bag their budgets. The beater has none of the sport. And he will be more than human if he does not come to have a certain perverse sympathy for the flock in the covert assigned to him. At least, he is perfectly clear that he cannot see them all killed off before his eyes, but must allow a 'righteous remnant' to survive and breed, during the brief season closed to causes, — say in Lent, — against next season's need.

### III

Why does not the Average Man go to church? Being a teacher in a theological school as well as a parish minister, I sent out spies into the great and wicked world last year to get an answer to this question. Effectively

disguised in mufti, they approached the Average Man and asked him for an honest answer. They came back to the camp and reported with surprising unanimity that, among other things, the Average Man was getting tired of going to church to worship God and being offered the trichina and Senegambia as a substitute. One Average Man said quite bluntly that fourteen Sundays at the height of the season had been wholly taken up in his church by the presentation of fourteen different denominational and social causes, and that he found his inclination to go to church suffering a sea change. Not that trichinosis and Senegambia were 'dead hypotheses' to him. He took an interest in these and all other similar moral opportunities. But their name was legion; and any selection of them for the purposes of public worship was arbitrary. He felt as if the parts were getting in the way of the whole. The trouble with his moral and spiritual life was just that he could not see the wood for the trees. And the Church, so far from giving him the total perspective and helping him unify his life, was merely adding to his confusion and distraction. The Average Man was not quite certain what he wanted when he went to church, but he knew it was something which should have in it the element of contrast. He wanted a suggestion of the everlasting otherness of life which real religion always intimates. He believed that all the fine, unselfish, organized altruisms which abound in every city, and claim the support of Church people, were aspects of twentieth-century Christianity. He did not understand a Christianity which was so far removed from this world that it called these activities secular. He believed that modern religion is as wide as every honest effort to help the world. But he was getting mired in detail. He was losing the

power to say 'God' in connection with them all.

He seemed to remember something to the same effect in Saint Augustine's *Confessions*. 'What do I love, when I love my God?' asks Augustine. 'I questioned the earth, and it said, "I am not He." I questioned the sea and the depths, and they replied, "We are not thy God; seek above us." I questioned the blowing winds, and the whole air with its inhabitants replied, "Anaximenes is wrong; I am not God." I questioned the heavens, sun, moon, stars: "Neither are we," say they, "the God whom you seek."' "

All these were aspects of God, but religion, as the Average Man saw it, was just the power to say 'God,' where the rest of the world said Nature, Justice, Duty, Peace, Social Service, Foreign Missions. And it seemed to him as he reflected upon it, that the Church was missing its chance to help him say that thing. He listened in the shell of modern being, and he heard the roar of the sea of life, with its manifold activities. What he missed in the method and temper of the modern Church was the constant suggestion of a 'central peace subsisting at the heart of endless agitation.'

If the Church is anything more than the pious sanction for interests and causes which every right-minded man is interested in, if it is anything more than the rubber stamp of Christian approval of all our philanthropies, it is the place and comradeship, not where rival causes jostle one another for the attention of a constituency, but where all sorts and conditions of men doing the diversified religious work of the modern world may be made to feel their profound spiritual community of interest and aim. The Church is at the cross-roads to-day, not in the sense that she must arbitrarily elect the road that leads to Senegambia, to the exclusion of

all other roads, but in the profounder sense that she stands, or ought to stand, at the point where the sincere and patient minister to the trichina evil may meet and share with his brother who bears the sorrows of Senegambia upon his heart the common quality of faith and courage which inspires all profound and concrete religion in action.

The parish minister of to-day claims, therefore, the right to interpret his relation to causes philanthropic, political, industrial, denominational, in the large. He sees his people become restive under the rapid fire of drives to which they have been subjected in the years immediately past. He does not put it all down to their lethargy or selfishness. He knows them better than that. He knows that all of them are generous, that most of them are enlisted in the regular support of many causes which have come home to them with immediacy, and that many of them are giving to the point of sacrifice and beyond. But leaving finances at one side, he feels the peril of a dwindling congregation as the result of the intrusion of all this machinery into the foreground of their minds. They come to church in the patient, and often dumb, hope that they may find bread for a hunger at the heart of them; but, in accordance with the new Christian year and the pressure of authority or popular opinion, he has to offer them a stone in the way of one more programme to be explained and 'set up.' They are very patient under it all. But the Average Man is thinking of serving an ultimatum on the minister. And the minister, being only a middleman, can merely pass this ultimatum along to those 'higher up.'

The modern parish minister, in all charity and with abundant good-will, is about to serve notice on all parties concerned that he must be allowed to preach religion, in something of its

totality, week by week, or else the denominations and the philanthropies must look for some other kind of man to do their job.

He would make perfectly clear what he means by these words. He would assure every social agency in modern society that he regards its efforts as a valid and essential part of the total religious work of our time. He counts none of them secular in the sense that it is outside the moral need and duty of the day. His attitude is not one of indifference, but of concern for the whole body of organized and efficient altruism. But he must affirm that these causes have now become so numerous, and their fields of activity so specialized, that no one of them can effectively monopolize the religious spirit, or offer itself as a modern equivalent for the total idea of God. He would remind some of them that they seem to him to be drifting in this direction. He sometimes feels a touch of fanaticism and bigotry about their attitude toward him, his church, and the world at large. They do not realize that the last caller who left his study and the next to come are both advocates of causes as worthy as that which has the carpet for the moment, and that the minister's task is not to distract seekers after God by a multiplicity of modern attributes of God, but to try to help men to something like the total vision. In short, the minister's task is not to cry aloud or to peddle at the cross-roads the wares of any one or half-dozen worthy philanthropies, but to help all who pass the place where he stands to realize that 'One is your Father and all ye are brethren.'

Having said this, the parish minister would go on to say that this position, to his mind, does not mean retiring again to some innocuous generalities, known as 'the pure gospel.' He holds out no hope to those who, for selfish reasons,

would like to see the return of the happy days when the Church confined itself to religion and did not meddle with business and politics. A disgruntled parishioner of Newman's once objected that the Cardinal's preaching was interfering with the way he did business. 'Sir,' said Newman, 'it is the business of the Church to interfere with people.' The parish minister sees the Church as Newman saw it. But his interference with the world is a kind of total interference with its tempers and spirits, an effort to combat and convert irreligious points of view, rather than a hasty attempt to arbitrate every concrete dilemma which comes along. If the parish minister of to-day claims for himself the right to preach religion as he sees it, in its totality, that religion will not be some harmless platitude or remote speculation: it will be the sum of the fundamental tempers which must enter into the making of a religious society. He merely serves notice on the world of affairs that, when he says religion, he does not mean some pale, private piety, but that he has in mind Saint Paul's description of Christianity as 'dynamite,' in that he is thinking about a society which nothing short of some revolution of worldly points of view will ever achieve.

Finally, the parish minister would invite those who manage the affairs of his denomination to take long views of his task and theirs. They are his representatives. He has been at times a poor constituent. He admires their fine courage in seeing a world far broader than his bailiwick. But he sometimes feels that there is too much Platonism and too little Aristotelianism about them when they approach him and his people. It is hard for them to get their vision focused as they look at the single parish and its minister. They find it relatively easy to assess the parish so much and turn the job over to

him to complete. He would remind them that he cannot cry 'Wolf' indefinitely. His rhetoric is limited; the sentimental touch wears out; at last he falls back upon an appeal for personal loyalty to himself.

But that process has its end, and beyond he cannot go. Moreover, he would say to his denominational representatives quite candidly that he can no more substitute the World Movement of our Denomination for the idea of God, than he can substitute the trichina or Senegambia. And that is what, at times, it seems to him that he is expected to do. Organizing teams, and appointing captains by their tens and hundreds, and fine-tooth-combing the parish once more is not necessarily having a religious experience; and the parish minister is on the ragged edge of concluding that about the quickest way to undercut the whole support of the Church-at-Large is to let its programmes and machinery get into the foreground and stay there. For men will not permanently, or even long, accept as a substitute for the public worship of God a congregational committee meeting on Sunday morning to discuss in detail the blue-print plans of the New Jerusalem.

The parish minister insists upon some restoration of his ancient liberty of

prophesying, not because he is indifferent, or wishes his church to be indifferent, to any and all of these claims on time, thought, service, and money, but because he feels the danger of religious short-sightedness, and even of fanaticism, in the urgent clamor of these many voices. He believes that, if men can be helped to true and adequate ideas of God, godly men, to whom the task comes immediately home, will dispose of trichinosis in due time, and will maintain all other valid causes outside the Church and inside. But he fears that, if men lose the idea of God, and forget how to practise the Presence of God, the trichinæ will multiply and the sects will indeed collapse, because the ruins will have been emptied for good and all, as the result of a fundamentally short-sighted conception both of the Christian Church and of the Parish Ministry.

Oh, if we draw a circle premature,

Heedless of far gain,

Greedy for quick returns of profit, sure

Bad is our bargain.

It is against that bad bargain, into which it seems to him the causes and agencies have been threatening to drive him, that the parish minister is trying to warn the world and to fortify himself.

## WHAT IS THE REASON?

BY S. MILES BOUTON

ON three occasions in four years I have walked the decks of a ship and heard passengers thanking Providence for their deliverance from the land they were leaving, and characterizing it in unkind words. On the first two occasions I joined in the chorus; on the third, I listened with mingled emotions.

The first was in August, 1916, when I sailed from Sassnitz, Germany, for Sweden. The second was in the following January, when I made the same trip again, after spending Christmas with my family in Berlin. On both trips, the incautious passengers cursed Prussianism and the Kaiser as soon as they were fairly aboard; the cautious waited until the ship was outside Germany's territorial waters, and then contributed their share to the chorus.

The third occasion was markedly different. The ship was sailing in peacetime; it was sailing from America for a foreign port; and the men and women who raised the song of thanksgiving were, albeit chiefly foreign-born, none the less American citizens. Their tone was not, in general, bitter. On the contrary, it was sad, but very earnest, very serious, and very deliberate. It was the expression of men and women who had thought long before taking a step that was very hard for them — a step that meant the severing of ties that had existed for years. One of the passengers had been in America fifty-four years, another forty-eight, without a break.

I sailed from New York in the late summer, on a Norwegian steamer. On the evening of the first day out, I fell

into conversation with a group of third-class passengers. What I heard amazed me. These men and women spoke in the tones I had heard from refugees from Germany during the war; but it was America, not Prussia, about which they spoke. They were going back to Scandinavia to stay.

Assuredly, I thought, it must have been an accident which brought together in this one group only Scandinavian-Americans who were leaving America for all time. It seemed quite impossible that they could represent any considerable body of feeling on board. I began an investigation. There were, in round numbers, 750 passengers of the third class. I talked with nearly two hundred of them. They were mainly Norwegian-Americans, but there were also a good many Swedish-Americans and a sprinkling of Danish-Americans. Of the two hundred, I found just nine who said they intended to return to America. If the same ratio held good for the whole 750, more than 700 will stay in Scandinavia. At any rate, only an insignificant minority will go back.

With but few exceptions, the men with whom I talked were skilled workmen of the best class. There were a few farmers, two sailors, one deep-sea fisherman, and one real-estate dealer who had formerly been a skilled mechanic. One woman was the wife of a merchant in Chicago and another was a schoolteacher. Only a small number of the two hundred with whom I talked were nominal Socialists, and only one



of these, a man of the agitator type, belonged to the Socialist Left. The others merely voted the Socialist ticket as a protest. There were many more, however, who declared that, if they had stayed in America this year, they would have voted for Debs. Most of the Socialists came from the upper Pacific Coast, especially Seattle. Their remarks about that city's authorities were not complimentary.

I append some of the reports of conversations, noted at the time. All those recorded are American citizens, with one exception, which is specified.

I. Deep-sea fisherman, wife and two children. From the northwest coast. Been in America thirteen years, but is never going back. Will buy a farm in Norway. Says dozens of his friends are preparing to follow him. Many of these, he says, were forced to take part in the war, though they were not citizens. Was not called on himself because of varicose veins. Says, 'We would have fought if anybody had attacked us, but not in Europe.' Excellent type of man, about 35 years old. Bright children and capable wife.

II. Norwegian, man and wife, about 45 years old. Been in America eighteen years. Thank God because they are going to 'a free country.'

III. Young Norwegian, about 25. Been in America since he was 17. Says he would n't go back 'for a thousand million dollars.' Is a common laborer.

IV. Swedish husband, Norwegian wife. He a skilled glass-cutter. Says 'America is all right except for the people that run it.' (This phrase has been used by dozens with whom I have talked.) This couple have been fifteen years in America. Will settle in Sweden.

V. Norwegian woman, lived twenty-seven years on a farm near Chicago. Her husband staying behind to sell the farm, and will join her in Norway.

VI. Swedish woman, lived last eight-

een years in Chicago, where her husband has a store. He is staying behind to sell out. Will join her as soon as possible and live in Sweden. Used to like America, but it's 'a different country now.' Says, 'Vi ha haft nog' (we have had enough).

VII. Machinist, seven years in America. Had his own machine-shop, which he converted into a garage. Sold it out a month ago. 'Seven years of free America are a plenty for me.'

VIII. Highly educated Swedish woman, a schoolteacher. Has been thirty years in America. Will live with relatives near Gothenburg, and probably teach school. Says, also, 'Jag har haft nog' (I have had enough).

IX. Old Norwegian woman, forty-eight years in America and never been back in that time. Is going back to stay. Says 'America is n't what it used to be.' (This phrase is constantly on the lips of all with whom I have talked, including even those who intend to return.)

X. Dressmaker, been in New York ten years. Is returning to America 'because I can make so much money there. America is all right if you think the way they want you to think. I don't have any trouble because I think the way they do; or if I don't, I don't say anything.'

XI. Machinist from Seattle. About 30 years old. Been in America eleven years. Asked him, 'Are you going to Norway to stay?' He said, 'You bet your life I am.' Fine, clean type of man. Plays violin with much skill and musicianly feeling. Despises jazz music. Is especially fond of Grieg and Ole Bull, whose 'Säterjantans söndag' (Shepherd Maid's Sunday Afternoon) he played for me in a manner really remarkable for a more or less self-taught mechanic.

XII. Miner from near Centralia, Oregon. Norwegian, about 40 years old.

Been six years in America. Was crippled by a fall in a mine. Speaks very bitterly of America, which he never wants to see again. Also plays the violin, with strong preference for Norwegian music.

XIII. Norwegian, deep-sea sailor. About 25 years old; been six years in America. Is going back because he can get good wages and is at sea most of the time, 'so it does n't matter much where I live. But I would n't want to live in America steady. It's all right, except for the people that run it.'

XIV. Norwegian sailor from Michigan. Came to America in 1903. Sings a steady refrain about money and 'fine jobs,' and says he won't be able to stand it in Norway very long. Is 37 years old and has not been back to Norway since he first left.

XV. Swede, 41. Been in America five years. Has his first papers. Has a wife in Sweden and paid his income taxes as a married man. Showed me the receipt. The collectors at the port refused to regard him as a married man because his wife is not in America. He offered to make affidavit that he was sending regular remittances to her, but they refused to accept it, and he had to pay taxes and penalties aggregating \$119.25. Used up all his best Swedish cuss words in talking about America. Said, 'Amerika ser mig aldrig igen' (America will never see me again). Is a lumberman. Says he will have no trouble in finding work in Sweden.

XVI. Norwegian, wife and four children. Came over in 1903. Originally a mechanic, but has for some years had a good real-estate business in a north-western city. Says he got all his education in America, and is grateful for it, 'but human beings have some rights. It is n't the old America any more. That was a fine country, a real freedom's land, but not any more.' Thinks he can at least earn 'three square meals a day'

in Norway, and is willing to get along with very little if he can live 'in a free country.' Talks intelligently of the part played by Scandinavians in helping build up America. Says 40,000 other Norwegians left Norway the same year he came away, and he believes thousands will go back. Says he knows personally a great many who will go back as soon as they can close up their affairs in America. Referring to the fact that he walks with a cane, he said, 'The Americans may say I'm a cripple, and it does n't make any difference whether I go or stay; but I'm bringing four boys on this ship to help build up Norway. That means something.' No bitterness in his remarks about America, but plainly genuine sorrow at being compelled to leave.

XVII. Old Norwegian, been 54 years in America. Says, 'Jag har haft nog.' Sold his farm and also a small business, and will spend the rest of his life in Norway, 'a free country.'

The above is not a selected list of conversations. I give them just as they stand in my notebook, without omissions or additions. They represent accurately the sentiment of all but an insignificant minority of the men and women with whom I talked. Of those who intended to return to America, only one, number fourteen in this list, was enthusiastic about it. Two Danish-Americans, who intended to go back, admitted that they were doing so only because they had good businesses in America which they could not readily dispose of without a big sacrifice. Another Danish-American was making the trip with his bride, an American woman.

'Are you going back to America?' I asked him.

'Indeed he is,' said the bride.

The husband acquiesced, but he was plainly not enthusiastic about it.

Prohibition played its part in driving

these people from the country, but I found no one who said that it was the sole cause. There is more behind.

'I had been thinking for a year or two of going back to the old country,' said one of the most intelligent of the men with whom I talked. 'I have been an American citizen for twelve years, but I'm just a damned foreigner, nevertheless. Look at my children. They don't understand a word of Norwegian. That's how good an American I was. And then this prohibition law came. That settled it. I'm going back to a country where I won't be a damned foreigner.'

Among all the children of the third-class passengers (and there were many), I did not find one who knew a dozen words of the parents' mother tongue. They knew no language but English, and most of the parents told me they always talked English before the children. 'That's how good Americans we are,' in the words of the man I have just quoted. Later, I met in Christiania a youth of seventeen who had come over with his parents.

'I'm having a devil of a time,' he told me. 'I've got as much as a thousand uncles and aunts and cousins and all that kind of business here, and not one of 'em can talk a word of anything but Norwegian. All the Norwegian I know is *skool* and "good day," and you can't get very far with that. But dad says he's going to stay here, so I've got to hustle and learn the talk.'

There is material here for a good deal of serious thought. I do not try to draw many morals. This is merely a piece of honest reporting. But I wonder whether something is not radically wrong with the administration of a country when men and women of the fine type who made up this shipload — precisely the type of men and women who constitute the backbone of any country — find it

impossible to live longer in the land to which they sailed so hopefully in the years gone by. Or do they simply imagine that they cannot endure it? But even then there must be something wrong, for imagination must have some little food to feed upon. What has happened to make it impossible for the man referred to as number one in this list to live in America longer? Is it not a real loss to the country to lose a man who says he and his friends would have gladly fought in the war 'if they had attacked us'? 'Us' is America. But Norway gets this man back, with his wife and two sturdy children.

What shall one say of the little dress-maker (number ten), who goes back to America solely for the sake of the money she can earn, but who knows that she can have no opinions of her own so long as she lives there? What shall one say of the schoolteacher (number eight), who, after thirty years in America, breaks the ties of more than half her life — she is not yet 50 — and goes back to live in an aristocratic kingdom rather than stay longer in an alleged democratic republic?

Some such comment could be made about almost every case I have recorded. But it is not needed. The facts speak a language eloquent enough for all who do not believe that patriotism requires us to believe blindly that everything we do, think, and say is right. America is filled with the evidences of Scandinavian industry, frugality, honesty, and energy. Hundreds of our communities would not exist to-day, and hundreds of others would be but shadows of what they are, if it had not been for the Swedes, Norwegians, and Danes who gave us so much and asked so little in return. And now they are going away from us by the thousands, back to 'a free country.'

What is the reason?

## CHILDREN'S GARLAND. II

BY ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS

### THE HENS

THE night was coming very fast;  
It reached the gate as I ran past.

The pigeons had gone to the tower of the church,  
And all the hens were on their perch,

Up in the barn, and I thought I heard  
A piece of a little purring word.

I stopped inside, waiting and staying,  
To try to hear what the hens were saying.

They were asking something, that was plain,  
Asking it over and over again.

One of them moved and turned around,  
Her feathers made a ruffled sound,

A ruffled sound, like a bushful of birds,  
And she said her little asking words.

She pushed her head close into her wing,  
But nothing answered anything.

### FATHER'S STORY

We put more coal on the big red fire,  
And while we are waiting for dinner to cook,  
Our father comes and tells us about  
A story that he has read in a book.

And Charles and Will and Dick and I  
And all of us but Clarence are there.  
And some of us sit on Father's legs,  
But one has to sit on the little red chair.

And when we are sitting very still,  
He sings us a song or tells a piece;  
He sings Dan Tucker Went to Town,  
Or he tells about the golden fleece.

He tells about the golden wool,  
And some of it is about a boy  
Named Jason, and about a ship,  
And some is about a town called Troy.

And while he is telling or singing it through,  
I stand by his arm, for that is my place.  
And I push my fingers into his skin  
To make little dents in his big rough face.

#### IN MY PILLOW

When Mother or Father puts out the light,  
I like to look down in my pillow at night.

Some people call them dreams, but for me,  
They are things I look down in my pillow and see.

I saw some birds, as many as four,  
That were all blue wings and nothing else more,

Without any head and without any feet,  
Just blue wings flying over a street.

And almost every night I see  
A little brown bowl that can talk to me,

A nice little bowl that laughs and sings,  
And ever so many other things.

Sometimes they are plainer than I can say,  
But while I am waking they go away.

And when nobody is coming by  
I feel my pillow all over and try

And try to feel the pretty things,  
The little brown bowl and the flying wings.

## IN THE NIGHT

The light was burning very dim,  
The little blaze was brown and red,  
And I waked just in time to see  
A panther going under the bed.

I saw him crowd his body down  
To make it fit the little space.  
I saw the streaks along his back,  
And bloody bubbles on his face.

Long marks of light came out of my eyes  
And went into the lamp — and there  
Was Something waiting in the room —  
I saw it sitting on a chair.

Its only eye was shining red,  
Its face was very long and gray,  
Its two-bent teeth were sticking out,  
And all its jaw was torn away.

Its legs were flat against the chair,  
Its arms were hanging like a swing.  
It made its eye look into me,  
But did not move or say a thing.

I tried to call and tried to scream,  
But all my throat was shut and dry.  
My little heart was jumping fast,  
I could n't talk or cry.

And when I'd look outside the bed  
I'd see the panther going in.  
The streaks were moving on his back,  
The bubbles on his chin.

I could n't help it if they came,  
I could n't save myself at all,  
And so I only waited there  
And turned my face against the wall.

## THE PICNIC

They had a picnic in the woods,  
And Mother could n't go that day.  
But the twins and Brother and I could go;  
We rode on the wagon full of hay.

There were more little girls than ten, I guess.  
And the boy that is Joe B. Kirk was there.  
He found a toad and a katydid,  
And a little girl came whose name was Clare.

Miss Kate-Marie made us play a song  
Called 'Fare-you-well, says Johnny O'Brown.'  
You dance in a ring and sing it through,  
And then someone kneels down.

She kissed us all and Joe B. Kirk;  
But Joe B. did n't mind a bit.  
He walked around and swung his arms  
And seemed to be very glad of it.

Then Mr. Jim said he would play,  
But Miss Marie, she told him then,  
It's a game for her and the little folks,  
And he could go and fish with the men.

Mr. Wells was there, and he had a rope  
To tie to a limb and make a swing.  
And Mrs. Wells, Mr. Wells's wife,  
Gave me a peach and a chicken-wing.

And I had a little cherry pie  
And a piece of bread, and after we'd played  
Two other songs, I had some cake  
And another wing and some lemonade.

# RACE

BY WILLIAM MCFEE

## I

'It is an extraordinary thing,' I find myself reflecting, standing up to let the waiter take away the luncheon tray, and looking out of the polished brass scuttle in a meditative fashion. Coming alongside is one of the company's launches with a party of passengers. They confirm my suspicion that it is an extraordinary thing, this problem of race.

The door has closed behind the colored gentleman and his tray, and I continue to look out of the window, across the lagoon, which is as smooth and shining as a sheet of bright new tin, to the shores, rising, tier on tier of inviolate verdure, to the blue highlands fifty miles away.

There is a tap at the door; it opens, and Don Carlos enters, wishing to know if I am coming in the boat.

To one brought up in the dense air and congested mentality of a very old land, the phenomenon of Don Carlos focuses upon his extensive and peculiar familiarity with republics and liberty. The staple products of his native land are revolutions, panegyrics of liberty, and methodical volcanic eruptions which bury patriots and rebels impartially, and roll black rivers of hot lava over their tin-pot tantrums. The principal export, one gathers too, is talent fleeing from an excess of liberty. So he adumbrates in his gay boyish fashion, humming 'My country, 'tis of thee'; though whether he means Costaragua, where he was born, or Provence, where his

father was born, or Spain, where his mother was born, or the United States of America, where he is now investigating new and startling phases of liberty, he does not say. We may assume, however, that his impressions of Saxon America are so far favorable, since he is determined to remain.

Some difficulty is encountered when the attempt is made to classify him on the ship. In his quality of Ariel, he is everything, everywhere, only provided there is mechanism to be tended. There is an element of the uncanny in his intuitive comprehension of machinery, from the operation of a sextant to the intestines of a brine-pump, a phonograph, or a camera-lens. Perceiving like lightning, and working like a leaping flame, he provides the stolid Anglo-Saxon mechanics with a fund of puzzled, indignant thoughts. One observes them taking stealthy stock of themselves and debating whether they are awake or dreaming, so incredible does it appear to them to be bossed by a stripling of one-and-twenty, and, they mutter, a Dago. This, one gathers, is not to be borne by men whose ancestors stood meekly round the village inn while Duke William's hook-nosed minions took the names of all the folk for the first edition of *Doomsday Book*. Intolerable for hot-blooded gentlemen whose sires proclaimed to a wondering world a new scheme of government, and made it work by flinging wide the door to all who were willing to work.



And how can one fail to sympathize with them? When a man has grown up in a thousand-year-old tradition that it will take him seven years to learn a trade, he is in no condition to admit the possibilities of genius. And for Don Carlos there is no such thing as tradition. He has but childish memories of the days before the war. While Costaragua cannot be said to have no history, what he has is not of a kind that can be safely taught in the local schools. He approaches our civilizations with the frank eyes of a stellar visitor and the all-embracing knowledge of a university professor. You must remember his lack of tradition, if you are to understand his question about history. For he demands to know the use of it all. What does it get you? Law, Science, Music, Engineering — yes, very fine. But why did he have to learn about the Battle of Lepanto, the Council of Trent, and the Diet of Worms? He makes this pertinent query as he pulls energetically at the starter of the motor-boat; and any reply is lost in the thunderous roar of the engine.

I take the tiller as we rush away from the ship's side. For among the many facilities of his career, including the divergent enterprises of electrician, turbine expert, time-keeper on a banana-farm, checker on a coffee-plantation, moving-picture operator, engine driver, clerk in a government office, tool-maker in a ship-yard, and all-round marine engineer, he belongs *par excellence* to the gasoline age. The internal-combustion engine is to him a familiar spirit, if the jest may be pardoned. For on this the story, which deals also with liberty and so forth, depends.

I take the tiller as we rush from the ship's side. Don Carlos bends over the engine for a few moments, adjusting the spark and satisfying himself that the circulating waster is performing its functions; then he climbs out of the

engine-pit and runs along the gunwale to the after thwarts, where he sits and begins to talk. And the point of the story is the destruction of a young and exquisite sentiment in his heart. He does not clearly perceive this, and may not comprehend its full significance for a good many years yet. But it has a pertinent bearing upon the aforesaid problem of race, and the genesis of nationality under the modern conceptions of government.

As we make the entrance of the lagoon, and the ocean wind roars in our ears, and the boat takes her first buoyant plunge into an immense opaline swell, I endeavor to justify the college professor's infatuation with the Battle of Lepanto, where, I remark in parenthesis, Cervantes did himself no discredit. I take as an example this very seaboard along which we are traveling in a gasoline boat. I point out certain low jungle-clad hillocks between us and the little white village inside, and I tell Don Carlos how one Francis Drake, a hard-bitten English pirate of the seventeenth century, came up after nightfall one evening and, anchoring, rowed ashore with muffled oars and crept through the dense undergrowth until, the surprised and sleepy sentry struggling to unloose their iron grip from his throat, he and his men stood within the shadows of the stockades.

A grim tale, typical of the times, and the outcome of great events and dignified animosities half a world away. And Don Carlos laughs, for he bears no malice toward the English who flew at the throats of his ancestors for so many strenuous years. Indeed, one derives a certain consolation from the fact that, while the English experience the usual human difficulty in loving their enemies, they certainly seem to achieve success in making their enemies love them; and that is something in a fallen world. He

laughs and bears no malice. He sits with his hands clasped round his knees, looking down meditatively for a moment at the spinning shaft, and then suddenly startles me by demanding if I have ever been in jail.

This is so unexpected that, as we get round the point and into smoother water, I am at a loss to see how the question bears upon my feeble attempts to justify the study of history in a world made safe for democracy. A hasty review of an obscure and more or less blameless life enables me to disclaim the honor. But, it seems, he has. And he explains that for three weeks he was a political prisoner in the barracks up at San Benito in Costaragua. That was, oh, two years ago, and he was nineteen at the time. Just before he came to the States. And resting his arms on his knees and regarding me with his bright, smoked-hazel eyes, he relates his adventures as a political suspect.

It is essential to explain in the beginning, however, how he came to be so late in getting any ideas, as he calls it, about his country. The fact is, he ran entirely, as a child, to machinery. It assumed the dimensions of a passion, for he describes his emotions on encountering a new mechanism, and they are easily identified as a species of divine ecstasy.

As, for example, when he, a slender, quick-eyed schoolboy, stood in front of the Hotel Granada in San Benito and devoured with his eyes the first automobile ever seen in that remote capital. He waited for the owner to come out and start it, with a feeling akin to vertigo. And the owner, it appears, was an Englishman, a bulky person in knickerbockers and a monocle, prospecting, with racial rapacity, for gold. He came out and scrutinized the small, palpitating being crouched down on its hams and peering frantically under

the chassis; demanded in an enormous, gruff voice what the deuce Don Carlos was up to.

'Oh, please, can I see the motor? I've never seen a motor.'

'Why should I show you my motor, eh?'

'Oh, I do want to look at it, only for a minute!'

And Don Carlos asserts that he was so worked up that he touched the rough tweed sleeve and stood on one leg.

The Englishman seemed amused at this and asked him where he learned his English. In the college, eh? Wish to the deuce his college in Oxford had taught him Spanish, confound it! Well, suppose they strike a bargain, eh? Don Carlos might wash the car if he, the owner, let him look at the motor. How about it?

He spoke to the empty air. Don Carlos had vanished into the Hotel Granada, seized a bucket and broom, and was dashing back again to start washing the car. Never was a car cleansed with such miraculous efficiency and speed.

But suppose, said the Englishman, when bucket and broom were restored to an indignant kitchen-maid, that he now declined to let Don Carlos look at the motor. Somewhat to his astonishment, the small, vivacious body became still, the eyes were cast down, and he was informed in a grave voice that such a thing was impossible. But why? he insisted, keeping his cigarette away from his mouth for quite a while in his interest. Well, remarked Don Carlos coldly, an Englishman always kept his promise — they were taught so in the college. Were they, by Jove! It was, the stranger added under his breath, news to him, for Corfield had just been butchered in Somaliland and nobody at home seemed to care. Always kept their promises, did they? And he supposed

some infernal professor in the college was teaching all these Latin-American kids to regard English promises as sacred, 'giving us a darned difficult reputation to live up to, young man.'

Well, here goes! He raised the bonnet of his toil-worn car, and Don Carlos stooped in ecstasy to gloat over the four hot, dry cylinders, the fan, the wires, the smell of gasoline. Twenty-five horses! He mutters apologetically to me (he was only a kid, I am to remember) that he had got the silly notion into his head that there were twenty-five little horses toiling away under that hood to pull the car. But I don't think it needs any apology. I think it is beautiful, and the authentic thought of a child.

Well, he gazed and gazed, almost glaring in a desperate attempt to fix it all imperishably on his memory before the bonnet slowly descended and the vision was shut out. Don Carlos says he remembered everything so that he could draw it, even the grease-spots, and a chip off one of the spark-plugs; and raising his eyes to the green shores along which we are running, he says that he supposes I do not believe this.

On the contrary, I see no reason why I should not believe it. I tell him of the boy Mozart, who listened but once to the Vatican Mass at Rome, and came out to write it all down.

Without any mistakes? Don Carlos demands with sudden, intense energy. No, I say, he had to go back and correct one or two notes next day. Don Carlos nods and smiles in a mysterious fashion, and proceeds. He has another improbable statement to make. He says that, as the motor stuttered and roared, and the car sprang away into the dust of the Calle San Bernardino, he burst into tears.

And this is the point of the episode. His emotions as a youth were preoccupied with fascinating things like electric pumps, a broken adding-machine,

learning the fiddle, and dancing with the extremely pretty girls of Costaragua. Costaragua itself had made no appeal to him. It is what can be called a difficult country in more senses than one. It is a country of immense tree-clad gorges and cloud-capped mountains, with rivers as steep as staircases and volcanoes of uncertain temper. It is a country where butterflies grow to be a foot across the wings, and mosquitoes bite to kill. It is a country with a seaboard as hot and undesirable as a West African swamp; while inland, at four thousand feet, San Benito lies spread out on a cool and pleasant plateau. It is a country, moreover, where revolutions alternate with earthquakes, and between the two a life insurance policy runs high. And a country destitute of external oppressors and internal traditions is at a loss to make any profound impression upon a sensitive youth preoccupied with engines and girls. The appeal had to come indirectly.

From across the world came an immense rumor of war, an upheaval so vast that even in distant Costaragua life rocked uneasily. Local English, French, and Belgians drew into a group, silent and thoughtful. Neighbors with harsh names difficult for Iberian tongues to utter held little celebrations from week to week as the field-gray hordes rolled on toward Paris. And to Don Carlos, buried in a Spanish *traduction*, as he calls it, of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, and driving himself half-crazy in a superhuman effort to understand just how a bird uses his wings to get off the ground, was suddenly hauled out of his dreams by the news that two of his cousins in far Provence had been cited for valor, while yet another was dead at Verdun.

It was like a galvanic shock, because valor and death in defense of one's country were to him novel conceptions.

And they were his kin. He was working for the Costaragua Railroad at that time, and as he overhauled the rolling-stock he turned the matter over in his mind. They were his kin, but France was far away. His father had been killed in one of the innumerable revolutions of Costaragua. And it came upon him with abrupt clarity that dying for one's country was, after all, nothing much unless one was prepared to live for it.

This was not so simple as it may seem to one who has been drilled from infancy in the civic virtues. In Costaragua, as in most small national aggregations, family is of paramount importance. You may be poor and work in a picture-house evenings, but you do not therefore lose caste as a member of the first families. And the tendency was for all these gentry, as we would call them in England, to adhere to the Liberal faction. So the best Don Carlos could do for himself at the time, with his limited knowledge of world-politics, was to conceive a very honest enthusiasm for the government in power, and indulge in a few fantastic dreams of Costaragua as a rich and powerful country. The point to remember is that, so far as it went, it was a genuine inspiration, a solid basis on which a more fortunate turn of events might have erected a pure and passionate love for the land of his birth.

And on top of this, as if to confirm him in his new ideas, he was ordered one day to drive a special car to the coast. It was not merely his consummate skill in handling motor-cars that singled him out for this honor. The railway had an ample supply of competent drivers. But they were, many of them, tinged with an unfortunate prejudice toward a stable government. The great upheaval in Europe had caused a number of persons of pronounced radical views to take up their residence in

Costaragua. The special motor-car, a large and richly appointed affair in varnished mahogany and red-silk curtains, with a cab in front for the driver, was destined to convey the brother of the President and the Minister for War to the coast. It was desirable, therefore, that someone of good family and undoubted fidelity be chosen to drive.

He had made the trip so often that it was nothing. The only thing that made this one any different was a novel emotion of pride in being chosen to serve the government. Not that he had any ridiculous reverence for the President's brother. Everybody in San Benito was secretly amused at that heavy-jowled, dark-browed, secretive, and pompous personage. He had one defect which is intuitively divined by the Latin — he was stupid. When a minister from a foreign power, after a reception, had jokingly remarked on the comparative sizes of their hats, the President's brother had received with a look of blank puzzlement the remark that he had a large head. 'Of course! I am the President's brother!' he observed in bewilderment. Don Carlos says the story went round behind the fans of the San Benito ladies like a ripple of phosphorescence on dark water.

Well, he was that sort of man. Quite different from the President, who was clever in many ways, with a pen, with a sword, with a revolver. In his career as President he had frequent recourse to all three talents. He was not clever enough, however, to dispense with his gloomy brother, who held obstinately to the view that it was he who had engineered the *coup d'état* that raised the intellectual duelist to the throne. He pervaded the social atmosphere of San Benito, posing as a sort of Bismarck, and was observed to model his deportment upon that eminent political crook.

This was the illustrious passenger, accompanied by a short, animated gentle-

man with a black, upstanding moustache, the pair of them garbed in great cloaks and heavy-brimmed hats, who stood on the private platform of the terminal station as Don Carlos brought the big vehicle to a halt. The Administrator of the line hurried up to open the door and hand in the baggage. He himself was going up to his farm in the interior for a few weeks' holiday. He hoped the trip would be pleasant. The line had been cleared of everything in advance. Once past Ensenada, where the up mail-train was side-tracked for half an hour, they had a clear run into Puerto Balboa, a hundred miles distant and three thousand feet below.

## II

And now, while we run the boat in toward the yellow sands of a small, sequestered beach, backed by an impenetrable tropical jungle, and wade ashore with our clothes held high, it is necessary to give the urban dweller in a temperate zone some clear notion of this railroad over which the youthful patriot was to drive his massive Condorcet model car. To an Englishman, whose railways have the sober permanence and social aloofness of the House of Lords, or to an American accustomed to quadruple tracks vibrating at all hours to the hammering impact of enormous haulage, this Eastern Railroad of Costaragua gives the same bizarre impression as would an impulsive Oriental dancing-girl in a quiet New England sewing-circle.

Not that there is anything scandalous or reprehensible in its beginnings. The track runs quietly out of San Benito, between high, living palisades of green, through the occasional gaps of which you can get glimpses of gardens with low houses closely girdled by screened verandahs. All the houses in San Benito are low, sky-scrapers being

at an ominous discount in a land so insecurely bolted down. The houses are low, the roofs light, the doors made to swing easily, and the people religiously inclined. There is one city, Ortygia, through which we pass presently, once an ambitious rival of San Benito — which is dreadful to contemplate, for the houses are now tortured ruins and the cemetery is full of jostling tombs which fell in upon each other as the earth split open and crashed, and split again, and then suddenly remained rigid, so that the white headstones sticking out of the riven furrows look like the teeth of the grinning jaws of Fate.

But that is not yet. San Benito is built upon a gentle eminence, in the centre of a wide, fertile plateau; so that, as you stand at the intersections of her broad, pleasant streets, you can see all around the ascending rim of the green-clad mountains, with a glimpse to the eastward of that formidable personality, the crater of Mount Cornaru with his forty-mile plume of rolling smoke darkening the sunrise.

And so, if the reader can figure himself in an airplane for a moment, he might have seen, on looking down upon this peaceful country one evening two years ago, the roof of the big Condorcet bumping rapidly along the single track between the gardens and coffee-farms, like a large and intelligent beetle.

But, on reaching the river of the plateau, the character of the railroad changes with startling abruptness. It plunges into a dark cleft in the earth, and begins to twist and squirm until all sense of direction is lost. It emerges upon a perilous, spidery trestle, which is insecurely pinned to the bosom of a thousand-foot precipice. It slides athwart up-ended landscapes of a green so intense that it fatigues the eye like the lustrous sheen of an insect's wings or the translucent glazing of antique

pottery. It rolls rapidly down to the very verge of a drop that leaves one spent with vertiginous amazement, and turns away into a tunnel, after giving one a sickening and vivid view of a wrecked train half submerged in the river below. It becomes preoccupied with that river. It returns to those appalling banks with enervating persistence. It refuses to be allured by the crumbling yet comparatively safe-looking sides of Mount Cornaru, now towering on our left like the very temple of disaster. It reaches out on perilous cantilevers and swaying suspension-chains, to look into that swiftly rushing streak of silver almost lost in the gloom of the tropical canyon. It dodges declivities and protrusions, only to dart to the edge again and again. For this is the only way to Puerto Balboa, down the valley of the Corcubion River.

And now the reader must imagine night about to fall, Ortygia and Ensenada, with its side-tracked mail-train, impatiently tolling its bell and blowing off, left behind, and Don Carlos, in the gloom of his cab in front of the Condorcet, stepping on his accelerator and bolting headlong down the above-described permanent way. His orders were to make all possible speed — the sort of order which gives him great joy.

There was only one shadow on his mind. He was not sure that at full speed he could see a forgotten hand-car in time to pull up. One of the captivating habits of the native plate-layer is to leave his hand-car on the rails and go away into a niche of the rocks to sleep. In the ordinary day's work the cow-catchers, one of which was securely bolted to the front of the Condorcet, would send the obstruction flying into space, and the journey would proceed unbroken. Don Carlos did not desire to take that risk with the President's brother. It might disturb his equanimity, upon which he set a most ridicu-

lous store. But speed must be made. A conference on board a steamer lying at Puerto Balboa was booked for that night.

Don Carlos, peering out along the beam of his searchlight, which was a long white cone littered with enormous moths and startling shadows, went ahead. And then, turning into a fifty-yard straight at about fifty miles an hour he suddenly saw the dreaded hand-car right under him. There was a crunch, a jolt, a sparkle of metal crashing against metal, a shiver of glass, and the hand-car, game to the last, before shooting away and turning gracefully end over end into oblivion, lifted the front wheels of the Condorcet, so that the large and richly appointed affair waddled and reeled into the soft earth of the embankment, and halted.

Halted just in time, Don Carlos admits. He had no qualms. That is one of his characteristics — control. He darts at once, in a case of danger or difficulty, to the only possible means of recovery. He hopped out of the cab and, unhitching a thin and pliant steel cable from where it hung, he began to seek a purchase. He found it in an ebony tree not far away, took a bend round it, rove the shackle through the dead-eye of a small barrel fitted to the Condorcet's rear-axles for haulage purposes, and running back to the cab, started the engine. The wheels began to scutter and slither, the wire-rope slowly wound itself on the revolving barrel, and the heavy car began to crawl upward toward the track. To take fresh hold, to haul out a couple of tamps and lever the car into position so that one more jerk astern settled her on the rails with a bump, was the work of a few moments. And then a perspiring Don Carlos bethought him of his passengers. Thus far they had remained in enigmatic silence within the red-silk curtain of the car. Don Carlos pulled open the

door and peeped in. The Minister for War was sitting up, holding on with frantic energy to an ornate arm-strap. The President's brother was lying perfectly still, on his face, his head under the seat, his shoes, large number elevens, with the soles close by the door. Don Carlos pulled tentatively at one of these shoes; the owner gave a sudden hysterical wriggle and sat up, holding to his breast a bleeding finger. Don Carlos was rather alarmed. He inquired respectfully if the gentlemen were hurt, and informed them that all danger was past.

'We are not killed,' said the military one with a pious aside.

'I have injured my finger,' said the President's brother with Bismarckian brevity. 'There must be an inquiry into this affair.'

'But it is all over,' suggested Don Carlos.

'Not at all,' observed the President's brother. 'It is only beginning — at the inquiry.'

It is not the way of Don Carlos to argue in this fashion. He has not the mentality to brood on what is past. He slammed the door, making both of his passengers jump, climbed into the cab, switched on his side-lights, and started off once more. An hour later, the car rolled into the station at Puerto Balboa, and Don Carlos stretched himself out on the red-plush cushions vacated by the President's brother, and slept like a top till dawn.

And that, in the ordinary course of events, would have closed the incident, but for the attitude of the President's brother. That austere and suspicious statesman was not of the mental calibre to gauge accurately or justly the eager and swift-witted lad who had retrieved the situation. He was afflicted with a political cast of mind. He saw a sinister and deep-laid plot to assassinate the President's brother and chief military

adviser. He brooded upon this idea until he saw the whole of Costaragua aquiver with hostile designs. He returned in a steam-hauled armored car, which got derailed near Ortygia and nearly killed him in real earnest, the track having been disturbed by a large mass of rock tumbling five hundred feet and smashing a culvert. He summoned the Chief of Police as soon as he was once more safe in San Benito, and ordered the arrest of Don Carlos as a political suspect.

There was a great to-do, he assures me, in his home, when they came for him. He was with his mother and sisters, and they began to weep. His own feelings seem to have crystallized into a species of contempt for the stupidity of the whole business. That, I fear, is his weakness. He cannot credit the sad but immovable fact that the majority of people are not at all clever, that our civilization tends to put a premium on mental density and folly. And when he was finally incarcerated in the calabozo behind the Government buildings, he sat down and began to think and think.

### III

We lay there on the narrow strip of hot white sand, between the dense green wall of the jungle and the glittering blue sea, and stared up into a flawless sapphire sky. And our thoughts, helped out by a lazy comment or two, were on these lines. Do our governors know as much as they should about governing? Or put it this way. Does n't it seem as if the tendency of our Western notions is to engender useless bitterness in the hearts of the young, the unsophisticated, and the guileless? Neither of us has any very clear ideas on the subject. He, the Latin, is the more logical. '*What do you want government at all for?*' he demands harshly; and

there is a long silence, broken only by the soft kiss of the waves on the sand and the breeze stirring the tops of the mahogany trees and cocoanut palms.

In time, of course, he will see why we want government at all. He will see many things as he goes on. He may even forget the animosity born of those three weeks in jail. But the new and beautiful conception of self-dedication to his country was killed and can never be recalled. He will always be suspicious of political motives. His virtue will be without roots. That, I take it, is the problem of to-day. We have to provide a soil in which all these transplanted virtues can strike root. We have to devise a scheme that will prevent the spirited youth of the land from sitting down in bitterness, to think and think.

Of course, it must not be supposed that the son of a good family was permitted to languish in prison without comment. But, for the time, the President's brother had it all his own way. He showed his damaged finger and congratulated the Liberals on having nipped a dangerous conspiracy in the bud. Efforts to reach the Administrador were futile, he being high up in the interior beyond rail or wire. So Don Carlos sat there and formulated his plans. He might be shot, which worried him not at all. But if he got out, he would go away. That was decided for all time, as he sat there thinking of the immense number of fools in the world. His mother came to see him, and went away frightened. There was a meeting of 'the family,' mother and two daughters, to discuss what should be done.

It is strange to hear from him, as he lies on the hot sand, the reasons for their concern, and his views of 'the family.' 'I support them,' he remarks gravely, 'and so they have a right to know my decisions.'

While I am digesting this somewhat

unusual filial attitude, he goes on to describe the Administrador's sudden return, the telephone calls, carried on in shouts, between the railroad office, the police-office, and the President's house. And shortly after, Don Carlos, contemptuous as ever of stupidity, walked out and went home to his family. The Administrador was able to do this because the President had married his wife's niece and the Chief of Police was his cousin.

He came round to the house while the family were in council and announced his intention of giving Don Carlos a job on the coast. The President's brother had been advised by his physician to go into the country. Don Carlos declined the job on the coast. He said all he wanted of anybody was a ticket to the United States. The Administrador thrashed his polished leathern gaiters with his cane and looked very hard at the sullen youth in front of him. He asked if Don Carlos knew what would happen to him if he did go to the United States. The boy said he did not know, and did not care so long as he went. Well, he, the Administrador would tell him what would happen. 'You,' he informed Don Carlos, pointing his cane at him, 'will be a millionaire inside of ten years.'

And immediately I conceive an immense respect for this bluff creature of Latin-American politics, because he has had the vision to see what he had there before him.

Don Carlos looks at him and waits for the rest of the oration, merely murmuring, 'And —?'

'And you will abandon your native Costaragua for ever,' continues the Administrador.

And that, says Don Carlos as we resume our journey along the coast, was true anyhow. He went to the United States, or rather New York, and he plunged into the life of the city with



the naïve egotism of a traditionless expatriate. Any idea that opportunities imply responsible allegiance is not yet born. When I mention in passing that the Chief Executive at the White House is far from being what is called wealthy, he looks incredulous and inquires, 'What's he president for, then?' But as we speed round a green headland, which conceals the mouth of a river, and as we start on our way up this river, I ask Don Carlos just why he prefers the United States to his native Costaragua or the neighboring Republic of Contigua. After all, I argue, with the illogical folly of the English, he must have some feeling of love for the land where he was born and grew up. Suppose, for instance, Contigua declared war on Costaragua, would he not take the first boat back home and offer himself as a sacrifice to his country? Would not Costaraguans the world over collect in the great seaports, and lie and smuggle and scheme to get themselves home to enlist?

He is silent for a while, as the immense vertical green walls of the gorge, through which the river runs, close round us. And then he says soberly that a country like his does not get you that way. He is speaking a foreign language, one must remember, and he turns over various unsuitable phrases to hold his meaning. It is different. It is, very much of it, like this; and he waves his hand toward the shores.

The river winds and winds. High up above the towering cliffs of eternal verdure gleams a solid blue sky like a hot stone. We are in a green gloom. The river, fabulously deep, flows without a ripple, like a sheet of old jade. There is no movement of bird or tree or animal. One is oppressed by the omnipotent energy of the vegetation which reaches down from its under-cut banks as if seeking to hold the very water from flowing away. And the crazy no-

tion takes hold of one's mind that this sort of thing is not conducive to sanity, or morality, or patriotism, or any of the funny old-fashioned ideas that grow rather well in our northern air. One begins to understand what Don Carlos means when he says it does not get you that way.

And then I poke him up with something he has forgotten. I lead him on to see how he and his contemporaries are in the grip of machinery. He even learned English composition by means of lecture-records on a phonograph, a hoarse voice blaring at him, out of a black iron box, selections from Keats and Shelley. There is something metallic in his voice even now as he repeats from memory, —

'Hail to thee, blithe spirit,  
Bird thou never wert,  
That from heaven or near it  
Pourest thy full heart,'—

and growing cautious as he approaches the last line with its 'unpremeditated art.' Well, he is satisfied machinery can do everything. His mind already plays about unsolved problems of mechanism. All right, I concede. And now will he tell me, as a favor, what are we all going to do, later, when the fuel gives out?

As we approach the ship in the darkness and figures come to the rail to see us arrive, he falls silent, and I chuckle. After all, it is up to him and his like, clever young supermen, to get us out of the hole they have got us into, with their wonderful inventions. We dunderheads can go back to keeping chickens and writing poetry and watching the sunsets over blue hills, and we shall be content. But when the fuel runs out, and the machines run down, and the furnaces are cold and dead, and the wheels stop turning, what then, O wonderful youth, what then? Will you harness volcanoes and the tides? Will you contrive great burning glasses, and

turn the alkali deserts into enormous storage batteries? or will you fly away in planes to some other planet where there is an abundance of fuel and no fools at all?

At which Don Carlos laughs and says, 'I have plenty of ideas.' That, indeed, is his solution of the problem. He is not afraid so long as we continue to have ideas.

And so I leave him at the gangway and climb up to the smooth, brilliantly lighted decks, where the ladies and

gentlemen of many races recline in deck-chairs, or promenade to and fro. There is no doubt, I reflect, that the Administrador's prophecy will come true. He will be a millionaire by virtue of his ideas, and a leader of men by virtue of his personality. He is forever dissociated from us, who toil and fail and toil again, until we achieve some pitiful travesty of our dreams. He functions, as we say, perfectly. But what will he do, I wonder, when the fuel of life runs down?

## IS A PIG A PERSON?

BY ROBERT M. GAY

THAT is a pleasant story which Mr. Nordhoff tells in the October, 1919, *Atlantic*, about the old Mexican woman who had a pig, 'the very apple of her eye, christened Narcisco after a departed son'; and the end of the story is still pleasanter, when the convalescent visitor, wishing to repay her for her hospitality, addresses her as follows: 'I have a favor to ask of you. It is evident, to one in sympathy with pigs, that Narcisco feels the absence of his companion. It would relieve my mind to know that he was not lonely, so please take these twenty pesos and provide him with a fitting mate.' 'One in sympathy with pigs' is a fine phrase.

I really know very little about pigs, though I have numbered two or three among my barnyard acquaintances. There was a certain engaging frankness about them, an interest in gastronomy, a singleness of purpose, and a simplicity of tastes that appealed to me. I cannot,

however, pretend to know much about them. But I have known intimately so many animals of different kinds, that I feel reasonably sure that the old woman made no mistake in looking upon Narcisco as the apple of her eye.

The truth is that any animal becomes a person the moment you know it well enough. I should be willing to go further and say that any plant may become a Picciola; but I must try to keep to my subject. 'Any animal,' I said, although I know that the reader can think of several in no time at all, which, he is willing to wager, could never, even after the longest intimacy, become persons. I admit, of course, that my opinion is open to argument, especially in so far as it relates to polyps, amœbas, and other animalcules; and that, even for one who holds it as enthusiastically as I do, there is a line beyond which it can be only an article of faith. I mean that, while I

can never prove that a polyp becomes a person upon close acquaintance, I can believe that it does; because I believe that my theory is sound.

When we look at a swarm of ants, we tell ourselves that they all look alike, and yet we know perfectly well that to an ant they all show differences, idiosyncrasies, personal traits — perhaps even varieties of facial expression; and a moment of reflection will suggest to us that our supercilious feeling regarding ants, our hasty conclusion that they are all alike, is due to no more important a cause than our own defective organs of vision. We may suppose that the Angel Gabriel, leaning lazily on the ramparts of heaven, looks down upon New York with equal perfunctoriness. 'Funny little creatures,' we can imagine him saying, 'running hither and thither, all looking alike, all doing the same things. I'll stir them up with a stick and see whether they have a vestige of brain.'

On the hither side of the boundary at which faith begins, however, the soundness of my theory will be evident immediately to anyone who has ever been sensible enough to make a friend of a toad or a hen, — they are of about equal intelligence, — let alone a cat or a dog. The moment I speak of cats and dogs, indeed, the reader will agree with me. 'Oh, cats and dogs,' he will say, 'and horses and donkeys and elephants — of course, in a way and after a fashion, any one of them will seem like a person if you are fond enough of it; but as for pigs and sheep and hens and toads, aren't you riding your hobby pretty hard?' 'Not a bit of it,' I reply. 'At our present stage of so-called civilization, it is almost impossible to ride this hobby too hard.'

To a merely sensible person a man is a man and a pig is a pig, and there is nothing more to be said; but to a philosopher or a saint or a poet or a little

child — four kinds of people who are never sensible unless they feel like being so — a man is by no means always a man or a pig always a pig. For any of these a pig may at any time be even a kind of angel with wings, or a sort of man with coat and trousers, like the Pig in *Sylvie and Bruno*, who wrung his hoofs and groaned 'because he could not jump.' This, however, is a creature of allegory. I am talking about real animals, and they provide a subject quite large enough for our purposes. For some philosophers, some saints, most poets, and all little children, the distinctions between men and animals are unimportant, however handy, and can, most of the time, be ignored.

It is really a waste of time to speak of children in this connection. For them, between the ages of four and eight, an animal is far more truly a person than any human being can be, and almost any animal will do as well as another. I know a little girl who every summer adopts several woolly-bear caterpillars, a few grasshoppers, and some crickets, names them Susy and Lucretia and Theophilus and so forth, builds houses for them with beds, tables, chairs, and kitchen sinks, and talks to them with more perfect assurance that they understand than she customarily evinces when she talks to her father. She tells me that Benjamin Brown Bear is entirely different in temperament from William Yellow Bear and both from Thomas Black Bear, who is, I gather, inclined to be obstreperous.

Now, I cannot believe that this little girl is excessively peculiar, or that her father ought to be jealous because she imperfectly distinguishes between him and a caterpillar. She is merely instinctively enjoying a wisdom that she will soon lose, unless she by any chance develops into a poet, a saint, or a philosopher; in which event she may retain her childlike conviction that the

world is all of a piece, and that distinctions between people because they have two legs or twenty are purely academic.

Of the poet, too, we can dispose in a few words. He is simply, as one of his kind has called him, the Great Lover; and, having called him that, it would be superfluous to give instances of his brotherhood. There is a difference, however, between the diffused sense of the friendliness of the earth and its indwellers and the specific sense of the friendliness and reciprocal understanding of every creature, however humble; and I wonder sometimes whether the latter is not more often found among the poets who cannot write grandly than among those who can; as if nature, in withholding the gift of expression from some, gave them, in compensation, the gift of friendship. For it seems that it is in the very minor poets, and in the mute poets we meet in the walks of daily life, that the sense of companionship is strongest, whether between man and man, or between man and brute. However, this is only a speculation, and I may be merely confusing a warm heart with a poetic soul.

As for the saints, the best of them — by 'best' I mean those who appeal to me most — have had animal cronies. There are Saint Jerome and Saint Euphemia and Brother Zosimus and their lions, and Saint Hubert and his hart, and Saint Hugh and his swan; but these are said to be only symbolic. It is among the Franciscans — Saint Anthony, Saint Francis, and Brother Juniper — that there is singular intimacy with animals. In the Borghese Palace at Rome is, or used to be, a picture of Saint Anthony preaching to the fishes, and an old book says that he is addressing them as 'Dearly beloved fish,' and that the salmon and the cod are listening 'with profound humility,

and grave and religious countenances.' The saint, we are told, preached this sermon in order to convince some skeptics; but this is the addition of a sensible person. For Saint Francis, as everybody knows, all creatures were his brothers and sisters, though the birds were his favorites. He rebuked the ants, but tenderly, for their too great forethought: 'Do you not know, my sisters, that it is quite contrary to the spirit of the gospel?' He had a pet lamb with him always at Rome, and pet doves for whom he built nests in his cell at Ravacciano; and we may be sure that he talked to them as equals.

I do not think that later generations have fully understood the Franciscans' predilection for animals. Even so poetic an interpreter as Ernest Hello sees in it only a natural extension of their yearning to save the world of men; but I prefer to think that it was rather a result of their discovery that man is in no absolute sense any more worthy than the animals; that the world is no more his than theirs; and that heaven without the animals would be a strange place. It may have been some unformulated sense of these truths that made them preach so earnestly to their little dumb brothers and sisters. It is perhaps, however, only the philosopher who really thinks so far, adopting as a principle what others simply feel.

In James Stephens's *The Crock of Gold* is a Philosopher whom to know is to love. True, he appears to be a little 'off,' at least to the extent of carrying rather far the metaphysician's favorite failing of making his facts fit his theory; but who ever loved a man for his philosophy? He has a pleasant habit of speaking of animals as 'people': for example, he calls cats 'a philosophic and thoughtful race'; owls 'a venerably sagacious folk'; bats 'a very clear-minded race'; the salmon 'a dignified fish.' It is, to be sure, a part of his

philosophy to argue the foolishness of men from the common sense of animals; but perhaps it is as good a 'method' as another. For instance, 'since crows,' he reasons, 'are a gregarious race with settled habitations and an organized commonwealth . . . if policemen were necessary to a civilization, crows would certainly have evolved them,' as would jackdaws, ants, fish, squirrels, rats, beaver, and bison. Since, at the moment when he says this, he is being escorted to jail by four policemen, it suggests an engagingly detached and judicious temper in him to go so far afield for his comparisons. What is especially noteworthy, however, is his habit of viewing the world as all of a piece, speaking as respectfully of the people ('People, my granny!' says the Police Sergeant, who is no philosopher) of wood, hedge-row, and stream as of the people of hamlet, village, and city. Even the fish, whom he disapproves of because they believe in washing, he refers to in the same vein. 'I have often fancied,' says he, 'that fish are a dirty, sly, and unintelligent people.'

To convince ourselves that this is not a unique philosophic attitude, we may consider two others from sources as different as possible. In Brillat-Savarin's *Physiologie du Goût* we may read: 'I have for these creatures' — he is speaking of fish, for the cooking of which *à la matelote* he has just given a recipe — 'a sentiment akin to respect, springing from a deep conviction that they are antediluvian; for the great cataclysm which drowned our granduncles about the eighteenth century of the world's history, was for the fishes nothing but a time of joy, conquest, and festivity.'

He was a philosopher of a warm and merry heart. Many a time, listening to some dinner companion boasting of family and lineage, he must have chuckled inwardly as his eye rested on

the sole or turbot before him, whose granduncles were embalmed in coal after a short life of joy, conquest, and festivity in the carboniferous swamps. As a philosopher, he knows better than to condescend toward even a fish; and perhaps he is the greatest of gastronomers because his philosophic mind raises him above the abjectness of loving even a fish only carnivorously.

Our other philosopher wrote a letter — which gave me great comfort — to the newspaper a week or so ago, protesting in a fine indignation against the common assumption that human beings are superior in any absolute sense to the animals, and especially against our habit of applying such terms as 'dog' and 'brute' opprobriously to one another. 'Don't vilify the animals,' says the writer, 'who are neither dirty, cruel, nor low, but obey the natural laws governing their life circle with a fidelity that makes a human life seem the acme of unreason.' This is in the true vein, and proves that all those who have a sense of the dignity of animals are not dead.

Lest I be misunderstood, I hasten to protest that I am not advocating 'nature-faking,' or sentimentality, or æstheticism, or any other mode of thought or habit of mind which passes for 'love of nature' but is really a form of self-indulgence. I am only suggesting that the time has come when societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals should make way for societies for the Promotion of Friendship with Animals; when the test of a nature-lover should not be whether he knows a golden-crowned kinglet when he sees one, but whether he can love a barnyard rooster as a friend, not merely as a prospective roast; when the test of a dog-lover should be, not whether he can love a pampered, pedigreed winner of blue ribbons, but whether he can love what Sydney Smith called an extraordinarily

ordinary dog; and the test of a citizen of the world should be whether he feels, not only his brotherhood with men, but his brotherhood with every lowliest creeping thing that lives and eats and dies on the earth.

We must bury all prejudices, all traditional hostilities, and try to get back to that intimate communion with the animals that our remote, credulous forefathers enjoyed. We have not only lost that communion, but millions of us have almost forgotten that the animals exist, remembering them, when at all, as prey and food. Even in our cities there is a numerous population that does not appear in the Directory, being born, feeding, multiplying, and dying all about us, to whom we give not a look or a thought.

Landlords and janitors will no longer permit us to keep a pig, and are even setting their faces resolutely against dogs and cats and children and other animals; but we can still adopt, say, a frog, in order to keep the well-springs of our nature from drying up. A frog is easily procurable in any park lake, when the park policeman is not looking, and is an appealing little animal, given to humorous ways. He can also be pathetic, as you must know if you have ever used him for bait. I tried to do so only once; for, when he put up his hands in an attitude of prayer, it was too much for me. I let him go, preferring to be fishless rather than to be haunted by his sorrowful countenance.

If we will contemplate our frog for half an hour every day, letting our mind run free, we shall learn to admire his color, his dandified shirt-front, his delicate fingers. In time, we shall find that a feeling of coolness, verdancy, and calm is creeping over us. We think of pools and sunlight and lily-pads and pebbles — thoughts especially cheering in the dead of winter. Before long, we

begin to philosophize, recalling that a frog has no worries, or, at most, simple and elementary worries, such as the proximity of a pickerel or the approach of frost. He never gives a thought to the income tax, the high cost of living, the value of the classics in education, or the open shop. He is somewhat gregarious, but he never forms a union. Above all, when he is down-hearted, he sings — after his peculiar fashion, it is true, but without self-consciousness.

So far, our reflections have had to do with frogs rather than with our frog; but it will not be long before we realize that our frog is different. He has his minute preferences, his own particular degree of shyness or boldness, his special manner of catching and gulping a fly. Even if he is otherwise indistinguishable from the rest of his kind, we have set him apart from them by merely looking at him and talking to him. He is our frog as one would say our friend, not merely because we own him, but because we have entered into soul-communion with him. He has become a person.

A friend with whom I discussed the question whether a pig is ever a person, replied, rather ironically, 'So far as I can see, a pig may be a person to a person who is willing to a certain extent to become a pig.'

He thought that he had settled the question by a smart retort, not realizing that he had made a profound remark. For what he said is entirely true. There can be no true friendship where there is no reciprocation.

Just how far our frog, or pig, or other animal, is willing to reciprocate, I do not know. There are mystics — and they may be the wisest of men — who understand the old Oratorian perfectly when he says, 'I do not wholly despair of the brute beasts. It does not seem to me impossible that some day I shall see them bowing down and

adoring.' At any rate, one thing is certain; and that is that, so long as we never think of most of the animals except as objects of sport or material for food or subjects of scientific study, we shall never know very much about them.

If we assume that every animal we meet is a presumptive or potential person, worthy of being noticed and of being treated with dignity and respect; the animals will certainly give us a gift in return. You remember the character — in *The Way of All Flesh*, I think — who used to go and sit for an hour or two in the Zoo for the sake of his nerves, finding association with the animals more soothing than the same amount of time spent in a sanitarium? That is the gift which the animals have for us: they shame us into contentment; without saying a word, they teach us the worth of quiet industry, obedience to the laws of nature, self-dependence, and a fine humility.

In an old manuscript I have come across an apologue which I copy for what it is worth. It seems to have several morals, such as that he who laughs last laughs best, and that brain is superior to brawn, and such trite lessons; but it also suggests to me the idea that the author has aimed a shaft against human conceit. However that may be, here is the fable.

After Dame Nature had finished making the animals, she sat down to rest and to survey her handiwork; and

the animals stood about for a time regarding one another, and then they began to chuckle, smirk, and snigger. Nothing could exceed their amusement over one another's peculiarities. Dame Nature watched them with a quiet smile, but in her wise eyes shone a look of anticipation. And then there walked out of the woods her latest experiment in modeling — a man. For an instant the animals gazed upon this apparition in astonishment; and then there rose a laugh, such a snorting, grunting, growling, braying, bleating, cackling, howling, roaring laugh as never was heard on earth before or since. They nudged one another in the ribs, slapped one another on the back, rolled on the ground, panted, choked, wept. But Dame Nature, resting her chin on her hand, only smiled and waited. And then the man quietly took from the ground a good stout stick, and he weighed it in his hand and tried its strength and suppleness, and he walked forth from the woods frowning, and he laid about him with the stick with such precision on haunch and shoulder and rib that the laughter turned to howls of pain. And then Dame Nature clapped her hands and threw back her head and laughed with a laugh like the sound of winds and waters. From that day man has never hesitated to laugh at the animals, even in their presence; but they laugh at him only when he is not looking. He has, however, long since forgotten the incident.

## ON DUTY. III

BY HARRIET A. SMITH

*Saturday, March 27 (48th day).* — Sometimes the war seems to us who are held captive a sort of conundrum, without rhyme or reason, and its continuance a puzzle. Mr. Clements says he is convinced that we are all dead and do not know it; that we still inhabit the house because of the earthly attraction so recently severed, and that in a little while we shall all fly away. I can't help wondering if it has anything to do with my future; if it was specially intended to keep me here, until something else shall have happened, some other way been opened. Man proposes, but — And life is a strange series of events.

We never have had any butter since we have been in Urfa, except occasionally a half-rancid pail of oleomargarine; but even that was finished a long time ago, and some time since we used up the last of any kind of grease, as have the French also. At every meal, I long for some good butter, and think of the delicious butter that we have in Boston. However, we fare very well for siege-food, though it does seem rather tasteless at times. To give a little zest to it, Mr. Woodward cherishes a pail of strong — yes, very strong — cheese, which he has brought to his elbow at the table at dinner-time. The rest of the family exclaims, and orders him to keep it covered; but Miss Waller and I share a spoonful with him, regardless of strength and odor, for it helps to get the other food down. One eats to live.

*Sunday, March 28 (49th day).* — This morning I went up on the roof to see if I could see the robbers' rendez-

vous, and also to search for bullets. At first I was a bit cautious about stooping so as to be hidden behind the coping, at least in part; but the day was so bright and sunny and peaceful that it did not seem as if enemies could be abroad in the land; so I stood boldly up and walked to the central pitch of the roof, when *pop* came a bullet straight at me. You may be sure I dropped in a hurry, rolling down the roof to the protection of the front coping, and crawled on my tummy, a slow and laborious process, stopping now and then to rest and to enjoy the warm sunshine, till I reached the middle, where I stood up and made a dignified, if somewhat rapid ascent of the roof to the other side, where is the door leading below. I had two bullets, however — one a Russian, in excellent condition, the other a mass of spattered lead which I dug out of the stone coping.

*Monday, March 29 (50th day).* — When I opened my door for the night, the rain was falling steadily and one could not see twenty feet away in the darkness. I had not gone to sleep when the first gun barked outside my door, and from then until dawn, it was rifle and machine-gun and bomb from all our windows, with the answering spat or whistle of the bullets from the enemy. One takes it all as a matter of course — without a sense of danger.

Colin Clements said just now — 'Dear me — all my youth going in this place!'

*Wednesday, March 31 (52d day).* — Fair but cool after a night of rain.



To remind us that the war is not yet over, — although this morning I had the cheerful feeling that it was time to pack up, — some sharpshooter has been sniping pretty steadily all morning, and has sent me as a souvenir a bullet which missed coming in my open door by eight inches.

*Thursday, April 1 (53d day).* — It is a beautiful spring day, the wind a little cool, like our March winds; but the house, having all the windows shuttered, is rather cold and dark, so Miss Waller found my balcony the only comfortably warm place and has sat out there all morning regardless of whirring bullets. When she can do that, you may realize how blasé we have become as regards rifle-fire, for a few weeks ago the whistle of a ball would have sent her hurrying to cover behind the thickest wall she could find. This afternoon Mrs. Mansfield is pounding her typewriter on the table I have set out; and, as usual on fairly warm days, we shall have tea there. Mr. Clements is already calling for it. There seems something very unreal about this war. Why should it take the French military authorities two months to get relief here, even if the troops had to come all the way from France? Somehow, it seems as if we would be left to our fate, whatever that may be, as if we had been forgotten by the world and could get no word to it. And yet, inside our own little world, — our own four walls, — life goes on much as usual; we eat and drink and sleep. To be sure, we do not always eat what we want, and there are many anticipations of feasts in Paris or New York; but we eat something, and fare better, we think, than the French, in the matter of vegetables. They share their horsemeat with us and furnish our bread. Coarse and black though it is, it is palatable.

Just after dark, we were all in the front yard for a frolic under the nearly

full moon. The soldiers indulged in a little jumping over the trenches for exercise. Over to the east, we could hear the Turks signaling to each other in imitation of the cry of the jackal, reminding us that their Sabbath began at sundown and that to-morrow is the fateful Friday, as it is our Good Friday.

*Good Friday, April 2 (54th day).* — The Turks did not bother us much during the night, and there was but little firing on both sides; but this morning I was awakened, not very early, by the sound of bullets striking the front wall near my balcony, and by the banging of the soldier's gun on the other side of the wall against my head. This latter sound showed that Lone Tree Hill was again occupied. The bullets were striking so fast and so near that I was not surprised, when I rose, to see a puddle of milk on my floor under the window, where a box of evaporated milk was shedding its contents; and going outside, I saw a very neat little hole through the window-glass. It was only yesterday that I was congratulating myself on the fact that no glass had been broken in my window or door, although dozens of panes have been shattered all over the house.

*Noon, Friday.* — It bids fair, indeed, to be a fateful Friday, if the Turks' supply of shells holds out, for about eleven o'clock I heard the first one go screaming over the house, and for about an hour, at one-minute intervals, the cannon on the hill behind us shelled French Headquarters, sending an occasional one to Captain Marcereau's, or, rather, now, Lieutenant Frayne's, post to the west of us. The bursting shells in barracks and mess-house and in Dr. Vischer's, the latter two houses for some time vacant of their inhabitants, sounded very ominous; so, thinking my sand-bagged balcony the safest place I could occupy without going downstairs, I have brought my typewriter out here.

Two walls behind me give me a greater sense of security, even though it be out in the open. You would not think our stone walls were much security, could you see the hole one bullet made this morning, coming through the wall of Miss Waller's room and burying itself out of sight in the opposite wall. It had happened to strike the crevice between the stones and had ploughed its way through. Mr. Woodward's thought last night, that the reason the 'column' could not reach us was because this war had become a National Turkish movement, is doubtless correct, for the morning light revealed the fact that the Star and Crescent flies both over Lone Tree Hill and over the white house a little to the northeast of us, and doubtless heralds the advent of reinforcements and field-guns for the Turks. Our best hope now is of the return of the Indian troops from the south; for if war was resumed between the Allies and the Turks within forty-eight hours of the refusal of the latter to sign the peace terms, as we hear, then our little war is an affair of the Allies also.

2 P.M. — I've just learned that the bullets do not need to seek a crevice to come through the inner stone walls of our house. The Turks in the white house to the east are so near that the bullets plough right through the six-inch wall. I have had Anthony replace my wounded milk-boxes with Ivory Soap. Perhaps the makers would like to know that their boxes have formed an excellent barricade for us. The bullet may plough through two or three cakes, but it seldom gets through the whole layer. I chose them because they pile so much more evenly than our sand-bags, which are not real sand, but a mixture of clay and small stones, which does not make a smooth wall.

*Easter Sunday, April 4* (56th day; end of the eighth week). — The sergeant thought it a bit dangerous to let

me go over to the Cantonment last night, but he was willing to let me take the chance, and *mon soldat* feeling able to protect and guarantee safe passage, we stepped off in the bright moonlight about 7.30, going, by a slight *détour*, out of our west gate toward *Maison Carré*, the Marcereau post, and then cutting diagonally across the vineyard to the Vischer house, for I wanted to keep my engagement for *le Pâques* with Mrs. Vischer and the Sisters. So I have had a whole beautiful day in the open — more or less within stone walls. Dr. Vischer surrendered his bed to me, so I slept with Mrs. Vischer in a vaulted, cave-like room, whose one window was too low to be reached by the bullets of the Turks, but was stone-barricaded in the lower two thirds to protect against the shell splinters, which I saw later — from the devastation wrought in the Vischer houses — to be very destructive. I had an opportunity to make the doctor's rounds with him, and watch him do the dressings before time for Mass. I saw some terrible wounds made by bullets and *éclats* — it's strange how repulsive human flesh can be when diseased.

The return to Cantonment du *quatre-cent-douze* would have been dangerous had the Turks on the hill seen us and chosen to fire. We made it at double-quick. Mass was said in the little room which the Sisters occupy, one side being curtained off for a chancel; the rest of the room serves as sleeping- and dining-room, as the two beds lining the sides of the wall clearly showed. In this little space — perhaps 8 feet by 10 — crowded the small but intense congregation: Commander Hauger and nearly all the officers, the three Sisters, Mrs. Vischer, and I. No sound could be heard but the low chanting of *Père Gabriel*; not even a bell rang. No one kneeled, — officers, privates, or Sisters, — but all stood during the whole Mass: doubtless

a military necessity in times of war, when Mass is often said in the open, on the damp ground, where kneeling means danger of colds or rheumatism. The primitive altar was evidently covered with one of my hospital sheets, the tabernacle veiled with a piece of my unbleached muslin, and for a reredos were two small rugs, apparently Assyrian, across which marched a procession of wooden camels and other animals suggestive of Noah's Ark.

Dinner at the Vischer house was a very simple affair, but good: horsemeat soup, horsemeat pot roast, and spaghetti; nothing more but a half of one of our own canned peaches.

At the Sisters' this evening it was the same thing, except that boiled beans were substituted for the spaghetti, and two plums for the half-peach. By the way, our fruit is nearly gone. The French have bread for five days, hard-tack (biscuits) for four more — and afterward —

*Mon soldat* called for me about 8 P.M. There was a spice of danger in the return trip across the vineyard under the full moon. When we were about a hundred feet from the house, there came the sharp crack of a bullet, and the two soldiers stooped and ran. Here was where skirts and a long coat were a handicap; but I managed to follow suit, and we made the house without mishap.

About 5.30 this evening, on the mountain-top, between two peaks, appeared three horsemen, dismounted and overlooking the city. Whether they were friends or foes, we know not, but to-night, seemingly at the upper end of the citadel, a shaded light burned — doubtless a signal of some kind.

*Tuesday, April 6 (58th day).* — The strangest thing about this affair is that no aeroplane has returned to let us know what is the trouble and why relief is not sent. One could come and go in a few hours, and the French are

said to have two escadrilles at Beirut.

*Wednesday, April 7 (59th day).* — Oh, for a Salvation Army lassie with a big pan of doughnuts, and for her comrade with a basket of big juicy oranges! Perhaps we would not do justice to them! Of course, what the boys want more than anything else is cigarettes. They are smoking tea-leaves again for the third interval. Between intervals the French have divided their scanty supply, and once, when the *liaison* was established, for a night or two, Miss Holmes sent a goodly supply from the city; now the French have none, and the Turkish ones have vanished in smoke, so they must needs return to tea-leaves. They tried coffee, but it was not a success. Then Miss Waller conceived the idea of cutting up the dried stems of the carnation plants, which did very well, and gave off a much sweeter perfume than the tea-leaves. Mr. Weeden used to save all his butts and make new cigarettes from them. One morning Miss Waller found Mr. Clements engaged in the pathetic occupation of searching the ashes in the fireplace for butts. Glad I have not the habit.

*Thursday, April 8 (60th day).* — Again, at midnight, my light extinguished, I stood at the open balcony door, looking out over my ramparts toward the city. But search the darkness as I might, my eyes could detect no sign of an advancing column, without which our two months of waiting and fighting and suffering and dying are of no avail; for there remain but two days' provisions with the French, to-day and to-morrow, and the Turks to-day await an answer to their *parlementaire* of yesterday.

Dr. Vischer writes me that Dr. Beshlian and another Armenian came yesterday as envoys from the Turks to the French, to say that the provisions of the Armenians are at an end, and that the Turks have promised to revictual

them if the French will withdraw from the Armenian quarter. This they could do without losing anything of special strategic importance, for their post there on Orphanage Hill was mainly for the protection of the Orphanage and of the Armenians. But what of their own provisioning? When the war opened, the French had provisions for fifteen days; they have held out for sixty days—a noble record. If there is any blame or disgrace, it falls upon those who sent 400 men here without any equipment, *sans* wireless, cannon, automobiles, lorries, provisions, and then left them to their fate in a war-ridden and dangerous country, not even sending an *avion* for five weeks, with a message of news or cheer.

The Turks promise to bombard again if the French do not consent to-day to leave, and it is probably for that purpose that they have been intrenching on Lone Tree Hill.

*Friday, April 9* (61st and last day of the Siege of Urfa). — I am writing this several days after, so events have lost much of their vividness. The morning, so far as I remember, was uneventful, though through *notre petit soldat*, as the Sisters call him, I knew that the Commander was to receive a *parlementaire* to-day, to obtain his answer to the Turkish proposals.

Tea had just been placed on the table of my verandah at 4.15, when Mr. Weeden, looking toward French Headquarters, said, 'See the two white flags coming.' One was carried by a Moslem on horseback, one by an Algerian on foot, while a French sergeant accompanied them. They stopped at the two French posts between here and Headquarters, and the horseman, in flowing garments, remained in the road, while the others went in to announce to their comrades that a peace had been arranged. Everyone in the house was watching as they advanced toward our

house and came in the gate, the horseman standing outside.

Messrs. Weeden and Clements went out to meet them, and we followed, to learn that the French, for lack of provisions, have been compelled to evacuate, and will leave to-morrow, at midnight. It is a sad peace, a great blow to French pride and honor, which one aeroplane might have avoided, had it dropped a few bombs on that second visit six weeks ago. It has never reappeared, and no word, no help has come. The thing is inexplicable.

However, everyone was glad to get out in the open in daylight, — the first time we had moved freely in nine weeks, — and it seemed safe for me to make the attempt to get to the Orphanage in the city; so I started while it was yet daylight for Headquarters, where Commander Hauger kindly gave permission and ordered a soldier to precede me with a flag of truce.

The Commander was heartbroken, as were the other officers. His chin quivered, tears were in his eyes as he talked to me, and in the Sisters'—everyone was sad. It was not only their own lack of provisions that compelled the surrender; but the Armenians had signified that theirs were near an end, and Miss Holmes had written the Commander, begging him to make conditions, or her children would starve.

By the time my soldier considered himself sufficiently furbished to start, it was dusk. Going through the Cantonment, we met Dr. and Mrs. Vischer, who were taking advantage of the new freedom to go to our house. It was a devious way through the various barracks, through holes in the walls, and dark passages, up and down cellar stairways, and through the garden of the Mahmoud Nedin house, till we came to the final hole in the wall, which opened, directly over a well, to the outside world.

At the Samsat Gate, all looked deserted. We continued up the hill, to where a high stone wall across Mr. Weeden's road barricaded the way. Here Elias, who fortunately had joined my train, shouted in Turkish, and presently some fierce-looking Kurds armed with rifles appeared on the roof of the corner house, whence much of the firing has been directed at us. Elias talked and argued in Turkish, with Lucia's assistance, that I was the American doctor and must get over to the Orphanage; and after many refusals, they finally sent for the sergeant, who came scrambling up the trench which led from the wall to the Turkish fortress on top of Cemetery Hill. He led us back down the hill to the Samsat Gate, barricaded but undefended; but we found the guards farther on, where the street branched, the idea being, I suppose, to let the French get into the narrow street inside the gate, and then shoot them down.

The two Kurds led us down the left-hand street in the darkness, till we came to a house which was apparently Kurdish headquarters, and into a room where the Kurdish chiefs — fifteen or twenty of them, fierce-looking bearded fellows in flowing robes and head-coverings — were seated around the four sides of a small room; on the floor, of course, with a charcoal brazier in the centre. One immediately offered me coffee and another a cigarette. I took both. Another offered his own cigarette for a light. I lighted the wrong end and drank another cup of coffee while Elias vehemently explained the need of my reaching the Orphanage to-night, the French soldier being as dumb as I.

Permission was freely granted, and the whole concourse, seemingly, accompanied me to the first barricade, and speeded me on my way! We passed several barricades of stone, and finally came out on the road inside the high

barricade, whence two fierce fellows continued as our guard to where the French wire fence, barricades, and trenches began, when they said good-night, but absolutely refused me permission to return that night; and I did not argue the question.

Mr. Weeden had preceded me earlier in the afternoon, and we had a family reunion at the dinner-table, the same four who were the first to reach Urfa, the others being Miss Holmes and Miss Law. My coming was a surprise, and I received a joyous welcome. Ferideh and Elmas added to the pleasure of my home-coming, for such it seemed; and there was much to tell on both sides.

*Saturday, April 10.* — Our two months of siege ended and everyone out in the open again. I slept on a native mattress on the bare floor last night, so I did not sleep much and was willing to get up early. I spent the morning looking over the Armenian defenses, which were very extensive and showed military skill. Except by bombardment, a city of this kind is almost impossible to take, for the narrow streets are easily controlled by rifle-fire from the loop-holes in the walls, and the ordinary life of the quarter can go on. Only at certain points could the streets be seen from the hills, and these were either protected by a barricade of stone, or a door was opened through the walls. Most of the loop-holes were smooth holes bored through the stone walls, hardly more than the diameter of the rifle itself.

From there I went to the French defenses on Orphanage Hill. Here the military genius of Lieutenant Marceau was shown, for they formed a splendid system of defense and were very extensive, going along the hill-top to the farther end, and beyond to the Telebiad road and the plains of Harrars. He could have held the hill indefinitely, and did repulse many attacks.

Miss Law, after sending messengers in vain to find me, had started off, with my soldier who had accompanied me last night, bearing the flag of truce; and Lieutenant Marcereau said the Turks would not let me pass. But I thought I would try it; so with my three young attendants, Levon (Miss Law's boy), Yeremia (mine), and Lucia, I climbed the hill toward the Turkish ramparts, down the steep back of which the trail runs toward the road to home. The Kurds, fierce-looking, with their brown-bearded faces, but picturesque in their headgear and flowing robes, streamed down from the brow of the hill, to meet me and bar my way to the path. Of course, they said it was impossible, forbidden, and many other things; but my three voluble companions out-argued them, and we finally won through. This path, by the way, was the one the French used to use going from G.H.Q. to the Armenian quarter, till the Turks occupied the brow of the hill commanding it, and the *liaison* was broken.

At the foot of the hill, on the Seroudj and Arab Poonar road, lies a post of the *gendarmerie*, also occupied by the French until the position was rendered untenable by the enemy position on the hill overlooking it. Here, again, my able assistants out-talked the guards, and I was sent on my way, but toward the Milleh bridge, where, I suppose, they thought the forces could turn me back if they wished. We had gone about a hundred paces when they shouted to us to stop and wait for a horseman who was riding down the road from Arab Poonar. This was their great chief, Namik, commander of the Milleh forces in Urfa. He was black-bearded, with rather kindly — at least, for the moment — brown eyes, and greeted me in French with a pleasant smile. But again my young companions and the gendarmes

did the explaining, and Namik, without any demur, granted the request. The gendarmes then permitted me to go by the nearer bridge.

An Algerian soldier guarded the other end, but from there on I had no trouble. However, a group of Turkish or Kurdish soldiers watched me on my way, till I reached our house. I pause here to say, as we afterward learned, that the great Namik was returning from the Seroudj road, where he had been planning a hellish trap for the French, and placing his forces of cruel and savage Kurds and Turks; for last night the whole male population of the city had gone out to waylay the French on their retreat from Urfa, which the Turks had given their plighted word would be free from danger.

*Sunday, April 11 (2d day of Peace).*  
— A devilish peace — and France has something now to avenge if our information is correct. The golden quarter of the waning moon was just showing above the eastern horizon at 11.30 P.M., when our little garrison of eighteen soldiers, with Mr. Woodward, our accountant, and Anthony, his Syrian interpreter, moved off, after many farewells. By the time they had reached our gate, the darkness had swallowed them, but we knew they were continuing on to the Cantonment, whence the little army was to start at 1 A.M. for the mountain road of Arab Poonar. Elias was with them also, and our beloved John, who said he preferred fighting his way through with the French to remaining for slaughter in the Armenian quarter. Any Armenians who could escape the cordons drawn round them by the Turks probably started also. It has been a sad day for the French, as for us, who saw our friends and protectors leaving under the shadow of defeat; but saddest of all for the Armenians, whose lives are darkened by fear of persecution and massacre.

We gathered on my little upper verandah after they had gone, waiting and watching; but nothing could be heard, and only an occasional flare of light told that there was anything going on at the Cantonment. In darkness and in silence they moved off. Not a sound broke the stillness of the night to our listening ears. Strain our eyes as we would, no line of soldiers could we see, and no tramp of feet could we hear; but we knew that at the appointed hour the little column had started to climb the mountains toward Arab Poonar.

I was awakened about 7.30, and going to my door, could see hundreds of sight-seeing Moslems circling our place and examining curiously all the neighboring posts; but the Turkish guard, who had arrived at daylight, kept them out of our wire enclosure. It was so bright and sunny and looked so peaceful, that I decided to go to church; so Mrs. Mansfield said she would go too. We went by the outside road to the Bagh Capour (Gate of the Rich), and in through the short stretch of market, to the church. People looked at us curiously, but answered our greetings, and there was no hindrance. The cattle and sheep markets were deserted and the place of the former covered with little blue flowers. The Arab women whom we met along the way were friendly. For the first time in my stay, we found the church door fastened. I had forgotten that, since the French had gone, there would probably be no nine o'clock Mass. Frère Raphael welcomed us in the courtyard with outstretched arms, and we went into the monastery to meet Pères Inge, Gabriel, and Joachim, whose surprise at seeing us in these troublous times was very great. Both convent and monastery have been tranquil during the war, and it is not true that they were levied on to fill the war-chest — at least, so far.

My ultimate aim being the Orphan-

age, we started on through the city streets till we reached the gendarmerie, where we were told that our visit could not be permitted to-day. We heard in the city that the Moslem army had started out yesterday before the French, to ambush them on the road.

Shortly before noon, we heard shouting over in the direction of the Arab Poonar road, and I saw all the sight-seers in our vicinity running thither. Someone said, 'The camels are returning.' We could see them and men coming down the Arab Poonar road. This looked dubious, in face of the fact that some of the Moslem soldiers had tried to take our disabled automobile this morning, saying they wanted to go out toward Seroudj, where, it was said, the French had been wiped out.

Mr. Weeden had come over from the city to take luncheon with us and to tell us of a wonderful conference held at the Orphanage this morning, where the Mutasarif and other notables had gathered to tell of the new republic to be organized in Urfa, and to promise brotherhood and citizenship to all. It was wonderful, if true, and the Armenians took heart, and some returned to the market. Just after luncheon, Mr. Weeden started to return to the city, taking Mrs. Mansfield with him, when the shouting increased, and I heard the sound of rapid firing seemingly from beyond the mountains. The shouting increased in volume, and the shrill Moslem cry of rejoicing. The crowd was streaming down the mountainside, and presently a horseman bearing the Turkish flag galloped out to meet it. Then we saw Mr. W. and Mrs. M. returning — they had gone only just beyond the cantonments, where they could see the populace lining the road, as they did last night when the French went out. A messenger had met Mr. Weeden with this note from Miss Holmes: 'Come back at once.

The French have been attacked and the head of one of them is being displayed in the streets. Some say it is that of the Commander, others of our dear Marcereau. The panic of fear is spreading.'

I had thought at the sound of firing that the French were fighting for their lives; but their fate was worse than that, and was already sealed.

Mr. Weeden hurried to the Orphanage and to the Mutasarif, taking one of our Turkish guards and his interpreter—he had learned that Mr. Woodward and Anthony had been brought back by the gendarmes, with a few Mohammedan Algerians. So far as we know, the French army was utterly wiped out. The shrill cries of the Kurdish women and the rejoicing of all the Moslem populace increased as the returning army—Turkish and Kurd—came streaming down the mountain road and passed between the two lines of the cheering crowd. After an hour or so, Anthony came on horseback, accompanied by a Turkish soldier, saying that Mr. Woodward was safe with the Mutasarif, but too exhausted to come until later, which he did about five o'clock, supported by Dr. Vischer. I shall combine the main points of both of their stories.

(Two letters received to-day, the first in three months.)

The French forces left Headquarters about 1.30 Sunday morning, just as the moon was rising, and marched for six or seven hours, with the usual ten-minute stop every hour. They had covered 20 or 30 kilometres, and had reached a place called Feriz Pasha, where the road, making a bend somewhat like the letter S, runs between three hills. The advance guard had passed the first bend, and the centre, in which were Commandant Hauger, Captain Sajous and other officers, with Mr.

Woodward and Anthony, his interpreter, had come into a sort of bowl between the hills, when suddenly, without any warning, the whole hillside blazed with rifle-fire. Where a minute before no one was to be seen, now there were thousands pouring a deadly rain of bullets on the French below.

Mr. Woodward had been walking all night with the officers and had just climbed into a Red Cross wagon; but he immediately jumped out and tumbled down the steep side of the road into a sort of gully, which formed a slight protection, and ran along, stooping, thinking that, if he reached the bend in the road, he would find some shelter. Just beyond the bend there was a shallow hole in the rocky hillside, into which he crept, to be followed by the Commandant, Captain Sajous, Anthony, and a few others. *Mon petit soldat*, Dumais of the great heart, who was always wanting to do something to cheer up the *blessés*, and who had been with the rear guard, crept in later with a wounded arm which he had tried to bandage. The rear guard under Lieutenant Marcereau had been cut to pieces as it came up.

The French, having deployed on both sides, going up the hillsides with their machine-guns, had opened fire; but they were a smaller ring within the greater and higher ring of Kurds and Turks. However, they did deadly work when the enemy attacked, and mowed down great numbers of them.

Commandant Hauger, seeing that nothing but slaughter was in store for his men, decided to surrender, and asked for volunteers to go out with the flag; so Mr. Woodward volunteered, and accompanied by Anthony and the sergeant of gendarmes, who had had charge of the French escort of forty men, stepped out into the roadway with the bullets pattering all round them, waving a small improvised white flag and



a tiny American one. The sergeant shouted, 'Stop firing!' and finally the word was passed up the hillside and had effect for a few minutes; but it could not reach those farther away on the hills or the fresh forces coming up, and the firing soon began again.

Seeing the uselessness of attempting to stop it, and the danger of remaining, Mr. Woodward said, 'Let us get out of this'; and they started back toward Urfa. The sergeant of gendarmes found a horse for himself, put Mr. Woodward in charge of nine other gendarmes, told them their lives would be forfeit if they failed to bring the American back alive, and then galloped off to carry the news to Urfa. That was the last Mr. Woodward saw of the Commandant and Captain Sajous.

It was a terrible sight, Mr. Woodward said, and shuddered at the thought of it. 'They butchered them like pigs,' thousands of savages rushing down the hillsides on a little handful of French. One wounded Frenchman, lying in the road, put up his arm to shield himself, when a Kurd ran a bayonet through his head, so that it came out on the other side: just plain slaughter and butchery.

The road was a shambles as they passed along, and they were constantly meeting bands of Kurds clamoring to kill the 'infidels,' and were saved only by the pleas and threats of the gendarmes, who formed a ring about them. So they started off across the mountains, and after many weary miles, with frequent pauses to allow Mr. W. to rest his aching feet, they struck the river to the west of our house and crossed. Even here they were not safe, for the rejoicing enemy on the hills and road just outside of town fired on them; but fortunately they were not struck.

Our beloved and honorable John no doubt lies out there on the barren roadside, as does Elias, for whom his bride

Aghavni mourns, whose time is near. Would they had heeded the appeals of their friends not to go; but they thought, as indeed did we all, that they were safer going out with the French than here in the Armenian quarter, knowing not what was in store for them.

*Monday, April 12.* — I have heard many terrible stories — the aftermath of the French massacre of Sunday morning. The Commander's head had been exhibited in the streets; also Captain Sajous's and Lieutenant Marcereau's. So the gifted warrior, Marcereau, is no more, and the kind Commander, who was so honorable that he believed in the honor of others. The others, too, for they say no Frenchman has been left alive — all our dear friends — gentle and kindly men — men who had passed five years of war on French battlefields, to meet such death from these Kurdish hordes — butchered to make a Moslem holiday. But the one face that seems to stay most clearly in my mind is Lieutenant Frayne's, as I saw him Sunday morning, with its silky black beard, and gentle, Christ-like face and kindly blue eyes. Then, too, Captain Perrault, the Good, a daily communicant — always prepared for death, always so jolly and optimistic, ever hoping against hope that the 'column' was near, and trying to infuse everyone with his hope; not one left alive to tell the tale of the terrible morning.

And it was all planned beforehand: a proclamation was sent through the city, calling upon all loyal Moslems to go out and fight the French; and word had been sent to the Kurdish tribes to gather for the slaughter and the pillage; and the very fact that the massacre had already taken place was known to that roomful of Turkish and Kurdish notables who gathered that Sunday morning in Miss Holmes's office to tell

of the new republic of Turkey, with its capital at Angora, and its promises of democracy to all the inhabitants, Moslem and Christian. No wonder the Armenians say they speak fair words with their lips, but they lie in their hearts.

The two porters who brought the raisins for the children's dinner from the market to-day openly acknowledged that they had a part in the massacre — the whole city having emptied itself for that purpose. Being asked why they should do such a thing, they said, 'Why not? They were our enemies, and we did an honorable work in killing them.' Another Turk, who knew our beloved John, said he was dead, and that when he last saw Elias, he had a wound in his breast. Few wounded are allowed to live. An Armenian, who went down in the market as requested by the authorities, said he saw a wagonful of heads. There is no hope, even for the advance guard, which had got by before the firing began. Some tried to escape, but were run down by the mounted soldiers and tribesmen. The Armenians are still in great fear. I asked one, 'Is there no way the Armenians can escape from this they fear?' and he said, 'There is no way — all ways are guarded. We can only wait.'

There was great rejoicing in the city to-day: the sound of music and dancing, and to-night much firing, in celebration of victory.

The captain of the gendarmes, who saved Mr. Woodward, says it will be six months before the trains will be running again — so you may see my fate; and Dr. Lambert begs us to make no attempt to move, lest the brigands get us on the way. From the peaceful country of last fall, under British occupation, this has become a place of danger and of many pitfalls. No wonder Major Burroughs, being forewarned of what was coming, besought the authorities in Aleppo to move us and the Or-

phanage while there was still time. We used to think he was an alarmist, but we know better now. We learn that the government here has received telegrams from Constantinople, saying the Allies have occupied it in force.

*Tuesday, April 13.* — To-day I again started my clinic at the City Orphanage, so had to be up early. Later in the morning, I accompanied Mr. Woodward to the Serai, to the office of the Mutasarif, where we also found Namik, commander of the Milleh forces, the same black-bearded gentleman who speeded me on my way the other morning, when I wanted to come back. I know now that he had been out on the Seroudj road, organizing the attack on the French on Sunday last. It is almost impossible to believe that these two kindly, smiling gentlemen could have been guilty of such a breach of honor; but customs, manners, and traditions vary in different nations and races. I cannot blame the Turks for attempting to drive out the invaders and occupiers of their country, but I do blame them because they dishonored their plighted word and attacked with such overwhelming forces an enemy army to which they had promised safe passage to the railroad. Here I may digress to say that both the Mutasarif and Namik assured me that Turkey would even now accept a mandate of America, but not of any other nation. The Turks say that Said Bey has left with his tribes for his own villages; but since it is known that every man and boy above the age of eighteen in Urfa has been called upon to go to Telebiad and Jerablus, to fight the French and drive them out, one can easily guess where Said Bey and his fierce Kurdish tribesmen have gone.

The Turks admit that they are besieging Jerablus, — the division centre on the Bagdad Railway of the French, as it was of the British, — as they did

Urfa. One can only hope that the French will withdraw in time, or that relief will come before they suffer the horrible fate of their brothers on the Seroudj road. If only the Turkish government would treat its Christian subjects humanely, I would say, let them have their country. They are surely pleasant people to meet socially; but for an enemy they know no mercy; and what is too cruel for them to do, the Kurds do for them.

As it is, it seems incomprehensible that Europe and America should stand idly by and, either from indifference or

from impotence, watch these Christian peoples being rapidly and surely exterminated, by fire and sword and pestilence, by torture and massacre and sudden death, with none to offer help. Imagine the hopelessness of it all, the weary prayers offered to Heaven for deliverance, the longing in those eyes turned in vain to America for succor. Yet behold the dauntlessness of a race that lifts its head after every massacre and starts again to build up its ruined lives and to reconstruct its homes upon the ashes of the old. All honor to the Armenian nation!

*(The End)*

## ÉLAN VITAL

BY VIOLA C. WHITE

SOME days I tend with careful sun and showers,  
But hungry time demands their fruit of me,  
And I alone possess my wasted hours,  
That are the children of infinity. .

I dare rejoice that I have offered gifts  
To many a deity of wood and clay,  
And many a house have built where sea-sand drifts,  
And many a ship lost on the ocean way.

I dare rejoice at trespassing and tears,  
And at the doomed Niagaras of the soul,  
That, flowing faster as the chasm nears,  
Go down in thunder, knowing not their goal;

For by their depth of wastage I can tell  
How deep the source, how inexhaustible.

# RELIGIO MAGISTRI

BY HENRY NOBLE MacCRACKEN

## I

WHAT is the faith of the teacher? What the secret strength that sustains his spirit through unprofitable journeys? What the unfailing source that will keep his mind serene through the long hours of drudging over dusty fields, the dry farming of the soul, savoring little of the fresh activities of his own world?

For there must be some *religio magistri*: some magnetic quality in the teacher's chosen way to point his compass true; some energy inherent, which is justified in the men and women we have ourselves known, who have sought great teaching above all other aspirations, building and establishing with skill the enduring bases of this last, not least, of the great professional services of civilization.

It is intolerable that we should be asked to state this faith of ours in terms of money, first and last; yet the world is to blame if we accept its price for us, and we find ourselves of small account. The publicity given to college and university drives flatters only the unthinking; the success of these will be but a mere pittance in the budget of the profession. In Poughkeepsie, in the week of this writing, the Board of Education has been obliged to vote a strict enforcement of all contracts with teachers; there are vacancies in every school in the city, and unwilling workers are being held to tasks they no longer desire lest the whole system give way. The empty schoolrooms

of this year are, moreover, few compared with what we dread for the autumn of 1921, when the normal schools will have graduated the smallest classes in many years. Then, just as the American people, aghast at the revelations of illiteracy, of provincialism, of class and racial hatred, — the daughters of ignorance, — will be calling for teachers, there will be none to answer.

For the first time in the history of our profession, we have accepted the money-value at which the public has priced us as an index of our worth. What irony it is that we, who have always placed our profession above all, we who have never sought great rewards, whose work is, in the larger sense, disinterested, should be thrust forward as beggars, whining for an alms! What a joke and what a tragedy, these parades of college boys carrying banners inscribed 'FEED THE PROF'; when college girls masquerade on Fifth Avenue in their grandmothers' gowns, and alumnæ hire out as cooks and waitresses 'for the benefit of the Faculty'! Could they degrade the great tradition further?

It is most characteristically American that, confronting such a situation as this, we should seek the remedy of endowment campaigns and other means of enhancing the money-value of teachers. We turn, as Kipling said we always do, a keen, untroubled gaze home to the instant need of things. But having gone thus far, and being in a fair

way to go further, we think we have solved the problem through things. There is need of a different emphasis, however. The economic solution is primary, it is true. We must pay our teachers enough to maintain them. There is little comfort in being told that you are a natural-born teacher when you cannot obtain a natural living. Every college in the land faces this situation, and must continue to face it squarely. If the increased tuition fees of education, barely commensurate with increased maintenance costs, will not supply the additional income for needed salary increases, our colleges must supply them in some other way. But this done, they cannot leave the other undone.

More lasting and more vital than external stabilization of the professor's market value must be his faith in his calling. If we cannot find it, if we cannot reaffirm it, our cause is lost in advance. Subsidies and endowments will never make teachers essential to the people's life. Take away the *religio magistri*, and teaching becomes no longer a profession.

The teacher cannot, as does the scholar, find a retreat of the spirit away from the perils and perplexities of the present life. The philologist described by Gilbert Murray finds consolation far from the world, in the kingdom of ancient letters. His salvation is conferred by mighty spirits of the past, which free him from the body of his present death. No such refuge could ever be a teacher's source of power. He may seek rest and recreation through the study of the classics, with the romantic Hellenist of Oxford; but his faith must spring, like truth of old, out of the earth in which he toils, the product of his own work and life. Else he could make no headway against the doubts that assail him; he must surrender the battlefield once and for all. The

teacher's faith must be, not of the past, but of the living present; not of the completed thought of the ages, but of the process of the great *to be*; otherwise the doubts win.

More dangerous, because more insidious, enemies than the wolf at the door are the foes of the teacher's spirit. We can restore to the profession some self-respect through adequate salaries, though we may not, in our lifetime, overtake the economic supremacy which the industrial elements of democracy have already won. At least, teachers will not starve. But what if we destroy the one liberty which should be guaranteed every man — joy in labor? A widespread but furtive envy of intelligence circulates sneers about 'college professors.' Parents of pupils encourage an atmosphere of criticism and opposition in the classroom. Governing boards and administrative autocrats virtually compel organization by teachers in defense of their tenure of office. Under such conditions, it will take more than the promise of a livelihood to beguile young aspirants to successful careers in the field of teaching. A reward must be shown which will make the workers at one with their work because it is in itself worthy.

Can we make them believe in its reality? For there are great doubts. The teacher of to-day, young and well trained, eager for the highest service, is confronted by three barriers, irreducible and baffling. They may, for want of better names, be called educational economics, bio-psychological determinism, and propagandism — long words, but the forces they describe have no familiar names.

## II

Let us consider the economic situation of contemporary education. Here is a scene a thousand times repeated in the American schoolroom of to-day.

The teacher has begun work with her class. A group of eager pupils face her from the forms — impressionable minds ready for the adventure of learning. Then the shadow fills the doorway. The school principal says, 'I'm sorry, but the superintendent of schools has told me to double the number of children in every room.' Of course, sixty is an impossible number for teaching in one room. But there are the other children. Where shall they go? And the golden opportunity is gone.

This is no imaginary scene. It happens equally in the country districts, where the remote district schools are being given up, and even more in the congested sections of the great cities. Conditions like these make mockery of the plans and dreams of the ambitious teacher. Is it any wonder that most of the energy of the teaching staff is dissipated by worry over the bare economy of the subject?

This attitude finds its natural reflection in the national conception of education. The departments of education in universities concern themselves primarily, of necessity, with school-management and administration, with the statistics and finance of the industrial organization. The problem of putting twenty-five million children through school on an inadequate scheme offers problems so complex that it is little wonder that our educational specialists are still concerned with the business of education, and have scarcely risen to a conception of education as a science, to say nothing of an art. Worst of all, the immense sums involved, the powers connected with the erection and use of the great buildings, and the profitable connections of studies and textbooks all contribute toward the development of a type of personality that may be called the educational politician. He costs the profession more in the destruction of morals than all the effi-

ciency experts, the economists, and the statisticians of education can replace. The result of his control of educational policy has been to drive out of the profession the highest type of teacher; because teachers have been considered, not as individuals, but as units in schemes, and have been made the playthings of boards of education and of district leaders.

The same economic determinism follows the teachers through the higher grades of the profession. They are always between the devil of poverty — not alone in salary, but in departmental equipment and resources for research — and the deep sea of the student tide. Just as soon as their equipment and salary become adequate to their departmental needs, they are inundated with an increased student body, and the old plan of overwork and under-equipment is resumed. Thus teachers are driven, unconsenting, to think of students, not as persons, but in terms of units, hours, semesters, and credits; the intimate personal contact of teacher and pupil becomes impossible, and the old academic traditions become mere memories.

Determinism of a different sort introduces even more serious questions for the teachers. They have lived under the impression that the bough was inclined as the twig was bent; that, by training, the young idea could be taught to shoot; that the child would not depart from the path he was taught to go in. Brave maxims! But are they true? Steadily, year by year, psychological studies of ability and biological studies of heredity take away from the teachers their claim to a share in character formation. Teachers must reconcile themselves to learning that they cannot, by taking thought, add a cubit to the mental stature of their students. The child becomes father of the man in a new sense, most fatal to the ambi-

tious hopes of his teachers. College, we learn from the army psychologists, adds practically nothing to the general abilities of any boy. There are two classes of minds — the fit and the unfit; education neither helps the one nor harms the other in any appreciable degree. The truth is exaggerated here, of course, but the problem involved strikes teachers in almost this form. And when the psychologists are reinforced by the biologists, with their heredity chromosomes and gametes; by the environmentists, who laugh at the thirty months of college scattered among vacations and week-ends, and ask what possible mental adaptations can take place under such handicaps, the teachers' faith may struggle bravely against the assaults, but can you wonder that they feel sometimes like a Lost Battalion?

The heaviest assault is in reserve. The world has discovered the great half-truth that prejudices of youth last longer than those of the middle miles. So the world comes to the school-door with its propaganda. It begins mildly enough: simple souls conceive the idea that if we educate we must educate 'for' something. The aim of education is not the growth of the student's powers into maturity; it includes their application as the teacher may direct. The student is no longer to be dismissed at the school-door; the teacher must lead him to the gate of opportunity and must see to it that he rings the bell.

We began some years ago to educate for character, and we sent to our boys at Christmas-time *School, College and Character*; we progressed into education for service, and sent them by the thousand to hear John R. Mott at student conventions; we read Dunn and Barnard, and trained our teachers to educate for citizenship; the vocationalists came down upon us, and we tried

hard to educate for the needs of life. Books with these titles, and many more, stand on the teachers' shelves, each an idea decayed into a slogan.

Herbert Spencer taught us long ago to educate for life; he pointed out that the education of any age could but reflect the social aspiration of the group which it served. But neither he nor any of the great Victorian writers on education conceived a period which would have to struggle with so many *isms* as does ours. Both at top and at bottom of our scale we see new academies founded, whose primary object is not knowledge but propaganda, and not propaganda but action, and direct action at that. The Rand School represents one type, closely affiliated with an organized political party. The trade-unions of the West are opening up schools for the children of union workers. Schools of social research, which begin with a bill of rights for academic freedom, too soon tend to become schools where propaganda is substituted for research. In a different mode we have the Socialist Sunday Schools. Across the river from my home is the Libertarian Academy, or International School for the Education of the Children of Radicals. On the other side of the fence, the Protection and Security Leagues are equally vociferous in a campaign to inculcate patriotism. The Non-Partisan League of North Dakota recently intimated gently to professors of the state university that it might be well for them to join a trade-union, and most of the faculty complied.

Education as propaganda is the sum of all: no time for discussion, no time for research; above all, no time for dispassionate consideration of both sides. Teachers are asked to be pleaders on one side or the other, appointed no longer on the basis of character and ability, but on the basis of official subscription to one party or the other.

Even where impartiality is supposed to exist, the method of the classroom reminds me of a journey I once took through Bulgaria. We had been held in Constantinople during a plague outbreak. When finally the Orient Express was allowed to leave, Bulgaria permitted it to pass through her territory only on condition that the train should not connect with Bulgarian soil. So, at the frontier, the train was literally sealed: the ventilators were closed, the doors were locked, and soldiers sat in the corridor with guns ready for business, to shoot anyone who lifted a window as much as an inch.

Such a miserable quarantine is that to which some parents would condemn our teachers of to-day; and trustees, like gendarmes, are held accountable to resist the intrusion of fresh air from without. When such powers as these fight against the faith of teachers, it is quite beside the point to argue, as some members of the profession have recently done, that the teacher is not all that he should be. A little plain talk from Sir Oracle will not improve matters. It is rather a source of wonder that these foes of the spirit should have caused, upon the whole, no greater disintegration in the educational armies of America. It is not low salaries primarily that have caused the break-up of faculties in several colleges in the last two years: it is educational tyranny. And if we are to restore teaching to a place among the professions, we must not merely proclaim boldly our teacher's faith, but we must put our teacher's religion into practice and leave the issue to the God of Battles. All honor to those who have not yet bowed the knee to the Baal of propaganda, the Moloch of the mob, and the Gogmagog, the stuffed bolster, of the bio-psychological determinists. In defiance of the great doubts, teachers can but nail their theses to the door and leave the issue to time.

### III

To the cathedral door, then, with our *religio magistri*! The teacher's articles of faith are three — he believes in his subject; he believes in his pupil; he believes in himself.

In his subject, first, that it is the best of all possible subjects under the sun for study, research, and application. The teacher must be convinced, like any other salesman, of the value of the commodity in which he deals. Of the teachers I have known whose teaching was a failure the greater number seemed to have lost faith in their subject. It is the one great law of teaching, that it goes by infection. Many a half-hearted pupil, unwillingly or unwittingly dragged into chemistry, has caught fire from the flaming zeal of the teacher.

Of course, the teacher's faith can never proceed from half-knowledge. Your book-canvasser who repeats his parrot knowledge of the grand, illustrated, authoritative history of the war, and tries to simulate an interest in the edition which he has not read, is the type of untrained teacher that infests our schools. When we realize that less than a quarter of our six hundred thousand teachers have any real knowledge of their science, and only a tenth of these have a first-hand acquaintance with authority or experiment in any field, we realize how much is parrot-study, how little fact or reason, in American education.

So true is this, and so defective our system of education in its failure to make the teacher a learned person, that our more scholarly group is in violent reaction against this state of things, and insists that there is nothing to teaching; that teaching is but pseudo-science. If a man knows something, really knows it, they say, he can teach it — he cannot help teaching it. This goes with Plato's glorification of know-



ledge as virtue, and is reading into knowledge something, it seems to me, which it does not ordinarily contain. The irritation against departments and professors of education among university professors the country over is due, in the first instance, to the utter failure of both public and private education to train and hold its teachers, and to raise them from a conception of teaching as mere occupation up to the professional point of view.

Certainly this may be conceded: that if any one of us will turn time's flight backward and ask himself this question, 'Who was my greatest teacher?' he must confess, I think, that the first merit of his best teacher was acquaintance with and love for his subject. And this love was not diverted by thought of application to life, by vocational advantage or propaganda, but was a pure love of the subject for its own sake, for the delight of its discoveries, the neatness of its inventions, the harmony and perfection of its laws, the intricacy and smooth workings of its processes. The love was that of a good chauffeur for his motor, of a captain for his ship. What does he care where he sails her, your old mariner? Only let her be staunch and true, seaworthy and responsive to helm, and he will love her for better, for worse. Such is Gilbert Murray's *Religio Grammatici*, to which I referred, in which your scholar proves triumphantly and conclusively that nothing in the world is so worth doing as settling Hoti's business. What he actually proves is, of course, that he is a great teacher, and that in teaching teachers as Murray does, he revitalizes his subject.

Faith in one's subject is, of course, apt to harden into its excess, bigotry. Nine tenths of all faculty quarrels are due to the secret contempt with which one professor views the subject-matter of his neighbor's course. *Rara avis* the

teacher who commends the subject-matter of another department. Here and there, it is true, one sees signs of a better understanding, chiefly through the influence of national associations. The sciences, in particular, have shown signs of some real fraternizing within the curriculum. Botany now frankly acknowledges its debt to chemistry and physics; so must physiology. But the feeling is not always reciprocal, and physical chemistry views with grave suspicion the heresies that may arise through botanists who meddle with osmosis.

And so it goes round the faculty. One would think, for instance, that the languages would welcome departments of comparative literature. As it has turned out, the sister languages have had to form a kind of league of nations, with an Article X to prevent unlawful seizure of the common territory. The history of academic toleration is a short one, and full of petty wars. Teachers must give up such bigotry, and proclaim instead the common dignity of all fruitful learning, free trade over all frontiers, reciprocity, and mutual understanding. The present crisis in the profession will not be in vain, if such a result is obtained.

And the teacher must have faith in his students. He must trust their growth as the farmer trusts sun and rain and soil to work their æstival miracle. Because his potato crop has failed, will the farmer despair? On the contrary, the farmer, knowing that farming is a highly hazardous business, and subject to great losses and great gains, becomes philosophical, and leaves the event in other hands. Professor Royce was accustomed to recommend mathematics as a preparation for philosophy. Agriculture might provide the better discipline.

Your average teacher seldom, if ever, looks on teaching as a hazardous occu-

pation. He wants perfection all the time, and grumbles if he does not get it. There are teachers like Professor Lounsbury who, as he became more and more the scholar, lost faith in his pupils, and contented himself with making epigrams upon 'the incredible capacity of the student mind to resist the intrusion of knowledge,' and his famous 'a few more pearls, gentlemen.' There are also Northrops of Yale and Wrights of Harvard, who are held in loving veneration by college generations responding to their faith in them, and looking back to them as the great personalities of their university.

Lack of faith in youth, refusal to see in education the usual risk of crops, presumptuous assumption of all the responsibility, these are the failings of the teacher who loses hold of this cardinal article of the *religio magistri*. And it is precisely here that the teacher makes his great mistake. Instead of adopting nature's laws as his great analogy, he is all too apt to assume the rôle, not of teacher, but of tyrant of the classroom, and by a false discipline to force results. The effect is inevitable. It is, as Leatherstocking said, 'agin nater,' and the end is death.

Your true teacher loves youth for its own sake, as he loves his subject; he keeps himself young among his lads; he sees through their eyes the importance of the matters that engross them; he brings into the classroom all the wealth of allusion that this knowledge gives him. I think of old Doctor Furnivall at eighty-six, one of the great teachers, though not in classes or set schools. I can see him now, out with his girls on the Thames, coxswain of their eight-oared shell, one with them in all their life, his Shakespeare and Chaucer societies forgot, his hated snobocracy pigeon-holed, teacher and friend of half London. When his associates raised a fund on his seventy-fifth

birthday, all he would accept was a second-hand eight-oared shell for his girls and a paid-up cremation ticket.

The teacher's faith in his students receives its reward in vicarious ways only. Through their achievements he lives. Professor John Bassett Moore said the other day: 'When I learned that there were many members of the Peace Conference who considered the most brilliant and best-trained diplomat in Paris my pupil Wellington Koo of the China Mission, I had my unalloyed reward.'

Such pleasure is akin to that of the creative artist; but the art in which the teacher makes his impression is that of life itself, and always through the personality which he has trained. The true teacher withholds his hand from the temptation to guide his student. He distrusts profoundly the current discussions of vocational guidance. He believes in bureaus of vocational statistics, and would lay before his students the whole world of his day, with every opportunity it may afford. But he believes that, just as an imprisoned youngling robin, which has never seen a bird's flight, will fly on the first trial, by instinct, out of the opened cage, so the effective impulses which stimulate the choice of careers and the quest for success are deeply rooted in personality and should be held sacred by parent and teacher alike. This, indeed, is the ultimate test of the teacher's faith in his student.

It is even more important that the *religio magistri* include faith in himself. There is no true teaching without it. The only discipline worth the name is discipleship, which cannot come unless the teacher himself inspires, not only affection, but admiration. Sincerity, the one thing needful in real art, begins and ends with the teacher's faith in himself. It is the secret of a William Graham Sumner. One may, indeed,

affirm that the art of teaching rests wholly upon this foundation. Teaching is something, but enthusiasm is everything, as Goethe said. It is certainly the secret of personality.

In his passion for perfection — for your teacher is always a perfectionist — the teacher too often fails to respect himself or his calling. He subjects his own best capacities to trivial and wasteful compliance with irrelevancies. He is too ready to leave his real work at the first demand; he cries for committee work, the petty detail of administrative routine, the civic forum, and the thousand and one little snares which destroy his love and usefulness for his prime functions. Your true teacher must be about his Father's business, teaching; he has time scarcely for marks or the rules of faculties; he has to be fenced round, protected, forgiven by the less gifted. For him rules are made to be broken, and there is no known record of a great teacher who was not at war with the faculty rules of his time.

Faith in one's self is most needed, perhaps, by the teacher of younger pupils. Children are quickest to detect any loss of self-confidence. Adolescent youth, on the other hand, responds most sensitively to responsibility placed in its own hands; while the post-graduate student leans most upon the teacher's faith in subject-matter. But, for pupils of any age, the teacher's faith must be in himself as teacher, not in any other capacity. He may sigh to take part in a more active citizenship, or envy the productive scholar, but he must press forward to the mark of his own high calling. He cannot, of course, be a teacher without keeping abreast of his time; he must study and probably produce some scholarly work, if his treatment of subject-matter is to be fresh. But he will never be puzzled as to which treasure lies closest to his heart.

It is often charged against the young women teachers who comprise three fourths of the nation's staff, that they choose the profession only in the expectancy of leaving it early for marriage. This may be true. It is also true that thousands of young men teach a short time before entering other professions. The lives of the greatest Americans almost always contain such periods. But all this has little to do with the standards that can be upheld. It is perfectly possible, as our army proved, to build up morale in a force whose term is short. The problem must be approachable from another angle. If school administrations, boards of education, and parents' associations will seek to prove that the community has faith in the teacher, it will not be hard for teachers to obtain faith in themselves.

If the community fails in this duty, there is but one alternative left to the teachers — to organize in defense against the community, and to demand, not only the salaries which the work deserves, but that share in civic responsibility which their service merits. Teachers will then be accused of greed and selfishness, of desertion of the high standards of their calling. Such censure will be unjust. If public opinion responds only to the power of group-interests, if disinterested service is forgotten, who will be to blame when the teachers join the other organized groups of labor in the civil war of class interests? The writer hopes that no such action will be taken; he believes that all gains of war are, in the final analysis, Pyrrhic victories. But we are drifting, and it may soon be too late to work for the true faith.

Misbegotten self-esteem, like the false knight of the *Faërie Queene*, steals the accoutrements of the knight of the true faith and fools the world. Not so that faith of the born leader which is forti-

fied by conviction that one's work is essential, that one's subject is indispensable, that one's students will be loyal; and having done all, stands. Such leaders of the teacher's faith we need to-day. The right wing of our school army

has been broken in by the threat of economic disaster; the left wing has disintegrated under the insidious filtration that is corrupting the integrity of our profession. It is time to move forward with our centre to the attack.

## BEHIND THE DOUBLE DOORS

BY GEORGE W. ALGER

### I

'WELL,' I said finally, 'this does n't start at all like the work Sam has been talking about. I don't know anything about insanity, and I never was in an insane asylum in my life — yet — How am I going to tell whether these people are sane or not?'

The old gentleman listened to me placidly, patting the tips of his fingers together and smiling gently. He was, as usual, having his own way. My last objection disappeared, as the others had. 'I'll get you an alienist; he will take care of that end of the affair,' he murmured softly.

Then the benevolent despot returned to the copper business, and I began investigating something I knew nothing about — an asylum for insane criminals.

This is perhaps too abrupt a preface. The Governor of New York had requested the Superintendent of Prisons to appoint a committee to investigate the state prisons and make constructive recommendations for their improvement. Adolph Lewisohn had been made chairman of the committee, and I had agreed to act as its counsel.

Just at this time, a series of sensa-

tional charges was filed against Dr. Ross, the Superintendent of Danemora State Hospital. This hospital is one in which are confined prisoners who have become insane after sentence. The Governor had just referred the matter to this newly appointed committee and had requested it to investigate the charges.

The young lawyer who made the complaint that formed the basis for these charges came in to see me the next morning. He had some young men with him, who, to my disappointment, when they came in later, turned out to be, not ex-inmates and witnesses, but scribes for the metropolitan press.

'I hope,' said the lawyer earnestly, 'this is not going to be a Star Chamber proceeding. I mean,' he added hastily, 'I think the press should be allowed to see the witnesses and hear what goes on. These charges are against a public officer and a public institution. The public is entitled to know how it is run.'

Having satisfied him on this score, we later began hearing witnesses.

For about a week, we had ex-inmates and the wives and relatives of inmates. The stories they told were very distressing. They filled columns of the city papers. The food was atrocious: bread made practically without yeast through some unaccountable economy; bread full of maggots; bread which did not rise, hard, flat, uneatable, made by insane inmates, ignorant of the very rudiments of baking; decayed fish, and an unending line of impossible soups; hash, which had all the left-overs of previous meals; food eaten under compulsion of hard words; 'needles,' administered with hypodermics, to make the unruly sick and tractable through physical weakness; brutal guards, details of whose conduct were given; unprovoked assaults, ending in death or permanent injury; sane men held over their time—that is, after their prison sentences had expired. These and other charges of similar character were made. The hospital, many witnesses asserted, was full of patients 'as sane as you are,' held simply to gratify grudges of the Superintendent, or to prevent their talking if the inmates came out. One particular picture was that of the imbeciles and idiots, with minds too far gone to care for themselves, neglected, filthy, sleeping in beds too vile for words, and herded in a leaky cellar, where they stood in three or four inches of water when there were visitors, or on the very rare occasions of public inspection by the State Hospital authorities, who went through the establishment always with the offending Superintendent at their heels, terrifying into silence persons who might otherwise make complaint.

It was all very gruesome. What if it were true? Here was a hospital for insane convicts. It was in a very remote location. Sane visitors, other than on the occasional visits of relatives of inmates, were infrequent. Its population

was largely of very poor people without friends. In such an atmosphere, with the opportunity for ill-treatment, might it not be true that the attendants and guards would succumb to a brutalizing life and be guilty of the conduct described? Time and again, the witnesses declared, the doctor and the attendants would retort to those threatening complaint: 'Who will believe you? You are crazy and you are a crook, too. We can do anything we want to.'

Then would follow a story of 'double-door' punishment for the complaint. 'Double doors' were the rooms where the intractable patients, or sane men who resisted brutality, were confined for punishment—solitary confinement in a dimly lighted room, without bed or furniture—nothing but a dirty mattress on the floor. When, at rare intervals, the patients in these rooms were permitted to take the air of the hospital yard, they went, we were told, in strait-jackets, with their hands tied behind them.

The long-distance picture given of the institution was far from pleasant. It was, moreover, unrelieved by any word of defense. The much-charged Superintendent did not appear. He wrote us that the war had left him short-handed and prevented his leaving his post; that he assumed that the investigation would ultimately be at the hospital; and that, when the time came, he would make his reply at the institution itself.

So, with much misgiving, one day early last July we started on our way to the hospital. An accommodating member of the committee met us with his car at Saratoga, and gave us a delightful trip on good Adirondack roads by Lake George and Keene Valley, ending with a quiet night at his Loon Lake camp. The next morning saw us making an early start for Dannemora. By 'us' is meant the alienist, the stenog-

rapher, and our host of the committee. The lawyer whose charges were the cause of our labor was to meet us at the hospital.

## II

Dannemora is a beautiful site for a fine summer hotel: Swiss scenery, clear air, nearby hills and rolling farm-lands, with Lake Champlain in the distance. But Dannemora means to the New Yorker one thing, — the prison, — by custom the abiding-place for hardened offenders: a prison called Siberia by the under-world. Our car passed its high forbidding walls, turned into a driveway at an adjoining building, and stopped under a porte-cochère. A man in the white uniform of the hospital, wearing glasses, who greeted us, turned out to be the much-charged Superintendent. Our labors had begun again.

In its entrance, it was not unlike a city hospital, where you go to see Simpson who has had his appendix out. The usual shiny immaculate floors, an office or two, with girl stenographers making quite the usual hum. White-clad attendants were missing; men in blue coats with brass buttons were here in their stead.

As I learned afterward, our insane criminals read the newspapers, and, I may add, with a quite natural preference for the Hearst dailies. For weeks the inmates had read the lurid stories which their former prison associates had furnished to the press. The great day had now come. The investigation was in their midst. The lawyer who had made the charges, who had become their champion, who might be their liberator, was among them. Already he had clients there. Writs of habeas corpus had already been issued for some of them at his instance. More might follow.

So when we entered the first reception-hall, which is a large nearly square

room, with the usual highly varnished hospital floors, we found its four walls closely lined with a hundred men, dressed for the most part in faded blue-denim suits. Each, it seemed, was holding a letter in his hand.

A murmur rose from them as we entered. They were eager-faced, expectant, excited.

'I told them,' the doctor said, 'that the committee was coming and that any of them who wanted to be heard would have a chance.'

The men stood at their places near the walls while we passed around the room. We collected letters, which came like autumn leaves in Vallombrosa. Those who had no letters gave us their names and numbers. It was a babel of confusion.

'Be sure to call me; I will tell you about the Scali murder. I am 346.'

'I am ten years over my time,' calls another, 'and they won't let me out. Give me a chance, will you? Listen to me, for God's sake!'

'You will be given your chance,' we told them; and we collected the letters and passed to the next pavilion. There more patients and more letters met us. Scores of queer faces, some excited, some dull; men young and old were there: black and white, Italians, Jews, Poles, Irish, and nondescript. All were dressed in hospital, prison-made clothes, with prison-made, shapeless and heelless shoes. Still another hall followed, and we started upstairs.

'Take us to the double doors,' demanded the barrister.

'If you mean the isolation corridor, that is where we go next,' said the doctor.

More keys, more waiting attendants and doormen. Then we found ourselves in a corridor, with narrow rooms on either side — rooms with high ceilings lighted by a single barred window, perhaps fifteen feet from the floor. Each

room had two sets of doors; the outer door in most of them was open. The inner door had in it a small window about the size of a man's head. I give the size in this crude way, for there was a head at most of the windows. Such faces! We could see by the strained facial muscles that these men were shouting at us. We could see rather than hear them. They too wanted a hearing.

I went to one of the windows. 'Not too close,' said the attendant, 'with this one.'

The next one seemed calmer. The eyes had the dull glitter of a snake. The face was impassive. 'I owe my position as superintendent to this man,' said the doctor. To my inquiry, he added quietly, 'He killed my predecessor, Dr. North. The doctor had tried to encourage this man by giving him some carpenter work to do. He stabbed Dr. North through the back with a cold chisel.' The story was told simply and briefly, and we passed on.

More comments followed. 'This man down here was a celebrated train-robber in his time. His feats were romances in the newspapers twenty years ago.' — 'This is Bill Green; he was once a prize-fighter. You may remember hearing of his escape from Sing Sing. He bent the bars with his hands. Do you want to see the committee, Bill? No? All right.' — 'This is Habeas Corpus Russell. He got out about three writs a year for quite a while. He got his last one from New York City, where he subpoenaed all the prominent people he could get hold of, who were conspiring to keep him in the hospital. He was his own lawyer. He had, I remember, ex-Governor Odell on the stand. He asked him why he did n't get reelected. The Governor asked the judge if he had to answer it. The Judge smiled and said it was a fair question if Odell knew the answer. A minute later the Judge decided a ques-

tion against Russell. Then Russell turned on the judge and said, "Then you too are one of these scoundrels who are trying to hound me to prison for life." The hearing stopped right then and there, and Russell and I and the keeper took the afternoon train for home.'

This next case is interesting. 'Here is a real artist'; and we saw a perfectly made model of a locomotive and a full-sized guitar made of white-paper pulp, both exhibited with much pride.

'Now,' said the doctor, 'I am taking you to a ward in which I take particular pride.'

The door opened. The big room was full of what had once been men — creeping, grimacing, shaking, mumbling, palsied imbeciles, dull-faced idiots, — wrecks of men, no longer capable of attending to their simplest physical wants. Yet they were clean. The pavilion in which they were grouped was as immaculate as a first-class hospital in the city.

'Let us see where they sleep,' said the barrister suddenly.

We were then ushered into a room full of cot-beds. 'Pull any one of these to pieces, you please,' I said to the barrister; 'look at the bed and the mattress, and I will do the same with another bed. See if we can find what was described to us by witnesses in the city.'

Somewhat shamefaced, he returned after a time and said, 'These beds seem to be all right.'

The inspection of the kitchen and dining-room followed. They turned out to be clean, the food wholesome, and the kitchen seemed to have everything that could be wished for — and rarely found — in a first-class restaurant. What we found, to be sure, was entirely at variance with the sordid picture with which the witnesses had favored us in the city. At this, however, I was not

greatly surprised. One of the newspapers had tried a 'beat,' and while I was laboriously listening to these sad stories of bad beds and worse food, it had sent a reporter unannounced to the hospital itself. He had come back and told me that from his inspection he thought the hospital was better from every aspect, except its curious inmates, than two in which he had been a patient himself, and as to which he had no complaint.

Unlike that of the reporter, our visit had, of course, been expected. The food on the table at dinner might have been specially prepared for our inspection. The larder might have been specially filled, and the bad old stuff secreted — though we looked for it. So I tried the patients on this matter shortly afterwards.

'John,' I said sympathetically, to one of the apparently more sane patients, 'do you mean to tell the committee that the stuff we have just seen on the table for dinner is what they make you eat right along.'

'Yes, sir,' he answered eagerly.

'This is a perfectly good sample meal?' I inquired.

'Yes, it is like that right along,' he assured me.

Two other men gave me the same answer.

I hazarded a question: 'If you were free again and back in the city, would n't the dinner you had to-day taste about right?'

The sad eyes lighted for a moment. 'You've said it,' he replied quietly.

When we had finished investigating the food, we went to the basement and looked for the leaky cellar where, we had been told, the imbeciles and idiots stood when visitors came. This, too, had disappeared like magic. We looked for water like a thirsty traveler in the desert, and found none. The beds for these imbeciles had been examined.

How any sane person could, year after year, take care of these objects, and not become insane too, I am unable to imagine.

Professional interest and training in the case of the doctor gives a point of view which laymen can hardly be expected to share. I remember that, as we passed through the imbeciles' ward, the doctor remarked casually, 'We nearly had an epidemic of influenza here a few days ago. We caught it just in time. The "flu" in a ward like this would have made a heavy mortality record.'

I must be forgiven for the thought which came to my mind with the doctor's words.

As we were making our inspection of the building, the hospital yard was full of patients at play. A ball-game was going on, and we watched it through the windows. The players had all the zest of real ball-tossers. The patients on the whole, however, were less interested than could be desired. Some sat back looking listlessly at nothing. A few watched, but none seemed to regard baseball as other than a necessary nuisance. This indifference, I presume, is one of the sure signs of insanity.

The dinner-call came, as we watched. The men left the yard and, as they left, we went into it. When empty, it was as bleak and cheerless as the average playground in a public school. As we were walking through it, suddenly a square box, about the size of a cigar-box, came down on the earth almost in front of us. One of its sides flew invitingly open, and this side of the box lay flat on the earth. We looked up. The box was attached to a cord, the cord to a pole, and the pole was in the hands of a cheery fellow whose smiling face grinned at us through the bars of his window. 'This,' said the doctor, with some enthusiasm, 'is the best rat-trap in the world, made by an insane man, too. That fellow



catches more rats with his box and his fishing-pole than we can get with all the rat-traps we have. If he had brains enough to get it patented, there ought to be a fortune in it.'

### III

After our inspection, we started looking over the letters, calling witnesses, listening to complaints. The greater part of the time was spent in investigating alleged murders and assaults. In the meanwhile, the alienist, Dr. Brill, was looking for sane persons wrongfully detained.

The murder charge was against one of the keepers — a middle-aged, quiet-looking, thick-set fellow named Pat Ward, who had been in the hospital nearly twenty-five years. The coroner's verdict had been self-defense. I began, I admit, with a prejudice. Twenty-five years with insane criminals is, I thought, a brutalizing job. It is an isolated and remote locality, and restraints are few. The coroner is probably a local friend of the keeper in a place where a convict has no friends.

This prejudice became somewhat dislodged as we went through the isolation corridor where the dangerous patients are detained. The doctor had been telling us of the care which was used in searching these patients on their return from exercise in the yard. 'Most anything that can be made into a weapon somehow gets smuggled back into the cell,' he said; 'and then, look out.'

When we came back to his office, he opened two drawers of his desk: they were filled with rude weapons. Pat Ward picked up from among them a window-weight, with a piece of cord attached to it. 'I got this here,' he said quietly, 'on the side of the head.' The parted hair still showed the scar. 'The window-weights were all taken out after that,' the doctor said.

Here was an old piece of a hinge, rudely sharpened on one side, and with a piece of cloth wrapped around it for a handle. 'This is another of mine,' said Ward. 'I got this in the back. It is kind of dull, though. If this fellow had had the chisel that Reichman had, when he killed Dr. North, he would have had me sure.'

Here was a long wire nail set in a wooden handle. The doctor handed it to the lawyer. 'This we got away from a client of yours, whom you are trying to get out on habeas corpus. He stabbed another patient with it. That is why he is in the isolation corridor now.'

Testimony was not lacking to convict Ward, and from one to three other attendants, of murder or murderous assault. The trouble was that no two of these stories were alike. They came from perhaps the least credible class of witnesses that can be found. Here, for example, is a pasty-faced Frenchman. He tells a connected story. Who is he? Before coming to the hospital, he had served years in various French and American prisons, for offenses ranging from blackmail to burglary. His last conviction resulted in a twenty-year sentence. He was a confirmed bad character, with a diseased mind.

Here is another — a witness whom I remember very distinctly. I took his testimony in the doctor's office. As the attendants went to get him, I noticed that the doctor was arranging the desk at which I sat. A paper-knife went into one of the drawers, a paper-weight followed, the large glass ink-well was taken away. When the patient came in, three attendants placed themselves, one at the back of his chair, one near the window at my left, and the third somewhere in the offing. All this for a big, powerful, smiling-faced negro. After he had told his story of how Ward had murdered Scali, and had gone back with

his retinue, I picked up the book which has the record of Bill as a man and as a case. The photograph on the cover had the same smiling face. Bill's smile was all on the cover. The story of his life was a continuous record of violence, from the murder which put him in prison to the attempts at murder which put him in isolation in the hospital.

Ward sat phlegmatically silent, as witness after witness told his story. He showed emotion twice. First, when Dr. Ross put on the record a most emphatic endorsement. 'Ward is one of my best men. He is experienced; he has good judgment; he is absolutely dependable and fearless. We have over five hundred insane criminal patients here. We have a small number of officers and attendants. When trouble comes, or is near, I can rely on Ward to take responsibility. None of these acts charged against Ward could have happened without my knowing about them. I vouch for everything he has done since I have been in charge.'

He showed emotion the second time in the course of my examination of him as to the death of Scali, which was one of the murder charges. Ward's story had been simple. Scali, an able-bodied young Italian, had made a disturbance at dinner-hour in the dining-room. Ward had taken him out. The corridor door had been opened with Ward's key and locked again. When he and Scali were alone in the hall beyond, a murderous assault by Scali on Ward had occurred, the moment the corridor door was locked. A struggle had ensued, ending with the fall of the men on the stone floor, the keeper's heavy body on top. Scali had died the next day of internal injuries.

'Did you kick Scali in the course of this fight?' I asked.

'I have been here twenty-five years,' said Ward. 'I never have kicked a patient. To hear this man talk you

would n't think I had a friend in the place. I have, and lots of them, too. I wish you would hear some of these patients. I will call a hundred if you will listen to that many.'

The suggestion was adopted. A long line of patients of all kinds and conditions came to vouch for Pat Ward. Their endorsement ran from 'He is all right,' 'The best in the bunch,' to 'Like a father to us.'

One particularly emphatic elderly Jew aroused my further curiosity. Perhaps he had a motive. 'Don't you think Ward might help you to get out of here?' I inquired.

'Maybe,' said the patient cautiously; adding, 'would they send me back where I came from?'

'I suppose so,' I said, 'if your time was not up.'

'My time was most up when I came here,' he replied. 'I was in the death-house at Sing Sing. If I went back, do you suppose they would give me the electric chair?'

There was obviously one patient, at least, who had a good reason for staying where he was, and who had no grievance at not getting a transfer.

One of these unusual character witnesses for Ward had a quite different opinion of Dr. Ross. 'Why,' he assured me, with terrible earnestness, 'he is the vilest monster on God's footstool. He had consumption when he came here; he sucked blood out of me and two other patients, to make himself well. He puts electricity to burn our feet at night. He'—But the story of the doctor's wrong-doing is too long.

'Yes,' the doctor said, when I told him about it; 'this man was a farmer and I had him working on our farm until a few months ago. That is too dangerous now. I have to keep him inside the walls. There is always a chance that one of these outside workers will find some kind of a weapon, bring it

in, and plant it in the yard. Then he or somebody else gets it when the opportunity comes, and then something happens.'

For a hospital superintendent, with a wife and two children, who had succeeded to an office made vacant by the murder of his former chief, to take such precautions against a similar fate seemed not unreasonable.

One ever-present grievance, which colored the testimony of witness after witness, had in it a tragic pathos, difficult to put in words. Imagine yourself sitting opposite a man, who talks with tears in his voice, and often in his eyes, in tones husky with despair, born of hope deferred and sickness of heart.

'I am ten years over my time. I did my bit in Clinton for four years. I had only six months and ten days to the end of my term. I got a little excited one day in the prison, had a little trouble, and they sent me here; and I have been here ten years over my time. They won't let me go. I am sane, I could go straight. They won't give me a chance. They want me to die here. I've paid the State for what I have done. I've paid twice. I've got no friends. For God's sake, do something for me. I am sane, you can see I am. Make them let me go.'

Consider the Superintendent from the despairing mind back of these angry eyes. Here was this doctor, a man who could say the word 'Go,' who could open the doors and make the one-time prisoner free, and who said, 'No, you must stay.' What sentiment toward him other than resentment and hatred could be expected? In the patient's place, would we have felt otherwise? Protecting the interests of society, that vague impersonal intangibility, by saying 'no' to some of these pleading human voices, is surely no agreeable duty. May the time come soon when human wisdom shall be better able to

minister to the mind diseased, and not merely give the maladies names, — names which are but new additions to the vocabulary of science and of despair!

The next morning, I conferred with Dr. Brill, who had worked late into the evening examining patients. 'Did you see the list of patients we were told in New York were sane and unlawfully detained?'

'Yes,' he said.

'Did you find any of them sane?'

'Not one,' he replied. 'The records,' he added, 'are in better shape than I should expect, for there are not enough doctors here. The war has taken away two assistants, and Ross has been getting along with too little help and trying to do draft-board work himself. The food is better than in most hospitals. The place is clean, well ordered and equipped. The patients are physically in good shape and they seem to be well cared for. The patients in the isolation ward do not get enough chance at exercise. They need a new and separate pavilion for these cases. Dr. Ross has asked for it. We ought to help him get it.'

The rest of the day was filled like the one before, with sifting charges — a day filled with strange witnesses, queer stories, vivid incidents: interviews with the man whose sister wanted him out, but whose wife's life would be in danger from his delusions if he should be released; interviews with the rich insane wife-murderer, so mean that he sold his daily newspaper to his fellow inmates after he was through with it, while his relatives, unsuccessful in having him declared civilly dead, wearily waited for something to happen to unloose his fortune.

In the evening, the automobile took us to the night train at Plattsburg, and our work was over. As the car left the

hospital, and the grim neighboring walls of the big Clinton prison grew grayer and darker in the distance behind us, the beauty of the evening hills came as a healing balm. We had left behind us a human Sargasso Sea, filled with hulks, — a living graveyard, — filled with still floating derelicts. We had seen the last phase of crime from which all the tinsel romance had long disappeared, where punishment had ceased, where society, still preserving and caring for the wrecks of her offenders, patiently waited for the end to come.

All over the United States, institutions for like purpose are maintained. Along with our prisons, our penitentiaries, our workhouses, our reformatories, with the chain-gangs of the South, go these hospitals. They are hospitals for a class distinguished clearly from the insane of our asylums by the habits, aptitudes, and inclinations, acquired and indelibly marked upon these inmates by lives of crime. Lost in most of them is that subtle something by which in the others, the merely insane, inhibitions born of habits of right living so often continue and function, by some subconscious process, after the mind has failed.

These hospitals present the prison problem in its hardest and most forbidding aspect. Woven into the problem of crime, and an inextricable part

of its complexity, are insanity, feeble-mindedness, and the tangle of new names invented by science for describing mental abnormalities, defects of will, diseases of character, which make diseases of conduct. In these institutions are shown to-day the needs that form the basis of those slow-moving reforms which require new classifications of prisoners, new standards of responsibility, new duties of continued custodial care, instead of the short periods of misplaced and blind punishment, disapproved by scientific knowledge.

How shall we meet feeble-mindedness, insanity, defects of will, before they express themselves in criminal offenses? How shall we, later, separate the prisoners who have at least the mental basis for reform from those who have not? How shall we take from prison industry the handicap which to-day so often slows down its machinery to the snail's pace of the feeble-minded? These are basic and vital problems, both of the prison and of the social organization which makes prisons and prison hospitals necessary.

The problems are not new. The thing which is new should give us hope. It is the slow but steady growth of an enlightened public sentiment, which recognizes these problems in their true significance and seeks wisdom for their solution.

# GOLFING VERSUS FARMING

BY GEORGE P. BRETT

THERE is no doubt that the present generation and those yet to come have entered, and are to enter, a world of greatly changed conditions, a world of complicated machinery, of crowded cities, and of economic stress. Many of us are already sighing over 'the good old times' and wishing for their return, not seeing that the earlier, simpler conditions of life have vanished forever; that the times have changed permanently so far as most aspects of life in civilized countries are concerned.

For instance: few of those remaining of an older generation can fail to remember the great extravagance in food which characterized American tables of forty years or more ago: the board fairly groaned with the multitude of dishes, and abounding plenty was to be found in the homes of rich and poor alike. One could live in comfort, and even in luxury, at good hotels for two dollars per day — a charge which included lodging and three or four plentiful meals; and at the more sumptuous hosteleries, such as the old Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York, and the Palmer House in Chicago, where the charges were four or five dollars per day, one required two hours or more, and the capacity of an ostrich, to get through the dinner alone.

No modern diner-out who remembers the times of which I write can fail to wonder at the great changes which a few years have brought about. Lodging alone in a first-class house to-day costs nearly double the price of room and board of those days; and the din-

ner, then given freely as part of the day's board, costs ten or twelve dollars in the few places where such a dinner still can be had, to say nothing of the tips to the waiters, hat-check charge, and so forth, which were almost unknown in the period in question.

These great changes in conditions, and the pressure of population on our food supplies which brought them about, were among the primary causes of the recent war; and unless we take steps to remedy the situation, they will bring about even more severe conflicts in the future. After enjoying a period of surplus, we are now living in a time of scarcity, and may come, unless we provide a remedy and find means to increase our supplies of food, to actual want and misery. The ease with which the prohibition amendment was adopted was probably due, at least in part, to the widespread belief that thereby large quantities of food-stuffs hitherto used for the making of beer and spirits would be saved for food.

In a recent book<sup>1</sup> on the American food-crisis, the author says: 'The most serious and pressing question of to-day is: What is the matter with American agriculture that it is breaking down at the most critical period in our history?' He points out that every other civilized country has in the last few years bettered its agricultural conditions and enormously increased its yield per acre, whereas we have failed to do so to any appreciable extent.

<sup>1</sup> William Stull: *The Food Crisis and Americanism*.

Such conditions should engage the attention of every serious person, as our future depends upon finding a solution for the difficulties, largely caused by want of adequate labor, that exist to-day on our farms.

The great vogue of the game of golf among the well-to-do classes in our cities is of comparatively recent growth. It has become popular, and a household word, in a single generation. Fostered, in the first instance, by physicians, who found in it a means of keeping their well-to-do patients in good physical condition, it has become popular with young and old alike, and is more universally resorted to than any other outdoor game or amusement.

Golf, moreover, not only caters to that gregarious instinct, that love for social company which is so pronounced a feature of modern life, but it also serves the purpose of many in business and professional pursuits by extending their acquaintance with men of wealth and leisure. As a well-known architect recently remarked: 'I find that the hours I spend on the golf-links are often more profitable to me in a business way than a similar number of hours spent in my office.' I remember, too, a publisher, now among the first in his profession, who secured the funds necessary to start his business career through forming an acquaintance on the links with one of our best-known and wealthiest golf enthusiasts.

Much may be said in favor of the game, and it serves well many of the purposes of the city man. Most of those, however, who derive health from its pursuit would be equally benefited by taking long walks; but few of us are strong-minded enough to take long walks persistently, alone, and companions for misery of this kind are hard to find. A well-known author in one of his books says that he knew only three men who took long walks on

principle; and he adds that two of them were 'cracked.'

I will not go so far as a popular novelist does who, in a recent book, makes one of his characters say, 'Golf is a beastly, silly, elderly, childish game; a retired tradesman's consolation.' But at the same time it cannot be said that golf is without its disadvantages from the nation's standpoint. It takes large tracts of land in the aggregate, and often the best agricultural land, in our suburban communities from economic use; it often reduces materially the supply of farm-labor, especially during the building and laying out of the links; and during the Great War, now happily ended, the building of at least one well-known golf course deprived the farmers for miles around of their usual supply of labor.

Much of the discontent which has been so general among all classes of labor in the last few years, and which at one time since the Armistice came perilously near to an attempt to overthrow our present industrial system, has been caused by the idle pleasures of wealthy people and the ostentatious and vulgar display which accompanies them. Sunday golf has not been without its influence as one of the causes of envy and hatred of the poor for the wealthy classes.

To pursue a golf-ball over hill and dale and through streams and across bunkers seemed to me, when I tried the game (and I attained a fair proficiency at it), a somewhat idle pastime — it might serve to amuse children and perhaps very old men. There was a lack of usefulness in it, a waste of time which, before long, made it appear to me as a not altogether creditable pursuit for a man of able body and energetic habits.

In 1907 I purchased an abandoned farm in the hills of western Connecticut. The low, rolling hills, with their

frequent glimpses of the Sound, their open plateaus broken into by deep, wooded, narrow valleys, are an ideal spot for the homes of busy city-workers. They have a summer-night temperature many degrees lower than that of the coast. The absence of mosquitoes and the invigorating atmosphere are in marked contrast to the enervating climate and surroundings of the lower altitudes only a few miles distant. It is the only part of our Eastern countryside nearer to the city than the Maine coast, where a man may work with vigor and enjoyment in our depressing, energy-exhausting summer climate.

There was no intention on my part of ever working this farm, or of growing crops on its sixty acres or so of arable land, or of making a business of farming. We found in it a summer home, where we could be out of doors all day and find peaceful, quiet sleep at night in outdoor sleeping-porches, and where we were free from the scandal and gossip, general inanity, and dreary waste of time characteristic of the seaside and mountain resorts in which we had hitherto spent our summers.

There is a widely prevalent idea that farming for the amateur farmer is an expensive operation. One remembers in this connection the oft-repeated story of the gentleman farmer's milk, which was as costly (in pre-prohibition days) as his champagne. This is far from the truth. These abandoned farms, which may be found by the thousand in some of the Eastern states, can often be had literally 'for a song,' and one may spend as much or as little as one chooses on their upkeep. Certainly one may buy and put in thorough repair one of these abandoned farms for less than the entrance-fee to at least one of the best-known golf clubs; and when one considers the cost of golf-balls and caddies, and other

attendant expenses, farming would, I think, prove the less expensive amusement of the two.

'I have noticed,' a physician said to me recently, 'that when one of my patients takes to farming he almost at once abandons golf, and the links see him no more.'

Golf accordingly now became a thing of the past with me, and I spent my spare time (usually two days a week) in cutting trails in the hundred-acre wood-lot or removing the tree weeds from the younger growth of the forest, and in setting out clumps and single trees in the fields, so as to give a park-like effect to the open plateaus on the hills. The work was often laborious, and one got dirty and wore one's old clothes; but every moment was thoroughly enjoyable and interesting, and there was the added satisfaction in the thought that something was being accomplished, even that the country itself was being benefited by the growth of noble trees and the saving of the woodland from possible destruction by fire. The benefit to my health was immeasurable — for the first time in many years I was neither sick nor sorry. My revived health and energy were also of the greatest value to my business affairs in the city.

In these early years on the farm I gave my time and attention largely to work in the woods. Growing trees is one of the most useful of outdoor occupations, and no work is more delightful or more healthful than the varied tasks connected with forestry on either a large or a small scale, and no farming crop is so profitable on many tracts of land in the East, if you are not too anxious for early or immediate returns. Many of the large Eastern states, including both New York and Pennsylvania, now import from the far Northwest most of the lumber used for building, although there is sufficient

idle land in these states to grow all the needed lumber — land which is unfitted, for one reason or another, for agricultural purposes. Much of the scarcity of timber in the East is due — according to a late forestry report — to the growth of tree weeds in the cut-over forest. No suitable seed trees are left to reseed the forests with the better sorts of timber trees, and no proper methods of reforestation are undertaken.

Came the time of the Great War. Working on the Liberty Loan committees and on various commissions seemed, even for a man of sixty-odd, a poor substitute when his son was fighting in France with a million or so of his comrades. So the plough went into the park-lands, and crops were sown on the farm for the first time since it had come into our possession. The amateur farmer is not usually the proudest boast of the countryside, and the real tiller of the soil generally looks upon his efforts with contemptuous amusement. But we managed, even in this first year of our farming, to carry off first prize for corn and second prize for barley at our county fair; and our produce, chiefly hay, cereals, and root-crops, was worth a little over seven thousand dollars at the end of the harvest season. It would not have been a bad speculation even if we had gone into it with that end in view.

Roads have been built through the property, and marshes drained, and the old-fashioned 'pocket-handkerchief' fields so familiar to travelers in New England have been transformed into broad pastures and wide grain-fields. The assessors of the county, who have a keen eye for improvement values, now assess the property at something over three times the sum that I originally paid for it, and the local real-estate agent, looking, I have no doubt, to his own commission, recently asked me to

let him sell it — at double the assessors' valuation.

Nor has it proved an unwise move from another point of view. We had in the natural course of many years of married happiness given several hostages to fortune; and when they and their children spend the summer on the farm, we are quite a large family and consume great quantities of fruit, vegetables, milk, and what not; and the prices of these articles are by no means low in these days in our cities. Is it only fancy that makes them taste better at the farm than when we purchased them in the city?

I wonder sometimes whether our city populations will not in course of time forget the natural taste of food. Treated with preservatives, as many or nearly all our foodstuffs are, the flavor and quality are often entirely changed or lost. Again, the necessity for picking fruits before the sun has given them the last touch of sweetness which makes them wholly palatable, so that they may be safely transported long distances, deprives the city-dweller of the enjoyment even of the natural fruits of the earth in their finest perfection.

When winter drives us back cityward, the farm does not forget us, but sends us milk, cream, butter, and eggs; not to forget the hams which, milk- and corn-fed and cured by ourselves, are more delicious than anything that can be found elsewhere; and our week-end visits to the farm, to enjoy the pleasures of the winter countryside, are looked forward to through the busy week with honest enjoyment.

The farm, too, is the best place for children. To play in the dirt, to cultivate their own little gardens, brings them health and independence; and to take part in the daily happenings on the farm gives courage and character and enlarges the powers of observation. The child reared in the country receives



a training in the homely virtues of industry, economy, and uprightness, which is a most important part of his education, and leads to habits of clear thinking, which are of the utmost value to him later on when he takes his place in the work of the world.

So that, when I see the city-dweller go forth with his bundle of golf-sticks, and reflect on the waste of his time and the uselessness of his energy, and remember the great need for labor under which this country is now suffering, I feel as if it were my duty to tell him how much pleasure and delight he is depriving himself of, and how unethical it is to waste in a childish game time and effort which, rightly expended on the soil, would bring him both pleasure and profit and a self-supporting home of which none could deprive him.

Hoeing potatoes or corn, or bedding out melons, is just as interesting and enjoyable as your finest strokes on the links. To stack hay on a sunny day in June, or to hasten its loading before a sudden thunder-shower, will give your muscles just as much exercise; and the glow and contentment which come with your cold shower before dinner, after a day spent at work in the fields, are finer, and give more satisfaction, than any game ever invented by man.

So great to-day are the exactions of the unions in the non-producing (of foods) trades; so many additional consumers are being added to the urban population by the exigence of modern life and by the invention of additional and unnecessary wants of life; and so rapid has become the drift from country to city, with its consequent dearth of farm-labor, that it may well be that, in a few years, he alone will be able to live happily and have sufficient food who to-day purchases one of the thousands of abandoned farms that abound in the Eastern states, and produces on it the necessities of life.

Those who cultivate the soil are, for the most part, free from that much-abused bugbear, the high cost of living — or, as it should properly be called, the high cost of luxuries. Both in the city and country our family table still rejoices in the old-fashioned abundance, and not infrequently our own farm is the origin of all our food-supplies, with the exception of tea, coffee, and condiments. We grow our own grain, thrash and grind it, and make it into bread; and we find our sweets in the maples with which nearly every wood-lot of the Northeastern states is well supplied, or in home-grown honey, which is free from the taint of syrup-fed bees characteristic of much of the honey that is for sale.

If the wealth and energy now devoted so freely to golf and similar games could be used to rehabilitate our abandoned farms, and these country homes could be occupied by those of our city populations who have a little leisure and moderate means to cultivate them, and who now find it so difficult to secure homes in our large cities, it could not fail to result in incalculable value to the country at large and to the people who take up this valuable work; and it would also be the means of increasing the food-supplies of the nation, which is the ever-present duty of us all.

I cannot, I fear, hope to convince or convert the confirmed golfer to what many will agree with me in believing is a better way. He regards his pastime as a recreation. Farming and tree-growing are recreations in the truest, most enjoyable meaning of the word; and either of these employments really re-creates what the country most needs, and with most pleasure and profit to the player. Play and healthful exercise must be sought in a change to outdoor occupation rather than in mere pastime, if the participator is to derive the fullest benefit from them.

# MIHINTALE — A PILGRIMAGE

BY L. ADAMS BECK

## I

CEYLON — and the glory of the tropics flooding the senses like a breaking wave of light and color. Life so urgent, so luxuriant, that surely these forest trees crowded with bloom, these vines trailing their splendors, cannot have the cool virginal sap of temperate zones flowing in their veins. The current of their life must be burning blood, pouring in a torrent from the mighty heart of Nature. The very leaves — huge carved leaves, thickly ribbed, and mottled like snakes with vivid splashes of color — are heavy with voluptuous languor, bathing themselves in the milk-warm air.

A tree stood beside me, fern-fronded like an acacia, but dripping with scarlet trails of blossom; and beyond it the oxidized silver of the gnarled pagoda trees, the chalices of their ivory flowers censuring the air with the mystic perfume that in India and Ceylon breathes worship as they stand about the temples. Above, an ecstatic sky of unfathomable blue, raining down light upon the breaking jewels of the sea, the deeps of the all-surrounding jungle.

Here is a land of the Gods.

They have left their footprints very plain upon this ardent loveliness as they came and went. Ceylon has known many generations of them. Rama, the God-King of India, incarnation in human flesh of Vishnu the Preserver, here fought a war of the Gods and Titans to recover his divine wife, that lovely Sita whose name is a household word in

India. Here, Ravana, the Demon King of Ceylon, held her in captivity; and in that older fight to recover a purer Helen, the army of Rama strode across the great bridge of scattered rocks between Ceylon and India. Still may be seen the gap that no strength, human or divine, could mend, where the mighty host was stayed until a little tree-squirrel, for love of Rama, laid his small body in the hollow, and because love is the bridge eternal between the Two Worlds, the host passed over it, triumphant. But Rama, stooping from his godhead, bent over it and touched the dead fur tenderly as he passed, and to this day the tree-squirrels bear the marks of the divine fingers upon their coats of gray.

There is no demarcation in Asia between so-called animal and human life. Rama himself had passed through the animal incarnations of the upward way, and knew well what beats in the little heart beneath fur and feather.

In the wonderful Birth-Stories of the Lord Buddha he has recorded his memories of the incarnations of bird, animal, and lesser lives, through which a steadfast evolution led him to the Ten Perfections. How should he not know, and, knowing, love? Is it not written by one of the greatest of Buddhist saints, 'To the eye of flesh, plants and trees appear to be gross matter; but to the eye of the Buddha they are composed of minute spiritual particles; grass, trees, countries, the earth itself,

shall enter wholly into Buddhahood'? And does not science, faltering far behind the wisdom of the mighty, adumbrate these truths in its later revelations?

We know too little of the wisdom of the East. The Magi still journey to Bethlehem, but only those who have the heart of the Child may receive their gold, myrrh, and frankincense.

Yet, for mere beauty's sake, these stories of the East should be read. Men thrill to the mighty thunder-roll of Homer's verse, but the two supreme epics of India are little known. If the West would gather about the storyteller as the East gathers, in bazaar or temple court, the stories should be told from these and other sources, until Rama stands beside the knightly Hector, and Sita's star is set in the same heaven where shines the lonely splendor of Antigone.

When the rapturous peace of the Lord Buddha could no longer be contained within the heart of India, it overflowed, and like a rising tide submerged Ceylon. And now, although India has forgotten and has returned to the more ancient faiths, Ceylon remembers. The Lotos of the Good Law blossoms in every forest pool. The invocation to the Jewel in the Lotos is daily heard from every monastery of the Faith, where the yellow-robed Brethren still follow the Way marked for them by the Blessed One who in Uruvela attained to that supernal enlightenment of which he said, 'And that deep knowledge have I made my own — that knowledge, hard to perceive, hard to understand, peace-giving, not to be gained by mere reason, which is deeper than the depths, and accessible only to the wise. Yet, among living men are some whose eyes are but a little darkened with dust. To them shall the truth be manifest.'

If it be an aim of travel to see what is

beautiful and strange, it may be also an aim to seek that spiritual beauty where it sits enthroned in its own high places; and my hope in Ceylon was to visit the land where that strait and narrow way of Buddhism is held which is known as the Hinayana — or the Lesser Vehicle. In Thibet, China, and Japan, I had known the efflorescence of the Buddhist Faith where, recognizing the mystic emanations of the Buddhas, it becomes the Greater Vehicle and breaks into gorgeous ritual and symbolism, extraordinarily beautiful in themselves, and yet more so in their teaching. Buddhism, in those countries, like the Bride of the Canticles, goes beautifully in jewels of gold and raiment of fine needlework, within her ivory palaces. In Ceylon, like the Lady Poverty of Saint Francis of Assisi, she walks with bared feet, bowed head, her begging-bowl in hand, simple and austere in the yellow robe of the Master — her rock-temples and shrines as he himself might have blessed them in their stern humility. Save at the Temple of the Tooth, the splendors she heaps upon his altars are those of her flowers. With these she may be lavish because his life was wreathed with their beauty. He was born in a garden, beneath a Tree he attained Wisdom, in a garden he died. A faith that is held by nearly every tenth living man or woman is surely worthy of reverence and study, even in these hurrying days when gold, not wisdom, is the measure of attainment.

So I came to Ceylon.

## II

Near a little town in the hills stands a Wihara — a monastery — dreaming in the silent sunshine. The palms are grouped close about the simple roofs — so close that the passing tourist could never guess that the Head of the

Buddhist Faith in Ceylon, a great saint, a great ruler of seven thousand priests, dwelt there in so secret, so complete an austerity.

He was a very old man when I came, but his ninety-two years sat lightly on him and each year had laid its tribute of love and honor at his feet. He was known as the Maha Nayaka Thero; and in religion, for love of the Master, he had taken the Master's human name of Siddhartha. It was strange indeed to see the simplicity of his surroundings — to me it appeared singularly beautiful: it breathed the spiritual purity that had made him beloved throughout the island.

A great scholar, deeply learned in Sanskrit and Pali and in the abstruse philosophy that is for the elders of the Law, he was yet the gentlest of men, and his very learning and strength were all fused into a benignant radiance that sunned the griefs of the world he had cast so far behind him.

I was glad to wander about in the quiet monastery — the little one-storied quadrangle on the side of the hill. It offered — it invited — the life of meditation, of clear thought, of delicate austerity. The noise of great events (so-called) was like the dim murmur of a shell when they reached the Wihara and the ear of Sri Siddhartha. But he heard, he noted the progress of science, even to the possibilities of aviation, because to a Buddhist saint all spheres of knowledge are one, and all nothing, in the Ocean of Omniscience.

So the people brought their grievances and troubles to the aged Archbishop. You were in the presence of a very great gentleman when you entered and found him seated, his scribe cross-legged at his feet to record what passed. The people would approach him softly and with the deepest reverence, and with permission would seat themselves on the ground at a due distance.

'Venerable Sir, we are in trouble. We seek your counsel.' That was the cry. And always, in spite of his many years, he listened and counseled and comforted.

Soon after my arrival his birthday was celebrated with much rejoicing. The Bhikkus (monks) had put up little festive bamboo arches, fluttering with split palm-leaves like ribbons, all about the Wihara, and troops of Bhikkus came to lay their homage at his feet. The roads were sunshiny with their yellow robes as they flocked in from remote places — jungle, cave-temples, and far mountains. The laity came also, crowding to see the Venerable One. He received them all with serene joy, and pursued his quiet way, thinking, reading, meditating on the Three Jewels — the Lord, the Law, and the Communion of Saints. And the Bhikkus departed, believing that he might be among them for many days.

But so it was not to be; for, a few days later, while he was sweeping the garden walks, a duty he had made his own, he felt a sudden loss of strength, and lying down, in two hours he passed painlessly away.

I was permitted to visit Sri Siddhartha as he lay in death. The room was very simple and bare. Many of his Bhikkus stood about him, and there were flowers, flowers, everywhere. Beside him burned a perfumed gum, sending up its thin blue spirals of fragrance.

I was received with perfect kindness, and especially by his favorite disciple and pupil — a young monk with a worn ascetic face, who stood in deep meditation at the head of his Master. He looked up and smiled, and raised the face-cloth that I might see, and looked down again at the brown face, calm as a mask of Wisdom with its closed lips and eyes. Even closed, they looked old — old. A Bhikku, standing by, told me that all had loved him and were be-

reaved in his going; 'But for him — he is in the Nirvana of Paradise.'

The strange phrase awoke in my mind the words of the Blessed One, and I repeated them as I stood beside that quiet sleep.

'But this, O Bhikkus, is the highest, this is the holiest wisdom — to know that all suffering has vanished away. He has found the true deliverance that lies beyond the reach of change.'

And I remembered the symbolic fresco in Ceylon, representing the Lord Buddha borne dead on a chariot in a garden. The gardener digs his grave, but the Lord awakes from death, and bids the man know he is not dead but living. The Buddha stands majestic by the open grave — the gardener recoils in fear. Death has no more dominion.

So I left Sri Siddartha lying in the mystery where all the wisdoms are one.

In the garden, in the riot of tropical blossom and beauty, a Bhikku was standing in the perfect stillness that is a part of the discipline. He greeted me, and we spoke of my quest.

'Go,' he said, 'to Mihintale, where the Law first came to this island by the hands of Mahinda. Seek also the great Dagoba where stand the images of the Buddhas that have been and of Him who is to come. And under the Tree which is a part of that Tree beneath which the Blessed One received illumination, meditate on Truth.'

I delayed only that I might see the flames receive the discarded body of the Venerable One; and the ceremony took place next day amid a vast gathering of the people and the great companies of the Bhikkus. They flooded the ways with sunshine in every shade of yellow, from deep primrose to a tawny orange. The roads were strewn with rice like snowflakes, stamped into star-shapes. A strange, melancholy music went with us. So, climbing a steep hill, we came to the pyre, heaped with the scented and

aromatic woods of the jungles, and closed from human view by a high scaffolding draped with bright colors. On this pyre he was laid, and one of his own blood, holding a torch, applied the pure element to the wood; and, as he did so, the assembly raised a cry of 'Sadhu, Sadhu!' and with that ascription of holiness a sheet of flame swept up into the crowns of the palms, and the scent of spices filled the air. And even as the body of the Blessed One passed into grey ash, passed also the worn-out dwelling of Sri Siddartha.

I made my way next day to a temple hollowed in the rock, the ceiling of which is frescoed with gods and heroes. It is taught that here the Canon of the Buddhist Scriptures was first committed to writing about 450 B.C. Here five hundred priests, learned in the Faith, assembled, and collating the Scriptures, chanted every word, while the scribes recorded them with stylus and palm-leaf as they heard. Burmese, Thibetans, Indians, all were present, that so the Law might be carried over Asia, and the Peace of the Blessed One be made known to men.

Here, too, the discipline was fixed. The Bhikku must not be touched by a woman's hand. He must eat but twice a day, and not after noon. He must keep the rule of the Lady Poverty as did Saint Francis. He must sleep nowhere but in Wiharas and other appointed places. And these are but a few of the commands. Yet, if the rule is too hard for him, the Bhikku may relinquish it at his will, and return to the world a free man — a fettered man, as the Master would have said, but free according to the rule of the Transient World. It is said that few accept this permission.

It took little imagination to people the silent temple with the Assembly — the keen intellectual Indian faces, the yellow robe and the bared shoulder,

seated in close ranks in the twilight of the temple. Now it was silent and empty, but a mysterious aura filled it. The buildings of men's hands pass away, but the rock, worn not at all, save where feet come and go, preserves the aspect of its great day, when it was the fountain-head of the Truth.

A solemn gladness filled the air. Surely the West is waking to the message of the East — that message, flowing through the marvelous art of China and Japan, through the deep philosophies of India, the great Scriptures of the Buddhist Faith, and many more such channels. And we who have entered the many mansions through another gate may share and rejoice in the truths that are a world-heritage.

### III

It was time now that I should visit the holy places, and I took the road through the jungle, intending to stay at the little rest-houses which exist to shelter travelers. The way is green with grass in the middle; there are two tracks for wheels — narrow and little used. Even the native huts may sometimes be forty miles apart. And on either side runs the huge wall of the jungle, holding its secrets well.

Great trees, knotted with vines and dark with heavy undergrowth, shut me in. Sometimes a troop of silver-gray monkeys swept chattering overhead; sometimes a few red deer would cross the road, or a blue shrike flutter radiantly from one shelter to another. Mostly, the jungle was silent as the grave, but living, breathing, a vast and terrible personality; an ocean, and with the same illimitable might and majesty. Traveling through it, I was as a fish that swims through the green depths of water.

So I journeyed in a little bullock cart — and suddenly, abruptly, as if

dropped from heaven, sprang out of the ocean of the jungle that bathed its feet a huge cube of rock nearly five hundred feet high, with lesser rocks spilt about it that would have been gigantic were it not for the first — the famous Sigurya.

An ancient people, led by a parricide king, took this strange place and made of it a mighty fortress. They cut galleries in the living rock that, like ants, they might pass up and down unharmed from below; and on the head of the rock — a space four acres in extent — they set a king's palace and pleasance, with a bathing-tank to cool the torrid air. Then, still desiring beauty, this people frescoed the sheer planes of this precipitous rock of Sigurya with pictures that modern Sinhalese art cannot rival. These vast pictures represent a procession of royal and noble ladies to a shrine, with attendants bearing offerings. Only from the waist upward are the figures visible; they rise from clouds as if floating in the sky. The faces have an archaic beauty and dignity. One, a queen, crowned and bare-bosomed, followed by attendants bearing stiff lotos blooms, is beautiful indeed, but in no Sinhalese or Indian fashion — a face dark, exotic, and heavy-lidded, like a pale shadowed orchid. It is believed the whole rock was thus frescoed into a picture-gallery, but time and weather have taken toll of the rest.

The government has put steps and climbing rails, that the height may be reached. Half-way up is a natural flatness, and above it soars the remainder of the citadel, to be climbed only by notches cut in the rock, and hand-rails as a safeguard from the sheer fall below. And here this dead people had done a wonderful thing. They had built a lion of brick, so colossal that the head towered to the full height of the ascent. It has fallen into ruin, but

the proportion of the great cat-paws that remain indicate a beast some two hundred feet high. There is a gate between the paws, and in the old days they clambered up through the body of the lion and finally through his throat, into the daylight of the top. Only the paws are left, complete even to the little cat-claw at the back of each. Surely one of the strangest approaches in the world! Here and there the shelving of the rock overhangs the ascent, and drops of water fall in a bright crystal rain perpetually over the jungle so far below.

Standing upon the height, it was weirdly lovely to see the eternal jungle monotonously swaying and waving beneath. I thought of the strange feet that had followed these ways, with hopes and fears so like our own. And now their fortress is but a sunny day's amusement for travelers from lands unknown, and the city sitteth desolate, and the strength of their building is resumed into the heart of nature. The places where men have lived are dead indeed in their ruin, but the places where men have worshiped and lifted their hands to the Infinite are never dead. The Spirit that is Life Eternal hovers about them, and the green that binds their broken pillars is the green of an immortal hope.

The evening was now at hand, and, after the sun-steeped day, the jungle gave out its good smells, beautiful earth-warm smells like a Nature-Goddess, rising from the vast tangle of life in the mysterious depths. You may gather the flowers on their edge and wonder what the inmost flowers are like that you will never see — rich, labyrinthine, beyond all thought to paint.

The jungle is as terrible as an army with banners. Sleeping in the little rest-house when the night has fallen, it comes close up to you, creeping, leaning over you, calling, whispering, vi-

brating with secret life. A word more, — only one, — a movement, and you would know the meaning and be gathered into the heart of it; but always there is something fine, impalpable, between, and you catch but a breath of the whisper.

Very wonderful is the jungle! In the moonlight of a small clearing I saw the huge bulk of three wild elephants feeding. They vanished like wraiths into the depths. The fireflies were hosting in the air like flitting diamonds. Stealthy life and movement were about me: the jungle, wideawake and aware, moving on its own occasions.

A few days later I was at Anaradhapura. Once a million people dwelt in the teeming city. Now it is a village, but inexpressibly holy because it contains in its own temple the sacred Bodhi Tree which is an offshoot of that very Tree beneath which the Lord Buddha received the Perfect Wisdom. Ceylon desired this treasure, and they tried to break a branch from the Tree, but dared not, for it resisted the sacrilege. But the Princess Sanghamitta, in great awe and with trembling hand, drew a line of vermilion about the bough, and at that line it separated from the Tree, and the Princess planted it in perfumed earth in a golden vase, and so brought it, attended by honors human and superhuman, to Ceylon — to this place, where it still stands. It is believed to be 2230 years old.

With infinite reverence I was given two leaves, collected as they fell; and it is difficult to look on them unmoved if indeed this Tree be directly descended from that other, which sheltered the triumphant conflict with evil.

The city itself is drowned in the jungle. In the green twilight you meet a queen's palace, with reeling pillars and fallen capitals, beautiful with carved moonstones, for so are called the steps of ascent. Or lost in tangle, a

manger fifty feet long for the royal elephants, or a nobly planned bath for the queens, where it is but to close the eyes and dream that dead loveliness floating in the waters once so jealously guarded, now mirroring the wild woodways. A little creeper is stronger than all our strength, and our armies are as nothing before the silent legions of the grass.

Later, I stood before the image of that Buddha who is to come—who in the Unchanging awaits his hour: Maitreya, the Buddha of Love. A majestic figure, robed like a king, for he will be royal. In his face, calm as the Sphinx, must the world decipher its hope, if it may. Strangely, in most of his images this Savior who shall be is seated like a man of the West, not like an Asiatic, and many learned in the Faith believe that this Star shall rise in the West. May he come quickly!

#### IV

I set out next day for Mihintale, in a world dewy, virginal, washed with morning gold, the sun shooting bright arrows into the green shade of the trees—a cloud of butterflies lovely as little flower-angels going with me. One splendor, rose-red, velvet-black, alighted with quivering wings on the mouse-gray shoulder of the meek little bull that drew my cart.

The Hill of Mihintale rises abruptly as Sigurya from the forests, and the very air about it is holy, for it was on this great hill that Mahinda, mysteriously transported from India, alighted bewildered as one waking from a dream. Here the King, Tissa, seeing the saint seated beneath a tree, heard a voice he could not gainsay that called his name three times; and so, approaching with his nobles, he received the Teaching of the Blessed One.

The hill is climbed by wonderful

carved shallow steps, broken now, but most beautiful with an overgrowth of green. At the sides are beds of the Sensitive Plant, with its frail pink flowers. They faint and fall if touched, and here you would not even breathe roughly upon them, for the Buddhists regard the shrinking creatures as living and hold it sinful to cause such evident suffering.

Descending the gray steps, the shade and sunshine dappling his yellow robe and bared shoulder with noble color, came a priest, on his way to visit the sick of the little village. He stopped and spoke. I told him I had come from visiting the shrines of Burma, and he desired me to give him a description of some matters I had seen there. I did so, and we talked for some time, and it was then mentioned that my food, like his own, necessitated no taking of life. Instantly his whole face softened as he said that was glad news to hear. It was the fulfilling of a high commandment. Would I receive his blessing, and his prayer that the truth might enlighten me in all things? He bestowed both, and, having made his gift, went upon his way with the dignity of perfect serenity. That little circumstance of food (as some would call it) has opened many a closed door to me in Asia.

At the top of the hill is a deep shadowy rock-pool, with a brow of cliff overhanging it; and this is named the Cobra's Bath, for it is believed that in the past there was a cobra who used, with his outspread hood, to shelter the saint, Mahinda, from the torrid sun, and who was also so much a little servant of the Law that none feared and all mourned him when he passed upon his upward way in the chain of existences. Here, above the pool where he loved to lie in the clear cool, they sculptured a great cobra, with three hooded heads, rising, as it were, from the water. It was most sinuously beautiful and



looked like the work of a great and ancient people, gathering the very emblem of Fear into the great Peace. On the topmost height was the *stupa*, or shrine, of Mahinda, encasing its holy relic, and the caves where his priests dwelt and still dwell. I entered one, at the invitation of a Bhikku, an old man with singularly beautiful eyes, set in a face of wistful delicacy. He touched my engraved ring and asked what it might mean. Little enough to such as he, whose minds are winged things and flutter in the blue tranquillities far above the earth!

The caves are many, with a rock-roof so low that one cannot stand upright — a strange, dim life, it would seem, but this Bhikku spoke only of the peace of it, the calm that falls with sunset and that each dawn renews. I could not doubt this — it was written upon his every gesture. He gave me his blessing, and his prayer that I might walk forever in the Way of Peace. With such friends as these the soul is at home. Peace. It is indeed the salutation of Asia, which does not greet you with a desire for health or prosperity as in the West, but only — Peace.

I would willingly tell more of my seekings and findings in Ceylon, for they were many and great. But I pass on to the little drowsy hill-town of Budalla, where the small bungalows nest in their gardens of glorious flowers and vines. I sat in the churchyard, where the quiet graves of English and Sinhalese are sinking peacefully into oblivion. It was Sunday, with a Sabbath calm upon the world. A winding path led up to the open door of the little

English church, a sweet breeze swayed the boughs and ruffled the long grass of the graves; the butterflies, small Psyches, fluttered their parable in the air about me. A clear voice from the church repeated the Lord's Prayer, and many young voices followed. It was a service for the Sinhalese children who have been baptized into the Christian Faith. They sang of how they had been brought out of darkness and the shadow of death and their feet set upon the Way of Peace.

Surely it is so. When was that Way closed to any who sought? But because man must follow his own categorical imperative, I repeated to myself, when they were silent, the words of the poet Abdul Fazl, which he wrote at the command of the Emperor Akbar as an inscription for a Temple in Kashmir: —

O God, in every temple I see people that see Thee, and in every language they praise Thee.

If it be a mosque, men murmur the holy prayer, and if it be a Christian church they ring the bell from love to Thee.

Sometimes I frequent the Christian cloister, and sometimes the mosque, but it is Thou whom I seek from temple to temple.

Thine elect have no dealing with heresy or orthodoxy, for neither of these stands behind the screen of thy Truth.

Heresy to the heretic and religion to the orthodox!

But the dust of the rose-petal belongs to the heart of the perfume-seller.

Yes — and an ancient Japanese poet, going yet deeper, says this thing: 'So long as the mind of a man is in accord with the Truth, the Gods will hear him though he do not pray.'

## GERMANY REVISITED

BY J. BENNETT NOLAN

### I

A PARIS grown prosaic to those who knew it in the days of the shrill *alerte*, when the hostile avions flapped overhead, has lost something of its old charm. One involuntarily misses the boom that betokened the landing of the giant shells. I concluded that Germany, if equally profitless from the standpoint of excitement, might at least show more of interest.

The great, dimly lighted Gare de l'Est was as crowded and uncontrolled as in the days when we used to take the morning train for G.H.Q. at Chaumont. And, incidentally, it is quite as warlike since the *permissionnaires* of two armies of occupation are continually pouring through it. The half-effaced legend, 'Lignes de Mulhouse,' antedating the war of 1870, is still there. I remembered looking at it on the morning when the news came that Soissons had fallen. How hopelessly ironical it seemed when there appeared to be little likelihood that Mulhouse would ever be known by any other title than that of Mühlhausen. Now two new and proud *affiches* mark the platforms, as symbolical of victory as triumphal arches might be. One bears the words 'Metz, Trèves, Coblenz,' and the other, 'Strasbourg, Mayence, Wiesbaden.'

Instead of the Teutonic tourists in their long, woolen cloaks, who were wont to take the eastern trains in other days, there was a steady stream of athletic young soldiers in the horizon blue of the infantry, or the red fez and

khaki of the Colonials. That picturesque figure of other days, the unshaven middle-aged *poilu*, bending under the load of his pack and saucepan and extra pair of shoes, has disappeared. He has gone back to the farm and to the workshop, and in his place were these lithe fellows of the Line. A few German civilians there were, to be sure, who looked curiously at the soldiers and seemed to think that the times were sadly out of joint.

'Your luck is in,' said the sergeant in the American R.T.O. 'Usually it is hard to get a sleeping-compartment unless you have ordered it days ahead, but the boys in Coblenz are going on manoeuvres in a few days, and no leaves are being handed out.'

I got into my comfortable compartment, and knew little more until I was awakened by the Luxembourg customs officials in their high-peaked, Austrian-like hats.

My neighbor in the next compartment came out in the passageway, and, finding that I spoke German, engaged me in conversation. He had remained in his home at Saargemünde, it appeared, throughout the war, because he managed an *Eisenfabrik*, and his presence was imperative.

'I would rather have been at the front,' he said regretfully. 'Our food was so execrable, and toward the end we could hardly get a night's sleep because our fliers came so regularly.'

He went on to speak of the aerial

bombardment, contending that the actual damage, which he computed shrewdly enough, was trifling in comparison with the gigantic scope and cost of the effort; and that the greatest damage done was to the shattered nerves of the workers in the *Kriegsfabriken*, who could not work properly after a disturbing night.

'I know exactly,' he said, 'because one of your American officers was quartered with me directly after the Armistice. It was his business to check up the damage done by the Allied fliers and he was amazed to find there was so little. Take the aniline plant in Ludwigshaven, which your newspapers claimed was so heavily damaged: it was scarcely even struck.'

His conclusion was that in which the best judgment of England has lately come to concur, namely, that the measures of defense did not increase in proportion to the means of aerial aggression. The elaborate barrage which protected Mannheim and Frankfort would not have sufficed to prevent their virtual destruction by the Allied fliers, had the war lasted a few more months. Similarly, the comparative immunity enjoyed by London and Paris in the last weeks of the war was due not so much to the defensive systems, efficacious though they were, but rather to the breakdown in the German morale. My fellow traveler set up for an authority on Zeppelins, and stated that their failure was due to their extreme vulnerability to explosive bullets. With the use of helium, a non-inflammable gas, he considered that the Zeppelin would be a far more effective agent of destruction than the aeroplane.

By this time we were rolling through the beautiful valley of the Saar, which has lately loomed so large on the troubled political horizon. My companion was at the expense of some sar-

casm concerning the Allied nations who, while purporting to fight for Democracy, had turned over a district in which ninety-five per cent of the people were Germans, to French control. Having just come from the tortured city of Rheims, two days before, I was in no humor to be lectured by a Boche, and reminded him rather sharply that the French control was for a limited period only, to the end of securing the coal-supply. I invited him to visit the devastated Aisne Valley before criticizing any steps which the Allied powers had taken in Germany. This caused somewhat of a coldness between us, and he left me at Trier with a very gruff 'Guten Morgen.'

The great Bahnhof at Trier seemed unchanged except for the tricolor floating over the office of the *major de cantonnement*, and the number of French soldiers of all branches of service. German uniforms, of course, there were none; but by a special indulgence promulgated some days before by the Rhineland Commission, the display of the German flag was again permitted. What the Republican flag is, or whether there is any, I never discovered; but the old *Schwarz, Weiss, und Rot* was in evidence at many of the windows

## II

The train pursued its way, following the sinuosities of the beautiful Moselle, and finally brought us into the teeming Bahnhof of Coblenz. Here all was American and khaki-clad and business-like. The military police, with their long batons, paced the platforms.

At the hotel, the embarrassments of the vanquished were brought home to me when the proprietor asked me if I were American. Only Americans, it appeared, military or civil, were to be quartered at the best of the river-front hotels. A German fellow traveler had

the mortification of being told to seek a less comfortable hostelry on a side street. *Væ victis!*

My bedroom was placarded with warnings that were in themselves evidence of the weakening of moral fibre in a nation which had once been regarded as an exemplar in the homelier virtues. One was advised not to put one's boots outside of the door at night, and to keep baggage continually under surveillance, and was even warned of the prevalence of venereal diseases. I had noticed in the railroad stations how the associations for *Versicherungs Reisegepäck*, or protection of baggage against theft, had multiplied. Then, too, there was the flaunting of certain forms of vice whose publicity would not have been tolerated in the old days.

The Rhine embankment, with its noble terraces and *allées*, shimmered in the sunshine of that lovely August day. The stately municipal buildings, now occupied by the Allied Rhineland Commission, the glowing flood of the broad river, the bridge of boats, the castled crag of Ehrenbreitstein, confronted me as they did Childe Harold on just such a day, a century since. Only now, from the highest point of the storied castle, floated an enormous and singularly beautiful American flag, an earnest of victory and an emblem of defiance in the clear autumnal air.

The American Occupation at Coblenz, albeit complete and effectual, is the shadow of a shade. 'You should have seen the place when the boys were here,' said the doughboy who drove me out in his camion to the great outlying fortress of Feste Franz. 'The M.P.'s had their hands full, I can tell you. Now we are all fat as butter from this lazy life. This here fortress, now: she is all mined by our engineers and ready to go up some time this fall, when the other Rhine forts are demolished. We get along pretty well with the Boches;

but then we know how to treat them. If a Boche tries to take up too much of the sidewalk, we just push him out into the street.'

The centre of activity in Coblenz, at the present moment, is the great group of buildings on the Rhine embankment. Here float the flags of the Great Powers that make up the Commission. An army of clerks inhabits the ornate rooms; the sentries of four armies pass before its doors. Conscientious German policemen keep order in the crowd of idle onlookers, and salute punctiliously with the passing of each Allied officer.

The city of Blücher and Moreau is ludicrously Americanized, to those who knew it in other days. Chewing-gum and Camel cigarettes are displayed in the windows. The street gamins pester one in very tolerable English slang. A baseball schedule is displayed on the great bulletin board in the Schloss Platz; and in contrast to the homesickness which featured the closing days of the A.E.F. in France, no one in Coblenz seemed to wish to go home.

'Live we not here a pleasant life betwixt the sun and shade,'

quoted one of the officers who knew his Thackeray. The spectre of an arid America seemed to loom with nameless terror.

The train for Wiesbaden was as crowded as in the old tourist days. A French general, resplendent in gold-embroidered oak-leaves, preceded me, accompanied by his orderly. They inquired as to the platform for Mayence. 'It is there, *mon général*,' said one of the *Eisenbahn Angestellten* in excellent French. But I heard him mutter to the ticket-puncher that the name had been Mainz at one time, and might soon be so again.

Opposite to me, in the crowded compartment, sat three alert middle-aged Germans, who appraised me with practised eye. The habit of cutting the

hair quite close has somehow survived the war, and often gives that peculiar animal-like appearance which suggests the typical German physiognomy of the great Dutch caricaturist. I knew at once that my vis-à-vis had seen military service, and they accosted me as an American. We chatted amiably enough until we came below St. Goar and observed a company of French engineers throwing a pontoon bridge across the river. I innocently asked if this were not the place where Blücher had made his famous crossing in 1813. They answered that it was, and then, evidently moved by the contrast, broke into invective against the rigor of the Allies, the duplicity of the Americans, and the stupidity of their own leaders, who, they alleged, had brought them to so sorry a pass.

'Look at me,' exclaimed the younger and most soldierly appearing of the three. 'I have worn the King's coat for fourteen years. I had been artillery officer at Plauen since 1906. Now I am turned off, a broken man, glad to get an obscure clerkship in Frankfurt. We could not have been worse off if we had fought to the end. But it was your Wilson who tricked us, with his fine protestations and his fourteen points. If only we had not been such dupes as to give up our weapons and our railroads!'

We passed a freight train moving on the up track. 'Do you see that hay?' he continued. 'Do you know where it is going? To France. They have taken our milk-cows while our children starve; they have taken our best locomotives, which they cannot even use, and now they want our grain. If only we had stood shoulder to shoulder and said, "Lassen sie uns nur kommen."'

The second man, whom I found to be a wine merchant from Bodenbach, began, with more moderation, to discuss the stringency of the times. 'I must

pay my people three times as much as in 1913, but they will not work. During the war they became accustomed to periods of two or three weeks of intense endeavor, followed by months of inactivity. It has ruined them. And then the French will give me no sugar, and I cannot properly prepare my wine. We have a good fruit harvest, particularly in apples, but without sugar they will all be wasted.'

Now we were passing Bacharach. In mid-stream steamed two rakish, light-draught torpedo-boats, each with a wicked gun mounted on the foredeck. They were units of the Flotille Rhénane, with which the French police the river. Opposite the Bahnhof was a storehouse now used as a barracks by the occupying army. Above the roof fluttered the beautiful tricolor, and beside it some strange green ensign of the Prophet. From each window appeared swarthy faces under red fezes; before the door paced a gigantic Moroccan sentry. My companions regarded the Colonials with gloomy eye, and began to tell me of their misdeeds, rapes, and tyrannies, and of the still wilder Senegalese who had preceded them.

'The French might at least have garrisoned us with civilized troops,' said the ex-artillery officer.

I told him, not too mincingly, that I might have had more sympathy with him if I had not the week previous been in the Champagne; and suggested that the native French might well be needed at home to restore a countryside which his countrymen had so hideously ravaged.

A palpable hit, this, for he could only mutter something about 'Krieg ist Krieg.'

The third traveler, who had said little, began now to discuss the war, showing a correctness of information that seems to be the attribute of every educated German, and that causes one

to marvel that so shrewd a people should have committed so many and such grave blunders in the conduct of the war. Like most of his countrymen, however, he had no conception of the American standpoint.

'The mistake we made in America,' said he, 'was in allowing the newspapers to be bought up by the English. We should have floated a big loan in your country. If your money had been invested with us in any great quantity, you would never have entered the war.' Again, speaking of the end of the conflict, 'We were beaten from within; it all seemed so hopeless. Those who had come home to work for the allotted period in the munition factories refused to go back to the front. The men grew to hate their officers. The whole world seemed to be against us.'

I was curious to see how he had viewed the shocking poltroonery that had sent out a much-vaunted navy, under a white flag, to surrender to their arch enemies. This amazing proceeding, however, had apparently left him quite cold. It was certain destruction to fight, he said; if a surrender was to be made, as well do it thoroughly. I began dimly to see that the real elements of national greatness were wanting in a folk who could reason so callously where the honor of the entire people was concerned.

My three companions expressed themselves quite freely as to the payment of the war-indemnity and were unanimously of the opinion that no indemnity would ever be paid. Indeed, I never spoke to any German during my stay in their country who professed to believe that it would be paid, even in part.

### III

We crossed the Rhine and rolled into the great ornate Bahnhof, built for the loveliest and most cosmopolitan of the

German watering-places. I recalled Wiesbaden as I had left it six years before, on the first feverish day of the mobilization. I remembered the tumult and the excitement, the quays heaped high with pyramids of trunks of belated tourists, the continual clanging of the church-bells. What a change now from the well-ordered state of other days! The platforms were unscrubbed and littered with paper. The beautiful bluish-glass roof was grimy. Of the host of deferential porters in former times not one appeared to take my bag. Near the ticket-gate we must turn to avoid a row of French soldiers sleeping on the stone floor.

My driver told me that Wiesbaden was full, that the Allied officers from Köln and Coblenz brought much custom, but that prices were high, and that the once conservative city was drifting into the control of the Spartacists. He carried me to my destination smartly enough, and I gave him a generous fare in German currency, which, if exchanged into our money, would about equal the tip that a New York cabbie would expect for a similar service.

The luxurious Rose is one of the few larger hotels which the French have not taken over. The befrogged porter, sadly altered from the pompous demeanor of other days, received me with a rueful smile. He had served four years, it appeared, and had been three times wounded. Business was returning, but very slowly, and 'Es heist arbeiten,' he observed hopefully.

I secured a room for an absurdly trivial figure in my American exchange, and ascended to the glass-enclosed terrace, through which had flowed the gay life of other days. At that corner table, in 1914, I had seen the last of the Orleanist princes, the Pretender, who had magnanimously volunteered in the first days of the war to fight as a private

under the three-colored flag so abhorrent to his family. The table was occupied now by the American Commandant and his staff, come over from Coblenz for the day. His four-starred automobile stood outside, the only one of a long line which were usually parked there. Some English officers sat chatting at another table, and a group of commercial travelers at a third. Save for these, the great sunny terrace was deserted.

I deposited my bag, left the place where so many crowding memories were fast driving me into a fit of depression, and walked over to the gardens of the Koch Brunnen. The Anlagen lay shimmering and beautiful in the August sunshine, but the gates are open now. The French Commission has decreed that the health-giving waters shall be distributed without ticket or fee, except on the occasion of a concert.

The once plethoric gate-keeper was in his place, and recognized me immediately. He had stayed at home, but had also borne his particular cross, as was evident from his shrunken figure. 'Sehen sie nur an,' he exclaimed, as he stretched out his vest to show me how he had fallen from the corporeal estate of other days. I tried to console him by telling him that he looked much improved; but he only shook his head in doubtful fashion and began to tell me how ominous was the food-situation. The restrictions on the use of grain were still in force, and the bread was a wretched oily substance, differing little from the *Kriegsbrot*. Profiteering was on a gigantic scale, and was held in bounds only by the threats of the Spartacists. Only the week before, the shopkeepers had demanded six marks each for eggs. The Spartacists had risen and broken into the food-shops. Now eggs were back to the old price of four marks each.

I continued on my way to the famous

eye-hospital, where I had dwelt before the war. The names of the streets, I noticed, had been reposted in French. The 'Markt Platz' was now the 'Place du Marché,' and — crowning irony — the splendid 'Wilhelmstrasse' had been rechristened as the 'Rue Guillaume.' This was the street on which daily, in the first week of May, I had been accustomed to see the War Lord ride out for his promenade in the Taunus Wald. I recalled his brilliant train and the mounted lackeys who bore the great baskets into which the complaisant monarch heaped the bouquets that a devoted people presented. How imposing he looked on horseback, and with what easy affability he was wont to acknowledge the enthusiasm of his loyal subjects. And now he was drawing out a morose and dishonored exile, biting his fingers at destiny. This very street bore an alien name, and echoed to the marching steps of his hereditary foes. Had he shown himself upon it, his life would hardly have been safe from those same citizens who had once worshiped him almost as a god.

The renowned *Augen Klinik* seemed as scrupulously clean and well-ordered as ever. Through its doors, in the last decade, had passed many notabilities, seeking relief for distressed vision at the hand of the Master. I remembered how, on this pavement, old King Leopold was wont to pace up and down, early in the morning, waiting for the doors to open and admit him for his consultation. The door-man (a new face — poor Franz, the old porter, had fallen at Armentières) looked at me in some surprise. The Herr Doctor was engaged, but would see me shortly.

I walked upstairs and was joyfully received in the spotless diet kitchen, where I drank thin coffee and listened to the news. The war, it appeared, was a hideous nightmare of bad food and long exhausting hours, punctuated by

the alarm of nightly aeroplane raids on Mainz. The poor girls looked worn and haggard, and bore the uneasy, furtive expression which I noticed on so many faces in Germany. It seemed to hint at a future which bore little hope. 'We can hardly clothe ourselves on what we earn now,' said Minna. 'We earn three hundred marks a month, but the government takes a hundred and twenty of that in taxes, so you see there is not much left. And a decent pair of shoes costs six hundred marks.'

Word came that the Doctor was ready to see me, and I descended to his private office. I was astonished at the change in his appearance. This was the man whom the physicians of the great Empress Queen had called to England during her last sickness, to pass upon some defects in her vision, and who, report said, had been the first to discover that the august patient was dying and beyond human aid. Now he stood before me, thin and pallid; his clothes were shiny and worn. Although he greeted me cordially enough, it was evident that the iron had entered his soul.

He spoke of the war and of the shame and bitterness which it entailed. 'Sad times indeed! I can no longer afford to conduct my Klinik on the old lines, and yet my German patients are unable to pay me more than formerly. My English patients are returning; some are living here now and more will come. But I cannot take them at the old rates, nor can I have one rate for the Germans and another for the English and Americans. One of your American houses has asked me to come over for three months, they to arrange my consultations and take ten per cent of the fees. But I will not go while I must hang my head. When we Germans are reinstated in your public opinion, then, perhaps —'

He spoke of the military occupation without any attempt to conceal his

chagrin. 'The French take our all and we are powerless to prevent it. If the French commandant wishes my house, my goods, or my wife, he can do as he pleases. You remember how clean and decent this city used to be? Now it is full of official brothels and low dance-halls. They have garrisoned us with African troops, who know no law but their own lust. Only last week a young girl was found raped and murdered, outside of their barracks. Their officers make inquiries, but it seems no one is punished.'

He then began to detail to me the various and vexatious restrictions which were imposed upon the citizens. While listening, I was wondering whether he was aware of the fact that the French had simply taken the German proclamations which they had found in Lille and in the Belgian cities and retranslated them for use in the Rhineland. However, I could see nothing to gain by an argument, and we parted in friendly fashion.

I had a commission to perform in the older section of the city, and asked Teresa, gentlest and kindest of nurses, to go with me. As we walked along, she told me of the thousands of blinded officers who had passed through the Augen Klinik, and of the work and the suffering. She feared that the coming generation would be much weakened by the strain of five years of insufficient rationing.

'We will walk by the Röderstrasse,' she said, 'and you can see for yourself.'

I had known the Röderstrasse as a working-class quarter, teeming with life and overflowing with children. The children were still there, but many of them wan and stunted. In the central part of the city, where are the shops and the great hotels, the effects of the war are to be estimated only by such trivial tokens as shabby clothing, paper linen, and the absence of silver. Here,



in the poor man's house, the real result of the four years' blockade upon the development of the nation could best be observed. Children who were ten years old looked to be seven or eight. Many of the little faces were pinched; fat, rosy baby legs were scarcely to be seen.

'We have practically no milk,' continued Teresa, 'and not much chance of getting any for some months. It is a bad outlook for the very young and the very old, for these must have milk. It was a bitter day for us when we knew that the French were to come. It was raining hard on the day that they marched in, and everyone stayed indoors behind drawn curtains.'

By this time we had come the length of the mediæval Markt Platz, the centre of the old town. A strain of wild Oriental music came to our ears, and we knew by the gathering crowd that the daily ceremony of the changing of the guard was about to take place. The Markt Platz is flanked on one side by the Archducal Palace where the Emperor was wont to reside when he visited Wiesbaden. This is now the residence of the French Commander-in-Chief. Opposite is the stately old Rathaus. Above its Gothic portal still flaunts the erstwhile haughty motto:—

Wer im Kriege will unglück ha'en  
Fängt ihn mit den Preussen an.

Some military cynic on the staff of the occupying army had allowed this in-

scription to remain when many of the other legends were effaced. It is a biting commentary to a proud people, forced to pass beneath it in their daily life and to reflect upon the shortness of shine of human promise.

On the steps of the palace were the regimental commander and his staff, who stood at attention beneath the flag of France, while the officers of the day paced to and fro with drawn swords. Beyond them were three files of Algerian infantry, in red fezes, with abnormally long bayonets. These were drawn from the very border of the Great Desert, and had formed a part of the famous Division de Fer. Next was the regimental band, of trumpets and shrill African bagpipes. To each trumpet was attached a green pennon, embroidered in Arabic characters. Before the beginning of the tune, the tambour-major waved the cadence with a huge brass crescent; the lean, swarthy arms shot up in unison; the green banners waved, and then the barbaric strains of 'Sidi-Brahim' rang through the mediæval German square.

I looked about me into the faces of the crowd. A nation's cup of gall was being drained to the bitter dregs. I glanced down at Teresa and saw that there were tears in her eyes. We turned aside and left the Markt Platz, pondering as we went on the mutation of earthly greatness.

# LENIN

BY ALEXANDER KUPRIN<sup>1</sup>

VLADIMIR ILYICH ULIANOV was born in 1870. He is a nobleman, the son of a landowner in the Government of Simbirsk. He was educated at the Simbirsk Gymnasium and the Kazan University. He joined a revolutionary party while still a student. Early in his life he was arrested and exiled. Then he went abroad and spent the greater part of his mature life outside of Russia. He wrote, under the pseudonyms of Ilyin, Tulin, and Lenin, almost exclusively in the revolutionary journals published in Geneva. At the time of the revolution of 1905, he was in Petrograd, but had no important part in the events of that period, for the movement then was of purely proletarian character, and the workmen regarded the intelligentsia with mistrust and hostility.

He was one of the first to embrace the Marxian theory, and at the very beginning found himself at the extreme left wing of the movement. When the fatal split occurred in the Social-Democratic party, Lenin became the prophet and the leader of Bolshevism.

He was still a boy when his elder brother was executed for taking part in the assassination of Alexander II. What impression this produced on him it is impossible to tell: there are no biographical data on this subject. But there is no doubt that, even if this incident alone did not color his hatred for the ruling class with a personal hue, it could not but have deepened it.

<sup>1</sup> Translated from the Russian by Leo Pasvolksky.

Concerning his childhood and youth I have two bits of personal testimony.

The first is furnished by the poet, Apollon Korinsky, who was his classmate at the gymnasium. According to his account, Ulianov was serious and gloomy as a boy; he always kept to himself, never took part in common games. He was always a good student, usually the first in his class. There is one thing about him that the poet remembers clearly, perhaps through personal experience: Ulianov never prompted his neighbor, never permitted any of his classmates to copy his lessons, never helped any of them by an explanation of a difficult lesson. He was not liked, yet no one ever dared to tease him. So he passed through all the eight years of the gymnasium, always alone, awkward in his motions, serious, a wolfish light gleaming under his eyebrows.

The poet and critic Nevyedomsky knew him as a university student. At that time his character had already become quite set: straightforward, cruel, utterly lacking in feeling. Personal friendship and intimacy never attracted him. He shunned all escapades and even innocent sport. At the meetings of student societies, he never pushed forward, never became excited or began to argue. He waited until the rest of the young orators, wearied with their zeal, wound up against the eternal wall of all Russian discussions: 'You are talking nonsense, comrade!' — 'Oh, no, it is you, comrade, who are absurd!' Then he would ask for permission to speak, and would express his opinion

with cold logic, tersely and clearly. And although his opinion was always extreme, at times individual, he knew how to win over to his side the decision of the group.

It must be said that logic is not always convincing to a hundred young, hot, liberty-loving heads, and it was not his logic that constituted the secret of Lenin's success. Nor did that secret lie in personal fascination, for he never aroused in his classmates either sympathy or enmity. His success was due to the fact that even at that time there existed for him nothing sacred and holy, no lofty dream: he was never touched by inspiring though high-sounding words, by a beautiful though useless gesture, by a playful though one-sided comparison, by a sudden historic analogy, thought out on the spur of the moment and convincing on the face of it, though lacking in historic accuracy. In his narrow, cold, and clear mind there was no room for that which constitutes the joy and the beauty of youth — for imagination. He always reminded one of a serious, mature mathematician who comes to a group of boys making childish attempts to solve by means of home-made methods the problem of the square of the circle, or of perpetual motion; he smiles at their efforts, takes a paper and pencil, and in a few moments demonstrates the uselessness and the aimlessness of their task; then he goes away, leaving them disappointed, but convinced and contrite.

Yet there is not a monomaniac who, no matter what mastery he has over his will-power, does not at one time or another divulge his inner thought, his sole guiding idea. So it was with young Lenin. He always became excited, enthusiastic, even picturesque in his speech, when he had occasion to speak of the future seizure of governmental authority, at that time by the people,

not by the proletariat. According to Nevyedomsky, it was evident that for days at a stretch, perhaps during sleepless nights, alone with himself, he was working out plans for seizing the government — thinking them out, step by step, in every detail; forestudying all possibilities and eventualities.

Passing over a number of years, we see Lenin, in 1901, 1907, and 1908, taking part in armed expropriations. Those were his first attempts to pass from vision to actuality, from theory to practice. It was as if a young wolfhound, no longer a pup, but still too young for actual chase, were trying his strength and his cruelty on sheep and other dogs, letting alone the frogs and the chickens that were his concern in his puppyhood. According to men who knew Lenin well at this time of his life, he exhibited unusual resourcefulness, coupled with carefulness and foresight. His personal courage has always been very doubtful. Perhaps he simply took care of himself, as the guiding force, the most delicate part of the revolutionary dynamo!

Very often I have heard men who are opposed to the Bolsheviks, both those who understand what is going on and those who understand nothing at all, express the same stupid notion: —

'What do they care, all these Lenins, Trotskys, Zinovievs, Gorkys, and the rest? They get lots of money from the Germans and the Jews, and nothing else matters. They have all they want to eat, live in palaces, ride in automobiles. If their cause fails, they will all run away, to some other country. They all have millions in foreign banks, and then they will live in peace and luxury in their own villas, somewhere in the South.'

Such people, and they are the majority among the enemies of the Bolsheviks, remind me of the legend about the Little Russian peasant, who is supposed to have said, —

'If I were the Tsar, I would eat nothing but bacon, and I would sleep on bacon, and use bacon for a cover. And then I'd steal a hundred roubles and run away.'

And when I hear people talk about these German-Jewish millions, I always want to say to them, —

'My dear fellows, if your imagination cannot carry you any further than that, then I am sure that you are moved by nothing but envy. I can wager that, if you should read a report about a murder in which the murderer did not get what he expected, you would say, "What a fool! Why, he had only two kopeks in his pocket and a crust of bread in his bag. To kill a man just for that!" And if not "just for that"? Suppose there was a million dollars in the bag? Or suppose he had arranged things so that no traces would be left? Eh? What are you thinking about now, my ferocious anti-Bolshevist and counter-revolutionary?'

I do not speak of Zinoviev. His pampered nature organically requires chicken cutlets and caviar and expensive wines. And Zinoviev is so necessary for giving depth to the revolution. I do not speak of Gorky, Shaliapin, Lunacharsky. They are aesthetes, they are the priests of eternal art; they should be safeguarded from exhausting duties of everyday toil and placed under special conditions.

I speak of Lenin. He wants nothing. He is moderate in his food; he does not drink; he does not care where he lives; he is not particularly fond of women; he is a tolerably good husband; you cannot offer him a thirty-carat diamond of the most exquisite purity as a present without being spurned with the most contemptuous of smiles.

People without imagination cannot conceive or believe that there is another temptation, greater than all the material temptations in the world —

the temptation of power. For power, the most fearsome of crimes are committed. It was of power that someone said, that it is like sea-brine — the more you drink, the thirstier you are. Here is a prize worthy of Lenin.

But there is power *and* power.

The Little Russian peasant, continuing the story we began above, said, —

'And if I were the Tsar, I would sit in the street and hit in the face everyone who passed by.'

This is the highest manifestation of power, the most central affirmation of the ego.

Alas! even such wise men as Kerensky and Trotsky (I offer my apologies to Mr. Trotsky for bracketing his name with the other) have not escaped this naïve greed of power. From the end of February to the end of April all we heard was, 'I, Kerensky; I, a lawyer and a Socialist-Revolutionist; I, the Minister of Justice; I, the Supreme Commander-in-Chief; my address is the Winter Palace.' Trotsky rules more energetically, in the picturesque Biblical style: he demolishes houses and cities to their foundations and scatters the bricks to the four corners of the earth; he dooms to death unto the third generation; he punishes by fire and water. Yet (it must be instinctive tact) he never says, 'I,' but always, 'We.' But after his speeches in Petrograd or Moscow, the Communists would carry him out in triumph, and he would sit there, on his moving pedestal, calm and composed, extending his hairy hands to be kissed.

However, an 'I' squandered is no longer an 'I.' Of all the world's poets, Pushkin alone caught the essence, the apogee of power, when he created the image of his 'Miserly Knight.' To rule, while remaining outwardly powerless; to preserve in one's dungeon or in one's soul the potentiality of power, unhandled by the vulgar, unseized by

history, as a great inventor dreamed of compressing into a platinum vessel a bit of explosive that could blow up the whole world; to know that *I can*, and to think proudly, *I do not wish*—such power is a great delicacy and it is not for the vulgar.

And in Lenin, not the one whom I am trying to picture, but the real, living Lenin, there are gleams of these heroic features. It was so that he made great preparations to elevate to the post of President of the Soviet Republic M. Kalinin, a simple, ordinary man, who would be a will-less marionette in Lenin's hands. When his fiftieth birthday was celebrated, he was somewhere in the clouds—all the time that Comrade Lunacharsky and Comrade Nogin compared him with Marx, and Comrade Gorky, with tears in his eyes, announced to the world that Peter the Great was just a tiny Lenin, who is more of a genius, more of a figure of universal history, than the barbarous Tsar. And when the agitators' jaws grew weary with their exertions, Lenin came out, dressed, as always, neatly, modestly, and unpretentiously, smiled at them with his customary slightly contemptuous smile, and said,—

‘Thank you for sparing me the necessity of listening to your speeches. And my advice to you is not to spend so much time in unnecessary talk.’

To rule unseen, to make the whole world dance and ascribe the music to the world proletariat, this must be, indeed, an exciting subject for thought, when you lie alone in bed and are certain that no one will overhear you.

I can understand very readily an incident like the following.

Lenin comes out of his modest quarters in the Commandant's wing of the Kremlin Palace, into the hall where a conference is in progress. The crowd is obsequious before him. There are no bows, only sweaty hand-shakes and

smiles of dog-like loyalty. The words ‘Comrade Lenin’ have an inflection of greater abjectness than the words ‘Your Majesty’ ever had.

‘Comrade Lenin, strictly speaking, only two men now decide the fate of the world—you and Wilson.’

And Lenin hurries past, dropping carelessly, as if absentmindedly,—

‘Yes, but what has Wilson to do with it?’

But there is an ultimate form of power over the world, the greatest, the mightiest of all: it is the translation of a word, a naked idea, a precept or fantastic vision, into actuality, its incarnation in flesh and blood, in artistic images. Such power comes either from God or from the devil, and its possessors either create or destroy. Those who create work in the image of the Greatest Creator: everything they do is instinct with goodness and beauty. But at times the Black One dons white robes; and it is in his ability to do this, perhaps, that lies his greatest power and greatest menace. Was it not in the name of Christ that we had the inquisitions, the night of St. Bartholomew, the religious persecutions, the bloody monstrosities of sectarianism?

Lenin is not a genius; he is only moderately able. He is not a prophet; only an ugly evening shadow of a prophet. He is not a great leader: he lacks fire, the legendary fascination of a hero; he is cold, and prosaic, and simple, like a geometrical figure. With his whole being he is a theoretician, a passionless chess-player. Following in the footsteps of Marx, he carries out that cruel, stone-like teaching to its absurd results, and constantly tries to overstep even that limit. In his personal and intimate character there is not a single outstanding feature: they have all disappeared in political struggles and polemics; in the one-sidedness of his thought. But in his ideology

he is a Russian sectarian. Only those amazing Russian seekers after God and truth, those savage interpreters of the dead letter, could have translated separate expressions in the Gospel into their monstrous and absurd ceremonies and rites: into castration, self-burning, and their other atrocious practices. Marx is supreme for Lenin. There is not a speech of Lenin's in which he does not represent his Messiah as the immovable centre of the universe. But there is no doubt that, if Marx could have looked from *there* upon Lenin and his sectarian Asiatic Bolshevism, he would have repeated again his now famous phrase, 'Pardon, monsieur, je ne suis pas Marxiste.'

Beauty and art do not exist for Lenin. He has never been interested in the question why some people are moved to ecstatic joy by Beethoven's Sonata, or a Rembrandt painting, or the Venus of Milo, or Dante's poetry. Listening to such effusions, he would say with the condescending smile of a grown-up man speaking to children, 'Men sometimes waste their time on trifles. All these works of art that you speak of — what relation do they bear to the class-struggle and the future power of the proletariat?'

He is equally indifferent to separate human acts. The most despicable of crimes and the loftiest flights of the spirit are just simple, irrelevant facts. For him there is nothing either beautiful or repulsive. There is only the useful and the necessary. Human personality is nothing; the clash of class-interests and the struggle between classes is everything.

One night, five youths, almost boys, were brought to him in his room at the Smolny. Their crime consisted in the fact that an officer's epaulette had been found in their possession during a search. Neither at the Soviet nor at the Tribunal could they decide what

to do with them. Some insisted that they should be let go; others wanted them shot; still others wanted them detained till the morning. What would Comrade Lenin say?

Without interrupting his writing, Lenin moved his head slightly toward them and said, —

'Why do you bother me with such trifles? I am busy. Do anything you think necessary with them.'

This is simplicity — almost innocence. But this innocence is more terrifying than all the gruesome massacres of Trotsky and Dzerzhinsky. This is the quiet innocence of 'Moral Idiocy.'

Every Socialistic precept must contain a grain of love and respect for man. Lenin jeers at such sentimentalism. 'Only hatred, self-interest, fear, and hunger move the great masses,' he says to himself. But only to himself, for he knows when to be silent.

Red newspapermen sometimes try to create an image of Lenin as the father of the people, a kindly, good-natured, bald-headed 'Ilyich.' But these attempts always fail. The bald-headed Ilyich loves no one and needs no one's friendship. The task he has set before himself calls for the power of the proletariat, achieved through hatred, death, and destruction. He does not care how many 'comrades' may perish in the bloody welter. And even if half of the proletariat perish, breaking their heads against that mighty rock up the slope of which billions of men have been laboriously and sacrificially climbing for hundreds of years, while the other half finds itself in the grip of slavery such as had never been dreamed of before, he, this cross between Caligula and Arakcheyev, will calmly wipe his surgeon's knife on his apron, and say, 'The diagnosis was correct, the operation was performed faultlessly, but the autopsy showed it to be premature. Let us wait another three hundred years.'

# THE FUTURE OF RELIGION IN CHINA

BY PAUL HUTCHINSON

## I

AN immense amount of material concerning the religious situation in China is being printed in the West just now. The efforts to secure more than fifty million dollars in a single year for Christian missions in this new Republic require this publicity. Most of it I have read; some of it I have written. And all of it leaves me with the fear that the thought of the West is not being clarified, either as to the present religious situation in China, or as to the portents now discernible. Perhaps this is because it is so easy to have a vigorous part in the religious development now taking place in this nation without ever comprehending the forces at work.

No man knows enough about the religious situation throughout China to speak dogmatically as to its details. Should I make the general assertion that Taoism is declining, witnesses will arise to declare that in certain sections it is the most flourishing form of worship. Should I tell of a Buddhist revival, other witnesses can speak at first-hand of fast-crumbling temples and derided priests. In this vast stretch of country, with its poor communications, we can know only in part and can testify confidently only in part. When one sets out to generalize, he does so at his own peril. The only consolation is that it is almost impossible to disprove any statement, for, however fantastical, it is probably in accord with the facts in some part of the land.

Yet, after an experience admittedly

circumscribed, I am convinced that there are certain main currents which are running through the religious life of China to-day, sweeping us toward certain goals that we may begin to see with considerable clearness, if we will but look. Some of these goals are not ones toward which many have thought the tide would bear us.

Any discussion of religion in China inevitably forms itself about the three religions — Confucianism, Buddhism, Taoism. Most Chinese (especially the 'modern' group) will strenuously deny to Confucianism the right to be called a religion. In theory they are undoubtedly correct, but in practice it is necessary to continue to study it in the familiar category. To the three should be added at least three others — Animism, Mohammedanism, Christianity. In large measure Taoism and Animism have become inextricably intermingled.

The somnolence which seems to have befallen Confucianism should not deceive anyone as to its power. The philosophy which has moulded a civilization for 2500 years is not going to pass away in a decade. It is true that the attempted Confucian revival of 1915-1916 was not a success, and that, except in a few spots, it has largely spent its aggressiveness. It is true that in many places the annual Confucian sacrifices are carried through in a purely perfunctory manner, or even omitted entirely. But that does not affect the fact that Confucianism, with its doctrine

of the golden mean and its morality designed to bring reward in this life, underlies the thinking of every Chinese who thinks at all. The missionary who works in China to-day must reckon with Confucianism just as the early church had to reckon with the philosophies of the Græco-Roman world. Adjustments are as inevitable as were those that gave Neo-Platonism such an influence in moulding Christian doctrine. They will work as powerfully in what may be called the ruder aspects of Confucianism, like ancestor-worship, as in the higher realms of thought where only the scholars walk.

It is easy to write of the lack of understanding of Confucianism on the part of the masses of the Chinese. It is, of course, inevitable that a largely illiterate population should have only the haziest sort of notion of a system of thought which has been carefully safeguarded from contact with the vulgar tongue. It is probable, however, that the average Chinese has as much knowledge of the Confucian classics as the average peasant in any one of a half-dozen Christian countries has of the Bible. And, however great the lack of literal knowledge, the fact is that the general Confucian attitude toward life is a part of the heritage of China, and is probably the one fixed point in her civilization. Until you change that civilization, and change it fundamentally, you have Confucianism with which to deal. And any fundamental change in the civilization of a quarter of the world's population is not an order to be lightly undertaken.

Buddhism came to China as a foreign religion, and has suffered terribly at periods during its nineteen centuries in the land. Perhaps the best thing that could happen to Buddhism to-day would be to suffer some more. For the fate has largely befallen Buddhism that awaits any religion which becomes rich

in houses and lands and offers a formal substitute for a vital spiritual experience. It is impossible to deny the validity of the spiritual experiences which have come to the Buddhist saints. Even to-day the sympathetic searcher will find within the monasteries a few sweet and simple spirits, the purity of whose lives and the ardor of whose religious passion might well be copied by many Christians. And so long as Buddhism can produce such lives *at all* it is entitled to respectful consideration.

Unfortunately for China, such fruits of Buddhism are the exception rather than the rule. With a reputed total of two million priests, it is only here and there, and by patient searching, that men can be found who are not lazy, not ignorant, not mercenary, and even not impure. The worship in the Buddhist temples is generally a mere formality, and while it makes its appeal to the senses, if properly conducted, it has very little to offer an inquiring mind.

Buddhism, in fact, has come largely to trade upon the fears of the people. The worshipers in its temples are there to avert disaster, or to repay vows made when disaster threatened, or to secure advice as to lucky and unlucky enterprises. Unworthy priests long ago discovered that the easiest way to extract money was to threaten with disaster, and the worship has, in many places, become as much a playing upon the fear of eternal torment as some degraded forms of Christianity.

A curious attitude toward Buddhism is to be found in many parts of China to-day. While in some cities, such as Hangchow, there is in process a determined effort to reform and revive the worship, in many others the shiftlessness and ignorance of the priests have become proverbial, and the temples are being allowed to fall into decay. In such a city as Nanking, for instance, the number of Buddhist temples has



decreased in a half century from more than four hundred to about forty. (The influence of the Taiping rebellion, with its fanatical hatred of idolatry, in producing such a decrease must be admitted.) The number of Buddhist priests is increasing, but their influence is diminishing. In many centres men are seldom seen in the temples, and when there, they are apt to be in an apologetic mood. Yet, in the deepest moments of life, when death enters the household, it is very seldom that the priests are not summoned to attend.

It is hard, in discussing Taoism, to distinguish between Taoism as such, and the Animism which is really the religion of masses of the Chinese. The two must be considered together.

In his book on comparative religions, *The Faiths of Mankind*, Professor E. D. Soper has a chapter entitled, 'Where Fear Holds Sway.' It is impossible for the Westerner to conceive such an atmosphere until he has lived in it. In fact, he may live in it for years and never realize the hold which it has upon his native neighbors. But it is no exaggeration to say that, to the average Chinese, the air is peopled with countless spirits, most of them malignant, all attempting to do him harm. Even a catalogue of the devils, such as have been named by the scholarly Jesuit, Father Doré, is too long for the limits of this article. But there they are, millions of them. They hover around every motion of every waking hour, and they enter the sanctity of sleep. An intricate system of circumventing them, that makes the streets twist in a fashion to daze Boston's legendary cow and puts walls in front of doors to belie the hospitality within, runs throughout the social order.

There are large parts of China where Taoism, as an organized form of worship, is disappearing. There are no regular services, and the priests are

seen usually in the funeral processions of wealthy people who patronize all the creeds in order to assure the deceased the benefit which any may be able to give. But the belief in spirits upon which Taoism batten will not be gone for a long, long time. Even in student circles it is not unusual to find as real a belief in devils as among the coolies. And the missionary who reads in his home papers that the American Senate has adjourned so that it may not be forced to do business on a Friday the 13th will hardly expect to see the power of Chinese superstition pass in this generation.

So far as can be determined, Mohammedanism is making no headway in China, although there are at least four times as many followers of the prophet in the country as of the Christ. The history of Mohammedanism in China should be pondered by Christian workers, and the present Mohammedan communities are not without their significance. In many cases they are as distinct from the life about them as would be a colony of Koreans or Japanese. Sometimes they have almost a monopoly of certain trades or forms of earning a living, and frequently they are looked upon by other Chinese with what borders on suspicion. They constitute a living proof that it is possible to win large numbers of converts and yet not make an appreciable impression upon the fundamental problem of converting China.

Finally, there is Christianity. Aggressive Christian effort in China dates from the sixteenth century, when St. Francis Xavier led the Jesuit fathers in their first attempts to enter the country. (The previous activities of Nestorian Christians are too speculative to warrant consideration.) Protestant missions began a little more than a century ago. There are to-day about 25,000 pastors and 400,000 communicants in

the ranks of Protestantism, with an additional 6,000 foreign missionaries appointed to this field, and about 2,300 priests, foreign and Chinese, and 2,000,000 communicants in the Catholic fold. There is very little of the bitter persecution which, as recently as twenty years ago, brought the martyrdoms of the Boxer uprising. Christians, as a whole, are winning a position of respect and influence out of proportion to their numbers. When compared with the history of Buddhism after its introduction into China, the progress of Christianity, especially since the landing of Robert Morrison, seems phenomenal.

## II

Here, then, are the religions that are struggling for the spiritual allegiance of the Chinese. The Japanese demand in 1915 of the right to send missionaries may foreshadow the entry of another element, but it is doubtful if any effort with Japanese support stands a chance for favor. What lies ahead?

I am convinced that Confucianism will live on — the philosophy of the Chinese. It is a wonderful philosophy, and much better adapted to the practical working out of a Kingdom of Heaven on earth than most of the philosophy that has come from the so-called Christian lands. It is materialistic, to be sure, but its materialism is enlightened, and can easily be 'fulfilled' by the elements which Christianity offers.

There need be no bitter conflict between Christianity and Confucianism. The rites which seek to deify the Great Sage, which seek to transform a philosophy into a religion, are an excrescence, the result of the demand of the human soul for an object of worship. With the spiritual need satisfied elsewhere, Confucianism can, and will, become what its founder intended that it should be, the system of thought by

which the Chinese orders the affairs of his daily life. The teachings which do not conform to the demands of the present — and no system can stand without change for twenty-five centuries — will be modified by the words of later disciples. And a century hence the Chinese leader will be as proud of being the offspring of a race that has nurtured a Confucius as of being the disciple of that other Master.

Many Christians have been deeply disturbed over the question of ancestor-worship, which is one of the popular rites connected with the Confucian system. There is no question that ancestor-worship has led to abuses, just as has the adoration of the saints. But it is a restricted vision which does not see behind ancestor-worship a feature of Chinese life which has contributed mightily to the stability of these centuries, and is therefore in its essentials to be conserved. Too many Christians have gagged at the word 'worship' without looking at the facts. The point made by leading Chinese Christians, that originally the custom was merely one of veneration, is, on scholarly grounds, incontrovertible. And the day will come when the Christians will find some way of carrying on this same recognition of the contribution of their forefathers without compromising their allegiance to the One True God. In fact, in some Christian churches the memorial tablets to deceased members already mark a beginning in this direction.

The rapidly decreasing reputation of the Buddhist priesthood points to its eventual disappearance. No faith can finally survive whose servants do not exhibit elements of moral strength greater than those possessed by the run of men. But it will not be in this generation nor in the next that idolatry, which is the popular expression of Buddhism, ceases. There may come spasms of idol-destruction here and there, such

as have been indulged in by the Moham-medans, and such as marked the bloody trail of the Taiping rebels. But idolatry goes too deep into the life of Chinese society as a whole to be eradicated in a day, or in several days.

Not long ago, a teacher in the city of Foochow began to investigate the relation of idolatry to the industries of that city. Foochow contains approximately 700,000 inhabitants. Such a survey as has been possible, using student investigators, has shown that at least 80 per cent of the population is, to some degree, dependent for its livelihood upon the popularity of idol-worship. Thirty per cent of the people were found to be entirely dependent upon it. Some day the manifold ramifications of idolatry through Chinese society will be adequately discussed. Here it can only be said that it has its economic stakes set where even many of the missionaries never suspect them to be. Moham-medanism and Christianity combined have scarcely begun to affect idolatry.

Closely linked up with idolatry as an abiding force goes superstition. Taoism is as surely in the grip of death as Buddhism. But superstition will not pass in a year. It will be a long time before the air is purged of its terrors, even for those who may embrace such a faith as Christianity.

At the reassembling of a class in a Christian college, the absence of a certain student was noted. It was reported that he had been drowned while on a launch trip, returning from a vacation. His small brother had been with him at the time; the boy had been pushed overboard from the crowded deck; a strong swimmer, he had been able to reach the side of the boat, but not to clamber aboard; but the pleas of the puny younger brother could not avail to move a single person to lift a helping hand, and the other passengers had looked on while the lad drowned, rather

than move to save him. The teacher heard the tale in horror, but the student accepted it as a matter of course, explaining that the drowning devil, who had been after the student, would certainly have taken possession of any person who attempted to rescue him. And these men, in the closing years of a Christian education, had no word of censure for people who had calmly watched a fellow drown rather than incur the wrath of a devil!

As religions, Confucianism, Taoism, and Buddhism are on the down grade in China. Certain elements that they contain will persist long after the religions themselves have passed. Some elements will form a permanent part of the life of the country. But the Chinese will demand some religion in place of these three. What will it be?

Mohammedanism is at a standstill, and has no hope of winning the nation.

Materialism has its proponents, principally among those who have studied in Japanese schools. The affinity of Confucianism and materialism is emphasized. Chinese transcriptions of Japanese translations of the works of European rationalists and skeptical scientists are on the markets in large numbers. And, in the swing of the pendulum from the past, there is a tendency to thrust out any belief in the spiritual as unworthy of the present.

The element which works most mightily against materialism, outside the grip of the old order, is the example of what it has done to other nations, especially Japan. Modern Japan is a materialistic state. On no other basis can it be explained. The Chinese see its fundamental failure as clearly as its remarkable achievements, and they say, 'If that be the fruit of materialism, we want something better.'

What is that something better to be? Chancellor Tsai Yuan-pei, of the National University of Peking, a few years

ago came forward with a proposal to substitute a sort of ethical culture, with emphasis upon æsthetic values. Chancellor Tsai is the leader of the most influential group in the intellectual life of China to-day. From the university over which he presides have gone forth the publications of the New Thought, or Renaissance, movement which has taken hold upon the students to an unprecedented extent. Much that is in the movement is of the highest value; and when such a man as Chancellor Tsai dismisses religion in any form as superstition, his words are bound to have a profound effect. If they would, teachers in Christian institutions could testify that the young men of China have adopted a severely critical attitude toward Christianity as well as toward other faiths, largely as an effect of the New Thought agitation.

But ethical culture can hardly be expected to prove the final spiritual resort of such a nation as China. If it could not suffice for a compact state such as Greece, what chance has it in this colossus? And when you study the situation you are forced to the belief that the future religion of China — provided that China has a religion — must be Christianity, profoundly affected by the civilization of that ancient land.

What is Christianity in China to-day? To some, a regeneration. To some, a newer and better doctrine. To some, merely one faith among many. To some, one more insidious Western influence. But to all, the fruit and symbol of a civilization.

Let no man think that the struggle between Occidental and Oriental civilization is finished. There are signs that the civilization of the Occident will be, in its essentials, vindicated and adapted in the making of a New East. But there are still plenty of Chinese leaders, men of good education and large ability, and of undoubted patriotism,

who reject Western civilization entirely.

Thinking Chinese long ago discovered that Western civilization has been largely formed by Western religion. The pragmatic test, which is the characteristic test of Confucianism, shows a civilization better fitted to grapple with the modern world than is the old individualistic and fatalistic civilization of the East. The conclusion is obvious.

But it is this fundamental premise in this line of reasoning that must now engage the attention of the foreign missionary. In truth, it is this premise which constitutes the present *raison d'être* for the foreign missionary. He is in China to vindicate the civilization from which he has come.

Does he practise medicine? He does so to prove that his Western hygiene and medical practice contribute more to health and happiness for the people as a whole than the medical systems of the East.

Does he teach school? He does so to prove that his civilization has a kind of education which fits more people better for the tasks of life than the education of the Orient.

Does he seek to introduce new methods of agriculture? He does so to prove that more food can be produced and more stomachs filled with less labor than by the methods which the Chinese have followed for forty centuries.

Does he go about seeking converts? He does it to prove that he knows of a spiritual force which is able to purge society of those fundamental weaknesses which have made the doctrine and the doing in China so glaringly different.

In every aspect of his work the foreign missionary is really, to the Chinese, seeking to vindicate the civilization of which he is a product. And when that vindication is complete, the work of the foreign missionary is done.

The day is coming when the spiritual needs of the Chinese people will find

their satisfaction in a widespread acceptance of Christianity. But that acceptance will come only after the civilization which Christianity breeds has been thoroughly vindicated, the missionary has withdrawn, and the Christian church in China has become an organization of and by, as well as for, the Chinese. So long as foreign influence is apparent, the masses of Chinese will hold off. Even that advisory relation which we are told will follow the present will prove a sufficient handicap to discourage any sweeping movement toward Christianity. But when Christian civilization has been so thoroughly vindicated that the Chinese can assume, with assurance and unassisted, the propagation of the religion that lies at its foundation, a marvelous ingathering within the acknowledged Christian fold is sure to occur.

That day is closer than many missionaries realize. Already Christian civilization is so nearly vindicated that Chinese Christians are moving out to assume the leadership in the Christian enterprise in their native land. The church papers of America have told of the spontaneous response on the part of the Chinese church to the projected missionary enterprise in the province of Yunnan, an enterprise that is Chinese in conception, support, and execution. Even more significant is the recent call for a National Missionary Conference to be held in 1921. Fourteen years ago such a conference was held, one hundred years after the landing of Robert Morrison. It contained not a single Chinese delegate. *The conference of 1921 is to contain Chinese delegates in numbers at least equal to the foreigners.* During this year the Chinese have demanded, and obtained, equal representation on the China Continuation Committee, which binds together the work of the various denominations.

A brilliant Chinese Christian was

talking to a missionary in New York one day last summer.

'You missionaries make me tired!' he exclaimed. 'You are not honest with yourselves or with your constituents. I have heard dozens of missionary speeches on China since I came to America, and read articles galore. Again and again and again I hear you talking about C. T. Wang and Chang Po-ling and Fong F. Sec, and David Z. T. Yui, and pointing to them as examples of Chinese Christians. Of course they are Christians. But I have yet to hear a missionary say, or read a missionary's admission, that not one of them is connected with your foreign-controlled churches! Every one of them has come up through your churches and schools, and when they felt their powers pressing for worthy expression, every one has been forced off into some line of independent effort. It is practically impossible for the Chinese to have real leadership in the churches as long as they remain under foreign direction.'

The days of foreign direction of Chinese Christian churches are numbered. The civilization of the West is too nearly vindicated. Just a little bit of Christian practice in the realm of international politics will finish the test; and the radical movements in all Western lands indicate that that practice will not be long delayed. It is, for example, conceivable that the formation of a Labor government in England would transform the outlook for Christianity in China in ten years.

With that final proof of the superiority of the West, the case for the Christian proponent in China will be complete. But it will be a Chinese Christian, under Chinese direction, with Chinese support, who goes out to set his religion above all others in China. Before the end of this century he should be fairly launched upon his task.

1920

BY HENRY W. BUNN

I

As the old year closes, it behooves us to 'consider whereabouts' we are 'in Cebes's *Fable*, or that old Philosophical *Pinax* of the Life of Man.' So considering, the dweller in the Americas may expect the new year with cheerful confidence; but to the European or Asiatic 't is a dubious prospect. In the Americas (including, at last, Mexico) peace reigns; nor is it likely to be disturbed in the next twelvemonth. But Europe and Asia, though for the moment less embroiled, are even more perplexed than they were a year ago. To be sure, thanks to French genius and policy, Western Europe has just escaped Red ruin. But the peace on the new Polish frontier is but precarious. The Red Peril looms scarcely less hideous than it did a year ago, its most dangerous instrument being, not arms, but propaganda. The 'old Ethicks and the classical Rules of Honesty' are hard put to it to maintain themselves against the new inverted Ethicks of the Moscow school.

And, as if the old motives for war were not sufficient, new motives are being discovered by the ingenuity of man; of which the most notable is the Principle of Self-Determination — a natural child of the League of Nations. If men are not so apt as formerly to cut each other's throats for the greed of a prince, or in the name of Christ or Mahmoud or Mumbo Jumbo, it is because they are doing the same thing in the name of Self-Determination. It

may be that events are framing themselves toward a general pacification in the near future; but what one actually sees is war, or near-war, or delicate situations holding possibilities of war, or bloody chaos, almost throughout Europe and Asia. If, however, — a thing more felt than seen, — the Bolshevik propaganda has passed its peak and must henceforward decline, within the coming year the 'bustle unto Ruin' may halt itself; a new Face of Things may appear.

The outstanding events of the year in America have been few. Financial and industrial readjustments have been proceeding much more smoothly and successfully than was to be expected. According to the auspices, we should now be in the worst of business panics; but we are not. Strains and stresses have made themselves felt; but the structure is sound enough and promises to stand up. It cannot be maintained that the government has fairly coped with the problems of reconstruction. Canada has done much better. Despite such failure, we have got off so far with little worse than discomfort and the necessity of retrenchment (not without its disciplinary uses). The country is self-sufficient. The process of deflation is as discomforting as that of inflation is exhilarating. But with any sort of decent management we shall escape misery in the real or European sense: nobody need starve.

Thanks to the happy accident of the war, we have at last a merchant marine fairly correspondent to our commercial greatness; to the same happy accident we owe an immensely enhanced political and economic prestige and extraordinary trade-opportunities.

The new government has an unexampled opportunity for constructive legislation: it is expected to enact measures to ease the process of reconstruction; to set on foot an industrial constitution, so that strikes will become as rare as the *duello*; to revise our immigration laws; to improve education; to simplify the machinery of government; to further a machinery whereby states may coöperate for the common good; to realize our trade-opportunities — this last presupposing aid generously, but discreetly, given to Europe. For, without a revived Europe, though we may escape misery, and even discomfort, we cannot resume our 'brave state' of yore. If the Republican Party makes good, perhaps within a generation we may again, without too much hyperbole, use the expression, 'this courtly and splendid world.'

A presidential election year is usually poor in constructive legislation; it is dedicate to talk. The year just ended has been exceptionally thus poor because of the bitter antagonism between the Executive and the Republican majorities in the two Houses. The most important pieces of legislation signed by the President were the Railroad Reorganization Act, the Americanization Act, the Army Reorganization Act, and the Merchant Marine Act. The Americanization Act is significant for its recognition of the necessity of organized effort to conciliate and assimilate the alien mass. The Merchant Marine Act proposes to continue for a while immediate government influence upon our maritime expansion, especially in the matter of new shipping

routes. The Army Reorganization Act is a disappointment to those who hoped for a citizen army as an incomparable instrument of Americanization and education in citizenship. That issue is not yet dead. The measure proposing a budget system and that declaring the war with Germany ended were killed by the Presidential veto; that carrying repeal of special presidential war-time powers lapsed by a 'pocket veto.'

A survey of the year must notice the report of the President's Second Industrial Conference, which report proposes machinery for the peaceful settlement of industrial disputes, and recommends shop-councils. The arbitration features of this report had earlier in the year been embodied in the Kansas Industrial Courts Act, against which the American Federation of Labor declared war, and operation of which has been forcibly resisted by Kansas workmen. The A.F.L. is reluctant to hear to reforms except of its own making. The A.F.L. also opposes shop-councils, which, nevertheless, are increasing in number and favor. In the recent election campaign the A.F.L. pursued the new tactics of blacklisting candidates whom it chose to declare enemies of Labor; with the result, which was to be expected, that the public sense of fairness was outraged and the reprobated candidates were, generally, elected.

The year has been remarkable for a general rounding-up of radical agitators, the worst of whom, being aliens, have been packed home. The country has conceived such a disgust of anything that savors of Bolshevism that it winks at a certain lack of legal pedantry in methods to be rid of it.

The Prohibition Amendment became effective in January, and the Woman Suffrage Amendment in August. The tail promises to wag the dog. The reader will remember what the humorous Athenians did to Alcibiades's dog.

## II

The past year has been one of incredible activity for Soviet Russia. If Lenin could have his will and extend the class-struggle over the entire orb, humanity would exhaust itself and 'threescore year would make the world away.'

Despite the breakdown of the economic system and the railroads, despite a currency that does not pass current, despite *émoules* in the industrial centres and peasant resistance to food-requisitions; despite the blockade; despite infinite obstructions within and without, that strange government at Moscow not merely survives, but keeps *going*. Armies are fed; new levies fill the gaps; troops and material of war (including heavy artillery, airplanes and poison-gas) are transported with magic speed over huge distances from front to front; succor is sent to allies; new enterprises are set afoot. And that new instrument of mendacity, the wireless, is used with consummate skill to perplex and confound the enemies and hearten the friends of Bolshevism throughout the world. Differing from others, I believe that the prospect of continued existence of the Bolshevik *régime* is more promising as I write (in late November) than it was on January 1, 1920.

As the year 1920 opened, Denikin was seen to be in grave difficulties. In mid-October, 1919, he was in the full tide of success. But suddenly a change came o'er the spirit of his dream. The change is easily explained. Denikin's rapid advance was made possible by the weakening of the Bolshevik front by sending heavy detachments against Koltchak. Toward the end of October, 1919, Koltchak's second offensive was stopped, and so complete was the sudden *débâcle* that Trotsky decided to pursue him with a much smaller force than

an ordinary commander would have thought sufficient. With the troops thus disengaged Trotsky reinforced the anti-Denikin front, with results at once seen. The entire Denikin line from Volhynia to Tzaritzin gave way. By the year's end great part of the territory so quickly won had been much more quickly lost. Nothing but vigorous coöperation by the Poles could stop the Red advance. This coöperation the Poles offered, on condition that Denikin would agree to Polish possession of East Galicia. Denikin demurred and was lost.

The fact is that Denikin was not up to the rôle to which Fate appointed him. For modern war on the grand scale he proved quite inadequate. In civil matters he showed himself, like most military men, a fool. He might have had the enthusiastic support of the Ukrainians; but, true to the Tsarist tradition, he treated them as an inferior and subject race. So they rose behind him, and at the crucial time diverted much of his strength from the Bolshevik front. Even his Cossacks turned cold, because he could not bring himself thoroughly to establish promised reforms in administration. He yielded, willingly or unwillingly, to the pressure of his reactionary *entourage*, and became suspect to the mass of his followers, whose morale became, in consequence, *nil*.

Being such a man, he could not escape destruction. The Reds drove a wedge which severed his line and reached the Sea of Azof at Mariupol. In February Odessa fell and the Ukraine was lost. In late March Denikin evacuated from Novorossiysk in the Caucasus, under cover of the guns of a British fleet, some 34,000 of his followers, who were conveyed to the Crimea in British bottoms, there to form the nucleus of Wrangel's army. Arrived in the Crimea, Denikin surrendered his command to General Wrangel, the hero of Tzaritzin



and the ablest of his subordinates. Of all the vast territory which he swayed a few months before, Denikin turned over to his successor only the little Crimean peninsula; somehow the Perekop and Tchongar isthmuses had been held.

We cannot deny to Trotsky, or whoever is responsible for the Red strategy, vast strategical conceptions and invincible resolution. The Red strategy has always been cunningly coördinated. Had the activities of Yudenich, Koltchak, and Denikin been thus coördinated, Bolshevism should have been overthrown. It is a proper observation that all efforts, offensive or defensive, from without or from within Russia, against Bolshevism, have been miserably muddled and misdirected; have lacked coördination, constancy, resolution. Opposition within Russia seems now to have been completely cowed; and invasion from without is prevented by the attitude of Labor and the Pacifists in Western Europe, and the Olympian detachment of America.

I have noted how, late in October, 1919, Koltchak's second offensive was stopped. There followed the most extraordinary *débâcle* in military annals: as if at a word of command, the Koltchak armies turned tail and ran for it. Thousands must have dispersed over the Siberian wilds. Other thousands must have perished. The detachments which maintained a semblance of organization were captured before January was far advanced — all except some 3000, under Voitschkovsky, who fought their way into Irkutsk and finally joined Semenov at Chita. Koltchak himself reached Irkutsk early in January, clinging desperately to his war-chest. Little use had he for its contents in the journey he was going. The Social Revolutionaries of Irkutsk murdered him. The Reds who pursued the Koltchak remnants halted at Irkutsk, not caring to try conclusions just now with

the Japanese, or with their glorious protégé, Ataman Semenov.

To detail the process of events in Eastern Siberia during the past year would be a very large undertaking. The situation there is very complicated, very 'questionable.' Following upon the events described above, all foreign troops in Siberia, except the Japanese, were evacuated through Vladivostok. Only the Japanese remain. The grand question which intrigues the East Siberian (and it interests the rest of the world almost as much) is: What do the Japanese propose with reference to East Siberia? It is doubtful whether the Japanese themselves are quite prepared with an answer. They have protested an intention to withdraw their troops from Siberia as soon as a proper regard for the safety of their nationals will permit; or 'when they are no longer needed'; or some other like formula. It is all very vague.

After Koltchak was eliminated, there was a lively ferment in East Siberia, from which emerged a number of governments of varying types. Those of Verkhni Udinsk and Blagovestchensk are understood to be almost Moscow Red; those of Chita and Vladivostok, almost bourgeois White. I had understood that these governments were subordinated to a government at Verkhni Udinsk representative of all Siberia east of Lake Baikal — the Government of the Far Eastern Republic. If there be such a government, it seems to be ineffective. East Siberia is reported to be in renewed ferment of late. There is no likelihood that the Japanese garrisons will be withdrawn so long as the ferment continues. Moscow has recognized the Far Eastern Republic, and Red propaganda is doubtless active in that quarter.

While a Red army pursued Koltchak eastward, detachments spread out into Siberia and Central Asia. Meanwhile

other detachments had completed the Red conquest of Turkestan, Khiva, Bokhara, and Transcaspia. By the capture of Krasnovodsk and the seizure of Denikin's fleet at Enzeli in Persia, the Caspian became a Bolshevik lake. To the Soviet resources were added the wheat of Semiryechnensk, the cotton of Khiva, and the oil of Transcaspia — all most useful. At Tashkent in Turkestan is a school of propaganda, where choice, selected youths are carefully instructed, and whence they are sent to Afghanistan, Baluchistan, Mesopotamia, Kurdistan, India, China, Korea, to spread the Gospel of Leninism. And thereabout the famous Kuropatkin, according to report many months old, trained to highest efficiency an army of 150,000 men, including some 40,000 Hungarian prisoners, Reddest of the Red. What has become of this army, destined, we thought, to the conquest of India? Presumably many have been detached therefrom to the Western fronts, while others have been fomenting trouble in Persia, preparing the way. When will Kuropatkin, a new Alexander, start on his little trip to the Indus?

Denikin out, there remained in the West, for the Reds to deal with, Poland, the Nationalist Ukrainians, and Wrangel. For many months a desultory warfare had been going on between the Poles and Reds, interspersed with a peace correspondence. Suddenly, in April, the Poles launched a grand offensive in the Ukraine. The Polish apologists call this an 'offensive-defensive,' to forestall a contemplated Red attack, and so justified in ethics as well as in policy; the Reds and their apologists denominate it wicked aggression, chauvinism, imperialism (things hateful to Moscow). However that may be, by mid-May the Poles had conquered most of the Ukraine, including Kiev, and had declared an in-

dependent Ukrainian Republic, with Petlura as chief.

On May 17 the Bolsheviki began an attack on the Polish northern lines. The details of this campaign must be fresh in the reader's mind: how in the south Budenny retook Kiev, beat back the Poles, and carried the war to the gates of Lemberg; how in the north the Reds, after a doubtful period, overbore all resistance; how they opened the long-dreamed-of 'corridor' through Lithuania to East Prussia; and how we waited upon the cables, expecting momentarily the fall of Moscow. How only the threat of Foch on the Rhine deterred the Germans from repudiating the Versailles Treaty and casting in their lot with the Reds; how at this crisis the Poles intrusted the conduct of their operations to the French general Weygand; and how, as if, by magic, through the genius of Weygand the whole situation was suddenly reversed. Finally, how, in the preliminary treaty of Riga, Moscow made the most extraordinary concessions to the Poles.

In brief, the peace has all the marks of impermanence. It was accepted by the Reds only to release troops for the 'liquidation' of Wrangel; which long-threatened 'liquidation' quickly followed. Wrangel has gone the way of Yudenich, Koltchak, and Denikin. Is he the Last of the Varangians? He too was hampered and discredited by the forces of Reaction. The reactionary Russian discovers a stupidity above that of a Jacobite or a Bourbon.

The Muscovite government has displayed an extreme canniness in its policy toward the western border states (other than Poland). Early in the year 1920 it persuaded Esthonia to accept peace on generous terms. It made no great resistance to the rectification by the Letts of their ethnographic frontier. Later, it signed peace with Latvia. It avoided war with Roumania, probably

by fomenting internal troubles in that kingdom through Bolshevist agents. By a temporary sacrifice of the Lithuanian 'corridor,' it persuaded Poland to renounce interest in the Ukraine and White Russia, which regions, under the euphemism of 'federated Soviet republics,' become intimate parts of the Muscovite system. Peace has been signed at last with Finland. Poland has been furiously intriguing throughout the year for an offensive and defensive alliance with the Baltic states, Finland, and Roumania. The Bolsheviks have intrigued them out of even a defensive alliance.

The optimist may believe, if he chooses, that the treaties with Latvia and Esthonia were made in good faith; that Moscow has no designs upon their independence and bourgeois 'orientation.' I entertain no such idea. The optimist may believe that peace with Poland will be permanent, on the basis of the temporary treaty. To me such an expectation seems preposterous. Already the Moscow authorities are accusing and threatening Poland. As time shall serve, these treaties will be broken.

The Council of the League of Nations has undertaken to resolve the infinitely complicated Poland-Lithuania-Zeligovski problem. I hope it may. The 'orientation' of Lithuania is a very important matter.

It is confidently asserted that the trade-negotiations resumed by M. Krasin in London will result in a definite trade-agreement between London and Moscow, to be soon followed, M. Krasin is quite confident, by the British *de facto* recognition of the Soviet régime. In a world turned upside down, Mr. Lloyd George may have hit upon the correct formula for saving the British Empire. But not thus was it won; and not thus was any empire ever saved. Yesterday, Chatham; to-day, Lloyd George. A new world, my masters!

### III

Great Britain has been weathering her reconstruction difficulties handsomely. It might seem that the economic and industrial prospect is more hopeful than it was a year ago. Tension, which had long been acute, found relief in the recent miners' strike, which was quickly settled by a sensible compromise. The 'Council of Action' turned out to be a thing of sound and fury, signifying little. The emissaries of the Independent Labor Party, who are radical enough in all conscience, had a close look at the monster and returned quite disillusioned of Bolshevism. Only a few half-mad persons, like Sylvia Pankhurst, Commander Kenworthy, and the editor of the *Daily Herald*, still think Red in England.

The recent municipal elections showed results the opposite of those of a year ago. Most of the Labor candidates were defeated, because the Labor councilors had proved inefficient and extravagant. The larger public is evidently convinced that Labor is not yet qualified to rule. The bogey of a Labor Parliament seems laid for the present. It might seem that a fundamental and satisfactory readjustment is well forward — that the optimistic Mr. Jacks is right, rather than the pessimistic Dean Inge.

But there are other considerations which are most disquieting. The temper of Labor is dubious, inconstant, irresponsible. There was a slight majority of miners against the compromise which ended the strike (a two-thirds majority was required to justify continuance thereof). It is not clear what the Labor leaders propose — whether they are for peace, or intend to carry on the fight for nationalization by the old methods. The housing problem is still acute, other problems not less so. There are some 200,000 ex-soldiers

and sailors who have not yet found employment.

And in England, more perhaps than in any other country, the industrial and economic weal is dependent on outside conditions; and these are more dubious than a year ago. There is the Irish problem, doubtless to be settled by Mr. Villard's committee; but, in the meantime, a serious problem. There is the problem of Mesopotamia, where Turkish and Bolshevik agents have stirred up a Holy War which keeps employed some 100,000 soldiers under the British flag. There is the problem of India, where through similar propaganda the British Raj is challenged as never before; and where, as if pat to Lenin's purpose, Mr. Montagu's bizarre scheme of government has just been installed. A 'Diarchy,' God save the mark! Anarchy, rather, say those who know their India. Mr. Montagu's Indian bill proposes to confer on India a measure of self-government: it actually seems to restore authority to that theocratic caste which was responsible for the secular anarchy that prevailed in India prior to the arrival of the British. In this new incredible world it may be what is needed; but Mr. Montagu lately admitted in Parliament that the news from India is alarming.

There is the problem of Egypt, where it is proposed to turn over the government to the scum of the Levant. There is the problem of Persia, where the Reds have established a base, apparently with a view to a grand invasion; whence, onward, we must suppose, to Afghanistan, to India. There is the problem of the Ottoman Empire, both that part which remains to the Grand Turk and that which has been parceled out; a problem which has just entered on a new alarming phase through the annihilation of Wrangel (which releases thousands of troops for reinforcement of Mustapha Kemal), through the failure

of the Greek campaign in Anatolia, and through the repudiation of Venizelos by his countrymen (which repudiation apparently implies repudiation of his imperialistic projects). There is the problem of Russia, and there is the problem of Germany: which two problems are intimately conjoined.

Yielding to the pressure of financial interests, of pacifists, and of Labor, or, belike, to the altruistic suggestions of his own soul, Mr. Lloyd George, we are assured, is about to make a trade-agreement with Moscow. We cannot escape the conviction that this must soon be followed by *de facto* recognition of the Red government. Would this mean the shattering of the Entente? If so, then the Versailles Treaty falls to the ground. Whatever way the Englishman looks, he sees 'a cloud that's dragonish.' Worst of all, he notes in the British public a temper the reverse of imperialistic. He notes that it is impossible to recruit the British army to its authorized strength by voluntary enlistments. He remembers the consequences to the Chinese and Roman empires of buying off instead of grappling with the invader. Such policy marks the absence of that masterful cast of mind which alone consists with Empire. He notes, on the other hand, how the recent messages of Tchitcherin to the Court of St. James's are couched in the language of an Emperor. And he recalls a famous passage of Macaulay.

#### IV

For France, the year has been one of anxiety, of disappointment, and of honorable achievement. The Treaty of Versailles became operative upon ratification by the Germans on January 10, 1920. The main energies of the French government have been employed since that date in the effort to compel fulfillment by Germany of her obligations

under the treaty. As was to be expected, the Germans had and have no intention of fulfilling their obligations. For the present, evasion and delay; later, modification of the treaty by the Allies; and, in the end, repudiation. Such was and is the programme. A skillful propaganda was set in motion, and discovered an unexpected ally in Mr. Keynes, whose brilliant book presented the case for the Germans in the most favorable light.

While the propaganda was gathering head, evasion was being practised. Coal deliveries were far short of treaty requirements. Arms were not being turned in. Though the German regular army was being somewhat cut down, full staffs were kept, and new military formations, posing as innocent defenders of the domestic peace, were being organized. To these developments the French were highly sensitive; the British had grown indifferent. The protean British Premier—returned to power on a platform of vengeance worthy of a Hebrew prophet—‘upon better judgment-making’ magnanimously admitted that Keynes and the Germans were very nearly right. The Italians, enraged by failure of French support of their Adriatic pretensions, went with Lloyd George.

The French found themselves isolated. They remain so. To be sure, in successive conferences Mr. Lloyd George has been constrained by antique considerations of honor to reassert his adhesion to the Entente. But the French have really been the sole effective supporters of the treaty and of the arrangements contemplated thereunder. When the Germans impudently flouted the treaty and sent troops into the Ruhr region, the French (in the face of Lloyd George’s shrill protest) occupied Frankfort and vindicated the treaty. At Spa the French overbore the sophistry and impudence of the Germans by

giving them a glimpse of Foch, and the Germans were required to disband their illicit formations and really to demilitarize. The French, when Mr. Lloyd George had somewhat contemptuously abandoned Poland to her fate, saved Poland, and indeed western civilization (though by the narrowest margin).

To be sure, the French were not entirely wise at first (nobody was) in their attitude on the indemnity question. But they have long recognized that the indemnity total must be fixed, and that it must be far short of justice and French necessities.

France has been manoeuvring for some machinery whereby the indemnity problem may be finally settled as justly as possible, without prejudice from the selfishness of Allies or the sophistry of Germans. Delay is almost intolerable; but the machinery must be such as to ensure an award determined by considerations of justice to France, not by British cupidity or German desire to escape scathe and pains. There may be two words, of course, about ‘British cupidity.’ ‘Call it altruism, if you will, then,’ say the French. ‘A noble sentiment, to be sure, but one whose indulgence in this connection will ruin France.’ It is said that suitable machinery has been hit upon and will soon be put in operation.

But, taking a long view, there is ground for apprehension that France, however beautiful the machinery, may never recover a considerable indemnity. What, then, of France? Her economic situation is indescribable. Her ordinary budget is beyond her revenue, and the extraordinary budget for reparations is as large as the ordinary budget, and is cared for only by fresh loans and by inflation. That way ruin lies.

Yet even more important than the military problem is the problem of security. The promised American-British-French alliance, through confidence

in which the French gave up the Rhine frontier and assured possession of the Saar region — Well, it seems that President Wilson did not speak by the card, and that British action is contingent upon American.

So it is even more true of the Frenchman than of the Englishman that, whatever way he scans the region, he sees 'a cloud that's dragonish.' But is it not a reasonable hope that the new American administration will promptly take order to furnish economic aid and the much-desired guaranty of help in the event of German aggression?

Despite difficulties inferable from the above, restoration of the devastated areas has been going forward with miraculous speed.

In taking over Cilicia and Syria, the French undertook a large mission. General Gouraud has maintained himself and has beaten the Bedouins and the Turks wherever he has met them. But his forces are insufficient. French policy tends to be discreetly Turcophile, and a composition with Mustapha which would not prejudice the French position in the Levant might be acceptable to the French. Else the prospect, as things are going in that corner of the world, is gloomy. Perhaps the French Levantine enterprise was a mistake. But there is an immemorial and romantic French sentiment about Syria; and that sort of sentiment cannot be argued with.

## V

The outstanding events of the year 1920 in Germany were — ratification of the Versailles Treaty, after a stormy controversy; the fantastic *coup* by which one Kapp ignobly challenged fame, and which was defeated (significant fact!) by a general strike; the disturbances in Westphalia and Thuringia; and the general elections, in which the Majority

Socialists were overthrown. The Majority Socialists had discredited themselves by their insincerity and cowardice; they were cowed by the militarists. The gains went to the Independent Socialists and the People's Party of the Extreme Right. The present government is a coalition of Centre and Right parties, including the People's Party, which boasts of the Junkers and of the powerful capitalists — such as Hugo Stinnes, reputed the most influential man in the party.

We are continuously advised to expect a *coup* in Germany of one or other set of extremists, the Right or the Left. A *coup*, if *coup* there must be, seems the more likely to come from the Right. We may say, I think, that the Germans are watchfully waiting for a favorable break. Industrial conditions in Germany are said to be greatly improving, unemployment to be decreasing — in marked contrast to France.

I cannot notice the various intrigues reported from Central Europe, in most of which we are asked to note the cloven foot of France. But one such I cannot pass by. It is somewhat clamorously rumored that Bavaria (where the Reaction is rampant) is about to bring back the Wittelsbach, and that Bavaria and Austria will join as a German Catholic state (France abetting).

The plight of Austria so exceeds in misery as to engage the sympathy of a miserable world. The present woes of South-Central Europe are largely due to the new political and territorial arrangements on ethnic lines — with exceptions. Quite right and proper; but the necessity of economic intimacy among these states is obvious, whether it be through a Danubian Confederation or a Zollverein, or whatever the name. It is reported that there is to be a congress of representatives from these states, to discuss ways and means to such an end.

## VI

The past year in Italy has been one of unrest and strikes. The unrest reached a climax in a singular episode. Owing to lack of coal and raw materials, the plants in the great metallurgical district of Northern Italy could not be run at a profit. Some had shut down; it was rumored that all would shut down. Starvation loomed before the workmen. In a sudden wild access of hope, the men in certain plants seized those plants and set up workmen committees to manage them — the Soviet system. The movement spread to practically all the metallurgic plants. The Communists tried to bring on a Red revolution; they incited to violence. They did not succeed. A Labor convention at Milan resolved for moderation. They asked Parliament to sanction the above-cited extraordinary proceedings, and to devise legislation which should govern an experiment in the new kind. Here Giolitti stepped in, and brought together representatives of Labor and Capital, who drew up a compromise agreement, in accordance with which the plants should be operated pending parliamentary action. The agreement was accepted by the workmen. The plants were returned to the owners, and everybody went back to work. Giolitti appointed a commission to draw up a new scheme of operation and report it to Parliament. It is expected to be some variation of the guild system. One awaits eagerly the publication of this new scheme and the experiment thereof.

An episode unique, truly Italian, replete with explosive material, yet almost bloodless. Still, one fails to see how the compromise and the promise of legislation can have greatly eased for the present the economic problem. The essential need is of coal and raw materials, and these cannot be compromised or legislated into existence. They

must be obtained through credit. And Italian credit is not likely to be improved by invasion of the right of private property, however it may be explained or palliated. It is, however, to be hoped that the guild system on a grand scale may have a chance thoroughly to demonstrate itself.

Lenin, who had conceived the highest hopes, was disconcerted by the issue of the events above glanced at. He is sure to obstruct the new experiment.

At last the Adriatic controversy has been settled. By turns we hear that d'Annunzio has turned monk and dictator. He seems to have almost exhausted the possibilities of an active life.

Italy relinquished the Albanian adventure, after the Albanians had thrashed the Italian occupying troops. At this moment, when the Albanians were completely victorious, Giolitti came into power. With humorous appreciation of the situation, he told the Albanians that they had done quite right, that the Italians had no business there; and he acknowledged Albanian independence.

## VII

Some months since, representatives of the Sultan signed the Turkish Treaty at Sèvres; but the Treaty has not been ratified at Constantinople. The other day the Unspeakable One informed the powers that it is not the right time just now for ratifying the treaty. Now, how came the Grand Turk to deliver himself thus? Apparently because there is no one in Constantinople who is willing to brand himself a traitor by helping to ratify. Mustapha Kemal, the Nationalist asserter of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, is once more making head against the Greek invaders of Anatolia, and he is expecting large reinforcements (released from the Wrangel front) from his Muscovite friends.

In March the Allies occupied Constantinople, and since then the Sultan has been practically a prisoner in his capital. In April Mustapha Kemal set up a republic in Anatolia and announced that he proposed to recover for the Republic all the territory formerly comprising the Ottoman Empire. He professed to consider the Sultan incompetent to issue orders, as one in duress; and he claimed the adhesion of all the Faithful.

The reader will remember the terms of the treaty: how it reduced the Ottoman Empire to very moderate limits — Asia Minor, less a shadowy Armenia, and less Cilicia and Kurdistan; in Europe only Constantinople, with an insignificant hinterland. Smyrna was not definitely sequestered, but it was to be administered for the present by the Greeks under Turkish suzerainty; its ultimate fate to be determined by a *plébiscite*.

The Allies wanted the treaty terms put into effect at once. But England and France had their hands full in Mesopotamia, Cilicia, and Syria, and could not spare troops for Anatolia; and Italy was not interested. In June Venizelos came to the rescue with an offer of a Greek army of 100,000 men and more, to subdue Anatolia. The offer was accepted and the Greeks started. We have had very little news of that campaign, but until quite recently what little news we had indicated Greek success. Kemal was greatly outnumbered, but he allied himself with Moscow. Moscow would support Kemal, would indeed support a Pan-Islamic movement, with Turkey at its head, provided the new Turkish Republic would turn Bolshevist. Bolshevism and Islam had seemed poles asunder, but it was found on a near look that they really blend sweetly; and Mustapha made his followers Red by order and announced

that the Republic would be run on soviet lines. In return, some Red troops were sent him.

But just then came the Polish successes, and further succor was held up. Mustapha was really in difficulties for a time. But the latest advices indicate that Mustapha is getting the better of the Greeks. The Red reinforcements doubtless now *en route* (since there is peace with Poland, and Wrangel is out of the way) should finish off the Greeks. Moreover, Caucasus Armenia has been subdued, and the only possible obstruction to a perfect communication between Russia and Asia Minor is Georgia; and Georgia cannot long stand out. The Armenian question has been brought nearer to a settlement by extermination of the Armenians in Asia Minor. Now, what are the Allies going to do about it? What *can* they do about it?

The question whether or no the Unspeakable One should remain in Constantinople has again become purely academic. A kind of wizardry has always attached to the Bosphorus. Here Io suffered her strange transformation. Here the Spartan King Pausanias went mad and proposed to betray Greece to the Persians. The whole history of the Byzantine Empire is monstrous and unreal. And every statesman who essays the Turkish Question comes off with addled wits. The Sick Man has been abed these many lustrums, kept alive by the ministrations of his enemies. They would not know how to bestow the corpse. The ineffable comedy promises to continue.

I regret that I must forbear comment about many delectable things.

The League? No, I am too canny for that. But I will refer the reader to the conclusion of the Ninth Book of Plato's *Republic*; he may find the answer there.



## THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

### THE BROKEN BOW

THERE was a rending crash. Something struck me keenly in the face, just missing the eyes and — my glasses. My eyes had flashed shut instinctively. What it was, I did not know. I opened my eyes again to a strange thing.

I still was grasping my yew bow at arm's length by its plush handle. My arrow-hand still was back beneath my ear, the fingers straightened from the loose, the elbow shoulder-high; but the upper half of the bow was gone! Part of it dangled from my arm, the bow-string still attached and flung across. The rest, in five ruddy, shining fragments, littered the sward beneath my feet. I stood a-daze.

That bow was my friend; made for me by a friend skilled in such craft, whose clever fingers earned high rewards from others, but who made this one for me in right friendly comradeship. Four years of constant usage had made me wise to all its dainty, pretty whims — its soft dalliance and laziness when August suns were fierce, demanding a longer draw and a higher lift to carry the arrow down; its steely hardening to a Northman's nerve when chill October drifted into colder November. Right then, to draw it to the full demanded somewhat of the Northman's grim set grit, with well-nigh every muscle in the body braced. But such are the ways of yew, dear even in their feminine whimsies to the owner bowman; and now it was — gone!

Why, not two days back we had been shooting all that golden afternoon, and I had rolled up at the shorter ranges the best score of my life. To wind up the

day, a bulkier mate mirthfully challenged me to 'shoot a few at the hundred yards,' alongside of his bow of nearly twice its strength. Joyously I assented; we tramped back to that far stance in the tangled grass, and shaft for shaft we sent our arrows arching down the range. One of his thudded into the target somewhere, two of mine were in the very gold. I whooped my glee. They do not always end like that, our impromptu matches.

Not two days back! yet never again.

How many years had that yew-tree been growing high up, thousands of feet up the rugged ledges of a mountain in far Oregon? Years enough for it to reach a height of perhaps six feet or somewhat more — a trunk-thickness of full eight inches, beaten to that height stubbily by the blasting wintry hail; the wood hammered hard and tough by storms that not even a gull could face; shone upon by golden sunlight that spread a scent of resin on the quivering heat of a day in summer, a darker tinge to the feathery fingertips of green that fringed the branches. Came a man, then, wise in woodcraft, leading a band of axemen, bidding them to cut this and that, as his keen eye swept over and discarded trunks of twisted grain. Afterward, for years, a little pile of three-foot logs lay under a rude shelter, seasoning, drying out the weakening sap, hardening the fibres of the wood; and at the last, a six-day train-journey across country brought it to my friend. Already it was cleft into triangular-sectioned staves and ready to his hand.

Cunningly he chose one, marked the butt across with a broad pencil, then split the stave from end to end and

roughly blocked each piece into the semblance of one half of a bow. Then he placed their two marked butts end to end, and joined them there in long-fingered, dovetailed splice. A right knowing bit of woodcraft that; for the log might be uneven in its toughness, wavering in its grain; and now, every inch on one side of that bow's centre has its duplicate of strain upon the other, its very twin.

Then that friend of mine lovingly touched with his keen-edged tools the scented wood, and carved it down, down, in tapering slopes whose secret of strength and tension when bent is known only to master-craftsmen. Wherever the grain swerved from the straight, faithfully followed that tool, like a hound upon the trail, along its curving, so that no fraction of an inch, even, should be cut across it. The harder, ivory-white sapwood from just under the bark became the bow-back; the red-cedar heartwood of the rest shone ruddily under the final polishing. The horn tips gleamed six feet apart, like dull opals of darkening gray. Then, last of all, a hand-grip of sturdy leather bound the centre and masked the splice.

Such a bow is a treasure for a warrior's worth! Its draw and loose are velvet-soft; yet its cast is a long arc, yards on yards lower than that from harder, harsher woods like ash and lance; and all day long one shoots and shoots, and knows no weariness while daylight lingers and the target gleams.

I look me back across the years to many a day like that. They have been years full of joy and comradeship. They are years to be lived over again in the winter nights, when the snow is swirling in the glare of the firelight past the windows; for — a friend gave them to me, those years. I *have* had them and their joy at his hand! So, in the years to come, I shall have their echoes still, though in fact I now am bow-bereft.

### WHO'S GOT THE BUTTON?

For some time the world has smiled brightly on me — and when I say the world, I speak less in the poetic sense of one who visualizes laughing brooks and things, and more as a prosaist who thinks of mankind as the world. From the earliest morning until latest afternoon, my chance meetings with strangers are attended with good cheer.

To be sure, I have a bland, unsuspecting, and helpless facial expression that stimulates people of all sorts to be good to me. Taxi-drivers, on my emergence from a railroad train, have offered to drive me almost gratuitously to a hotel that I know to be opposite the station. Chance acquaintances, friends, even, have volunteered to take me in at the basement of golden investment opportunities; and members of my immediate family have gone freely out of their way to laud to me the blessings and felicities of the wedded state. All these kindnesses I accept as the meed of one born under a friendly star.

But I speak quite without indirection when I say that recently I have been the recipient of an unusual amount of cordiality. Not long since, a girl in a passing runabout glanced keenly at me as I stood waiting for a car in an outlying portion of the city; then stopped and offered to take me to my destination — 'that is, if you're not going *too* far out of my way.' During a short but welcome ride she talked brightly of the weather, and she left me at my corner with the kindest 'Not at all.' I had observed her glancing at the lapel of my jacket, but not once did she spoil the delightful impersonality of our contact by a reference to the cut of my ante-bellum clothes.

One day in the Elevated I was aroused from complete absorption in the political campaign by the remark of a train-guard, which led to a chummy

conversation. I now recall that his utterance bore some faint resemblance to 'Chatham Square,' but at the time it sounded like 'Château-Thierry,' and I rose from the seat, and asked him if he had been a marine. Perhaps the guilelessness of my question, coupled with the physiognomic ingenuousness to which I have already referred, disarmed the guard, for he entered cheerfully into a protracted conversation, interrupted only occasionally by a perfunctory supplication to other passengers to watch their step. He told me about the late war, with many spirited lapses into profane vernacular, which seemed tacitly to imply that I also had sounded the depths of the service vocabulary; and from time to time he glanced as if for assurance at the left lapel of my jacket.

By force of example my own gaze was directed to my lapel, and there I beheld what I had affixed with casual fingers and more than half forgotten — the button of a national order of World-War veterans. A light dawned upon me! This button, then, to which I am entitled by Mediterranean sub-chaser service, was the begetter of smiles, the open sesame to conversations, which had hitherto been denied me. It explained why persons who trod on my toes in the subway were willing to forgive my carelessness in taking my toes there to be trod upon; why one girl had broken the rule of motorists to give me a lift, and why other drivers had looked in passing as if only very important engagements prevented them from doing me a similar kindness.

After arriving at this amazing deduction, I terminated my conversation with the L guard, and left the train to walk the streets, as they do in literature, and think the matter out. It was true, then, that the war had had a profound influence on human nature. It had purged the New York public (if no other) of its indecent incivility, its dis-

regard of others' rights, its lamentably discourteous treatment of the stranger. My little button had fused the assorted hearts and dissimilar souls of America's people into a vast organ of kindness and altruism. To those who wore the insignia of this veterans' order, the best which might be offered in casual, passerby fellowship (and, no doubt, in the deeper exchanges of true friendliness) was not half enough. And among us of the order — I recalled then that the train-guard had worn the button, enfiladed on one side by the inevitable celluloidal glare of a presidential candidate — there was that spirit of *camaraderie* which exists elsewhere only among the Bolsheviki. Rank and caste had been thrown aside, and former officers and men were now men together.

So I thought in my solitary, lucubratory walk, and marveled no more that bank presidents, ex-yeomen (F), policemen, fatigued bartenders, and social leaders paused in their various occupations to flash a smile of greeting at me. True democracy, wherein everyone is the friendly equal of every other, had been achieved. Gone were the ascending rungs of the social ladder, and we were all blood-brothers in spirit.

But now it is my sorry business to shatter a train of thought that I had so hoped augured approach to Utopia.

Only yesterday I entered a shop, and was greeted by a salesman with the smile I have become accustomed to. 'Go'n' ter march in the parade?' he asked, glancing at my left lapel.

I have been a little out of touch with metropolitan affairs for the last five or six days and I was obliged to reveal my ignorance by asking what parade.

'Why, the bonus parade.'

'Oh, the bonus,' I replied, somewhat shortly, I must confess. 'I'm not in sympathy with the agitation. Taxes are high enough already.'

The ready smile left the salesman's

face, and I saw in its place a half-light of thinly disguised scorn creep from uplifted eyebrows to down-curved lips. 'Taxes,' he snorted. 'Wot 'er they got to do with it? We done our bit, and we rate the bonus.'

'As to that,' I remarked, feeling that we should best retain our mutual respect by keeping out of argument, 'you 're entitled to your opinion. — I'd like a couple of cells for my pocket flash.'

This clash of ideas between members of an organization rather jarred my sense of rightness with the world, but there was worse to come. As I waited for change, I heard the *buttonnaire* whisper to a fellow clerk: —

'D'yer see that big simp with the button? He don't want no bonus, and I'll bet a month's pay he had a soft job in Washington and don't need none. Them reserve officers always had the gravy, and as long as we got 'em in the outfit, we'll never get ours. Don't talk to me about men and officers bein' buddies now that it's all over. I don't want 'em to chow in my mess.'

#### HARVARD CALM AND HENRY ADAMS

'Yes,' said the very charming library official, 'the Adamases were always up to some sort of mischief'; and he walked on. He made no other comment on my discovery. Surely Henry Adams was right when he wrote, 'If Harvard College gave nothing else, it gave calm.'

To me it was an indescribably piquant experience to pick casually from the shelves of the Widener Library bound volume one hundred and fourteen of the *North American Review*, and open accidentally at a page, at the top of which was written in neat, square, scholarly writing, 'Suppressed.' The word 'suppressed' always implies an interesting history, and when it is written on a proof-sheet above the heading

'Taylor's *Faust*. *Faust*. *A Tragedy*. By JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE. First and Second Parts. Translated in the original meters by BAYARD TAYLOR,' it cannot but arouse curiosity.

Had I been trained in the Harvard calm, I should undoubtedly have first read through the article in a scholarly manner, to ascertain the reason for its suppression. Instead, I turned directly to the last page of the review, and in the same delicate handwriting I found the following note. 'This notice, written originally by a strong admirer of Mr. Taylor, but much changed by me in tone, led to a protest from the author, and a request from Mr. Osgood that the notice should be suppressed. Which was done. HENRY ADAMS.'

Only then did it occur to me that one did not ordinarily find proof-sheets of suppressed articles bound up in library copies of standard magazines. Surely there was a history behind this, and one not irrelevant to this age of suppression and censorship. Who knows what it may have been?

In 1871 Henry Adams became Assistant Professor of History in Harvard University. Shortly before that 'the publishers and editors of the *North American Review* must have felt a certain amount of confidence in him, since they put the Review in his hands.' Mr. Osgood was the publisher of the *North American Review*, as well as of Bayard Taylor's translation of *Faust*. Is it not justifiable to picture the twinkle in Professor Adams's eye as he, perhaps surreptitiously, placed the proof-sheets of the suppressed review in the library copy of the *North American Review*, available to all future generations of Harvard students, if denied the general public because of an editor's duty to his publisher?

As to the tenor of the review — I leave that to the investigations of the curious reader.

## THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

*This edition of the 'Atlantic' is 138,000 copies. Under present business conditions we are reluctant to face further increases. Our subscribers must of course be assured of their copies. Beyond this we hope to furnish the newsdealers with such a supply as may meet public demands which may be reasonably regarded as certain. It is a matter of regret to us that we can guarantee the opportunity of securing each month's 'Atlantic' only to actual subscribers.*

Stuart P. Sherman, critic and philosopher and keen student of the times, is Professor of English at the University of Illinois. Irene Hudson sends to the *Atlantic* from Minnesota this record of her actual experiences in the Southern mountains. We are not at liberty to disclose the identity of the author of the paper on 'Old Age' — the ripe harvest of three-score years and ten. Willard L. Sperry is minister of the Central Congregational Church of Boston. Mr. Sperry is a Rhodes Scholar and a man much interested in large areas of thought.

\* \* \*

S. Miles Bouton, Associated Press Correspondent, writes us concerning his striking little paper, that it is 'a piece of honest reporting. I have not dressed it up with any of my own words; the quotations are of actual conversations.' — What is the answer? We have our own ideas on the subject. Elizabeth Madox Roberts is a student in the University of Chicago. We can recall no truer chronicle of youth than the charming recollected scenes that make up the garland of her verse. William McFee has just published, through Doubleday, Page & Co., another novel, — *Captain Macedoine's Daughter*, — which to us, who had the privilege of reading it in proof, seems a story wholly different and wholly interesting. Robert M. Gay is Professor of English at Simmons College, Boston, and the author of a wonderfully compendious

little book on the art of writing, which was published a few months ago by the Atlantic Monthly Press.

\* \* \*

Harriet A. Smith has been living in Boston since her return from the Near East. In his report on the siege of Urfa, Dr. Vischer has this to say: —

I must at this point render grateful homage to the devoted activity of the American nurse, Miss Smith, but for which it would have been impossible to ensure with equal success the proper treatment of the sick orphans and adequate hygienic conditions for those in good health.

In her journal Miss Smith speaks of the exercises in versification by which some of the party sought to relieve the tedium and anxiety of the siege. In Mrs. Richard Mansfield's contribution, we find the following passage, which gives some impression of the spirit in which these ladies faced the tragedy which surrounded them: —

*Place aux dames*, however, — so let us begin  
With our Croix Rouge so fine — to say stern  
were a sin.

Her wit, it is true, sometimes has a sharp sting,  
But her kindness so great makes its hurt take to  
wing.

'Courage,' — *mon Dieu!* she is made of that  
word —

To the roof in pyjamas she flees like a bird —  
And waves her white banner to save the poor  
man,

Who crawls o'er the vineyard as fast as he can.  
While we seek the cellar, she sits there on high,  
And smilingly says, 'Ce n'est pas rien,' as the  
shells whistle by.

Take Joan of Arc, Florence Nightingale too,  
Barbara Frietchie, Moll Pitcher, all others you  
knew —

Put them together, yet not all, I ween,  
Can equal the courage of Harriet, this queen.

\* \* \*

Viola C. White, of Brooklyn, a new contributor, is soon to publish, through the Yale University Press, her first volume of poems. Henry Noble MacCracken is President of Vassar College. George W. Alger, a New York Lawyer, and time-honored contributor to the *Atlantic*, gives in

this paper the result of a first-hand investigation that he made of a well-known penitentiary. George P. Brett is president of the famous publishing house of Macmillan. L. Adams Beck, traveler and scholar, writes, at the editor's special request, of this wonderful pilgrimage.

\* \* \*

J. Bennett Nolan is a practising attorney of Reading, Pennsylvania. Paul Hutchinson is a missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church, stationed in Shanghai. He is editor of the *China Christian Advocate*, and chairman of the China Christian Literary Council. Alexander Kuprin is, in the estimation of his countrymen, one of the foremost living Russian short-story writers. From the very beginning he has been an opponent of the Soviet régime, and suffered persecution at the town of Gatchina, near Petrograd, where he lived. On several occasions he was offered by Gorky unlimited compensation for signed articles in the Soviet newspapers; but he always refused, in spite of the fact that he and his family were practically starving at the time. He was still in Gatchina when that town was captured by General Yudenich, during the drive on Petrograd. This gave Kuprin an opportunity to leave Soviet Russia. For some time after that he lived in Finland, and he is at present in Paris. Several volumes of his stories have appeared in this country. One is an authorized translation, made by Leo Pasvolksky, the translator of this article, of a group of stories, selected by Kuprin himself as his best. (*The Bracelet of Garnets and Other Stories*. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1917.) Henry W. Bunn, of New York, sends at the editor's request this comprehensive review of a melancholy and memorable twelvemonth.

\* \* \*

Dr. Eugene L. Fisk, Medical Director of the Life Extension Institute, writes us with regard to a possible misinterpretation of its attitude toward the forthcoming tobacco crusade, discussed in Mr. L. Ames Brown's paper in the October *Atlantic*. Mr. Brown's statements are accurate, but it is fair that the reader should know that the Institute's leaflet attacking the tobacco habit is but one of thirty-two pamphlets

issued by it in relation to various phases of the public health.

\* \* \*

Criticism of this magazine, always welcome, is often destructive. Here, however, is a pertinent suggestion for improvement.

EDITOR ATLANTIC MONTHLY, —

I would like to conduct a physical and beauty culture department for your magazine. . . . For this service I would charge you only one hundred dollars per month. . . .

I think that a beauty lecture once a month in your magazine and also answering . . . any questions pertaining to beauty or physical culture would be of added interest to your hundreds of readers. Do you not agree with me?

[Signed] Miss ———.

We refer the question to our readers.

\* \* \*

To the elect, the *Atlantic* addressed one of the most interesting of its articles in recent years. Here is a belated echo well worth listening to.

YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Some months ago, one of your contributors wrote most eloquently of the 'Road of Silence' she has trod these many years. Undoubtedly her narrative caused many a heart to throb in sympathetic pity, and it is well that those enjoying perfect senses should sometimes pause in their taking-it-for-granted lives, to realize the blessings that are theirs.

But great as are the drawbacks to those who literally 'having ears hear not,' there is another side, even to this sombre shield. All my life, I, too, have trod this path; I, too, have tested every turn and twist of the road, walked in its deepest shadows — but also basked in its warmest sunshine. For bright rays there are in abundance, and if the sense of hearing is blunted, fortunately the others are proportionately quickened; if one feels more keenly certain losses, it is that same sensitiveness that renders one equally susceptible to the unusual loving thought called forth by this misfortune. Who, that must struggle along using the eyes as ears also, has not found countless friends to smooth the way — to give an explanatory word here, or a tactful lift there? And surely, to every such an one, has come often the remark, 'You get only the worth-while remarks, and are spared dull repetitions and aimless items!'

If many joys are barred to one, Nature's recompense works here, also. When others complain of difficulty in concentrating, a deaf person never chimes in with his tale of woe. It is true that the music of the birds and the rustling of leaves are joys unknown, but perhaps my mental birds sing more melodiously, and my imaginary leaves rustle more harmoniously than their living counterparts.

Who shall say no joys are left, with the whole world of books as completely ours, as if written for our special delectation—happiness without alloy? And as if in reward for many years of stoic endurance of wonderful plays, voiceless to us, come the magic 'Movies,' surely enjoyed a hundredfold more by those to whom, for the first time, comes interpretation simultaneous with action.

It may be that my experience has been more fortunate than that of most others in my condition: a family wonderful in tact and sympathy, and self-acquired lip-reading, smoothing many obstacles. The lip-reading has been of incalculable help—not so much for my own benefit, as for the self-respect engendered by the thought that intercourse with others is not too much of a strain upon them.

Far be it from me to deny that Life has had its dark moments, its hard-fought battles to 'carry on,' but —

'T is n't Life that counts —

It's the courage you put into it.

Sincerely, CLARA S. WEIL.

\* \* \*

Whether 'possums 'play 'possum' or are the real article is a question much debated by our readers.

In the Contributors' Column of the October *Atlantic* appears an article on the 'possum 'playing 'possum' illustrated by a beetle playing beetle, from which I quote.

'Jean Henri Fabre, the French entomologist, made very careful experiments on this subject. In his case, however, a beetle, and not a 'possum, was the subject of the experiment!'

Now, whatever may be demonstrated concerning a beetle playing beetle does not by any necessity prove anything concerning a 'possum 'playing 'possum.' As a boy, I made very careful study of the 'possum 'playing 'possum,' and I know whereof I write. Mr. Taylor has not said the last word on the 'possum phenomenon. I am certain the 'possum 'plays 'possum' for its physical protection, just as the turtle plays turtle by pulling its head and legs into its hard shell for its physical protection. So the snail.

My dog once, in the daytime, by his peculiar bark, told me he had something corralled. I ran into the woods, and discovered the largest 'possum I ever saw, champing his teeth, facing my barking dog, turning on his posterior extremity, like the spoke of a wheel on its axis, constantly facing the ever-circling dog, who sought an opening to seize him.

The moment the 'possum saw me appear, he fell over as dead. I grabbed the dog and saved the 'possum a worrying. He was absolutely uninjured. I withdrew a short distance, holding fast my panting dog. After some minutes of waiting, the eyes of the 'possum opened the tiniest crack, and he began to lift his head the least mite to take stock of his surroundings. There was no case of being stunned here. Soon one of my brothers ap-

peared upon the scene. We procured a stout stick and ran it through the curl on the end of the tail of the 'possum, and carried him, thus suspended, nearly a quarter of a mile to our home, and laid him down in the yard of the farmhouse, and the family gathered around to view the great 'possum. I told the folks how slyly it had 'played 'possum' in the woods; and so we all withdrew out of the immediate presence, and in the course of a few minutes the eyes slowly opened, the head was lifted, and in another minute or two it had jumped to its feet, and was ready to make off, when I threw a stick at it, and down it dropped as if shot; eyes closed, and head lay back upon the ground, the jaws just slightly parted as in death.

I am therefore thoroughly convinced that there was no 'hypnotism' in this case.

The only way to be a naturalist is to be a naturalist, and make a close study of the animal in particular. A theory about one animal built up from the observations of an insect is about as convincing as arguing that frogs do not jump because snails do not jump.

E. E. HART.

\* \* \*

The progress of poesy is occasionally alluded to in this Column. Here is a note from the very foot of Parnassus.

I am exceedingly interested in poetry and spend a great deal of my time over it. I have been quite successful in this line in writing for our school paper in contests, etc., and am wondering if there is a mere possibility of my writing poems for your magazine? If so, would you kindly send me information as to what the pay would be, and also, would I need a license and who would I get it from?

Yours, etc.

\* \* \*

To a lady the last word!

November 17, 1920.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

If indeed, as you so firmly suggest in the November Contributors' Column, the *Débutante's* is the last word on Manners, you might engrave on the tombstone of that enticing topic the words used by William Sharp some thirty years ago on the cover of his *Pagan Review*, —

'Sic transit gloria Grundi!'

Yours sincerely,

ELIZABETH R. BIDDLE.

\* \* \*

— In the Contributors' Column of the *Atlantic* for April, 1920, we printed certain statements relating to the punishment of a prisoner named Herman in the Rhode Island State Prison. We have since received communications from the Penal and Charitable Commission of that State, together with the report of an investigation of the case made for the Episcopal Convocation of Providence, which aver that the punish-

ment described as being 'hung up by the wrists' consisted in being handcuffed to the bars of the cell at the height of the waist; that the duration of the punishment depended upon the prisoner's willingness to obey the rules of the prison; and that it was not inflicted for long periods. The report further states that the prisoner in question was constantly contumacious, and was reported many times for refusing to obey various rules.

The divergence between these reports and that which we printed seems one of degree. Without knowing the personnel of the Rhode Island institution, we must leave it to our readers to estimate both the severity and the wisdom of the disciplinary measures so described.

\* \* \*

We referred recently to Miss Keeler, not as secretary of a library, as was proper, but as a librarian. Hence this gentle rebuke.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

May I write a Club some time on 'What we are called that we are not'? For instance, I am not a librarian, alas! One feels much as the humble carrot must, when, looking at a neatly labeled row of jars, it sees itself as apple jelly, orange marmalade, and mince-meat!

LUCY E. KEELER.

\* \* \*

Messrs. Robert W. Chambers and Rupert Hughes will please take notice of the following communication, which we publish at the writer's request.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 4, '20.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY COMPANY

GENTLEMEN: —

Please, permit me to protest against your having addressed a letter to 'Dr. F. W. Hellyer, 1204 W. Fayette St., Baltimore, Md.'; because, I was first James Herbert Hellyer, of Shirley Lodge, Southampton, England; then Dr. Francis William Hartley of Baltimore Maryland. But, my truly remarkable experiences of October, 1906, having convinced me that my born name of 'Hellyer' is my birthright, and my real name regardless of any Order or Decree of the Circuit Court of Baltimore City; therefore, when Mrs Marion C. Arnett of Philadelphia expressed a wish for me to marry her by my original name I went to the Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas and obtained a marriage license in the name of 'James Herbert Hellyer' and then another in the name of Francis William Hartley, otherwise, James H. Hellyer.

And, I was married to Mrs Marion C. Arnett by the name of 'Hellyer' on the 11th day of

November 1913 in the Franklin Square Baptist Church, of Baltimore City.

The second ceremony was not, performed until the 24th day of December when it was celebrated in the front parlor of our home at 1204 W. Fayette Street by the old blind Methodist preacher the famous Rev. Samuel H. Cummings.

What I have been fighting for ever since my truly remarkable conversion in October fourteen years ago, is, — recognition of the fact that James Herbert Hellyer, and Dr. Francis William Hartley are identically, one, and the same man. Therefore, I petitioned the Circuit Court of Baltimore City to have my name legally changed for a second time, from Francis William Hartley, to Francis William Hartley-Hellyer, hyphenated; and an Order and Decree making this change was signed by Judge Walter I. Dawkins, on the 5th day of December 1916.

But even the *Daily Record* which had accepted my money in payment for publishing the petition for three weeks as required by the Law of Maryland, — said we do not have to publish the fact that the petition has been granted and the Decree signed; and none of the newspapers published in Baltimore did.

Every effort of mine, to serve the Lord my God, and to benefit mankind, has been met with opposition, and apparently wasted.

This mornings mail, is addressed to me in four different ways, and while writing to you, I have been called to the phone and asked if I was 'Dr. Hartley'; therefore, you will be able to understand, somewhat, of what I am up against.

Yours for truthful service,

HARTLEY-HELLYER.

As we go to press the following romantic letter from the same correspondent is handed us: —

TO THE EDITORS: —

I appreciate the expressions of friendship and good will contained in your letter dated November 6, 1920. But, it strikes me as being funny, and very strange for you to have used the words 'if space permits' in writing to a man, who has had such a world-wide notoriety of a ridiculous character as I have had forced upon me; against my most earnest and vehement protests for the publication of nothing but the *Truth*, — about my mysterious courtship; and why, — I really married the 'Veiled Bride' by two ceremonies *six weeks apart*. After the newspapers of both Baltimore and Philadelphia having fabricated, — and published such ridiculous *lies*. Why is it so difficult to get Publishers to be fair to a man, who has written as many literary gems as I have?

If not destroyed, they will be selling at great prices long after this old body of mine has rotted in the grave. And 'Marion' the heroine of a romantic story much more strange than that of Romeo and Juliet was born on *Beacon Street Boston*; she is, my beloved wife and companion in misfortune; her price is far above rubies.

I am for righteousness, truth, and service,

HARTLEY-HELLYER.



What's the Matter with New York?



# THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

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Western Soft Pine



Western Hemlock  
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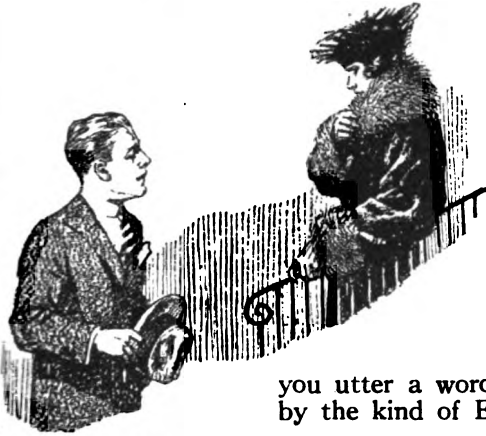
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#### Are You Always Grammatically Correct?

**Do You Say** — between you and I; a raise in salary; a long ways off; a setting hen; let's you and I go somewhere; those kind of men; that coat sets good; I don't know as I can; a mutual friend; the bread raises; providing I go; one less thing; where will I meet you; he referred back to; a poor widow woman; money for the Belgians, etc.?

#### Do You Know When to Use

— sits or sets; laying or lying; farther or further; drank or drunk; who or whom; I or me; lunch or luncheon; affect or effect; council, consul or counsel; practical or practicable; etc.?

#### How Do You Pronounce These Words?

**Do You Say** — in'kwirry for *inquiry*; ad'dress for *address*; cu'pon for *coupon*; press'idence for *predecessor*; al'lies for *allies*; epitome for *epitome*; ac'climated for *acclimated*; program for *program*; hy'dth for *height*; all'as for *alias*; oleomarjerine for *oleomargarine*; grimmy for *grimy*; compar'able for *comparable*; conver'sant for *conversant*, etc.?

#### Can You Pronounce Foreign Words Like

— masseuse, 'cello, bourgeois, lingerie, décolleté, faux pas, hors d'oeuvre, maraschino, Sinn Fein, Bolshieviki, Reichstag, Ypres, Il Trovatore, Thais, Paderewski, Nazimova, Galli-Curci, Les Misérables; etc.?

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# THE ATLANTIC'S BOOKSHELF

These reviews of recent books of unusual value are based upon lists furnished through the courteous coöperation of such trained judges as the following: American Library Association Book List, Wisconsin Free Library Commission, and the staffs of the public libraries in Springfield (Massachusetts), Newark, Cleveland, Kansas City, and St. Louis.

**A Cycle of Adams Letters, 1861-1865, edited by Worthington Chauncey Ford.** Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1920. Two vols. 8vo, 298 and 281 pp. Illustrated. \$10.00.

POSTHUMOUS fame is a queer thing. Charles Francis Adams the elder seems to have cared less about it than either of his sons, but won it beyond debate through his matchless service for seven years as Minister of the United States to Great Britain. Charles Francis Adams, Jr., and Henry Adams have gained far more readers through their posthumously published autobiographies than they were ever able to secure in their lifetime through their contributions to history and literature. It is possible to maintain that both of these autobiographies have been overpraised, but they have succeeded in arousing vivid and amused interest in the Adams characteristics. Dr. Crothers would prefer to say the Adams 'humors,' in the old sense of that word.

These new Adams letters, arranged by the accomplished skill of Mr. Ford, deal exclusively with the Civil War period. The elder Adams and his son Henry, his secretary, were in London. Charles was hesitating in Boston, then drilling, then fighting in the South. Back and forth fly the letters for four years; a correspondence trenchant in criticism, photographic in description, and revelatory of the personal traits and mental peculiarities of three remarkable men. This revelation is all the more complete because it is unsought and incidental. The father, the ablest man of the three, is absorbed in his delicate and dangerous task of representing his country. Henry and the younger Charles have as yet no 'character' to be sustained and exhibited before the public: they are simply young men of unusual gifts, preoccupied with the discussion of public events and with the narration of tangible personal adventures.

The reader who already knows — or thinks he knows — the three men, and the general history of the period, finds in these volumes confirmations as well as discoveries. The elder Adams is admirable throughout: ripe and wise, resourceful, endlessly patient, always master of himself, and, though he could not know it at the time, master of the situation. His letters are simply fuller, richer light upon a familiar portrait. The letters of his son Charles, on the other hand, are a corrective for many impressions too hastily drawn from his autobiography. That readable volume had a certain theory of Charles Francis Adams, Jr., to maintain: there was behind him a career to be explained, palliated, or justified. In these early letters there is nothing of the sort. He is, as always, intensely self-conscious, family-conscious. But the war did him endless good: gave him action, happiness, and a measure of success, and never, in

his later books, did he compose more vigorous and brilliant pages than some of these hastily scribbled letters from Virginia. The youthful Henry Adams, it must be confessed, is already something of a Stendhal, watching himself, analyzing the moments of action, paralyzing the springs of action. Charles administers brotherly admonitions in vain. Yet Henry is here, as always, a fascinating person, keen, whimsical, ironic, spectacular. Only, in 1861-'65, he was a bit too young for the Stendhal rôle.

Whatever these volumes may contribute to a new or a corrected knowledge of the Adamases, they assuredly give the reader a fresh sense of having lived personally through the period of the Civil War, whether at London or at the fighting front. They confirm the old doctrine that biography is the basis of history. Mr. Ford courageously refuses to supply footnotes or any narrative comment. He insists upon the rigors of the biographical game. His insistence is justified. The volumes are of absorbing interest. B. P.

**The Life of Joseph Hodges Choate as Gathered Chiefly from His Letters, by Edward Sanford Martin.** New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1920. Two vols. 8vo, x+472 and x+440 pp. Illustrated. \$10.00.

MR. CHOATE, as a subject for biography, should have had a Boswell in constant attendance. He spent a large portion of his life 'on his feet,' where a man is placed, in common parlance, whenever he is engaged in the act of speaking. In courts of law, at dinners and public meetings beyond number, in that best of private intercourse which falls to those who best deserve it, he exercised his gift of ready, witty, persuasive, and moving speech to effective and delightful purpose. This was his natural mode of expressing the distinctive personality with which he was dowered. Only a Boswell could have caught and preserved the flavor of it all.

This biography of Mr. Choate is frankly described as 'gathered chiefly from his letters.' They are for the most part letters to members of his own family, and reveal in all their implications a domestic life of rare sympathy and beauty. But the pen of unstudied correspondence was, in his hand, less mighty than the spoken word. Fortunately Mr. Martin has supplemented the letters with many extracts from Mr. Choate's speeches on special occasions, and in these the effect of the spoken word is readily imaginable. He has devoted almost a third of the first volume, moreover, to a 'Fragment of Autobiography,' dictated in 1914, dealing with the boyhood, youth, and early manhood of its subject, and affording a fresh illustration of the value of the austerities of

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an early Victorian New England training as a background for the achievement of eminence. The shining figure at the American bar, the Ambassador to Great Britain, the foremost citizen of New York, never ceased to use his Salem inheritances as a corrective and standard of valuation that might otherwise have gone fatally awry.

Almost immediately upon Mr. Choate's death in 1917 another biography of him, lacking much of the essential material accessible to Mr. Martin, was hastily published. One of its chapters, 'The Lawyer,' appears to have had the unfortunate effect of depriving this authorized biography of an element that would have added much to its interest. This chapter in Mr. Theron G. Strong's book contains many instances of Mr. Choate's methods of cross-examination, in which audacity, suavity, and a relentless wit were tellingly mingled. These transcripts of actual word-play in a few of the many momentous legal cases in which he took part provide something of what a Boswell would have gleaned both within and outside the courtroom.

The lack of any substantial interpretation of Mr. Choate through the medium in which he most clearly expressed his individuality is the lack, imposed by necessity, that is most felt in Mr. Martin's pages. The essential sympathy of spirit between himself and his subject illuminates the best pages of his book, especially those that deal with the perfect climax of Mr. Choate's great career, and picture the unstinted taxing of his waning physical powers when he gave voice to the devotion of America and its chief city to the cause of the Allies, embodied in the person of Mr. Balfour; and those last pages of all, setting forth Mr. Choate's unclouded adherence to 'the eternal hope.' M. H.

**Blind: A Story of These Times**, by Ernest Poole.  
New York: The Macmillan Company. 1920.  
12mo, iv+416 pp. \$2.50.

CONSIDERED as a piece of fictional art, *Blind* is found to pay the penalty of a strain of evasiveness in its fundamental design. The ex-journalist and playwright who is its hero tells his own life-story in the first person. In 1917 he has spent some months on a journalistic mission to Russia. In 1918, as an officer of artillery, he has been blinded by a splinter of shrapnel on the western front. In 1919 he sits down at his typewriter to tell the story of his life. He does this at the urgent suggestion of a surgeon, his life-long friend, who assures him that by yielding to pessimism and despair he is spoiling his one faint chance of recovering his sight.

Mr. Poole's book, ostensibly the autobiography produced under this impulsion, endeavors to utilize the theory that, because the writer is physically blind, his spiritual vision is keener than that of other men. His present blindness is deemed to cast a revealing light backward upon all that he has seen or known, done or been. The trouble is, the character is not sufficiently created, not sufficiently dissociated from Mr. Ernest

Poole, the presiding author, to achieve very much of this effect. The character's insight is pretty much that of all mature liberalism in these times, and it is not stamped with the authenticity of a tragic personal deprivation. The blindness, then, becomes largely factitious. It degenerates into a mere figure of speech for a practical world's insensibility to idealistic ends. And, conveniently, it enables the author to convey his message — a message being, in fact, the chief article of his entire baggage — without the embarrassment of any plot to unfold or any sort of fictional coherence to preserve.

Accepting the book for what it is, — a piece of social criticism no more than perfunctorily disguised as a novel, — one finds it to be a telling addition to the library of that liberalism which, having supported our country's official war aims of 1917-18, is saddened and embittered by our country's and the world's lapse of fidelity to those aims. Side by side, in the two decades before the war, there developed the contending forces of revolution and reaction — on one side a class-hatred more and more articulate, on the other an economic tyranny more and more nearly absolute; on both sides a materialism so pervasive that it corroded even the arts.

Having missed its lesson from the war, the world must learn it of the centuries instead; for life itself, which eventually compromises all extremes, will strike a balance of civilization between the red fool-fury of the Volga and the blindness of those who will not see through property rights to human rights. H. T. F.

**Christmas Roses**, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick.  
Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1920. 12mo,  
vi+326 pp. \$2.25.

ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK's volume of short stories is called, from the first of the tales, *Christmas Roses*, and each bears a flowery name — 'Hepaticas,' 'Daffodils,' 'Carnations,' 'Evening Primroses.' There is an Order of Gardeners, to whom trowel and rake and spade are precious symbols, and the kneeling-mat a place for the pure worship of the great heart of Nature. This elect company will read these pages with an especial joy. In each story is wrought out a human problem, by the aid of some aspect of plant and blossom. Palace and cottage, hall and chamber, library and drawing-room and kitchen, are all illuminated by light from the garden and the wood.

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The quaintest of the sketches is 'Pink Foxgloves.' The hero is a shy little clerk, who, at fifty, by an unexpected legacy, realizes his dream of a country life with a real garden of his own. Just as he enters upon the full satisfaction of it, he must needs fall in love with a girl — and find, after she has accepted him, that she is counting upon life in London, and that he must choose between her and his pink foxgloves! Of course, he makes the great surrender.

The most gracious of the women figures is perhaps that of the heroine of 'Autumn Crocuses' — a widow who opens her fair country cottage as a place of healing for the victims of war's horrors. A young poet, torn by hideous memories of the trenches, reproaches her for the preaching of her gentle gospel of forgiveness, yet yields in spite of himself to its wondrous charm. At the end he learns at what cost she has won the right to counsel courage and forbearance, her own feet having passed before him up the Calvary, — a path trodden no less in peace than in war, — 'and as if with a great, emerging breath, he came into a region bright and fair, whence, looking down on the dark and tattered past, he saw all life differently.'

The book is that noble product of our stormy time, a sad book which yet leaves us strong for life as it is. Its writer evades no stern truth. She sinks into no weary languor. Her words breathe peace of spirit, that peace which is 'power and clear sight and love, for these are parts of peace.'

H. E. H.

**The Traditions of European Literature from Homer to Dante, by Barrett Wendell.** New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1920. 8vo, x+670 pp. \$6.00.

PROFESSOR WENDELL's book is designed to encourage the habit 'of so thinking things together . . . that each might come habitually to see in perspective whatever he might know or learn about the traditions, historic and literary, which have accompanied our civilization to the point where we are part of it.' It is a sign of the times that such a work should appear in proximity to Wells's *Outline of History*; both are efforts to foster that intellectual unity which the nineteenth century complacently believed itself to possess, and which men now suspect must be built up little by little in the midst of social and political chaos. Professor Wendell has gathered within the small compass of six hundred pages the great men and the great movements of European literature down to the fourteenth century; he has made, not an arid summary, but a stately procession, marshaling in due order the traditions of Greece, of Rome, of Christianity, of Christendom, and of the Middle Ages.

The success of such a book obviously depends — at least — upon two conditions: the author must have the sort of familiarity with his subject which is described by Plato in his seventh Epistle as 'the result of long intercourse and a common life spent upon the thing, so that a light is suddenly kindled as from a living spark'; and he

must have a philosophy to guide himself and his reader. These two conditions are admirably fulfilled. Professor Wendell's judgments are personal and vivid, even when they seem, in some special point, to be erroneous. His philosophy is that of a severe but kindly Epicurean, who does not set much store by this world taken as a whole, but who has great affection for some of the finer things which manage, in one way or another, to survive in a generally hostile environment. From this source comes his recognition of the modernity of Lucretius and Catullus, inasmuch as they are 'surrounded by historical catastrophes of which they must be poignantly aware, yet which they can nowise influence or control.' This sense of an external power, which rules and overrules, informs Professor Wendell's discussion of Greek tragedy. 'For a little while,' he says, men 'feel as if they were free to do what they will; so, perhaps, if we grant that they are creatures of their past, they may be; even if they be, their freedom can last no longer than they cast their shadows in the sunshine. . . . In the ceaseless conflict between each man and the uncontrollable force which must always surround him, the essence of tragedy lies.'

But the teaching of this book is not the teaching of despair. The conflict may be tragic, but there is hope in the fact that it is also ceaseless. It is quite true 'that Americans now know little of the literary traditions of our ancestral Europe,' as Professor Wendell says he has learned from years of dealing with Harvard students; but our state is hopeless only if we remain unaware, complacently unaware, of our own ignorance.

R. K. H.

**The Making of the Reparation and Economic Sections of the Treaty, by Bernard M. Baruch.** New York: Harper and Brothers, 1920. 12mo, 353 pp. \$3.00.

THIS book is substantially a commentary upon an international statute. Of its 343 pages, exclusive of the index, 220 are occupied by selected clauses of the Versailles Treaty, or by documents relating to the adoption of those clauses and expository of them. Such a commentary might seem to promise few sensations, and to appeal but mildly to the interest of a layman. Indeed, it is written for serious men of affairs rather than for the numerous fledgling cosmopolitans who have found world politics since the war a source of emotional novelty. Nevertheless, it has immediately taken a notable place in the more widely read treaty literature, and has received liberal notice in the press of practically all the belligerent powers.

Partly, no doubt, this is due to the author's prominent part in drafting the Treaty's reparation and economic clauses. After serving as chairman of the War Industries Board during hostilities, he was appointed economic adviser of the American Peace Commission at Paris, where he served as member of the Economic Drafting Commission, the Reparation Commission, the Economic Commission, and the Supreme Economic Council — a list of offices indicative of





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some of the complexities of a single group of problems associated with the Treaty, and of the varied organizations created to deal with them. But the attention that the book has received is based upon more than the author's intimacy with his subject. He elucidates the genesis and import of some of the most controversial clauses of the Treaty, and those which, directly or indirectly, peculiarly concern our country. If Mr. Baruch in one sense holds a brief for the work with which he was so prominently associated, that brief may fairly be said to be explanatory and informative, rather than apologetic.

He tries to picture in his introduction the emotional background with which the terms of the peace were in a degree compelled to harmonize. But that is a story we have already heard from every critic and apologist who has written about the work at Paris. It is when we come to the early chapters, describing the struggle behind the scenes to make the Treaty conform — within at least blushing limits — with the pre-Armistice covenants with Germany, that we reach original material of interest and importance. In these chapters Mr. Baruch gives us an authoritative history of the reparation and economic clauses of the Treaty, much as Professors Haskins and Lord have given us the history of the political treaty clauses dealing exclusively with Europe. He has done so with such frankness as to elicit a rebuke from certain foreign reviewers — although a rather diffident one, to be sure, in view of the general engagement that the diplomacy at Paris should be "open" — for having violated some conventional reticences. This applies particularly to his publishing the secret memorandum of General Smuts, which decided the definition of reparation to civilians finally accepted by the Conference.

Americans have no reason to be ashamed of the documentary chapters, which are unbiased witnesses of facts, and show the American representatives fighting honorably for honest interpretations and plighted faith against the somewhat shifty and specious arguments of statesmen who were so compromised by political pledges at home that they found themselves, in view of their pre-Armistice promises to Germany, the victims of almost irreconcilable engagements. V. S. C.

**Bolshevism: Practice and Theory, by Bertrand Russell.** New York: Harcourt, Brace & Howe. 1920. 8vo, 192 pp. \$2.50.

AMONG the many books which have recently been written about the Bolshevik régime in Russia, this is by all odds the most significant. It is the work of an avowed Communist, who went to Petrograd and Moscow for a close-up view of 'an interesting experiment in representative government.' What he saw was an interesting experiment, he admits, but an experiment in government of an absurdly unrepresentative type. His

visit convinced him that Russia is writhing in the grasp of a truculent dictatorship, one of the most flagrant impostures upon the principle of self-government that the world has seen in many generations. It has given the Russian people neither liberty, nor security, nor prosperity. What is worse, it holds out no substantial hope that any of these things will ever be achieved so long as the Bolsheviks remain in power.

Coming from one who still confesses himself an unabashed Communist, there are some strong sentences in this book. Things which, to the ordinary mind, would constitute a severe indictment of Communism have no terrors for Mr. Russell. He sets them forth frankly, without any attempt to gloss them over or explain them away. As an experiment in Marxian government, Mr. Russell realizes that the Russia of to-day is a colossal failure, and his mission in this volume is merely to inquire why and how it became so. Other writers have contented themselves with throwing the entire blame upon those 'bourgeois' countries which have declined to trade with the Russian people. But this explanation, as the author easily demonstrates, is altogether inadequate. There is plenty of food in Russia; the peasants are better fed to-day than they were in the days of the Romanoffs. The squalor and chaos is in the cities and towns where industry has completely broken down because the Bolsheviks let it break down. By so doing they threw away what Mr. Russell calls 'the supreme condition of success in a Communist revolution,' which is the keeping of industry at full speed. When Russian industry went to pieces, the sequence of tragedies began.

In his journeyings of several weeks through Russia, it is significant that Mr. Russell never chanced upon a Communist. Those whom he met were always paraded before him by the authorities. This is not surprising; however, if we accept his estimate that the adherents of Lenin constitute only one half of one per cent of the Russian population as a whole. With anything akin to a system of representative government, therefore, the present rulers of Russia would be ousted in a jiffy. But by orthodox Jacobin methods, including the complete suppression of all political independence, they manage to hang on, and, to all appearances, they are likely to do so for some time to come.

Not the least interesting chapter in Mr. Russell's book is the concluding one, in which he discusses the possibility of a Communist revolution in England and the United States. The United States, he believes, holds the key to the whole situation. The suggestion is put forward that 'a prolonged and devoted propaganda of ideas' should be undertaken, 'especially among the wage-earners of the United States.' This has a sinister sound, and Mr. Russell would have left a better impression upon his American readers if he had omitted it.

W. B. M.

In response to requests from many librarians, the reviews printed each month in this department of the magazine will be reprinted separately in pamphlet form. Copies may be had by any librarian, without charge, on application to the Atlantic Monthly, 8 Arlington St. Boston.



# THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

FEBRUARY, 1921

## THE MENACE OF NEW PRIVILEGE

BY GEORGE W. ALGER

### I

HISTORY repeats itself when its lessons have been misunderstood. What the American people have to consider to-day is the return, in an entirely new and menacing form, of one of the outworn dogmas that were overthrown by the French Revolution — the doctrine of privileged classes. More precisely, it is the doctrine which in application purports to confer, by form of law, upon certain favored classes the right to perform with impunity acts expressly declared to be criminal if done by others not of the favored group. We have to consider it, moreover, not simply in the abstract, as the return of a once-hated feudal principle, but with respect to some of the already present concrete consequences of its adoption.

If history tells democracy anything, it is that the creation of privileged classes inevitably presages, not peace, but class-war. We have to deal with a crop of dragons' teeth, not sown merely, but now coming up.

At the very root of democracy lies the great principle of equality before the law. Its establishment has taken generations. It has required the shedding of blood, the wreck of feudalism, the pitiless destruction of a régime under which class- and caste-distinctions

had grown and thriven, under which unjust privileges, hoary with age, had made certain classes rich and powerful and had sapped the vitality of others. In its youth democracy declared itself against classes. It affirmed the equality of all men before the law, and tried to establish a system of justice in which neither rank, creed, nor class conferred privilege before the courts.

As we read history, no page is more inspiring than that which tells of the great day in France, in August, 1789, when the National Assembly adopted the Declaration of the Rights of Man; when, in an outburst of patriotic enthusiasm, the great nobles themselves moved the renunciation of the feudal privileges of their class and proposed that thereafter all citizens should submit to the same penalties and punishments; when, at a single session, on the memorable 4th of August, the hereditary privileges of individuals, of cities, of towns and provinces, disappeared; when even parliamentarians professed themselves willing to renounce hereditary judgeships; when the National Assembly demolished, by the voluntary offering of its beneficiaries, the entire feudal system, unshackled the land and the person of the citizen, and

left him free and equal before the law and with all careers open to him. 'The law,' declared the Assembly, 'is the expressed will of the community. It should act upon all alike. All should be equally restrained and protected; all should be equally eligible to honors, employment, and office.'

This was one of the high spots of history. Neither men nor nations, to be sure, retain continuously the elevation of special moments in their history. The special classes of the feudal period were minorities, small groups, favored individuals, privileged nobles. The principle of equality before the law, which abolished their ancient rights, did not proceed upon this fact alone. It was of a more general character. Its foundation was the foundation of democracy itself, the equality of all before one law, which recognized no special or privileged class, before which the noble, the peasant, the farmer, the artisan were alike. It proposed to set up a system of law before whose tribunals no man could answer, when charged with an offense against its decrees, 'I am a privileged person to whom the common law does not apply.'

It would indeed have amazed the members of that National Assembly if they could have foreseen a time when, in a democracy still purporting to be based upon this theory of equality before the law, not the noble, but the farmer could raise the plea of privilege, and could say in its courts of justice, when charged with an offense punishable if committed by others, 'I am of a privileged class.' The farmer, or artisan, of France, as pictured by La Bruyère or Arthur Young, could have imagined no such miracle. Even in his dreams, he could imagine only a state in which he should attain justice — equality before the law. That he would ever attain a state when he should seek for himself the feudal privileges of the

noble would have been beyond the realm of his imagination.

In my morning paper a few days ago I found the following announcement, dated Wichita, Kansas, under the heading: 'Growers urged to hold wheat after Oct. 25 for \$3 a bushel': —

The Wheat-Growers' Association of the United States, with a membership of 70,000 in Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, Nebraska, and South Dakota, has issued from its office here a proclamation to all its members urging them to refrain from selling any wheat after 8 P.M., Oct. 25, until such time as the price of good wheat is raised to \$3 a bushel at the growers' terminal market. Agricultural colleges, farm bureaus, State Boards of Agriculture, and similar organizations are urged to coöperate.

This proclamation was signed by the National President and Secretary of the Wheat-Growers' Association.

If this announcement had been made by an association of steel manufacturers, urging the holding of structural steel for a rise of three dollars a ton over the current price, with Judge Gary's name at the bottom of it, asking the coöperation of members of the Iron and Steel Institute, indictment would have followed in a week. The Sherman Anti-Trust Act would instantly have been brought into operation.

Are artificial prices in bread less important to our people than artificial prices in steel? If people who produce steel cannot combine to create these prices, why should people who produce wheat be allowed to do so? The question raised is quite apart from the general problem involved in the Anti-Trust law. The problem of monopoly has many aspects. It is but one of these aspects that is here considered — the desirability and propriety of class-privilege and exemption from the operation of these statutes.

Our recent census returns show an enormous increase in the number of

city-dwellers, commonly, and quite inaccurately, classed as consumers. It shows a corresponding decline of farming or agricultural population, called, by an equally faulty description, producers. It is a common heresy that the man who works with his brain, or the man who, in the intricate processes of modern life, devotes his energies to the organization of industry, to the manufacture, distribution, marketing, storage, sale, or transportation of goods, is not a producer, and that his rights are subordinate to the rights of those who raise crops, or work in manufacturing processes, or labor with their hands and bodies. Class-war, indeed, based upon these distinctions, is one of the postulates of Russian Sovietism.

The falling-off of farm population is not, as many suppose, in all aspects an alarming thing. It represents, in large part, the improvement which has been made by the city-dweller and the manufacturer in the processes applicable to the farm. New forms of machinery adapted to farm use have been devised, which make it possible for far greater acreages to be handled by these machines, with far less human labor. This contribution made by the manufacturer to the improvement of the conditions of the farm renders unnecessary the continued employment there of human labor to the same extent as before. Farming sections that show a falling-off in number of inhabitants are very largely sections to which agricultural machinery has gone in large quantities. In the argument often made, therefore, that something drastic must be done to keep our farming population as large as before, this essential feature is overlooked — the contribution of intelligence from the city, and from the manufacturing plant located in or near it, to the solution of the problems of the farm. It only shows how artificial is the attempt to

classify our people into groups, on the Russian basis. It overlooks the essential healthful interrelation of these groups acting in economic concert rather than through strife, and producing results beneficial, not to one class, but to all.

Section 6 of the Clayton Anti-Trust Act of 1914, provides: —

The labor of a human being is not a commodity or article of commerce. Nothing contained in the Anti-Trust laws shall be construed to forbid the existence and operation of labor, agricultural, or horticultural organizations, instituted for the purpose of mutual help and not having capital stock or conducted for profit, or to forbid or restrain individual members of such organizations from lawfully carrying out the legitimate objects thereof; nor shall such organizations, or the members thereof, be held or construed to be illegal combinations or conspiracies in restraint of trade under the Anti-Trust laws.

This somewhat cloudy language has not as yet received judicial construction by the United States Supreme Court. Efforts are now being made, in legislation pending before Congress, to clarify and extend the exemption of these classes from the Anti-Trust laws of the nation.

In the meantime, the words of the Clayton Act have been given a practical construction, which is well illustrated by the announcement of the Wheat-Growers' Association quoted above. Under this construction, accepted by the Department of Justice, any form of hoarding, pooling, price-fixing, or market manipulation is assumed to be lawful, if it is done or conducted by organizations which have no capital stock and whose profits accrue to the members in other forms than by way of dividends. The distinction between such corporations and capitalistic corporations with capital stock and dividends is ingenious but illusory. Corporations of either form are but the

means by which individuals who combine in them their money or their produce expect to make a profit in return, either by dividends or by an enhanced price for the produce contributed. An agricultural combination for mutual help means nothing more or less than one which produces a greater money return to its members by its corporate action.

Is the Russian distinction between peasants and workers and the rest of organized society consistent with the law of the land in a democracy which has not wholly abandoned its ancient conception of equality before the law? The question was answered eighteen years ago in the negative. Illinois had adopted an Anti-Trust law, which, after the usual penalties imposed upon those violating its provisions, made the following exception:—

The provisions of this Act shall not apply to agricultural products or livestock while in the hands of the producer or raiser.

In a decision concurred in by all members of the court who participated therein, with one exception, the Supreme Court of the United States, by Judge Harlan, declared the whole act unconstitutional, as a denial of the equal protection of the law. Judge Harlan says in this case, — *Connolly vs. Union Sewer-Pipe Company*:—

We conclude this part of the discussion by saying that to declare that some of the class engaged in domestic trade or commerce shall be deemed criminals if they violate the regulations prescribed by the state for the purpose of protecting the public against illegal combinations formed to destroy competition and to control prices, and that others of the same class shall not be bound to regard these regulations, but may combine their capital, skill or acts to destroy competition and to control prices for their special benefit, is so manifestly a denial of the equal protection of the law that further or extended argument to establish that position would seem to be unnecessary.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 184 U.S., 540.

This was the law in 1902. The decision has never been overruled. Its authority has never been directly denied. But the theory of equality before the law, which, Judge Harlan declared, forbade such legislation, has not prevented subsequent enactments purporting to confer class-privilege of the same character. The Clayton Act amendment, which I have quoted, is only one type of this exception. If the reasoning of Judge Harlan's opinion is still good law, it is perhaps an open question whether the Sherman Act in its entirety has not been affected by this amendment, if the amendment in fact authorizes such concerted action as that proposed by the wheat pool proponents. The Illinois Anti-Trust law was, as stated above, declared to be wholly vitiated by the exemptions of 'producers and raisers' contained in it.

The Lever Act, enacted as a war-measure to prevent profiteering, expressly permitted profiteering, no matter how gross, provided it was done by farmers or laborers, and not by merchants. In several of the lower Federal courts, the act has been declared invalid because of this provision, and the United States Supreme Court has the question now before it for final consideration.

## II

The question here considered, however, is not a mere abstract question of law. It is rather as a matter of public policy that it needs far wider consideration than it has yet received. The subject is one that exhibits the great temptation of the politician. Given a large class, of great voting strength, of distinct class-interests, and the temptation to win votes, from a constituency largely composed of such elements, by such enactments is one difficult to overcome. The Appropriation Act for the enforcement of the Federal anti-trust

laws is an interesting example of these enactments. It expresses an indirect and adroit form of this favoritism, in that it provides that no part of the appropriation shall be expended for the prosecution of farmers who coöperate to obtain fair and reasonable prices for their products. The Department of Justice would, therefore, proceed at its peril against any such organization; since, if it should fail in its efforts to prevent an unlawful conspiracy, all the money spent in such prosecution would be unauthorized expenditure. Plausible and highly ingenious arguments have been put forward, purporting to justify these class-privilege laws. The food-producer should be allowed the legal right to profiteer, forbidden by the Lever Act to all others, because, we are told, the class is so numerous that there is little danger that such profiteering will in actual practice result in serious injury to consumers. The labor union should be allowed to profiteer for the same reason, and also because of the peculiar character of labor: 'the labor of a human being is not a commodity,' and so forth.

One serious difficulty about this class-privilege legislation is that, once it begins, new privileges and exemptions follow and extend themselves. A few days after the wheat pool was projected, my morning paper contained another announcement. This time it was not wheat, but cotton. The headlines indicated that merchants in Southern states had been ordered to close their doors until the price of cotton returned to the forty-cent level; that night-riders were enforcing the closing of cotton gins by threats of the torch. Along with it came the suggestion that the cotton-farmers are bitterly blaming the Wilson administration and the Federal Reserve Bank for the decline in cotton, because the Secretary of the Treasury and the

Governor of the Reserve Board have not been willing to lend the banking resources of the Reserve banks to extend such credits as would enable cotton-producers to hold their cotton until the price had advanced to their satisfaction. The demand that the National Treasury should be used as an agency for a price-fixing pool of cotton-producers is analogous to the demand of the wheat-growers that the public institutions supported by tax-payers should coöperate with their efforts to raise the price of wheat. Their appeal was made to agricultural colleges, farm-bureaus, state boards of agriculture, to help their price-fixing propaganda. Where is the legitimate stopping-point, if we make a beginning in recognizing class-rights of this character, and permit things that are criminal if performed by manufacturers and merchants to be done with impunity by the exempted classes?

The time is coming, — and coming soon, unless the pressure of public opinion prevents it, — when our legislatures and Congress will be asked to finance these price-fixing coöperative ventures for the benefit of producers and at the expense of city tax-payers. The extent to which such movements can go without incurring legal obstacles is well evidenced by the Non-Partisan League legislation in North Dakota, which has successfully sustained all constitutional attacks upon it up to, and including, the United States Supreme Court. The growth of this legislation thus far has been rapid because of an almost complete absence of opposition. The city consumer has been greatly irritated at increases in the cost of living. He has been too readily convinced that the cause is the rapacity or inefficiency of the middleman, a personage for whom no civil word is ever said except at advertising rates. That he is simply registering for the

consumer increased costs, due to the coöperation of farmers in the country districts from which he buys, and the increased cost of labor coöperation in the city, through which he distributes, is a proposition to which the consumer has as yet given almost no thought.

Subsequent newspaper accounts show that the wheat-pooling plan was meeting with success, and that wheat had moved up from eighteen to twenty-three cents above the low point at which it stood when the announcement that I have quoted was made. With ninety-six million bushels of wheat in the bins and stacks of Kansas farmers, representing two thirds of the year's crops, with empty box-cars on nearly every railroad siding in that state, and with the country elevators ready to purchase the grain, there were just eighteen carloads of Kansas wheat on the Wichita market on the date fixed by the Wheat-Growers' Association in the notice I have quoted. In other words, we have a wheat strike against the consumer, followed by an announcement by the Secretary of the Growers' Association, that the strike was in effect, and that the farmers were 'in the fight to stay. Sixty days more,' he declared, 'will see the goal of \$3.00 wheat attained.'

These wheat-growers are dissatisfied also with the failure of the Federal Reserve Bank to finance their wheat boycott with public money.

As I write, the milk-farmers of six states, whose milk is sold for consumption in New York City, combined under the leadership of the Dairymen's League, a milk-producers' association with some eighty thousand members, are proposing a price-fixing pool under which milk to the value of many millions of dollars will be handled by one of these coöperative associations. This scheme provides that the Dairymen's League Coöperative Association shall

sell and receive the money for all this milk, shall fix separate prices for milk for various uses, — for the condenser one price, for the cheese-manufacturer another, and for the children of New York a much higher price, — and that the moneys received shall be put into one pool, and the same price be paid to all the participants. Under this plan the city consumer and the children of the poor are to pay artificially high prices, to enable corporate purchasers of milk to receive lower prices. This pool, whose illegality would be apparent if it were not operated by an exempted class and organization, is permitted by a recent amendment of the New York penal law, enacted after the Dairymen's League itself had been indicted as a conspiracy in restraint of trade. This provision, exempting coöperative associations from the State Anti-trust law, provides: —

Contracts, agreements, arrangements, or combinations, heretofore or hereafter made by such associations, or the members, officers or directors thereof, making such collective sales and marketing and prescribing terms and conditions thereof, are not conspiracies and shall not be construed to be injurious to trade or commerce.

Can anyone doubt that such a combination, if effective, as its proposers hope it will be, will *in fact* be injurious to trade or commerce, will be injurious to the consumers in the city, and will be unjust as well as injurious?

The latest public evidence of the growth of this price-fixing programme among producers is the deliverance of the National Grange, through its Master, at its recent annual meeting in November of this year, in which solemn warning is given to the consumer, to the bankers, manufacturers, railroads, and labor organizations, that, if no attention is now paid to the unrest and dissatisfaction of the farmer, and 'if the Government continues to use its great



power to import raw material, free of duty, to reduce costs, then the Grange will be the first to help organize nationwide selling organizations which shall fix the price of farm products.'

### III

How far can a democracy go in the stratification of its social life into classes without danger to the very fabric of democracy itself? This is a pressing problem, which has received almost no consideration by the classes most immediately affected — those who dwell in cities, those persons outside of labor unions and farm organizations, who have not organized themselves, as they are doing in England, into a middle-class union. Must we have the further stratification of American society into a middle-class union for self-protection? Must this middle-class union be required to show by their votes, by their political action, that they too constitute a class, that they too have interests which need special nurture by special legislation?

That the farmer has many just causes of dissatisfaction with the return for his labor, no one can question. That many defects and some rankly fraudulent practices exist in the methods of distribution of his products is equally true. Much can be done, and should be done, to improve those distributive processes, of which the waste and injustice are injurious to farmer and consumer alike.

The trouble with the coöperative trust movement is that it adds confusion and discord, ill-will and passion, to the consideration of problems which need careful study and discriminative judgment and a spirit of fair play. To try to understand marketing conditions and rules, to try to meet market demands with a corresponding supply, to avoid, wherever possible, the

creation of glutted markets, and to try to organize a marketing system under which unnecessary losses are avoided and unnecessary costs eliminated, is a course which common sense imperatively demands. Such a programme, however, requires coöperation between the producer and the middleman, and an understanding of one another's problems, which need joint action for successful solution. The adoption in a friendly and constructive spirit of such a policy and programme would be of immense value.

The coöperative trust movement has no such plans or purposes. It proceeds upon the assumption that the laws of supply and demand need not be understood, but can be controlled; that prices can be fixed and maintained in conflict with these laws, provided a spirit of loyal obedience can be maintained among the rank and file of farmer producers. To produce this spirit of loyalty, under which these price-fixing plans can be promoted and carried on, there follows inevitably a form of propaganda which these officers feel themselves constrained to maintain in their own organization papers, in the country newspapers, and through press agents whose activities are increasingly evident in the city press — the constant purpose being to convince the producer member that any established form of distribution not immediately controlled by his organization is a method of extortion or oppression, to be dominated or destroyed. They insist that loyalty to the coöperative trust movement can be maintained on this postulate only.

This propaganda finds further support in political circles subservient to these class-organizations. Curiously enough, it also finds support, for other reasons, in the yellow journals in the cities. The general result is that organized systems of distribution, which

refuse to buy and sell commodities on terms so dictated, find themselves, both at Washington and in the several states, subject to an almost continuous attack. The meat-packing industry has long been pilloried. The movement for disintegrating these large meat-distributing systems is to-day as popular as was the movement for the destruction of the original Standard Oil Company, before subsequent experience taught us what the effect of disintegrating the trust into a series of separate oil companies would be. In the same fashion, continuous attacks are being made upon the grain and cotton marketing systems, under which values are found by the application of the law of supply and demand in the great exchanges. The milk-distributor finds himself under attack in all great American cities, notwithstanding the repeated investigations, which have almost uniformly found his profits surprisingly low, and the service by the larger companies such as to justify the finding of a recent legislative investigation in New York, which declares that

It can safely be said at this time that no product of the farm is more economically handled in distribution to the city consumer than the quart of milk to be had every morning at his doorstep.

One injurious collateral effect of this class-war propaganda, organized by the coöperative trust movement for purposes of price-fixing by producers, has been this: the organized and efficient systems of distribution are being obliged to spend thousands upon thousands of dollars in self-defense against legislation injurious to them, and are finding difficulty in maintaining the efficiency of their organizations. There is, however, an almost entire absence of a much-wanted critical attention, either in city or country, to grossly inefficient forms of distribution, which to-day waste millions of dollars' worth of

food and food-products through lack of adequate or intelligent distribution facilities. When we consider that, in New York alone, a fourth of the perishables received at the wholesale markets goes to the public dumps; that a third of the oranges and a fifth of the eggs received are rotten and unsalable; that, annually over seven million pounds of fruit and three million pounds of vegetables are carried by the dump-scows to the sea, we have but a partial and incomplete illustration of this waste, which goes on daily through uneconomic distribution, while economic and relatively efficient distribution alone seems to be subjected to unthinking criticism, political attack, and every form of discouragement injurious alike to producer and consumer. It is wholly against public policy that this should continue.

The basis of a great part of this continuous attack upon organizations for the distribution of farm-products is not understood by the consumer. That basis is found largely in the desire of those in control of these producers' organizations, now freed, or believing themselves to be free, from all restraint by law, to dominate what they do not understand, attempting to substitute crude forms of so-called coöperation for established forms of distribution, and to place a relatively small, and wholly inexperienced, group of farmer-officials in control of price-fixing pools in food-products of enormous value—products which must be handled efficiently and with due regard to market conditions, in order to avoid injury to the farmer as well as to the consumer. The effect of Russian Sovietism, to which it is a close parallel, on the methods of distribution is one of the most marked features of its failure. The repetition of anything like this failure in America by the development of the same class-war would be a public calamity.

What I have said should not be con-

sidered as a sweeping defense of all forms of so-called capitalistic distribution. There are many things that may be done, and must be done, to improve methods of production and distribution and to cheapen the cost of both. It is a singularly inviting, undeveloped field. To prevent unfair practice, to destroy opportunities for overreaching, extortion, and fraud, or market-control, is highly desirable. But to give to radical groups of any class the unlimited right of combination, to enable them thereby to control prices, to manipulate markets, to dominate or disrupt distribution, and often to coerce unwilling producers themselves into action that their own sound judgment disapproves, is quite another matter.

What the consuming public should be made to understand is that the animus of a large part of the current attacks upon present methods of distribution is consciously or unconsciously hostile to the consumer himself. With all their faults, the great existing instrumentalities of distribution are nevertheless, in the main, between producer and consumer, free agencies, which, because of their own interest, have some regard for the rights of both, these agencies being dependent for their success upon competition, upon the development of economies of operation, and upon conforming their efforts to the law of supply and demand. The thing sought by these new groups is the transformation of these systems of distribution into more passive instrumentalities, through which united producers express their price-fixing demands: their transformation into mere toll-gatherers for the producers from the consumer.

It is doubtless true that these crude and clumsy price-fixing pools, which have been previously discussed, will prove to be ineffectual in accomplishing their purpose. They can, however,

cause great harm in disorganizing distribution.<sup>1</sup> It is because of this latter fact, and because of the development of the spirit of class-war, actively engendered and promoted by their official representatives, both in public office and in control of the industrial politics of farm coöperative movements, that the public should be induced to reconsider the desirability of exempting these organizations from the applications of all laws, of permitting them to operate conspiracies in restraint of trade, which are forbidden to the manufacturer and the distributor.

Along constructive lines many things can be done to improve the welfare of our agricultural population; which is the backbone of American life. This paper is written in no spirit of hostility. The trouble with these measures is that they constitute a wrong start in the wrong direction, that they are crude, unjust, and unworkable substitutes for constructive legislation, helpful to the community as a whole, by which help and encouragement can and should be given to agriculture. It is because these laws tend to accentuate and increase the class-cleavage between the agricultural population and the country of which they are an essential part, that this legislation needs reconsideration, to the end that other legislation, conceived in a different spirit and with a different purpose, may take its place.

In the final analysis, the question resolves itself into whether we desire the development in America of class-war by recognizing class-distinctions, class-rights, and class-privileges, which make, not for peace, but for inevitable conflict. The time has arrived when

<sup>1</sup> Alarming results are becoming evident in another quarter—the closing of country banks. More than a score of these banks have been closed in North Dakota alone since this paper was written, and the movement is spreading to other sections.

this great question must receive a far more thorough and consistent study by the American people, not as classes, but as citizens; not as petitioners for special privileges, which the nobles of feudal-

ism surrendered, but as the willing participators in a system of law whose basis is equality, a system which can have no basis other than equality, if democracy is not to perish from the earth.

## 'TO COUNSEL THE DOUBTFUL'

BY AGNES REPPLIER

### I

IN the *Colony Records* of Plymouth it is set down that a certain John Williams lived unhappily with his wife — a circumstance which was as conceivable in that austere community as in less godly towns. But the Puritan magistrate who, in the year 1666, undertook to settle this connubial quarrel, had no respect for that compelling word, incompatibility. The afflicted couple were admonished 'to apply themselves to such waies as might make for the recovery of peace and love betwixt them. And for that end the Court requested Isacke Bucke to bee officious therein.'

It is the delight and the despair of readers, especially of readers inclined to the intimacies of history, that they are so often told the beginnings of things, and left to conjecture the end. How did Isacke Bucke set about his difficult and delicate commission, and how did the contentious pair relish his officiousness? The Puritans were tolerably accustomed to proffering advice. It was part of their social code, as well as a civil and religious duty. They had a happy belief in the efficacy of expostulation. In 1635 it was proposed that the mag-

istrates of Boston should 'in tenderness and love admonish one another.' And many lively words must have come of it.

Roman Catholics who studied their catechism when they were children will always remember that the first of the 'Spiritual Works of Mercy' is 'To counsel the doubtful.' Taken in conjunction with the thirteen other works, it presents a compendium of holiness. Taken by itself, apart from less popular rulings, such as 'To forgive offenses,' and 'To bear wrongs patiently,' it is apt to be a trifle overbearing. Catholic theology has defined the difference between a precept and a counsel — when the Church speaks. A precept is binding, and obedience to it is an obligation. A counsel is suggestive, and obedience to it is a matter of volition. The same distinction holds good in civil and social life. A law must be obeyed; but it is in no despite of our counselors, moral or political, that we reserve the right of choice.

Three hundred years ago, Robert Burton, who was reflective rather than mandatory, commented upon the reluctance of heretics to be converted

from their errors. It seemed to him — a learned and detached onlooker — that one man's word, however well spoken, had no effect upon another man's views; and he marveled unconcernedly that this should be the case. The tolerance or the indifference of our day has disinclined most of us to meddle with our neighbor's beliefs. We are concerned about his tastes, his work, his politics, because at these points his life touches ours; but we have a decent regard for his spiritual freedom, and for the secret responsibility it entails.

There are, indeed, devout Christian communities which expend their time, money, and energy in extinguishing in the breasts of other Christians the faith which has sufficed and supported them. The methods of these propagandists are more genial than were those of the Inquisition; but their temerity is no less, and their animating principle is the same. They proffer their competing set of dogmas with absolute assurance, forgetting that man does not live by fractions of theology, but by the correspondence of his nature with spiritual influences moulded through the centuries to meet his needs. To counsel the doubtful is a Christian duty; but to create the doubts we counsel is nowhere recommended. It savors too closely of omniscience.

The counsels offered by age to youth are less expansive and less untrammelled than are the counsels offered by youth to age. Experience dulls the courageous and imaginative didacticism that is so heartening, because so sanguine, in the young. We have been told, both in England and in the United States, that youth is now somewhat displeased with age, as having made a mess of the world it was trying to run; and that the shrill defiance which meets criticism indicates this justifiable resentment. It is not an easy matter to run a world at the best of times, and

Germany's unfortunate ambition to control the running has put the job beyond man's power of immediate adjustment. The social lapses that have been so loudly lamented by British and American censors are the least serious symptoms of the general disintegration — the crumbling away of a cornice when the foundations are insecure.

It is interesting, however, to note the opposing methods employed by carping age to correct the excesses of youth. When a Western state disapproves of the behavior of its young people, it turns to the courts for relief. It asks and obtains laws regulating the length of a skirt, or the momentum of a dance. When a New England state disapproves of the behavior of its young people, it writes articles, or circulates and signs a remonstrance. Sometimes it confides its grievance to a Federation of Women's Clubs, hoping that the augustness of this assembly will overawe the spirit of revolt. I may add that when Canada (Province of Quebec) disapproves of the behavior of its young people, it appeals to the Church, which acts with commendable promptness and semi-occasional success.

All these torrents of disapproval have steeped society in an ebb-tide of rejected counsels. It would seem that none of us are conducting ourselves as properly as we should, and that few of us are satisfactory to our neighbors. In the rapid shifting of responsibility, we find ourselves accused when we thought we were accusers. We say that a girl's dress fails to cover a proper percentage of her body, and are told that it is the consequence of our inability to preserve peace. We pay a predatory grocer the price he asks for his goods, and are told that it is our fault he asks it. If we plead that hunger-striking — the only alternative — is incompatible with hard work, we are offered a varied assortment of substitutes for food.

There is nothing in which personal tastes are more assertive or less persuasive than in the devices of economy. Sooner or later they resolve themselves into the query of the famous and frugal Frenchman: 'Why should I pay twelve francs for an umbrella when I can buy a bock for six sous?'

## II

The most hopeful symptom of our times (so fraught with sullenness and peril) is the violent hostility developed a few years ago between rival schools of verse. There have always been individual critics as sensitive to contrary points of view as are the men who organize raids on Carnegie Hall whenever they disagree with a speaker. Swinburne was a notable example of this tyranny of opinion. It was not enough for him to love Dickens and to hate Byron, thus neatly balancing his loss and gain. He was impelled by the terms of his nature ardently to proclaim his love and his hate, and intemperately to denounce those who loved and hated otherwise. That so keen and caustic a commentator as Mr. Chesterton should have been annoyed because he could not turn back the tide of popular enthusiasm which surged and broke at Rudyard Kipling's feet was natural enough. He confided to the British public that 'Recessional' was the work of a 'solemn cad'; and the British public—quite as if he had not spoken—took the poem to its heart, wept over it, prayed over it, and dilated generally with emotions which it is good for a public to feel. The looker-on was reminded a little of Horace Walpole fretfully explaining to Paris that a Salisbury Court printer could not possibly know anything about the habits of the English aristocracy; and of Paris replying to this ultimatum by reading *Clarissa Harlowe* with all its might and main, and shedding torrents

of tears over the printer's matchless heroine.

But the asperity of a solitary critic is far less impelling than the asperity of a whole school of writers and of their opponents. Just when the ways of the world seemed darkest, and its nations most distraught, the *litterati* effected a welcome diversion by quarreling over rules of prosody. The lovers of rhyme were not content to read rhyme and to write it; the lovers of polyphonic prose were not content to read polyphonic prose and to write it; but both factions found their true joy in vivaciously criticizing and counseling their antagonists. Miss Amy Lowell was right when she said, with her customary insight and decision, that the beliefs and protests and hates of poets all go to prove the deathless vigor of the art. Unenlightened outsiders took up the quarrel with pleasure, finding relief in a dispute that threatened death and disaster to no one.

Few contentions are so innocent of ill-doing. The neighbors whom we counsel most assiduously are the nations of the world and their governments, which might well be doubtful, seeing that they stumble at every step; but which perhaps stand more in need of smooth roads than of direction. It is true that M. Stephane Lauzanne, editor of *Le Matin*, assured us last autumn that France did not seek American gold, or ships, or guns, or soldiers—'only counsels.' This sounded quite in our line, until the Frenchman, with that fatal tendency to the concrete which is typical of the Gallic mind, proceeded to explain his meaning: 'We ask of the country of Edison and of the Wrights that it will present us with a system for a league of nations that will work. If there were nothing needed but eloquence, the statesmen of old Europe would have been sufficient.'

Why did not M. Lauzanne ask for

the moon while he was about it? What does he suppose we Americans have been striving for since 1789 but systems that will work? Mr. Henry Adams, commenting upon the disastrous failure of Grant's administration, says just this thing: 'The world' (the American world) 'cared little for decency. What it wanted, it did not know. Probably a system that would work, and men who could work it. But it found neither.'

And still the search goes on. A system of taxation that will work. A system of wage-adjustment that will work. A system of prohibition that will work. A system of public education that will work. These are the bright phantoms we pursue; and now a Paris editor casually adds a system for a working league of nations. 'If France is in the right, let America give us her moral support. If France is in the wrong, let America show us the road to follow.'

### III

To presume agreement where none exists is the most dangerous form of self-deception. When newspapers and orators tell us that to the United States has come 'the moral leadership of the world,' we must understand them to imply that foreign nations, with whom we have little in common, are of our way of thinking — provided always that they know what we think, and that we know ourselves. For the wide divergence of national aspirations they make scant allowance; for misunderstanding and ill-will they make no allowance at all. For several months before last November's elections, the spokesmen of both parties assured us with equal fervor that our country was destined to be the bulwark of the world's peace. Their prescriptions for peace differed radically in detail, but all agreed that ours was to be the administering hand. And all implied that Europe (and, if

need be, Asia and Africa) was ready for our restoratives. 'Want America to teach Turkey,' was the headline of a leading newspaper, which, in the autumn of 1920, deplored the general unteachableness of the Turk.

Perhaps the carelessness crudeness of headlines deceives a large class of hurried readers who rely too implicitly upon them. When the Conference at Versailles was plodding through its task, a New York paper announced in large type: 'Italy dissatisfied with territory assigned her by Colonel House.' It had a mirth-provoking sound; but, after all, the absurdity was in no way attributable to Colonel House; and, in the matter of dissatisfaction, not even a headline could go beyond the facts. What has ever impelled the *Tribuna* and the *Avanti* to express amicable agreement, save their mutual determination to repudiate the intervention of the United States?

When Mr. Wilson risked speaking directly to the Italian people, he paved the way for misunderstanding. To a government, words are words. It deals with them itself, and it makes allowance for the difficulty of translating them into action. 'Words are the daughters of earth. Deeds are the sons of Heaven.' But a proletariat is apt, not merely to attach significance to words, but to read an intensive meaning into them. We have not done badly by Italy. We spent a great deal of money upon her cold and hungry children. She is sending us shiploads of immigrants. Her resentment at our counsel seemed to us unwise and ungrateful, seeing that we must naturally know what is best for her. We cannot accept ill-will with the unconcern of Great Britain, which has been used to it, and has survived it, for centuries. We feel that we deserve well of the world, because we are immaculately free from coveting what we do not need.

If we aspire to moral leadership, we must go a step beyond this disinterestedness. We must forget our gold reserve, and disassociate from our counsels all lurking consciousness of strength and wealth. Foreign nations frankly recognize our numerical and financial superiority, and are prepared to pay it deference; but this deference is not in accord with a consistently ethical platform. Europe needs 'vision,' and Europe needs practical help. We may have both to offer; but we cannot make the giving of one depend upon the acceptance of the other. It is reasonable and right that we should be concerned about the ten billions owing to us; and while decency and self-interest conspire to make us a liberal creditor, the existence of the debt clogs our relations with our debtors. It gives us a reason — if not a right — to advise in practical matters; but it cannot promote us to the ranks of spiritual ascendancy. 'America shall in truth show the way' must mean the way to goodness and wisdom; not the way to getting back our money.

And yet one wonders now and then whether, if there had been four years of glorious and desolating war on this Western continent, and the United States had emerged triumphant, but spent, broken, and bankrupt, we should be so sure of our mission to regenerate. Would Congress blithely advise a powerful Great Britain, with her fighting power intact, and the gold reserve locked up in London, to put her house in order? We have always been singularly sensitive to foreign criticism, and quick to resent intrusion. No people in the world could less desire to be shown the way to righteousness. The sixty-six members of the Yale Faculty who sent a remonstrance to the Senate and the House of Representatives, protesting against our interference in the relations of Great Britain and Ire-

land, based their protest upon our unalterable determination to preserve inviolate our independence, and to manage our own affairs. They felt, and said, that we should be scrupulous to observe in our own case the propriety we exacted of others.

#### IV

The ingenious device of appointing an American committee, which in its turn appointed an American commission to sit as a court of appeal, and receive evidence touching the policies of Great Britain and Ireland, is a new move in international relations. The informality of the measure makes it an interesting experiment. Governors of Wyoming and North Dakota, mayors of Milwaukee and Anaconda, clergymen and college professors, ladies and gentlemen of unimpeachable respectability from all over the country responded to Mr. Villard's call, and placed their diplomacy at his disposal. Pains have been taken to convince the public that the object of the committee is to avert 'the greatest calamity which could befall the civilized world' — a war between Great Britain and the United States; and that its members are above all things anxious to avoid 'the charge of improper interference in the concerns of another nation.' Evidently they do not feel that summoning Ireland and England to appear as plaintiff and defendant before their self-constituted tribunal is in the nature of an interference. 'I meddle with no man's conscience,' said Cromwell broadly, when he closed the Catholic churches, and forbade the celebration of Mass.

A popular movement of this order, and one that addresses itself distinctly to a large and aggressive body of American voters, must have some logical issue in view. Behind a wealth of



words (its cable to the Archbishop of Canterbury, October twentieth, was in the nature of an essay) there must be a clearly defined purpose, which should be universally understood. Ulster and Catholic Ireland — like Mr. and Mrs. John Williams of Plymouth — are living unhappily together. Their quarrels have become disgracefully violent. England cannot keep the peace. A committee of Americans has been appointed by Mr. Villard to play the part of Isacke Bucke and ‘bee officious’ in reuniting the inharmonious pair. To effect this reconciliation, it invites both parties, and, in a general way, the British government, to travel three thousand miles, and have the case tried in Washington. The immediate purpose of such an unusual and expensive proceeding is plainly stated. ‘The Commission desires to present an actual picture of the crisis to the American people, so that, with this background, constructive suggestions may arise as to a way out.’

This is the broadest bid for counsel ever made to an agitated public. Constructive suggestions have not been lacking at any stage of the controversy. The trouble is that there are two ways out, and that each party wants its own. There is no member of this committee so innocent as not to know that the logical outcome of their movement is war. While they are chasing ‘nimble and retiring truth,’ errors and distortions fill the public mind. And what if Great Britain persists in its refusal to be tried in the United States, as we should refuse with all our hearts and souls to be tried in England? Will the case then be suffered to go by default? What if Ulster, like Giles Corey, refuses to plead? Will it then, like Corey, be pressed to death by popular opinion? There is a sinister suggestion in the words, which announce a dangerous programme and deny the responsibility

thereof. ‘The Commission will undertake to sift the evidence, and present the facts; then let those who ought take notice.’

There is only one way of taking effective notice, and that is by an appeal to arms. ‘The libation of freedom,’ observes Mr. Jefferson Brick, ‘must sometimes be quaffed in blood.’ That the same Americans who strove their utmost to avert a war with the world-marauder, Germany, should now strive their utmost to promote a war with Great Britain is a logical sequence of events. The immediate result of such hostility would be the restoration of German power. It’s an ill wind that blows nobody good.

The humor of appointing a private commission in one corner of the world to settle public affairs in another is lost upon Americans, who, having been told that they are to ‘show the way,’ conceive themselves to be showing it. If it had ever occurred to them that there are phenomena upon which they are not all qualified to offer advice, they would perhaps have forbore to send a procession of little girls on the 12th of last October, to counsel the President of the United States. The banners carried by these innocents bore severely worded directions from their mothers as to how Mr. Wilson should conduct himself. The language used was of that reprehensible rudeness common to such counselors; the exhortations themselves appeared to be irrelevant. ‘American women demand that anarchy in the White House be stopped!’ puzzled the onlookers, who wondered what was happening in that sad abode of pain; what women these were who knew so much about it; and why a children’s crusade should have been organized for the control of our foreign relations.

The last query is the easiest answered. Picketing is a survival of the childish instinct in the human heart. It is

the play-spirit, about which modern educators talk so glibly, and which we are bidden to cherish and preserve. A society of 'American Women Pickets' is out to enjoy itself, and its pleasures are as simple as they are satisfying. To walk the streets (not unobserved), to elude the law that seeks to abate public nuisances, and to counsel the doubtful who are not asking for instruction — what better game could be played, either by children, or by Peter Pans valiantly refusing to mature? The women who picketed the British Embassy in Washington, the British Consulate in New York, and the dock where British ships were unloading American imports, were merely offering to strangers the same attention that had been shown to Mr. Wilson as President, and to Mr. Harding as candidate for the presidency. Even the tomb at Mount Vernon has been surrounded by pickets, bearing banners with the inscription, 'Washington, Thou Art Truly Dead!' To which the mighty shade, who in his day had heard all too often the sound and fury of undigested counsels, and who, because he would not hearken, had been assailed as 'a Nero, a defaulter, and a pick-pocket,' might well have answered from the safety and dignity of the tomb, '*Deo gratias!*'

When a private citizen calls at the White House, to 'frankly advise' a modification of the German peace-treaty; when a private citizen writes to the American Bar Association, to 'frankly advise' this distinguished body of men to forbid any allusion to public affairs in their speaker's address to them on the 25th of last August; when a private citizeness writes to the Secretary of War, to 'frankly advise' that he should treat the slacker of to-day as he would treat the hero of to-morrow, we begin to realize how far the individual American is prepared to dry-nurse the

nation. Every land has its torch-bearers, but nowhere else do they all profess to carry the sacred fire. It is difficult to admonish Frenchmen. The mental ease that is essential to their intercourse debars an academic attitude. We can hardly conceive a delegation of little French girls sent to tell M. Millerand what their mothers think of him. Even England shows herself at times impatient of her monitors. 'Mr. Norman Angell is very cross with the war,' observed a British reviewer dryly. 'Europe is behaving in her old mad way without having previously consulted him.'

'Causes are the proper subject of history,' says Mr. Brownell, 'and characteristics are the proper subject of criticism.' It may be that much of our criticism is beside the mark, because we disregard the weight of history. Our fresh enthusiasm for small nations is dependent upon their docility, and upon their respect for boundary lines which the big nations have painstakingly defined. That a boundary which has been fought over for centuries should be more provocative of dispute than a claim staked off in Montana does not occur to an American who has little interest in events that antedate the Declaration of Independence. A world run by public opinion invites comment, and comment paves the way for propaganda. Countries, small, weak, and incredibly old, whose sons are untaught and unfed, appear to be eager for supplies, and insensible to moral leadership. We recognize these characteristics, and resent or deplore them according to our dispositions; but for an explanation of the causes — which might prove enlightening — we must go further back than Americans care to travel.

'I seldom consult others, and am seldom attended to; and I know no concern, either public or private, that

has been mended or bettered by my advice.' So wrote Montaigne placidly in the great days of disputation, when men counseled the doubtful with sword and gun, reasoning in platoons, and correcting theological errors with the all-powerful argument of arms. Few men were then guilty of tolerance, and fewer still understood with Montaigne and Burton the irreclaimable obstinacy of convictions. There reigned a profound confidence in intellectual and physical coercion. It was the opinion of John Donne, poet and pietist, that Satan was deeply indebted to the counsels of Saint Ignatius Loyola, which is a higher claim for the intelligence of that great churchman than Catholics have ever advanced. Milton, whose ardent and compelling mind could not conceive of tolerance, failed to comprehend that Puritanism was out of accord with the main currents of English thought and temper. He not only assumed that his enemies were in the wrong, says Sir Leslie Stephen, 'but he often seemed to expect that they would grant so obvious an assertion.'

This sounds modern. It even sounds American. We are so confident that we are showing the way, we have been told so repeatedly that what we show is the way, that we cannot understand the reluctance of our neighbors to follow it. There is a curious game played by educators, which consists in sending ques-

*tionnaires* to some hundreds, or some thousands, of school-children, and tabulating their replies for the enlightenment of the general public. The precise purport of this game has never been defined; but its popularity impels us to envy the leisure that educators seem to enjoy. A few years ago twelve hundred and fourteen little Californians were asked if they made collections of any kind, and if so, what did they collect? The answers were such as might have been expected, with one exception. A small and innocently ironic boy wrote that he collected 'bits of advice.' His hoard was the only one that piqued curiosity; but, as in the case of Isacke Bucke and the quarrelsome couple of Plymouth, we are left to our own conjectures.

The fourth 'Spiritual Work of Mercy' is 'To comfort the sorrowful.' How gentle and persuasive it sounds after its somewhat contentious predecessors; how sure its appeal; how gracious and reanimating its principle! The sorrowful are, after all, far in excess of the doubtful; they do not have to be assailed; their sad faces are turned toward us, their sad hearts beat responsively to ours. The eddying drifts of counsel are loud with disputation; but the great tides of human emotion ebb and flow in obedience to forces that work in silence.

The innocent moon, that nothing does but shine,  
Moves all the laboring surges of the world.

## WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH NEW YORK?

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON

NEW YORK is a great city. The horse is a noble animal. No one, not even in Boston, Chicago, or Denver, will dispute these two statements. Of course, the word 'noble' does not mean that the horse may not on occasion kick up his 'noble' heels and run away. Neither does the word 'great' mean that New York —

But, in the words of O. Henry, let us 'get on' with the story, having proceeded safely so far.

It was on the twenty-third of January, 1918, that I alighted on a bit of the United States called New York, after several months in Great Britain, and seven days in a Liverpool hotel. My steamer had been driven around the Isle of Man by a submarine menace, our gunners had sunk one submarine in plain view of the passengers, one of our gunner-boys had been lost overboard in a tremendous gale as we rounded the north of Ireland; and when at last the Philadelphia let us out at 1 A.M. on the dock at New York, it was a thankful cargo of passengers that hurried toward homes or hotels.

It was ten below zero, and I went into the first hotel I could find. It was full, and the rooming clerk said there was n't even standing room.

I have never learned how to sleep comfortably standing up in a hotel lobby, so I went and sat down in a bell-boy's chair and waited until a new clerk was behind the desk. It was then 2 A.M.

I went up to the desk, and the clerk said they had one room left. It was a

double room, he explained; and when I asked the price, he said it would be, and was, eight dollars.

That was two figures less than ten below zero, so I took it and went up to it.

I don't know to this day why it was called a 'double' room, unless because the charge was double what it was worth; but I was too tired to go down and ask the clerk questions. In the morning, however, I saw a card on the table which read as follows:—

'The Manager of this hotel will welcome criticism and suggestions from his patrons. We do not want our guests to go away dissatisfied. Do not hesitate to prefer criticism of the management, if you have any.'

Not being quite sure from the language whether the Manager referred to my having 'criticism' or 'management,' I hesitated about seeing him; but the frank friendliness of his little card prevailed, and after breakfast I went to his office, where the following little dialogue came off. I use the words 'came off' with some reservation.

THE GUEST. — I have not come to criticize but to ask some questions. Your printed card invited them.

THE MANAGER. — I shall be glad to hear them.

THE GUEST. — My first question is this. You charged me eight dollars for six hours' sleep in your hotel. I have never paid that much for sleep before, and I have just come from one of the best hotels in Europe, the Adelphi, in Liverpool, where I paid only \$1.78 for

a night's sleep in a better room than yours. The question I want to ask is this: can you tell me why you charge me eight dollars for one night's sleep in your hotel?

THE MANAGER (after the proper dramatic pause). — The reason is that we have to pay war prices for everything. We burn fifty tons of coal a day in this hotel. Food of all kinds is three times as expensive as it was before the war. Wages are four times what they were.

(And he gave several other reasons, some of which I did not try to remember. I have never been good at figures.)

THE GUEST. — And now, will you kindly tell me the real reason for charging me eight dollars for six hours' sleep in your hotel?

THE MANAGER. — The real reason is that the guests are willing to pay it. You are the first man who ever raised a question about the price of a room in this hotel.

THE GUEST. — I must be like that man in a Far West hotel who asked the landlord for a clean towel in the wash-room. The landlord replied with some feeling, 'Over one hundred men have used that towel and you are the first man to complain.'

THE MANAGER. — Never heard the story. But if you don't want the room at eight dollars, there are a hundred men in line behind you who would pay ten dollars a night for that room and never ask a question.

THE GUEST. — I don't doubt it. But I was thinking of starting for home before you raise the price. Your answer to my question is frank and satisfactory. Thank you. Good-day.

THE MANAGER. — Wait a minute. We don't want our guests to go away dissatisfied. We aim to please — that is, generally. Come with me to the cashier's window.

He led me out and started in the direction of the hotel treasury. I fol-

lowed him, wondering if this was a movie scene or an advertisement.

But to my bewilderment (for it had never happened to me in New York before), the Manager said to the cashier lady, 'You may cut this gentleman's account in two and make it four dollars instead of eight dollars.'

And then he turned to me and said courteously, 'We don't want our guests to go away dissatisfied.'

I was looking around to see the movie operator, and when I recovered sufficiently to speak I was unkind enough to say to the Manager, 'Thank you, sir; I appreciate your courtesy, but even now you have charged me twice what I paid in Liverpool.'

He received the blow standing and in silence; but as he turned to go, I ventured to ask another question.

THE GUEST. — May I ask one more question?

THE MANAGER. — You may. But make it brief.

THE GUEST. — As brief as the breakfast. For example, my breakfast in this hotel this morning consisted of two boiled eggs, 50 cents; three small slices of bacon, 70 cents; two slices (small ones) of toast, 25 cents; a tip to the waiter, who was waiting for it, 25 cents; and for the charge 'per cover,' or privilege of sitting down to the breakfast table, 25 cents. Total, \$2.30.

THE MANAGER. — Well —

THE GUEST. — My question is this: In Liverpool I paid 72 cents for a satisfying breakfast. Most of the food came from America. England has her back to the wall. War prices prevail. But I have to pay three times as much for breakfast in New York as I paid in Liverpool. Do you think 25 cents apiece for eggs is a fair price?

THE MANAGER. — We do.

THE GUEST. — But eggs are quoted in the market this morning at 73 cents a dozen. You charge me at the rate of

three dollars a dozen. Do you call that fair?

THE MANAGER. — It is due to overhead charges.

THE GUEST. — I don't even know what is meant by the term, but I wonder if it is like charity.

THE MANAGER. — What is that?

THE GUEST. — You just showed some to me. But sometimes it covers a multitude of profiteers.

At this point I discovered an atmosphere of coldness in the hotel lobby (it was still ten below), and I thanked the Manager for his kindness and checked out.

Scene changes to two years later, year 1920. Same hotel, different manager. Same room, nine dollars this time instead of eight dollars for a night's sleep. Same card on the table inviting criticism. Same breakfast, eggs two (2) for 50 cents; although the hens have been laying in two years' supply for the cold (fresh) storage. Everything the same, except that bars have gone out under national prohibition.

After breakfast I ventured to accept the invitation from the hotel management to criticize, so that I would not go away dissatisfied, with the following result.

THE GUEST. — Acting on the printed card which greeted me like a 'God Bless Our Home' motto in my bedroom, I would like to ask a question or two, so that I will not go away dissatisfied.

THE MANAGER. — We will welcome it.

THE GUEST. — My question is this. I was charged eight dollars for a night's sleep here two years ago, and sleep has gone up one dollar. I paid 50 cents for two boiled eggs, 35 cents for a cup of coffee, 70 cents for three small slices of bacon, and 25 cents for two pieces of toast, and 25 cents 'per cover,' the same as two years ago. My question is this: do you consider 25 cents each

for eggs a fair price for a guest to pay?

THE MANAGER. — Due to overhead charges. Since the war, labor, food, coal, linen, everything, are all double in price.

THE GUEST. — But the hens are not on a strike at present. And the quotation on eggs this morning is 65 cents a dozen. Yet you charge me three dollars.

THE MANAGER. — Overhead charges.

THE GUEST. — You have a wonderful echo here. It lasts for two (2) years.

THE MANAGER. — ?

THE GUEST. — Never mind about that. But what are some of the other reasons besides 'overhead charges' for your prices?

THE MANAGER. — Since the bars were taken out of this hotel under prohibition, we have lost a great income.

THE GUEST. — Are you willing to tell me what was the profit of your bars in this hotel?

THE MANAGER. — This is for private consumption: but our net profit from the sale of liquor was 22 per cent. (Actually said by the manager of a big hotel in New York to the author.)

THE GUEST. — So in paying 25 cents for a boiled egg, I am really getting two glasses of beer thrown in?

THE MANAGER. — Just so.

THE GUEST. — Now I understand what you mean by the 'overhead charges.' Only you might change it to *inner* head.

THE MANAGER. — Any more questions? We don't want you to go away dissatisfied.

THE GUEST. — It would break my heart to leave New York in a dissatisfied mood. My other question is, perhaps, personal. But do you consider 25 cents apiece for eggs a fair profit?

THE MANAGER. — We do.

THE GUEST. — How do you define the words 'fair profit'?

THE MANAGER. — A fair profit is a *reasonable* profit.

THE GUEST. — Pardon me, but what do you consider *reasonable*?

But at that point his hotel mind broke down, like a tax assessor's when you ask him what the state means when it requires you to give, under oath, the value of your library. And I went away without an answer.

Scene changes from the hotel to the office of a New York film company. A year before this scene, the author had been asked to allow a little story of his, entitled 'In His Steps,' to be put into the motion-picture form. The scenario was now all completed and the film ready for production. The following dialogue 'comes off' (again the phrase is used advisedly) between the Author and the Producer.

THE AUTHOR. — I have gone over your scenario and I have been greatly interested in it. But may I ask a question?

THE PRODUCER. — Certainly.

THE AUTHOR. — I feel a little reluctant about it, but I think perhaps you gave me the wrong scenario.

THE PRODUCER. — That is the scenario of your book.

THE AUTHOR. — I am glad to know it. But as I remember my story, written twenty-five years ago, there was no League of Nations in existence. I see notice of one here in this scenario.

THE PRODUCER. — Sure! I had to put that in, to bring your story up to date.

THE AUTHOR. — That was kind of you. And I noticed a few other little changes as I read the scenario over. When the story was written, there was no wireless, no radium, no automobiles, no San Francisco earthquake, no Great War. I find some of all these in your scenario. Your description of the Battle of the Somme is realistic in the extreme. But you know it seemed to me a little premature —

THE PRODUCER. — You do not under-

stand the film business apparently. In order to put your story over with the trade here in New York and get your story on to Broadway, the religious teaching of your story must be enlivened by action — dramatic action. What better action is there than a battle? That battle-scene of the Somme will take thousands of people and cost thousands of dollars.

THE AUTHOR. — But the Battle of the Somme is not in my story. It was an oversight on my part, of course, not to work it in. At the same time, don't you think it seems a little — well, a little strange to — to take a story written twenty-five years ago and put into it things, even as incidental as this Battle of the Somme, which had not happened when the author wrote the story?

THE PRODUCER. — The trade here in New York demands such adaptation. Your story would n't go at all without adaptation. It must be brought up to date or you can't put it over with the trade.

THE AUTHOR. — Then, in order to adapt the story of Moses or David or Solomon to meet the demands of the film trade of New York, would you — er, pardon me — introduce a fight between two submarines, an international airship race around the globe, and a debate between Samuel Gompers and Hiram Johnson?

THE PRODUCER. — Sure! It would add dramatic action to the story. It would put it over. Whatever else you do, my dear sir, you must not let your feelings as an author get in the way of the practical presentation of your story. That is the main thing, of course.

THE AUTHOR. — But — this scenario is not — well — it is not the story I wrote.

THE PRODUCER (with a smile). — Better, I hope.

THE AUTHOR (handing the scenario

over to the Producer).—Take it, my son, and may it be one of the twenty-six best reelers. I would n't think for a moment of stealing your story. It's a great story. Full of fire and blood. Add a few more fights to it, and I am sure it will more than satisfy the trade. It will go over the top with a whoop. Never mind my feelings. After reading your scenario I have n't any. (Neither feelings, nor scenario.) Put in plenty of red fire. And don't forget to add a mob scene between Colonel Harvey and Mark Sullivan. Bless you, my son. Bless you!

Scene changes again, this time to Broadway. Time 8 P.M., any day. Distance, between 42d and 69th Streets. Offerings to the man from Kansas, Oshkosh, Phoenix (Georgia), Keokuk, Ashtabula, and Montana—electric signs advertising Chewing-Gum, Trusses, Doughnuts, Pancakes, Diamonds, Orange-Juice, and Shows.

Out of one hundred and fifty-seven different shows, the man from Kansas concluded, from the titles displayed, that sex-questions, human emotions made common, primitive caveman passions, and freedom from obedience to the Ten Commandments, especially the Seventh, were the subjects best calculated to separate some fools from their money. According to the testimony of several who were willing to talk, the best patronized amusements in New York are of the sort that the newspaper critics tell you not to take your sister to see. On one evening, according to theatrical reports, \$350,000 passed out of the pockets of the people into the pockets of the showmen. The night happened to be Sunday, and the rain interfered with the church attendance on Fifth Avenue. That might account for it.

It was not on that particular night, but on another like it, that I went to see

what a friend of mine from Montana said was the greatest show in New York. I did not doubt his word, I simply wanted to see for myself; so I joined the procession of wise (and other) fools, and went.

It was all that the man from Montana said it was—and more. The story was of real human interest; it was true pathos, delightfully clean humor, wonderful acting, and it made me want to be a better man. There was not a single gun fired, no one was held up, there were no breathless situations, no one fell downstairs carrying a large part of the hall with him, there was not a single mob scene, no woman put corrosive sublimate into her husband's coffee in order to make it less embarrassing to marry or go off with his dearest college friend—but it was a picture that, almost without a flaw, 'found me,' as Coleridge said of the Bible; and when it ended, I was wiping tears from my cheeks, and no more ashamed of it than a bigger man than I who sat next to me.

I was getting ready to go out and be kind to the first stranger I met, when, without any interval on the part of the Union operator, there flashed on the curtain a most extraordinary thing, which kept me in my seat out of sheer curiosity. The reader will have to believe this statement, as I cannot prove it. But what I saw for the next twenty minutes was a tremendously vulgar travesty (if a travesty is not vulgar to start with) of the Bible story of King Herod and John Baptist. It was doubly horrible because of the chorus-girls who took turns in embracing Herod and John Baptist. This may seem like fiction, but it is a New York fact and enters into the possible answer to the question at the head of this article.

I stayed in that show-place long enough to lose all the virtue I had gained from the first half of the evening,



and then I came away. As I went out, I seemed to be attracting attention because I was the only person who left before John Baptist's head, made of *papier maché*, was brought in on the hood of an automobile. At least, that was on the poster I noticed as I went out of the door. I had not observed it as I went in.

Under the impression left by the 'Greatest Show in New York,' as my friend from Montana truly called it, I was so depressed that I dropped into a subway.

Before I was aware, I found myself in the human whirlpool that makes Poe's Maelstrom look like a cup of coffee being stirred by a customer in a Fourth Street restaurant, where sugar and milk go with the cup.

The price of a ride in a New York subway is a nickel, and it is worth it. The ride begins just as the front end of the train begins to show at the end of the tunnel. The human whirlpool makes it unnecessary for the traveler to walk into the car, and the guards (if that is their official name) do the rest with their elbows, fists, and language.

When I came to the top, I found myself clinging to one of four beautifully enameled white posts, which decorated the middle of the car. Next to me was an old lady hysterically crying; and although I knew it was not proper to speak to a New York lady without an introduction, I felt compelled to say to her, 'Do not be afraid of fainting,

madam. You cannot possibly fall down if you do.'

I had intended to get out at Union Square, but circumstances and a mass of beings who looked almost human, flung into the doors at every stop, made it seem expedient for me to keep going as far as the Battery. On getting out there I ventured to ask the guard (if that is his name) if the train stopped at Assault.

'Assault!' he said. 'What d'ye mean?'

'Why,' I said, 'I never heard of Battery without Assault. They go together.'

'Not in New York,' he said.

I went away, walked up to Washington Square, climbed to the top of a bus, and paid ten cents to be jerked up to 199th Street, and for ten cents more back to Union Square, at which point the driver let me get off after I had been carried as far as the hotel where eggs were, and are, two (2) for 50 cents.

There are numbers of other things in New York that made an impression on me after I had said good-bye to the bus man; but the price of sleep per hour, the overhead charges, the 22 per cent profit on the cost of eggs, the adaptation of human emotions, especially religion, to the demands of the film trade, the friendliness of New Yorkers to strangers and to one another in the subway cars, the —

But, as I was saying, New York is a great city.

# PLANTATION PICTURES

BY HOWARD SNYDER

## I. CERTAIN NORTHERN NOTIONS

[THIS is a gloomy picture, and not the bright one we should like to publish. It is printed as a rudely awakening account of conditions which point to schools and more schools as the single road to salvation. It deals with extreme conditions, but it is the honest recital of a man born to other surroundings, who has not inherited an understanding of the negro, yet has studied him at first hand, in the section where the problem is singularly perplexing, and, to a not unsympathetic stranger, often seems quite hopeless. Our readers must remember that Mississippi is far beyond the extreme limit of the meliorative influence of Hampton and Tuskegee, and that the negroes here described are practically all tenant farm-hands. — THE EDITOR.]

### I

IN this paper it is my purpose neither to run down nor to boost up the negro. My only hope is to give a true picture of what I see with my own eyes on my own plantation. I am not here speaking of the negro in general, but of my little family of tenants in particular. It should also be kept in mind that I am not so much concerned with the old-time darkey as with the younger negroes. Many learned to love the old-time negro, so humble, so courteous, and, many times, so faithful. But he is gone, and it is well; for were not his virtues those

of a slave? And slavery is not a thing to love.

Let me say a few words about some of the common misconceptions of the Northerner. The first of them is that the negro is overworked. Nothing could be further from the truth. Of downright hard work, no negro that I have yet come in contact with in these parts knows anything. Rather than put his shoulder to the wheel, he will eat a straight diet of cracked corn, baked into bread with no seasoning save salt; he will go about in cold and rain, with barely enough dirty rags to conceal his nakedness; and he will live in a filthy hut that offers scarcely more shelter than a hogpen. And all this while his white landlord pleads with him to work, at good wages.

All told, throughout the year, the average tenant of my plantation works from ninety to one hundred and twenty days. And such work! moping — dragging — trifling! No Yankee farmer in Illinois would tolerate it for a moment. About ten acres of corn and six of cotton is his capacity. Of course, if his family is large, he can handle more. He has no garden to speak of, no meadow, no potato-patch, no poultry; and all this for the simple reason that he is too shiftless and indolent to care for such. One to three cows and a calf or two, together with his mule or work-horse and half a dozen 'pine-rooter' pigs, constitute his live-stock. So we see that almost no time is required for care of his

stock. In winter, his cows, hogs, horses, and mule are turned out, to live or die. One wonders how he ever reached such consummate skill in killing time.

Regular, methodic work is utterly beyond any negro I have yet had on my plantation. At no price can any of my negroes be hired to work, rain or shine, hot or cold, for, say, ninety consecutive days. To be sure, many of them, if on the verge of starvation, and if the wage is sufficiently high, will promise and begin. But a week or ten days at the outset is the limit. In all likelihood, at the end of three days they will begin to play 'possum: they will have urgent business in town, or dangerous illness will be scented across the creek. Invariably, they will invent some smooth lie, on the strength of which they hope to get their pay in advance. They will need medicine, or the family will need meal, or they will have a pressing debt which they must pay before they can go on with their work. Always they practise a low, barbarous cunning. They will deceive you when it cannot possibly be of any advantage to them to do it.

But to get back to the matter of wage-hands—I have had day wage-hands begin to whine for their day's wage before the afternoon was half gone. Once a negro is paid in advance, I would like to see the man who can get a passable day's work out of him in three days' endeavor. None of my neighbors can do it, and it is needless to say that more authority than I possess is needed to do it. If I come down on him too hard, he slips out from under me, 'snucks off,' as he says, to the branch, for a drink, and then skulks to his cabin or the woods.

With all my efforts in the past four years I have failed to get an honest, fair, square day's work for an honest wage. Leave him for half an hour, and, as surely as the sun shines, he will sit down on you. To send him to the field

alone is beyond the most exalted hope of your Southerner; as well send a five-year-old child. Not one field-hand have I had that I could trust.

In times of pressing need, our road commissioner has offered double wages for a day's work, but he tells me that this does no good; for the negro will then work but half as much. If a negro wants a pistol, a pair of shoes, a saddle, or a rifle, he will work long enough to earn money with which to buy the coveted article. Once it is bought, he is then and there done with work for a long time to come. If he wants a quarter or half a dollar for his lodge dues, he will come and work just long enough to earn this, but not an hour longer.

A few times I have been foolish enough to employ negroes without the ready cash with which to make immediate settlement on completion of the work. In such cases they will hound one to distraction. I have been awakened in the middle of the night by negroes to whom I owed a quarter. Many times I have been awakened an hour before sun-up by creditors to whom I owed a dime. I have purposely put off men to whom I owed a dollar, to see how many times they would come for it. One old fellow came eleven times, and each time it cost him half a day and the invention of a new chain of lies. He might have earned five and a half dollars while hounding me for one.

I am told that, in parts of Alabama, Georgia, and Louisiana, and in the more fertile parts of my own state, field-hands are bound by contracts that virtually amount to peonage. If one jumps his contract, he is brought back by force—not the force of law, however, but that of his employer's buggy-whip. Beyond doubt, such inhuman methods are practised, or have been practised until quite recently. I am also fully aware that shameful horsewhippings with a buggy whip or trace have

been resorted to in some places as a means of forcing a negro to work, once he was in the field. But this was before the late war and the great exodus of negroes to the North. Whether this is still the practice on large plantations, I cannot say. At no time since we have owned this plantation, — that is, in the past ten years, — has it been practised in this part of the state — Central Mississippi. I have my first negro-flogging to see, and I suspect that I shall never see it. Neither do planters in these parts bring back their runaway negroes with whip and pistol, or in any other way. I have known several negroes to sneak off in the middle of the cotton season; but none of the landlords sought to bring them back, although the negroes owed them considerable sums of money which had been spent for provisions, and notwithstanding the fact that the runaways' cotton would be lost for want of labor.

## II

A second misconception of the Yankee is that the negro is woefully cowed and maltreated in general. Not in this part of the state. There are a score of lawyers in Canton, our county seat, to defend him at law and uphold his rights. If it were not for the white bosses, the negroes would suffer immensely more than they do at present. It is to his white boss that the negro goes when in need of a physician. If I do not guarantee the local physician his fee, he will not visit the negroes on my place, for they would invariably seek some loophole of escape when his bills were presented. It is the white man who must arbitrate differences, protect one negro from other negroes, protect his crop from poor white farmers and pilfering negroes, supply ready cash to him for a multiplicity of exigencies which flash up during the year — aid in the erection of churches, in case of fire

(which, let me say, is very frequent), give provisions and household necessities; of course, erect a new house; and, last of all, give advice each and every day in the year. Never a day passes without some negro coming for advice, and many times it must be given before he comes. When in trouble at the courthouse, that is, when sued or arrested, he goes to his white man; when starvation kicks so hard that he must seek work, he again goes to his white man; and lastly, when he wants credit he always goes to his landlord or some white man — and credit he must always have. If Uncle Albert has a balance of two hundred dollars, or four hundred for that matter, in the fall, when settlements are made, he will spend it in the most childish way imaginable, as will nine out of ten of my negroes. It will last only a few weeks. If I give him two months' provisions in one lot, he will carry the greater part of them to the neighborhood girls, or sell them and spend the money. I have known him to come for a sack of flour, and carry it off to a mulatto girl, and the next day come back to me with a chain of cunning lies, on the strength of which he hoped to get more flour.

A plantation negro must have a stipulated allowance handed out weekly, or, in some cases, monthly. It must be charged against his future crop. The negroes themselves are the authors of the slavish credit system of the South. Foresight, as a white man practises it, is no virtue of theirs. No negro with whom I have come in contact in the past four years, with the exception of Uncle Charlie, has the power to save. Only in rare cases do we find field-negroes who can do this, and they very frequently become landowners. The average negro is in this matter, as he is in hundreds of others, like a child that has been freely pampered and coddled.

The *now* appeals more to a field

negro than the *to-morrow*. Nothing can hold him if he wants to walk about, as he says, visit the neighborhood girls, or just bask in the sun. Hundreds of big stout men can be seen on the streets of the county seat and of the numerous villages throughout the county, each and every day, Sunday excepted. And all these idle, pilfering negroes are hopelessly in debt. The landlord's corn rots in the field, his silo remains unfilled, his meadow wasting, and not a man can be hired. I pastured my meadow this year (1919), because I knew I could not hire a single man to help me put it up. Yet it is the landlord or some other white man who must advance the provisions regularly each year. It hardly looks as if the negro got the worst of it.

In some ways the negro is shamefully mistreated — mistreated through leniency. Ironclad laws and strict enforcement, such as some of them knew in the army, would be a blessing to the poor, improvident, suffering negro. Yet I know of no part of the United States where the laws are looser than here in Mississippi. The negro does almost as he likes, a few crimes of violence excepted.

It was once my good fortune to live for a short time in Regina, Saskatchewan. I was filled with admiration of the laws and of their enforcement, and of the respect of the people for law. I have often thought that, if we had a few labor laws in operation down here in my corner of the South, things would take on a different color. In the county in which I live no one even knows what a labor law is. To force a negro to work is utterly beyond their most exalted hope. They let starvation do this.

We should remember also that this leniency is practised in relation to their crimes as well as their shiftlessness. In November, 1919, Sandy, a young negro of this plantation, shot and killed Frankie, a young negro woman, the mother and sole support of three little

girls. Sandy was fined one hundred dollars and sentenced to thirty days' work on the streets of the county seat; but, on reconsideration, his sentence was commuted to seven days. Last winter (1918), Joshua Nichols waylaid and shot through the legs a harmless old mulatto, beat him over the head with a pistol, and left him to die in a chilling winter storm. For this atrocious crime, Joshua was given three years on the state farm.

For stealing, the penalty is very slight, generally nothing at all; for perjury, wife-beating, fighting, desertion of family, seduction of negro girls and women, generally nothing whatever is done in such out-of-the-way sections as this in which I live. Only in case of the gravest crimes does the law extend to such outlying districts as mine.

In another sense, the negro is gravely mistreated — through the efforts to get control of the money he makes from his crop. Very frequently the landlords lay out some bait to catch the negro's money. This, together with the widespread indifference of the white man toward the negroes' school, I consider among the worst charges against him in his relations with the negroes of to-day.

### III

A third erroneous notion is that the negro is habitually good-natured and kind. I am told by aged Southerners that, during slavery, and for a number of years after the war, the meekness and lack of resentment of the negro toward the white man was proverbial. This is all changed with the younger generation. The average field negro of to-day is likely to be something of a brute in his own family, and sullen and surly in his relations with his own people, and with his landlord. It was only a few days ago that Bertha, a negro woman who lives just across the road from me, whipped her ten-year-old

son to death. Down on the ground she held him, and with a doubled plough-line (small cotton rope) she beat and beat. Within an hour after the last whipping the boy died in a nervous fit. I was not at home when it happened; but my mother relates the case in much detail, having gone twice that day and stopped the woman from whipping her child.

My reader may ask why I did not prosecute her. I could not. Fifty negroes would have appeared in court to swear that she never touched the child, to say nothing of her white boss, who might likewise have sworn for her. Here again it is the landlord's greed for a few paltry dollars that determines his conduct. She would not even have gone to jail, for her white man would have put up a thousand-dollar bond for her, and thus have saved her little crop and secured his rent fee of seventy-five or a hundred dollars. And here again the white man mistreats the negro by upholding him in his crimes.

Not a few times have I seen such attempted prosecutions come to naught. Perjury is no crime down here, and a negro will swear to anything under heaven if he thinks it to his advantage. A lawsuit with a plantation negro is an impossibility. Also, it must be remembered that little interest is awakened at the county seat by such crimes.

The question naturally presents itself: what do we see when we hold Bertha's atrocious crime up to the light? I should answer, paroxysms of unrestrained rage. None of the negroes on my plantation try to restrain themselves in many instances where a white man thinks restraint imperious. Bertha was furiously mad, mad beyond any hint of restraint. Her fury had to spend itself, and it did.

We should not, however, say that the negro is unrestrained in all things, as so many casual observers do. The point is that he thinks self-restraint neces-

sary only under very few circumstances.

As the women are often cruel to their children, so are their men often cruel to them. The negro woman gets her full quota of whippings. She must obey her man, or, as he says, 'take the timber.' And such despotic authority as he exercises! If she wishes to go across the plantation on a neighborly visit, she must seek his permission. I have seen Bertha's husband, Bavon, follow her about their premises, carrying a hickory stick, and swearing he would whip her if she did not do thus and so; and he did it, too. And still more brutal is the treatment of the old and feeble men and women who are beyond work. They too must 'mind.' Not long ago, I asked Uncle Will, an old, feeble tenant of mine, how he managed to live harmoniously with his aged and feeble mother, since her mind had failed and she had become so childish. His answer was ready. 'Mr. Snyders, I'ze hab ter whip her; she just hab ter be fetched down.' Likewise do they whip the insane. Since I came down, two negro girls in this neighborhood have gone insane. The parents of both girls whip them shamefully, saying they are too 'hard-headed.'

Not only is our negro cruel in a direct way: he is cruel indirectly, as well. For example, Uncle Handy recently dug and sold most, if not all, of the potatoes his feeble old Martha raised. This was the only vegetable they cultivated during the year, and of course was much needed. Aunt Martha managed to raise some forty chickens — a very rare and remarkable thing. Handy sold the last one of them. He will spend every cent of the money from these sales on himself. I heard only a few days ago that he had set his mind on selling his hogs, thus depriving his family of their winter's meat. Yet my reader should not forget that it was feeble old Martha and a fourteen-year-old girl who put out and

cultivated the whole of Handy's corn and cotton. Handy boasts that he turned not a shovelful of dirt during the year, and I think he is honest in his boast, for, so far as I know, he has not worked a single day during the year. Even if he does not sell his winter's meat, once it is butchered, cured, and put away, he will carry the key of the meat-box; his family will have meat only at his pleasure. Just so they act in hundreds of instances; a generous deed, judged by our standards of culture, one seldom sees in a field negro.

Let me give a few more examples of negro customs, which seem to us cruelly selfish, but which a negro thinks nothing about. During the first year of the influenza epidemic, my man, John Bradshaw, a widower without children, was taken ill while visiting some relatives three or four miles away. Word came to John that the neighborhood hogs, which are always turned out to range where they will in the winter, were destroying his baled cotton. John then sent word to his nearest neighbor, who lived no more than a stone's throw from the old stable in which John had stored his cotton, asking him to go out and nail up the door. Not a foot would that neighbor stir. 'Was n't my cotton; ain't my fault if de hogs eat hit up.' A few months later the only cow of an old invalid negro, who lives about a quarter of a mile from John's cabin, got tangled up in the briars within fifty yards of John's front door. Do you think John would go out and release that cow, or even tell his neighbor about her? Not he. She died in his own door-yard.

Jealousy is a common variety of the negro's selfishness. Last winter (1918-1919) I bought rubber boots for Uncle Albert and George, paying for the boots myself and giving the negroes an opportunity to work for me and return the purchase price. Robert, my old widower, wanted boots, but he had

good shoes, so I thought he might work for his five dollars before I sent for the boots. This he would not do, offering one smooth lie and then another by way of excuse. Not until late in the spring did I learn of the refusal to work. A fit of rage opened the gates of his mind, and he told me that I had bought boots for the other negroes, and had let them wear them while working out the purchase price; but as I had refused to do as much for him, he thought his rights neglected. Needless to say, he waded through the snow and slush all winter rather than curb his child-like jealousy.

#### IV

A fourth misconception of the Northerner is that the negro can be readily taught. After reaching maturity, he is well-nigh hopeless. Experience seems to teach him almost nothing. For example, he will buy a horse, starve it, run it, overwork it, and expose it to the storms of winter. It gets poor, weak, and, in a few months, dies. He sees his white man's horse well-kept and serviceable for a number of years. Yet, neither by his own experience, by observation of his landlord's methods, nor by any process of reasoning on the part of his white man, can he be brought to see that his method is wrong. Obstinate set in his ways, and fearful of any change, he offers a problem that certainly is difficult of solution. He farms his little patch of land precisely as his parents and grandparents did; his children grow up in a striking likeness of himself; custom rules with an iron hand.

A reasoning man lays aside the conclusions of his ancestors and seeks conclusions from the facts before him. But this is not the way of primitive man. He reverses the process by holding fast to all the traditions handed down by his ancestors, and fails to draw inferences from the existing facts before him. It is

the hand of the past that stands in the way of logical conclusions in my dusky brothers. My man, George, will under no condition carry fresh meat while riding his mare, saying it invariably causes her to lose her colt. I tell him that I have often carried fresh meat while riding my saddle mares; but, of course, to no avail. My assertions meet a long line of traditions, and traditions are not easily overcome. When a new condition presents itself, my negroes seem to go backward and associate it with whatever of personal and traditional experience they may have. To make of a man a reasoning being is to overcome the traditional associations of his mind.

### V

Although my Northern friends believe our Southern negroes to be maltreated, cowed, and overworked, yet they also believe them to be cheerful, contented, and happy. A strange paradox seems this last of the misconceptions of which I shall speak. First, let me remind my reader that this is a land of barren hills and worn-out bottoms. The negroes in these parts farm land that was exhausted of anything like fertility forty years ago. Ten to fifteen bushels of corn is a good yield. Even in these days of high prices, eighty to a hundred dollars is an average allowance for six months' provisions for a family of three or four. This is only fifteen to eighteen dollars per month. During my first year, not a few of the old and feeble begged at my door for meat-rinds. But however near the verge of starvation, they will not cultivate a garden, care for poultry, preserve vegetables or wild fruits, or milk a cow with anything like regularity.

They are almost invariably debt-ridden. I have but one on my place who does not have to be supplied with provisions. This is a land of deeds of trust.

Everything the negro owns must be put up with the landlord, merchant, or banker, as security for his provisions. And the provisions are nearly always doled out in small allowances—a little sugar, a few pounds of lard compound, a few cans of green coffee, and now and then a five-pound piece of salt pork, are all the negro may hope for.

Notoriously poor, debt-ridden, underfed—yes, this is right; now add to this the darkness of densest ignorance. No Northerner who has not studied conditions in the South, or among primitive people elsewhere, can by the wildest flights of imagination conceive an idea of the enormity of the negro's ignorance. Of all the negroes on this place, I think of but one who can read and write. And writing among the educated runs something like this: 'Hab yar pol shar har' (Have your plough sharpened here). I happened to notice this on the side of a little blacksmith shop the other day. Few of them can add, subtract, or multiply. None of them know how old they are, and few know where they were born.

The average plantation negro knows almost nothing about the care of his body. He eats at any hour of the day or night, and when he eats, he gorges until it hurts. He is a fiend for snuff and cigarettes, and always has a mania for whiskey. His sleep is irregular, and his clothing almost never sufficient to protect him from rain and cold. He knows nothing of drugs. About a month ago, one of the negroes on my own plantation gave birth to a child. The custom is to summon no physician unless things go badly. Well, she did not recover as readily as she should; so about a week after the child was born, the doctor was summoned. He left some camphor with the instructions, 'Add a few drops of camphor to half a glass of water and take every three hours.' The girl thought it read, 'Add a few drops



of water to half a glass of camphor.' She took a few doses according to this theory, and died from the effects.

The negro's ignorance of the outside world is that of a little child. Cotton they believe to grow the world over. Washington and Florida, Maine and California, are only other Mississippis. To talk to them about the outside world is to talk in a foreign language, for about it they know nothing whatsoever.

Likewise are they ignorant of measurement. Throughout the whole of their lives my tenants have been renters, yet none of them can measure off an acre of land. None of them know how many acres they rent. They would not believe me if I told them. Last fall, Robert Southerland wanted to rent just forty acres, even. I offered him a piece of land which measured exactly eighty acres, but 'Hit hain't half 'nuff, boss.' A negro knows his boundary as such and such a ditch, a big elm tree, or a sassafras thicket. But more than this he neither knows nor cares to know.

Again, the younger negroes are ignorant of the mechanical arts. They can neither mend their shoes with any degree of neatness, build a passable fireplace, nor repair or replace a broken spring in a pistol. About the history of the United States, none of them, old or young, know anything. No negro on this place can tell me one thing about George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, or Abraham Lincoln.

Now, add to the negro's poverty, his debts, and his ignorance another common burden, that of being filthy, and we have, in a vague way, a picture of the happy negro in the sunny South! How filthy he is, no Northerner can imagine. His bedclothes he will use for months, and even years, without washing, and this in a notoriously sweaty climate, where both whites and blacks are liquefied daily for six months in the

year. The dogs, chickens, hogs, and myriads of flies come and go about the house at their leisure. Very likely a sow or two and the smaller pigs will sleep under the house; for a certainty the dogs will. Such filth as may be found in negro cabins, I have nowhere seen the like of.

So we see that, from our standard, he lives a wretched life. But from his standard it is different. We must not think that he feels the weight of his ignorance, poverty, and squalor, as he would had he ever known anything different, or as a cultured person, be he black or white, would feel it. A field negro lives in a kind of perpetual doze, a dreamy haze. He is never very anxious for anything. I know of nothing that will stir him up to any marked degree except whiskey and a revival. Of the former he gets none, save a little moonshine, and the latter comes but once a year and lasts but a week or two. So his life moves on, year after year, with the greatest uniformity. Nothing disturbs for any length of time the uniform and listless torpor of his existence. The climate is a kind of natural anæsthetic to all kinds of acute pain. Life moves at a low pressure; at times the wheels can barely be seen to turn. Add to this his inevitable cigarette and omnipresent snuff, and some idea may be had of the sluggishness of a plantation negro.

To the average white man, the mind of a field negro seems to be a strange mixture of callousness and stagnancy. Of spiritual suffering he knows little. If his children die, he soon forgets it. Life is held cheap. Of all the graves in the old graveyard here on my plantation, only one is marked with head- and foot-stone. There is not a single monument in the graveyard. Ask any of my negroes where his departed ones are buried, and he can only answer, 'Ou der somewha; I'ze da kna just wha.' His

sorrows soon slip away, and for his pleasures he never gets very anxious. Despondency is not for him; he is too indifferent to life for this. Suicide one never hears of in these parts; I know of not a single case. His wife may leave him and go to St. Louis with a neighbor's son; his children may die of neglect, exposure, or disease; yet all this will not sadden his days. Like all primitive peoples, he cries and moans dreadfully for a few days, or weeks at most, then takes up with another mate and goes on reproducing his kind.

He is never long detached from life — a few days, or weeks, at most, cover the period of mourning. No catastrophe, however great, can long estrange him from his fellows. A negro hermit I have

never seen. Solitude is unknown to any negro with whom I have yet become acquainted. He always wants to go, as he says, in a crowd.

So it behooves us to consider the mind of the negro, as well as his environment, before we say he is happy or miserable. Possibly he is neither happy nor miserable, as we conceive happiness and misery. He is primitive. We do not bemoan ourselves about the misery of the primitive Indians, and they live much like our primitive negroes. Yet somehow or other my Northern friends are given to a long tale of woe about the poor negro. The truth is that his conditions are those of the primitive man, with a good deal of the white man's civilization mixed in.

## AMENITIES OF BOOKSELLING

BY H. C. PORTER

To readers of Mr. Newton's alluring portrayal of the 'Amenities of Book-Collecting' it would seem very daring to assert that, on the other hand, there are amenities in bookselling other than those of the baser sort presumably associated with any profitable financial transaction. Yet, were there not such counterbalancing amenities, my work as a book-clerk would, indeed, have been barren of its most pleasurable experiences. Moments of depression, too, for that matter, there were, as no doubt also to Mr. Newton himself; but, in listing the amenities of life, it is wiser to follow his example and make no attempt to strike a credit balance.

The almost envious exclamations of

customers, on the joy it must be to live in such intimate contact with books, are of such frequent occurrence that I could not, if I had not already realized it, be unaware that the mere opportunity of working in a bookstore might be regarded, in itself, as a privilege. If there is pleasure in possession, it will be admitted that that pleasure, even if but a transitory one, has been mine — possession of many books; of books with an aristocratic lineage both of authorship and binding. Then, too, the joy of discovery I have had in feeling, for some unaccountable reason, a personal response in some book of no known reputation, whose praises have been sung by no blatant critic! It has

awaited modestly the recognition of its idiosyncrasies by some temperamental customer with tastes equally bizarre.

The pangs of parting with some of my transitory treasures assume the character of an actual pleasure if, in selling them, I can feel, as sometimes one instinctively does, that this transfer of possession assures them permanently the fond care and appreciation that I feel they deserve, removed from the soiled hands and meticulous gaze of the merely idle curious. One soon has favorites, and is fearful lest some other salesman, unappreciative of their peculiarly appealing virtues, may dispose of them to some customer whose only interest is to spend a goodly sum of money in the purchase of an obligatory present.

Not to be overlooked, either, is the charm of the chance acquaintance that, growing into quick, even if brief, blossom, at times accompanies some peculiarly personal transfer of ownership: a momentary sympathetic recognition of similar tastes. Springing out of that desire, common to all, to share our appreciation, there develops an exhilarating sense of intimacy. It is as if a newly made acquaintance had passed the test of introduction to older friends.

In recommending books to customers unaccustomed to selecting books, timidly aware of their own limitations, but with an instinctive desire for things worth while, my pleasure is like that of a Socrates in opening the eyes of his pupils to a perception of the good and beautiful. The assumption that I must be an undisputed authority, fitted to guide and advise because I live surrounded by such evidences of knowledge, though naïve, gives to my words an almost sacrosanct character. I forget that I am only a clerk, whose sole purpose in life is to sell books for the profit of another. I rise to higher levels; I am no longer merely a worker for hire; I

become, to myself, a factor in the great advance of civilization. I have the feeling that, through my efforts, I may be able, perhaps, to add something to the life-happiness of another. Moreover, if I suggest wisely, I may put a straw in the way of the selfish exploitation now practised by the purveyors of ideas and amusements. I shall then have an extra reason for self-congratulation, and be spurred on to continue my private warfare against those profaners of the standards of good taste.

Incidentally, I learn much of the inward character and hopes, and even of the mode of living, of my quasi-pupils. Through chance spontaneous outbursts of confidence, to which even the most reserved are at times forced to yield, I find myself suddenly transferred to the position of financial, as well as moral, adviser. Will the continued possession of a ten-dollar bill, or even a Liberty bond, be of more value to the children than the acquisition of the book under consideration? Questions of school-advancement, staying at home evenings, and similar weighty problems, are involved. In the solution, my advice is sought as that of one who has been through it all and so must know.

Since so evidently to be accounted the chiefest of the amenities of a book-clerk's life, it is almost superfluous to allude to those less frequent occasions when my work brings me in mental touch with a genuine book-lover, a connoisseur of all that is included in the word book. Instead of being the position of imparting, mine becomes the reverse one. What a wealth of information I seem to myself to be absorbing! I feel my own horizon of appreciation bursting its narrow store-limitations, under the kindly stimulus of inciting talks about books. Impelled by his own enthusiastic love of them, my quondam customer now becomes transformed into my preceptor. With

pitying regret for my incomprehensible inability to feel and appreciate as he does, he insists on elevating me to his plane. He will not be content until I too share his peculiar delight in some special feature of a book. In running critical comments on the characteristics of its author, his comparative points of excellence or inferiority will be so illustrated and magnified, that one must, for the time being, at least, both feel and realize them. In addition, moreover, one needs but listen, to acquire, willy-nilly, not only a glimmering understanding of the intricacies of special or rare editions, but, incidentally, a properly chastened taste in respect to book-bindings, as well as a knowledge of the names of noted binders. There is, however, as an offset to such pleasurable experiences, the drawback of an underlying fear of my ability to remember and fully assimilate, when so much more has been intimated than actually said. If one could but read what will never be written!

In the matter of selecting presents, a sympathetic interest requires that I should understand the difficulties of making a proper selection, while, at the same time, I must be able to feel, in anticipation, the surprised pleasure of the recipient. The number of *Rubaiyats* I have helped on their way, in the first gush of a giver's desire to give something, looms overwhelmingly in my conscience, hardened as it has become by many similar transactions.

When a specific request for a book is made, my position is merely that of a receiver of cash and wrapper of parcels. Although it may be that I know the book is not the one for the special purposes desired, it is of course my business to supply it. My pride in the responsibility of my position is somewhat hurt if I feel instinctively that this particular book, although otherwise commendable, is not the right book at

this particular time, for this particular person: a feeling, however, that by its poignancy serves only to accentuate my awareness that this transaction of selling has lost something of its sordid character of merely enhancing the sum-total of my day's sales.

But in the majority of cases, the selection of a book is more or less in the hands of the seller. To so great an extent is this true, that I have always claimed that, if booksellers would, they could materially lessen the sale of such books as those of Messrs. — and —, now seemingly so popular; and this, too, in spite of the customary advertising propaganda. In my experience, the demand is not for a definite title but for 'a good book.' By this is meant, I soon discover from the reply to my interested questioning, perhaps a detective story, or 'any good book not a war-book,' or, perhaps, a 'funny book.' But in any case, when the book is not distinctly specified, it is always easy, while satisfying the purchaser, to avoid suggesting books of the exaggerated type. I do not refer to books of questionable morality, but to those whose bad taste would be condemned by all whose sense of discrimination had not been vitiated by too much reading of only that sort, or by the financial profit of their sale. The standard of taste of one conscious of a lack of critical ability, is, at bottom, based on what he has been led to believe has the approval of those who, he thinks, are in a position to know.

In bookstores where extra bonuses or commissions are given for getting rid of dead stock at reduced rates, a clerk may still exercise his discretion. When, as is often the case, the unsaleability of a work is not due to bad quality of its contents, a clerk may not only enrich himself but have the satisfaction of benefiting a customer, by persuading him to take the chance thus offered to acquire a good book at a reduced price.

With incidents interesting from the side-lights they afford on the *comédie humaine*, a book-clerk is abundantly supplied: husbands whose fondness for books has to be curbed by a wife's watchfulness; the circumventing ruses employed; the whispered hint, the confiding glance, — or, shall I say, wink, — sufficient to suggest to one the desire that the book be laid aside until the fates should be more kind. Often, when the wife is not present, without a spoken word that might savor even of an implication of disloyalty to the marital bond, I am directed to send the books to the office, with the superadded nervous caution to be sure that the bill is similarly addressed. This direction is natural enough, and would arouse no suspicion, were it not for that nervous caution and the furtive look of daring that accompanies it. A determination to commit a crime would scarcely require more courage. How the books are finally smuggled from office to home, I can only guess. Perhaps when the wife is conveniently away for a day or so; or it may be along with the business papers that the 'poor dear' has to toil over in the lonely hours of night — 'he is so overworked.'

Sometimes these inner glimpses call up a pitying feeling of revolt against the limitations that an early lack of education imposes on one struggling for mental growth: the hard, crusted soil that the growing seed has to break before reaching the light. A request for a copy of the 'Sanskrit' made me hesitate long, fearing that my own perfunctory acquaintance with the titles of books was at fault. Finally, however, it came out that a statement in a footnote, to the effect that a puzzling passage was different in the Sanskrit, had aroused the praiseworthy desire to possess the book with that supposed title.

The pathos, occasionally, of the motive for a purchase checks a too curious speculative interest in life's history and converts it into a real active sympathy. This was particularly so in war-time — the hesitating purchase of a book for an errant beloved one, in the doubting hope that it would be read and would implant the seed of a desire for better living. The overmastering urge felt by some natures to confide their joys and sorrows may not always be withstood, nor may the clerk, whose best asset must be his quality of sympathetic responsiveness, repel such confidences, even if he have neither the time nor the inclination to receive them.

Such incidents of daily occurrence furnish material for speculative thought to a book-clerk who feels that acquaintance with life as it is, is its chief amenity. Probably any clerk whose work brings him into direct personal contact with his customers has similar opportunities for becoming acquainted with life in its varying shades and aspects: but the questions and conversations about books tend necessarily to reveal modes of thought and ideas, thus putting a book-clerk more peculiarly into direct touch with the real inner personality of his customers.

The desire to find in 'my own life something that would, if only in imagination, lift it out of its merely money-making, bread-and-butter aspect has possibly tinged my mental vision with an unwarranted roseate hue. Still, if the amenities I recount would not be such to others; if I have fooled myself, and have not been so helpful an influence on the lives of my customers as I like to think I may have been, I have, at least, succeeded in glossing over the humdrum, monotonously depressing moments incident to a life of otherwise limited responsibility.

# WASTE

## THE STORY OF A SWEET LITTLE GIRL

BY AN ELDERLY SPINSTER

### I

I COULD tell many stories about Ayshan's childhood; for she was a pupil in my first love among schools, in the days when no child on earth seemed to me common. I had not yet grown unappreciative of the quaint ways which the girls of that group had of showing their child-love for me. Every day, charming me, they increased my vocabulary. I remember the very hour I learned from them the Punjabi equivalent of 'wee 'uns' — a word which my ignorance interpreted as 'little chunks.' I liked the idea of the expression so much that I used to amuse myself and them by calling them carefully thought-out variations of it. 'Come on, now, wee bits,' I would say to them, 'let's do it this way!' Or, 'How many times, little pieces of life, have I to ask you not to leave your needles on the floor — for your little bare feet?' Or, 'Stop quarreling, small scraps; love each other.'

One day I heard Ayshan exclaim with spirit to a newcomer who was scorning my unidiomatic endearments, '*Of course* no one else talks that way! She makes those names up for us. She pulls them right out of the love in her heart.' Anyone who could have heard her tone, without staying awake nights to compose new names, would have been, indeed, a poor stick.

I shall always cherish one Christmas day she immortalized for me. When

one is just as many miles away from home as it is possible to get on this globe, Christmas is apt to be, for the sentimental, a bitter occasion. In the middle of the morning of Ayshan's day, one hundred small, tinkling girls were seated cross-legged on the brick pavement of the school court, golden sunlight flowing round them like a blinding sea, parrots screaming in the trees beyond the wall. I had just finished distributing to the gaudy little rainbows a hundred dolls ordered with a grand disregard for expense accounts, when I became sickeningly aware that joy had turned to tragedy. In a flash I saw my terrible mistake: only half the dolls were fair-haired! The girls with the yellow-haired children were marveling over them, glowing, caressing them with mother-ecstasy; while those who had been given dark-haired children were blinking to keep back tears.

Surely no blunder but Balaclava equalled mine! I might have known that every child would want a fair baby, like the lovely English children who are occasionally carefully conducted through our street! The second I perceived this, one small child threw down her heart-breaking gift and stretched out on the floor, sobbing. Ayshan was nearest me; so, inspired verbally for once, I picked up her rejected child.

'What a nice baby she is!' I said to

her. 'Don't you think she looks like me?'

Almost before I had finished, her thin little face grew gay and proud.

'Oh!' she cried out to the girl next her, 'I don't think much of your faded doll. Look at mine! She's the color of the Miss Sahib!'

Instantly the sun burst out over the mourners. Mourners, did I say? Triumphant boasters, rather! They hugged their children with perfect satisfaction. But Ayshan gloried most. Did anyone dare to suggest before her loyal little face that the Miss Sahib had not the most beautiful hair in the world? She tolerated no such suggestion. The Anglo-Saxon mothers were so overcome by the sudden desirability of my complexion, that I had to defend them from her vaunting. If the dark-haired dolls were like me now, the fair-haired ones were exactly like me when I was a baby. And so, having restored hilarity to the heart of each parent, I sat down among the cooing little things, and taught their dolls tricks. It was a lovely morning that we had.

That night in bed I lay thinking of a place where very pleasant voices would be saying to children rehearsing the glories of the day, 'This is n't a *real* Christmas, you remember. It is n't *really* Christmas till Auntie gets home. And then — !' That was pain. Ayshan was its healing. I remembered her earnest little face. I heard her saying, 'I don't care. I love a doll like the Miss Sahib, better than any other kind there is. I would n't have any other kind if they gave it to me!' After all, I meditated, where there are lovers like Ayshan, there are compensations for anything.

She must have been about ten at that time. During the next two years, being busy with foolish necessary things, I had far too little time to play in my school, and I saw her only occasionally. She

was always shabbily dressed, thin-faced, hollow-eyed, proud — much like the rest of the girls, except that she responded more eagerly to tenderness than any of them. I had only to say, in a certain tone, 'Well, Ayshan?' to make her face glow like a candle lighted. The third summer she left school because she was too big to come any longer, her family said; and anyway, they were making wedding arrangements for her.

I heard more of their plans for her, one day, when I was talking with an old woman who lived in one of the great windowless houses adjoining the hospital. Very seldom indeed she condescended to come to the clinic, but that morning she had slipped in to tell the doctor about the distressing symptoms of her pregnant daughter-in-law. 'Come over to see her,' she said to me, veiling herself as securely for the few steps to her home as if she had been going a day's journey. 'Her husband is marrying again, and she is very sad.'

So I went home with her, and we found the son's wife sitting on a low stool, embroidering. She started heavily to get up before I could beg her not to, and then had my chair put close by her side. When I was seated, she laid her arm on my knee and for a moment leaned against me. That was her only complaint. From a woman with a face like hers, so finely meagre in line, so perfectly controlled, there could be no common outcry. Then, because her hand on my knee said more than I could answer, I reached for the silk thing on her lap, and began, —

'How perfectly beautiful! Let me see it.'

Stretching it out before me, she showed me a *kurta* — a woman's garment, with a hole cut for the neck and an opening about eighteen inches deep down the front. Around this opening, which was faced with pale green, and around the bottom of the garment, she

had embroidered an exquisite pattern in gold and a little black.

'For his new wife,' she informed me, in a perfectly even voice.

'It's splendid of you, feeling as you do,' I said calmly. If her voice could hide its sorrow, mine could surely hide its pity. And, still looking closely at her work, I noticed that, on either side of the conventionalized pattern down the front, there were scattered irregularly, here and there, small gold flowers. I had seen something like this on garments before, and I said, — to speak safely, — 'This part of the design I never quite understood. What do you call it?' Each pattern has a lovely name in our town.

'Oh,' she said, in the same tone, 'if tears fall while you work, you cover the stains with that sort of little flowers.'

Thus does one stumble into tragedy. I was afraid to speak again, and I had no need to, for she went on, —

'You know her, I believe. She was in your school. Ayshan, the daughter of Khuda Baksh Khan — the one who lives in the quarter of the foreign well. She's quite young.'

'It's a perfectly senseless marriage,' exclaimed the mother-in-law. 'I never heard of anything so silly. No money in it, even.'

'The family sent me these,' the sad woman went on, showing me a pair of thick gold bracelets she was wearing, 'so I would be kind to her. They need not have troubled! Have I not daughters of my own? They say she's rather plain. What do you think?'

'She's just a little thing,' I assured her; 'just a nice little child, not especially good-looking. She's quiet. I don't think you'll have trouble with her.'

'I'm sure I won't,' she replied; 'very sure.'

For a long time she kept on sitting there, while the old woman scolded away about her son's folly.

I knew that as a young man he had been famous in the city for his business ability. When the first doctor was building the hospital, she turned to him repeatedly for help in difficulties, and for years he had bought her supply of fuel for the whole institution. But by the time the new doctor had come, he had drunk himself, not only useless, but perfectly disgusting. He was now perhaps sixty, and fat, with a red, leering face, and white hair and beard dyed red with henna — this gentleman who had bargained for Ayshan.

## II

During the week of festivities which preceded the wedding, I was asked, one evening, to have dinner with Ayshan. Why her mother invited me, I don't know. Certainly she liked me no more than I liked her. She was a hard-faced woman with a mocking tongue. Perhaps she thought that, as her daughter was to live very near me, it was well to be civil. I accepted the invitation only because I knew it would make the children happy. And as I sat at dusk in the narrow verandah off the busy courtyard, and, remembering the sage who said that love digesteth all things, ate rich and spicy meats and rice, rich and sweet puddings, and suicidal sweets which the little girls set before me with disputing ceremony and excited laughter, I was very glad I had come. The virgins who rioted through the wedding gayety were all from my school — more than ten of them, all very foolish and giggling. We played together for a while as it grew darker, until, all at once, the women who had gathered on the roof above struck their little drums into throbbing life, and began their wedding songs.

We rushed upstairs — it would of course have been tragic to miss the music! The guests were seated on a



heavy carpet, in the starlight, and they made a place for me and the girls who crowded around me. Only a few of the women knew me, for which reason I noticed one after another stop and ask her neighbor who I was and why I was there. The musician was playing a little drum so unlike any I had seen, that for a little while I sat watching her as she thrummed out the tune on it.

When my eyes turned away from it, they met those of a little eight-year-old sitting by me, who shivered, and turned quietly away from me. Her expression aroused me. I began listening to the song, getting it word for word from the woman next to me. The more I understood, the angrier I got. I looked around at the small bits, and I saw at once that they had had no difficulty in understanding it. One by one they turned the thoughts in their eyes away from mine, in shame. It was a perfectly naked song, too hot and heavy for childhood, and it went on and on, to the crude and primitive passion of its rhythm, getting ranker all the time. I sat helplessly reflecting that this, and more like it, had been the only food for the small girls' minds for the week, and the cruelty of it made me boil. Was n't life ultimately to be complicated enough for these little women, without darkening them now, in their childhood, by its questions beyond solution? Ought they not to have a few days of innocence — of unconsciousness of its devastating satisfaction?

After what seemed like a long time, the singers came to the gross and noisy climax, and Ayshan's mother asked me how I liked the song — because she knew I did not like it.

I shrugged my shoulders.

'In my country,' I began, — a magic phrase, 'in my country,' — 'they do things differently.'

With one voice they exclaimed, 'Tell us how they marry in your country.'

'Well,' I said, 'where there is the religion of Jesus, there are no marriage-songs like that for little children. He forbids it. He said one day when there were children about him that it would be better to have a millstone tied about your neck' — in the room below there were two exhausting millstones — 'and to be cast into the river in flood than to teach songs like that to little girls.'

In the stillness that followed we could hear, from the swollen river a few steps away, great logs floated down from Himalayan forests thunder and boom as they crashed into one another in the whirling torrent.

Ayshan's mother shrugged her shoulders in return, and looked at the girls.

'Oh, well, anyway,' she said, 'they are n't children. All of them that are n't married this year, will be, next.'

This was not true. Some of them — the eight-year-old — might escape four, five, even six years yet.

Then another woman, sighing, uttered their wisdom thus: 'They must be made ready.'

After all, this was their feminine mercy. Since the prowling lust of the world made it impossible for their daughters to remain unmarried, it was the mothers' part to see that marriage was made, if not desirable, at least tolerable. I got their only possible point of view. It made me sick.

We talked for a while about American marriages — of grown women (just fancy!); of a country where grown girls dare to remain unmarried; and of strong babies. This was a mild diet for small brides after what they had been having.

Ayshan led me down to the door when I came away, and there she seized upon me.

'Miss Sahib,' she cried, 'take me with you. Let me go away! I will work like your servants — I will be a sweeper — an outcast — a Christian. Take me away — I am afraid! Let me go with you —'

Oh, I wish one of the wise women of the world might have had to stand there — one of those who, knowing her way so perfectly through life, lives unperplexed. What could I say to the child? There was no way by which she could escape this marriage, since Indian girls are not old enough to decide whether or not they will marry until long after they are married; such is the wisdom of that blind nation now raving about self-government. If I had argued with her that the marriage to this drunken old man she had never seen was unnatural, it would only have added to her terror.

I said, comforting her, 'My dear, it will be all right. Don't worry about the other wife. She is a kind woman. And such a lovely house — you will live just near me —'

She cried out, 'Oh, I thought English people never told lies!'

After that, she never trusted me again.

Without much noise or many lights, or feasts and singing, they brought her at once to her husband's home to live, a month after the other wife's fourth baby was born. It scarcely could have been a joyful home-coming, for the house was filled with women who slipped sadly out and in the room where the prostrate mother lay dying. I have often wondered how the two women met — whether the watchers decked out the shrunken one in shining veils, and bolstered her up to see the new wife; whether with her last gasps she gave the child the silk garment embroidered with the pattern of tears. I only know what the women said and what Ayshan heard on every hand every day until the long mourning was over. They believed what I believed, and what I think the doctor believed, although she never would say so — that the woman died of a broken heart. She was not the first woman I have seen sicken and die because she wanted

to die. The girl knew that the husband said it was a stubborn and inconsiderate death, interrupting his honeymoon. She knew that every accent of the death-song, every tear shed by her friends, all the deep sighs, cried out against the world's injustice to women. They all said, — some bitterly, some with resignation, — 'It's our luck. We're only women.' She understood now exactly how much she was worth to the man, and how little.

She had almost nothing to do when the mourning was over. The old mother-in-law cared for the baby till it died, and managed the large household. The family consisted normally of the husband, Ayshan, and the mother-in-law, two half-grown sons of the dead wife — his second one — and her little daughter, two decrepit aunts, and two woman servants. Besides these, the husband had a son and a daughter by his first wife, both of whom were married and away from home.

Once, after her marriage, I saw her playing dolls happily with her little step-daughter. She had put a new cloth head on a doll she had got in school, and she had made it yarn hair, and plaited it wonderfully. But after that day, although I dare say she often played, I never happened to see her happy in that little-girl way again. I watched her grow up without one of those things girls need to make them beautiful. She was shut within four walls, with nothing to do, nothing to learn, no one to admire — all the treasures of her tenderness locked away. She grew sullen and pert.

One morning, when I was trying to induce her to go on studying, her husband called to her from a doorway, 'Get me my coat.'

He was a gurgling old beast.

She replied without moving, 'Get it yourself.'

I had never heard an Indian woman

speaking to a husband in that tone of voice. She saw my surprise. 'Don't worry,' she said bitterly. 'He won't strike me. He's not that kind. He's loving —' And that morning, as we talked, she cried scornfully, 'Yes! Scarcely as much prized as an old pair of shoes are we women. When we're scuffed a bit — throw them away — get a new pair —'

Common talk, that, in our city. She could not escape it, I suppose. She was bored beyond words with life. She would learn nothing.

### III

Then, suddenly, the summer she was sixteen, she woke up.

She sent for me and gayly demanded to be taught English. I got her a teacher and she learned eagerly. I took it for granted that it was the company in the house that was arousing her, because her oldest step-daughter, with her two little boys, was home for a long visit, and her oldest step-son's wife, a very charming girl, was there too, with a baby. Besides, the oldest son of the second wife was soon to be married. Naturally, all this excitement made her happy, I thought, really thinking very little about it.

Now it happened that about ten o'clock one hot summer evening, as I was coming home with an old watchman from a teacher's whose baby was ill, I passed the house in which Ayshan lived, and met in front of it an extraordinary old cross-eyed servant of hers, wheeling the visiting grandchildren of the house back and forth in a rather dilapidated baby-carriage. She was an irresistible old thing. I had to stop to exchange greetings with her.

'Go on into the house a while,' she said. 'They want to see you.'

'Likely,' I said, 'at this time of night.'

She continued to urge me. 'The men are all away, every one. There's a great party to-night at Rajah Inayat Uhlah Khan's. They won't be home for hours.'

So, impulsively, I went in. I ought not to have gone. It is n't done at that hour. However, I found the old mother in the first-floor court, massaging her married granddaughter.

'She's had fever all day,' she explained to me. 'And so have I.'

I saw she was feeling wretched.

'Are the others on the roof?' I asked.

She answered earnestly, excitedly, 'Ayshan's there. Do go up.'

So I climbed the steep stairs — to a very great surprise.

Through the open door at the top of the stairway, I saw Ayshan, sitting on a cot, cuddled down in the arms of a man.

They saw me, and rose; and speaking most deferentially in English, he passed me and disappeared down the stairs. It was her husband's oldest son. There she stood; at least, there stood someone — I was n't sure it was Ayshan. It must all have been a trick of the moonlight, and the mist — only there was no mist. Anyway, there was shining around her white draperies a light, a great halo.

'Come in, Miss Sahib,' she cried. 'Oh, come in!'

Her voice, too, was strange. It had its halo.

She came up to me. I turned her toward the moon. I saw it was Ayshan, but her face was new — I can't describe its glory. Even the jasmine at her ears and throat was shining. She hid her head on my shoulder, and said, — in that voice, — 'O Miss Sahib!'

I was too amazed to know what to say. I stammered out, —

'Why, Ayshan, my dear child, are you perfectly crazy? Who is that?'

She answered — her words dancing, 'Oh, that's my son — my son.'

I stood staring at her, and she said, 'Oh, I did n't know there was anything in the world like this. I wanted someone to tell it to!'

I burst out, — from the depths of my fear for her, — 'You need n't bother to tell anyone. They must all know. Your mother-in-law might have come up instead of me. She would have come more quietly. His wife might have come — anyone might have! They will find out and tell your husband. He'll kill you for this, Ayshan, and you know it. He'll take no explanation.'

'It's safe enough,' she answered, glowing. 'Is he not my son? And anyway, we've never been caught yet.'

'Why is n't he at the party with the others?' I demanded, hating the abominable lithe beauty of his youth.

'He was n't well enough,' she answered. Then, dazzling me, she cried, 'And I used to hate being a woman. But it's sweet now, since he has come.'

'Oh!' I exclaimed, 'he tells you it's safe. He won't be the one who will die for it. Don't you remember what happened to Phul — of your own caste? This house so full of people!'

Her manner changed, and she said with a sort of desperation, —

'I don't care for a minute whether it's dangerous or not. I don't care a bit if I do die for it. It's worth dying for. Ah, he loves me so! No one else loved me like that. I say to you that in his very voice there is love when he speaks to me.'

'I have no doubt he loves generally,' I retorted. 'Oh, my dear, he is not worth this!'

'He never loves anyone but me,' she replied, delighting even in the sound of the words. 'Oh, I am going away with him — I am going to be with him forever — forever!'

I was so sorry that joy had come to her in this fatal way that I felt as if I could die to make her happy. Some-

times dying for others seems easy. I was so sure of what she was going to pay for this that I smelled pools of blood. I could see her, lying kicked into a corner — crushed, broken. But I might as well have tried frightening a spring morning.

When I saw I could not appeal to her fear, I tried to appeal to her honor. I had not done this at first, because I had not thought of it. Where all things are so fundamentally wrong as they are in our city, the idea of honor can be only an afterthought or an accident. I sat down beside her, and told her a story. It moved her through and through. When I had finished, she cried, —

'Oh, but that's not true! Nobody ever did that — to give her love up because it wronged someone else. Why, we would die doing that.'

'Some people never cease dying,' I told her. 'For some the world arranges it so that the only choice left them is continual unconquered dying, and rotting life. That's the way life is. Dying with honor — or living with rottenness. Think of his wife, Ayshan. She's your friend. She's your guest. Where is she now?'

'She's gone home,' she answered. 'She need n't mind. What did she expect when she married him? If it was n't me, it would be someone else.'

'And honor lasts so long,' I told her. 'As long as you lived, you would remember, in your heart, alone, that even though it cost you your happiness, you chose the high way of living — for some unknown reason you chose right. You'd have a fountain of amazement within you that you could do the beautiful thing; you would be proud of yourself.'

But she chanted, 'Oh, no, I would n't do that for my sake. Nothing for my sake. It's for him. He needs me. If I should go home to my mother's,

as you suggest, he would be lonely. I could n't make him lonely. You don't understand. It is for him!

I had finally to come away, in a rage of helplessness, and leave her to her fate. And she was only sixteen — sixteen!

I was unable to get to sleep that night. In the hot, still moonlight, I lay on my bed on the roof, and thought about the girl. I knew now why she had waked up. I understood how naturally it had all come about — that perfect young animal confined to the house, ill, or feigning illness, and Ayshan serving him unveiled, because in the eyes of the law she was his mother. How differently the eyes of youth see things! How amused he must have been, if he was at all an artist, to see her pale little face transformed by his glances, grateful, no doubt, at first, then admiring, confessing, confusing, entreating glances, wooing a girl who had been appropriated but not wooed before, compelled, but not entreated. Could anyone expect a girl brought up on wedding songs to resist such an appeal?

I remembered, smiling, the summer I was seventeen — a beloved long white dimity, covered with little white ruffles; all the men I had loved that summer, — the one who read me Whitman would never lend me the book; it was a long time before I knew why, — a group of lads who stopped their story suddenly when I joined them and gasped about for new subjects. I remembered that, from Ayshan's babyhood, no one had ever refrained from saying anything in her presence because she was a girl. I recalled with benediction many things about the men of that summer. The only reason I did not pray all that night for blessings on them was because I could not think of anything good enough for God to give them.

Very late at night the returning revelers came singing down the street. They stood shouting to Ayshan's husband after he had turned into his street to go home. Would he learn the secret of his house that night? Would he purge his shame away before morning? I listened to every sound. Had the servant insisted on my going in because she knew where Ayshan was just then? Did the old mother for that reason urge me to go to the roof? Why had his wife gone home? Because she knew? Did the big stepsons know? How could they help knowing? Which one, being angry with the little wife, would call down death upon her? I listened and listened.

Every night that summer when I went to sleep, I expected to be wakened suddenly by the death-wail from that house. Every time I wakened, startled, I listened in that direction. One night there was a shrill cry down the street. I thought the watchman would never come back with his report about it. It was only another little child dead of the heat. I went on dreading.

#### IV

Even then I never imagined how horrible her fate was to be. The weeks wore into months and I heard no news from that house. I shrank from going near it. One grows tired hovering forever upon the outskirts of murder.

Then, one day, when I was giving a knitting lesson to a woman in that street, I heard Ayshan's little stepdaughter telling a story to two women who sat in a verandah near me. This child was so young that her baby teeth had fallen out, and her second teeth had not yet come in. There she sat, a round-faced little thing in a vividly red veil. She was saying, —

'They quarreled terribly and my father ordered him out of the house.

Of course, she belonged to my father first, and that's why brother did it. They're always fighting anyway — about his mother's money —

'Are n't you ashamed to tell such things about your own people — a little thing like you?' chided one of the women. 'But go on. Did she go with him?'

'Of course!' said the child pertly. 'That's why my father was so furious. My brother — Well, you know, I suppose he thought it was time for a new woman.'

'Do I purl now?' asked my pupil.

I scarcely could tell. I wanted to know how Ayshan had gone away with her 'son,' and when, and where. How had I not known it before? I waited a long time, till the child went home, and then I carelessly asked the women.

They told me it was a Pathan dancing-girl the son had stolen away from his father. About her the fight had waxed hot.

Ayshan — so soon rejected — they had not even quarreled about! Ayshan, the fashion of whose countenance love had transfigured. Her dream was over. With her face, at least, the moon would never again be able to do *that* trick. After all, a very common story, not even deserving exclamation points.

I was puzzled at the time that the intrigue was never uncovered to the master of the house. Since then I have known of more perilous secrets kept, of swords hung by stretched hairs for years.

Naturally I stayed away from that house for months, not being able to endure the sight of her humiliation. After I had been repeatedly sent for, I did go, because I was sure she was visiting her mother. But she was not. It was all as painful as it could possibly be, because the old mother, seemingly so guileless, either through chance or through maliciousness, would talk of nothing but her grandson. It appeared he and his father had been estranged for a long time, about a woman, — had I heard of it? — but now the son was making offers of peace. He had sent gifts to all the family.

'Show her the veils he sent us,' she said to Ayshan.

'What's the use?' she inquired. Every mention of his name made her flinch — she was thinking of that night.

'Do as I tell you,' ordered the head of the house.

Ayshan got up and went to a chest in an adjoining room. She brought them back and tossed them down on a cot beside me.

'Cheap stuff,' she said.

I unfolded the lovely things of jade and rose and budding violet. The old mother lifted her eyebrows to say to me, 'Of course, she was used to better ones in her own home.'

I glanced covertly at the girl. She was faded and sullen and untidy and hard. For the first time I noticed how like her mother she was. Her love was all plundered, her loyalty outraged.

'Cheap stuff,' she repeated.

## AN ECHO FROM HORACE

*Lusisti satis, edisti satis, 'alque bibisti:  
Tempus abire tibi est.*

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

TAKE away the dancing-girls, quench the lights, remove  
Golden cups and garlands sere, all the feast; away  
Lutes and lyres and Lalage; close the gates, above  
Write upon the lintel this: *Time is done for play!*  
*Thou hast had thy fill of love, eaten, drunk; the show*  
*Ends at last, — 't was long enough, — time it is to go.*

Thou hast played—ah! heart, how long! Past all count were they—  
Girls of gold and ivory, bosomed deep, all snow,  
Leopard-swift, and velvet-loined, bronze for hair, mild clay  
Turning at a touch to flame, tense as a strung bow;  
Cruel as the circling hawk, tame at last as dove:  
Thou hast had thy fill and more than enough of love.

Thou hast eaten peacocks' tongues, fed thy carp with slaves,  
Nests of Asiatic birds, brought from far Cathay,  
Umbrian boars, and mullet roes, snatched from stormy waves,  
Half thy father's lands have gone one strange meal to pay;  
For a morsel on thy plate ravished sea and shore;  
Thou hast eaten, 't is enough — thou shalt eat no more.

Thou hast drunk—how hast thou drunk! mighty vats, whole seas,  
Vineyards purpling half a world turned to gold thy throat,  
Falernian, true Massic, the gods' own vintages,  
Lakes thou swallowed, deep enough galleys tall to float;  
Wildness, wonder, wisdom, all, drunkenness divine,  
All that dreams within the grape, madness, too, were thine.

Time it is to go and sleep — draw the curtains close —  
 Tender strings shall lure thee still — mellow flutes be blown,  
 Still the spring shall shower down on thy couch the rose,  
 Still the laurels crown your head where you dream alone.  
 Thou didst play, and thou didst eat, thou hast drunken deep:  
 Time at last it is to go, time it is to sleep.

## THE FUEL PROBLEM

BY ARTHUR D. LITTLE

### I

IN its recent and personal aspect the fuel problem presents itself to most of us in two equally difficult phases: first, how to obtain the coal we need; and, second, how to pay for it after we get it. No longer may we rely upon the wood-lot behind the barn for adequate reserves of fuel; the driftwood fire 'built of the wrecks of stranded ships' has become only a poetic memory.

We now depend on coal, and the poetry has departed. No author has descried the cricket on the register, nor has even *vers libre* as yet identified itself with the gas-log or the radiator.

'For altar and hearth' was the cry of the Roman legions; but the home-fires that our own soldiers urged us in song to keep burning are of a very different sort. The ancient civilizations were based upon slavery, or sustained, like that of Rome, by conquest and resulting tribute. The many labored to no other end than to provide leisure and luxury for the few. For power they relied on human muscles; but wheat or corn or bacon burned in the human

engine is an expensive form of fuel. Our civilization is built on coal. It has much of coal's murkiness and grime. It has, nevertheless, developed a complex industrialism based on power, which, utilized through the agency of machines, multiplies many times the productive capacity of the individual. Whether a coal civilization is upon the whole better than the man-power civilization, which Thomas Jefferson so ardently prayed might persist in America, is perhaps more open to question than we realize; it is certainly more debatable than we admit; but, for better, for worse, here it is, and it is here to stay. We have long passed the time when, as Dr. Johnson said, 'Four good wants ought to last a man a year.' The industries that we created to meet our relatively simple wants feed and develop on the new wants which they themselves create. They have thus grown, until they dominate our civilization; but, as pointed out by Gilbert, it is a curious and pathetic anomaly that the two most basic industries in the United



States, food-production and the coal industry, are the most inefficiently organized of them all.

In the United States the enormous increase within our memory in the production of basic products gives spectacular testimony of the rate of our industrial growth. In 1870, we produced 1,600,000 tons of iron; in 1919, 30,000,000 tons. Our coal output, which was then 33,000,000 tons, is now approaching 700,000,000. We mined, in 1870, 28,000,000 pounds of copper; in 1919, 1,289,000,000; while our per-capita consumption of petroleum, which was .016 barrel in 1860 and only .83 in 1900, has, during twenty years, jumped to three-and-a-half barrels.

These figures are significant only as one is able to visualize the ramifications of industry into which these basic products enter. The textile and paper mills, the steel works, the electrical manufactures and the diversified distribution and influence of their products, the gas-works, the automobile industry, the countless factories which pour their product into the market — to each and every one of these the fuel problem is a problem of the first magnitude; for without fuel, or its equivalent in energy, they cannot turn a wheel.

With more than half of the world's coal reserves within the area of the United States, we have permitted a situation to develop which has involved shortage at the mines, with the miners on strike or 'on vacation,' famine at consuming points, embargoes, priority rulings, and the complexities and inhibitions of fuel administration by the state.

Nor are we alone in our difficulties: the problem is world-wide. The industries of France are starving for coal, while Germany resists all efforts to compel promised deliveries. Italy finds her national life imperiled; Portugal is on the verge of a coal-famine; Scandina-

via and the Argentine bid frantically; while Britain, exporting at outrageous prices, is threatened with a general strike and nationalization of the mines. A recent news item states that at Blantyre, near Glasgow, the officials have been bluntly told that seizure of the coal-pits is imminent, and that the men propose to establish a soviet system of mine-control. Meanwhile the British coal output has shrunk 47,000,000 tons, or 16 per cent.

The situation is due, of course, to the converging influence of many factors, not all of which find their origin in the war. There is a noticeable shortage of men at the bituminous mines, and there is a serious shortage of coal-cars. The men work little more than half the time. They show a broad catholicity in the observance of church holy days, whether it is their own church that celebrates, or some other. With winter upon us the anthracite miners take a vacation, and this curtails output by 3,500,000 tons. Water-shipments to New England have been hampered, or interrupted, during most of the summer by labor troubles at the piers, which may have had no nearer cause than a hunger strike in Brixton prison or the failure of an archbishop to land in Ireland.

Concurrently with the gradual and general breakdown of rail-transportation services has come the building up of an enormous increase in the demand for power, which, nevertheless, is so inefficiently distributed and utilized that, in the densest industrial section of the country, the average load-factor is only 15 per cent, where it might well be 60. We may expect no cessation in the development of this demand for power, because only by rendering available to the individual worker larger and larger units of power, may we hope measurably to satisfy the insistent demands of labor.

The increased cost of coal has probably imposed an annual tax upon the American householder of not less than \$600,000,000 in direct charges, and has been the cause of much acute suffering in the households of the poor. An indeterminate, but probably far greater, additional burden has resulted from higher manufacturing costs, and delayed production due to failures in coal-deliveries. The industries consume more than 30 per cent of all the coal we mine, and in many cases of bulk-production the amount of coal consumed is greater than the weight of product. A ton of paper, for example, requires for its manufacture two tons of coal. Moreover, the fuel problem bears a very direct relation to the housing problem, since great quantities of coal are required for burning lime, cement, and brick, and for smelting and working the iron and steel that enter so largely into construction. In other important industries, like the manufacture of gas and coke, calcium carbide for acetylene, and for the nitrogenous fertilizer cyanamide, as also in many metallurgical operations, coal functions as an essential raw material, which enters directly, or as coke, into the reactions of the process.

About a quarter of our total coal-production, or 153,000,000 tons, is used, and used wastefully, by our railroads. The steam locomotive, with its varying load and frequent periods of idleness, is not an efficient unit of power-generation. Moreover, about a third of the freight tonnage of the railroads consists of coal. Obviously, therefore, a very pressing phase of the fuel problem is that which concerns the railroads. It can be met only by lifting the general load-factor of our industrial communities, while at the same time, wherever possible, transmitting electrical energy or distributing high-pressure gas, instead of transporting coal.

Sir William Crookes, toward the close of a phenomenally long life, summed up his experience by saying, 'Whatever happens makes for progress.' If we can accept his conclusion, we may even reconcile ourselves to the present high level of coal prices, since they seem altogether likely to lead to the adoption of methods long in common practice abroad for the utilization of low-grade fuels; the far wider use of producer gas from coke, peat, lignite, and high-ash mine refuse; the expansion of the coal-gas industry with recovery of chemical values; and, finally, to the production and general use for city fuel of artificial anthracite, which permits the same recovery. We commonly think first of coal in terms of its heating values, and some of us stop there. Most of us recognize that its energy values as applied to power-development are of at least equal importance, but comparatively few realize the significance of the chemical values in coal.

Obviously, there should be a way for the home to get its fuel more cheaply, when a ton of coal, costing in 1915 about one dollar at the mine, contains about fifteen dollars' worth (at 1915 prices) of commodities useful to society. These are, —

1400	pounds of smokeless fuel . . .	\$4.67
10000	cubic feet of gas, at 90c . . .	9.00
25	pounds ammonia sulphate, at 2.8c . . .	.70
1½	gallons benzol, at 26c . . .	.39
9	gallons tar, at 2.6c . . .	.23
		<hr/> \$14.99

The way to get these values generally out of coal lies, according to Gilbert, in the development of artificial anthracite. Another way would seem to be through the establishment of great super-gas plants, and the distribution, over a considerable radius, of high-pressure gas for industrial purposes. Such distribution does not seem to lend itself to domestic heating, by reason

of the enormous fluctuation in the demand, with temperature variations.

The smallness of the anthracite field, which, by the way, now contains only about 190 tons per capita, has favored a closeness of control under which effective mining methods have been developed in spite of laws opposing the means to that end. Bituminous coal, of which we have vast reserves estimated at 15,000 tons for each inhabitant of our country, fails, nevertheless, to meet its obligations, because of the competitive manner in which it is mined, the unnecessary extent to which it is transported, and the improper way in which it is used. It is a necessity, which cannot be produced advantageously under competitive operation. Integrated mining will reduce waste, stabilize production, and hold the centres of production longer than otherwise to their present spots, to the advantage of distribution; but to reduce the price to the consumer, we must change our methods of use and recover other values than mere heat value. As it is, we have a public policy hostile to combination, and no methods of storage; so that we can mine only when cars are available. The companies are scattered and unorganized, while many are small and financially weak. The price at the mine has in the past been so low that only thick seams could be worked. The industry is hampered by the restrictions of the miners, and subject to the derangements resulting from a fluctuating demand and seasonal variation.

These conclusions, which have been strikingly emphasized by Gilbert and Pogue, and many other facts and tendencies, point to a very real danger of the ultimate nationalization of coal, petroleum, and perhaps other basic resources. Such a prospect can be regarded with equanimity only when we have been able to secure a far higher level of efficiency in the conduct of pub-

lic affairs. Not only must we demand vision in our public men, but we must demand a public policy based on vision and directed toward the coördinated development of the resources of our estate.

The present spectacular boom in oil; the feverish search throughout the world for new producing fields; the immediate shortage in our own supply and the impending exhaustion of our oil reserves; the new oil-burning navies and merchant fleets; the extending use of fuel oil by railroads and the industries; the enforced economy in the employment of gas-oil for carburetting water-gas; the flood of gasoline required to drive automobiles, trucks, tractors, power-boats, and aeroplanes, and its soaring price — all bear witness that the fuel problem is not confined to coal. The internal-combustion engine, by reason of its efficiency, convenience, and compactness, has brought us to the verge of another industrial revolution, which may yet prove to be as far-reaching in its effects as the one which derived so much of its impetus from coal. Already it has resulted in the development of a new and most pervasive system of transportation, dependent upon petroleum and insistent in its demand for better roads. It supports scores of new industries, drains the labor market, profoundly affects real-estate values, upsets the economy of households, and conducts its operations on such a scale of magnitude that two per cent of the American people are said to be dependent upon the activities of a single manufacturer of motor-cars.

Our aspirations for an over-seas commerce under the American flag involve the assurance of a supply of fuel oil, since four ships burning oil will do the work of five propelled by coal. Fuel oil, according to Lord Fisher, increases the strength of the British Navy 33 per cent; and, partly because of

its remarkable adaptability to service, partly because of its greater efficiency, it is generally recognized as far superior to coal as fuel. It generates in practice nearly double the British thermal unit per pound consumed. None the less, its general use as fuel can be regarded only as an economic crime, in view of its other and greater potential values and the limitation of supply. Its price is bound to rise to a point prohibitive for ordinary fuel uses. In the Diesel engine its capacity for doing work is multiplied by three, and one ton of oil is equivalent in effective power to four tons of coal.

Meanwhile, the demand for fuel oil is increasing at an unprecedented rate, under the stimulus of an aggressive campaign by the oil companies, whose stocks had begun to accumulate in disconcerting volume with the termination of the war. The programme of the Shipping Board will soon require an annual supply of 60,000,000 barrels, for much of which we must depend on Mexico. Already the price has reached a point that has led the navy, in several instances, to seize supplies held at figures that it refused to pay.

More than 90 per cent of all the automobiles in the world are in the United States. It is estimated that their number in 1921 will reach 10,000,000, without including motor-trucks or tractors. We consume to-day about 120,000,000 barrels of gasoline and 7,200,000 barrels of motor-oil a year, and are called upon to contemplate a requirement of 250,000,000 barrels of gasoline, by the automobile industry alone, within fifteen years. There is small justification for the hope that we can get it. There is no general substitute in sight that promises to be available in adequate amount, although both alcohol and benzol function admirably as motor-fuel. The Geological Survey estimates that the oil resources

of the country are more than 40 per cent exhausted. In 1870 we mined 5,000,000 barrels. In 1919 our production was 378,000,000. The 60 per cent reserves represent what is left in spite of our utmost endeavors to get it out. It totals something like six and a half billion barrels, on which we may hope to draw at our present rate of consumption for about sixteen years. That is a short time in which to develop a substitute for 250,000,000 barrels of gasoline, even if the possibility and means of such development were in sight. Requa foresees a demand for 900,000,000 barrels of petroleum in 1930; and it is not surprising that he regards it as a quantity which the oil territory of the United States is probably incapable of supplying.

With our domestic yield representing two thirds of the entire petroleum output, and with a consumption within the United States of one half of all petroleum values produced, it is not surprising that nations, corporations, and individuals are engaged in a desperate search for petroleum, which extends to the remotest corners of the earth. It is indeed the Day of Petroleum, but no one knows the time o' day.

Vast quantities of gasoline have in the past been allowed to escape with natural gas, the waste of which has been as high as a billion feet a day. In 1900, in West Virginia, in only two counties, over half a billion feet were lost every twenty-four hours. Several ingenious processes are now employed to recover gasoline at the casing head of gas-wells. The quantity obtained from this source was about 12,000,000 barrels in 1919. It is an important contribution, but without real bearing on the general situation; and our reserves of gas are failing.

These wastes of natural gas, which is an ideal fuel, and the losses and maladjustments which attend the orgy of

petroleum production, again afford glaring examples of the need of a constructive national policy for the development of our resources; but no such policy was outlined by either presidential candidate in the late campaign. So long as ownership of portions of a common reservoir of oil is determined by vertical boundaries, each owner can hope to secure his own only by getting it before his neighbor. The result is necessarily hurried, unregulated, and wasteful production.

The hope has been held out that, as our oil reserves fail to meet the increasing demands upon them, the burden can be shifted to the vast deposits of oil-shale in the Middle West, notably in Utah, Colorado, Wyoming, and southwestern Indiana. These deposits in Colorado alone are estimated to contain not less than twenty billion tons of shale, much of which yields upon distillation a barrel of oil per ton. Much leaner shales have been profitably treated for many years in Scotland, though the industry is now said to be jeopardized by the competition of Persian and Egyptian oil. Unfortunately, the Scotch methods of operation do not seem to lend themselves to the treatment of our American shales, from which the large-scale production of oil presents industrial problems of the first magnitude. These problems are in fact so great, and so remote from solution, that no relief from shale in the near future can reasonably be expected. We shall undoubtedly some day have an oil-shale industry of vast proportions; but it is well to realize that, before it can carry the burden of responsibility now borne by oil, we must develop mining operations upon a scale at least equal to our present effort in mining coal, and must superimpose upon these operations a great transportation system, and a refinery capacity of the order of that now serving

petroleum. It may well employ a million men, and its operations will build up mountains of waste beside which the anthracite culm piles will look like hillocks.

In peat and lignite we have other great reserves of fuel, as yet untouched. The peat deposits of the country are estimated at fourteen billion tons, most of which is in the eastern states along the Atlantic seaboard. New England, which is now dependent upon the delays and hazards of rail and water transportation for its fuel, is especially rich in peat, which it does not know how to use. In Boston we shivered through the rigors of last winter, and endured the hardships of a protracted coal-famine, while great beds of peat remained untouched around us. The basic problem of peat-production remains that of harvesting, which is often complicated by a mass of interweaving roots in the overburden; and there is still the difficulty, due to its colloidal character, of drying peat, which commonly contains from 80 to 90 per cent of water. Much admirable work has been done, nevertheless, in the direction of peat-utilization. On the dry basis it has rather more than half the heating power of the best coal (8500 B.t.u.), and in some instances has equaled coal in economy when burned under boilers. As amply demonstrated in Germany and Canada, it yields its best return in gas-producers, with recovery of ammonia as sulphate. With beds averaging 2 per cent in nitrogen, power-gas has been produced from peat at nominal or negligible cost.

Our supply of lignitic coals exceeds our total bituminous reserves by 33 per cent, and amounts to some 20,000 tons per capita. It is far more available at once than peat. The Bureau of Mines has shown that one ton of dry lignite yields from 8000 to 10,000 feet of gas, 17 pounds of ammonium sulphate,

one gallon of oil, 50 gallons of tar, and one half to two thirds of a ton of carbon residue, convertible into briquettes approaching the value of anthracite. Lignite, when mined, has the disadvantage of powdering in the process of drying and weathering; but used as powdered coal, it undergoes very complete combustion and gives high efficiencies. For domestic and general purposes it needs only to be briquetted after carbonizing, with recovery of by-products, and is thus potentially one of our most valuable fuel reserves and one upon which we are likely soon to draw. There are, for example, great lignite deposits in Texas, which, like the whole of the Southwest, is now entirely dependent on a failing oil-supply for fuel.

A shocking proportion of the values in our fuel is now lost through preventable wastes. We have wasted more natural gas than we have used. A recent British critic estimated that indiscriminate drilling and inefficient work has resulted in the loss of over 50 per cent of our potential petroleum production. The wastes, not all of them preventable, in our mining of coal approach the same order of proportionate magnitude. The absurdly low average load-factor carried in our industries, the great excess of air commonly supplied in burning coal, and the inefficiency of the locomotive as a 24-hour power-plant, all add heavily to the burden of waste we carry.

For metallurgical purposes we coke about 80,000,000 tons of coal a year; but only half of this is coked in by-product ovens, in spite of the stimulus to their development afforded by the war. The other 40,000,000 tons are still coked in crude beehive ovens, with complete loss of gas and chemical values. Thus we still waste prodigally the ammonia required by our agriculture; tar and oils available for waterproofing, road-mak-

ing, and wood-preservation; benzol, toluol, aniline, anthracene, and naphthaline, the basic raw materials for dye-stuffs and explosives industries, and for countless synthetic products of widely diversified usefulness.

Anyone who has seen a great battery of boilers fired by natural gas must have been impressed by the ease and flexibility of control, the steady maintenance of steam-pressure, the absence of smoke, the cleanliness of the equipment and surroundings, and the minimum of manual effort required for these results. This remarkable adaptability to the requirements of service makes gas an ideal fuel for most industrial and domestic purposes. Our annual consumption of natural gas is around six hundred billion cubic feet, which is probably twice the volume produced by all the gas-works and coke-ovens in the country. This includes coal-gas from the destructive distillation of coal, water-gas made by the reaction of steam on incandescent coke, and producer-gas, which is the result of the complete gasification of coal under the action of a mixture of air and steam. In our development of the gas industry we may still learn from the British, with whom coal-gas originated, and who are now demonstrating the economic advantages of lower heating values. Our smaller municipal gas-plants are too often antiquated organizations, without vision, and far from realizing, either in their present practice or in their preparation for the future, the possibilities of the industry. They are, therefore, not likely to initiate, and are poorly equipped to meet the revolutionary developments which seem to be impending. They are confronted with higher manufacturing costs, due to dearer coal, labor, and money. They are being rapidly shut off from the supplies of gas-oil required for the enrichment of the relatively cheap water-gas.

A forced return to coal-gas seems inevitable, if present standards of quality are to be maintained, though the immediate tendency is toward combination processes involving the complete gasification of the coal. Meanwhile, a general advance in rates is in effect.

Looking to the future, there is obvious need of a more flexible method of manufacture and a wider range of products. The utilization of the gas itself is still relatively undeveloped, but the gas-engine, the new methods of surface-combustion, the range and convenience of high-pressure gas, and many other factors, point to a great expansion in the industrial use of gas. Similarly, the progress made in the low-temperature distillation of coal and the remarkable results already attained point to the ultimate city gas-plant as one designed to receive the raw coal required by the community, and to produce therefrom gas, artificial anthracite, oils, motor-fuels, and alcohol from ethylene, concurrently with the recovery of the benzol, tar, and ammonia now lost when the community burns raw coal. In fact, coal is the only resource in sight available in sufficient quantity to serve as raw material on which to base a method for the production of fuel-oils and motor-fuel in quantities adequate to meet the ultimate demand. It devolves upon chemistry to develop such a method, and, when developed, the place for the method is in the gas-works. Very significantly, the yields of oils obtainable from coal by carbonization have almost doubled since 1918.

But the gas-works are not alone involved in the impending revolution in our use of fuel. Powdered coal combines many of the advantages of gas with many of those of oil. It is highly efficient, easily controlled, and, perhaps best of all, permits the effective use of low-grade coals, culm, and lig-

nite. A more recent development is colloidal fuel, composed of an emulsion of powdered coal and fuel-oil. The usual proportions are 40 per cent coal, 59 per cent oil, and one per cent of a *fixateur* to ensure the stability of the emulsion. Colloidal fuel remains in the liquid state, can be stored and pumped like oil, and burned in the usual oil-burners. Its chief present importance lies in the fact that it conserves and extends the supply of fuel-oil.

### III

We sometimes call the period in which we are living the Age of Electricity, whereas it is really the adolescence of electricity. We mine, transport, and distribute nearly 700,000,000 tons of coal, when what we really want at the delivery points are heat and light and power. We ask for energy and are given a stone. The transportation of energy and its delivery to our homes and factories and along our railroad lines have just begun. In its extension on a scale vastly greater than anything we have known lies the hope of solving our fuel problem. We have come to the day of super-gas-works and super-power-plants, high-pressure distribution of gas, and common-carrier transmission lines for electric energy.

Electricity has already become the most effective servant in the house. At the turning of a button, it floods our rooms with light; it is not above doing a little cooking; it runs the vacuum cleaner, the sewing-machine, the dumb waiter, and the pianola. It heats the curling tongs and the flatiron, and may even be persuaded to replace the iceman at the refrigerator door. It is a prompt and willing messenger. The farmer who, in response to the revolt of mother, installs an electric pump, soon finds that mother's labor at the old pump-handle was worth only one

half-cent an hour. Some indication of what these integrated services cost in power may be found in a recent order for one million electric washing-machines, each of one kilowatt capacity. A million kilowatts is interesting to any central-station manager.

The well-recognized relation of water power to fuel is expressed in the popular phrase, 'white coal.' The present production of hydro-electric power in the United States is roughly equivalent to 40,000,000 tons of coal; whereas nearly ten times that amount is used in the generation of steam power and carbo-electric power. In densely populated districts as much as one quarter of the coal-fired power is often devoted to the generation of electricity. Generally speaking, however, our public electrical utilities even now probably consume not more than 7 per cent of our total output of coal. The large unit applications of electricity to the industries are, nevertheless, rapidly extending. These applications involve not only the turning of wheels. More and more generally are great installations being devoted to the processes of electro-chemistry and electro-metallurgy, to the production of bleach and alkali, carbide and acetylene, fertilizer, abrasives, aluminum, magnesium, special steels, and other basic products of the decomposing cell and the electric furnace. We have hardly begun to make electric steel, but the world already devotes some nine hundred million kilowatt hours of energy to its production.

The results obtained through the complete or partial electrification of a few of our railroads have amply demonstrated that the electric locomotive, in every variety of railroad service, does its work always as well as, and in most cases better than, the steam locomotive, while the latter as a prime generator of power is of course hope-

lessly behind the great turbo-electric generator.

These converging factors, which are quite general in their bearing, have already developed in England a strong trend toward the concentration of fuel-consumption in super-power-plants as a step toward the ultimate electrification of British industry. In our own country the reaction to the obvious necessities of the situation has taken on an even more definite and concrete form in the stupendous plan for the creation of a super-power zone, extending provisionally from Washington to Boston, and inland from 100 to 150 miles. As a necessary preliminary to the realization of the plan, Congress in July authorized and provided for the conduct of the Super-power Survey, which is now being made by a special engineering staff under the inspiring leadership of W. S. Murray, and the general direction of the United States Geological Survey. Although the super-power zone includes only 2 per cent of the land area of the country, there is concentrated within it 47 per cent of our industrial activities. It contains an estimated machine capacity of 17,000,000 horsepower, of which 10,000,000 is employed for industrial purposes and the remainder utilized by the railroads. In a word, the super-power plan provides a means of lifting the average load-factor, which now within the zone does not exceed 15 per cent, to a load-factor of more than 50 per cent, and possibly as much as 60 per cent. It proposes to make one ton of coal do the work now done by two, and to relieve the railroads of transporting one half the amount of coal required for power and lighting purposes. It expects to increase the value of the machine capacity within the zone from threefold to fourfold, and to save not less than 30,000,000 tons of coal a year, worth, even at \$5 a ton, \$150,000,000. The reduced cost of



maintenance of machinery and the reduction of train-miles through consolidation of trains will, it is believed, save another \$150,000,000, making the total annual saving \$300,000,000, or 24 per cent of the estimated cost of installation. The plan offers immediate relief from the present intolerable congestion of the railroads within the zone, by automatically increasing rail capacity without extending track mileage.

The present economy of power-production within the Boston-Washington zone will average at least 40 pounds of steam per kilowatt hour. In the contemplated super-power-plants of 300,000 to 500,000 kilowatts capacity, located near the mines and along the coast, not more than 15 pounds, and it may well be as little as 10 pounds, of steam, with a total consumption of one and a half pounds of good coal per kilowatt-hour output, should be required.

These super-power-stations, together with all efficient generating units within the zone, and all available water-power, will be linked together and pour their output of high-tension current into the common-carrier transmission line from which both the railroads and the industries will draw their primary power.

This super-power plan may well be regarded as the first step in that co-ordination of our resources, and their development under a comprehensive general plan, which I have long advocated, and from its successful operation still greater things may reasonably be anticipated. Thrift has been defined by Roosevelt as 'common sense in

spending.' We need sadly to develop a national common sense, and to apply it to the spending of our natural resources, which are the basis of our national wealth. More than ever before is the whole world under a heavy responsibility to use its resources wisely; and the major portion of that burden falls upon us who are the most richly endowed of all. We are beginning vaguely to recognize the urge of the hoarding instinct, which, according to Gilbert, marks the dawning of economic consciousness in the progress of civilization. We must learn to hoard until we can learn to use. We must substitute coördinated development by planning for opportunist development designed primarily for the enrichment of the individual. We have only to contemplate the situation into which opportunist development has brought us, as regards our coal, our oil, our gas, our water-power, our transportation systems, and our forests, to realize that most of the wastes, delays, and difficulties which characterize the situation are due simply to lack of planning years in advance, and to our failure to embody in a coördinated general plan those lines of action which are well recognized by experts as vitally essential to our proper development as an industrial nation.

Have we not a right to demand that the formulation of such a plan shall take precedence in the minds of presidential candidates over the size of campaign budgets or the precise wording of Article X?

## 'INTELLECTUAL AMERICA'

BY EUGENE S. BAGGER

UNDER the above title there appeared in the *Atlantic* just a year ago an article analyzing American culture from the point of view of the educated foreigner. The anonymous author — the paper was signed by 'A European' — appeared to be a Polish scholar, of unusual accomplishments and rather high-strung character, who had spent several years in the United States, earning his livelihood as a writer and university lecturer. He had come to America with the intention of making his home here, and with a highly idealistic programme of serving his adopted country and humanity at large; for him, intellectual conditions in America were not, as for the host of literary and artistic visitors, a mere subject of impersonal study, but the medium in which his personality unfolded and sought employment and reward — above all, that sympathetic understanding which, to a man of his type, is more precious and indispensable than material bounties. In a word, although a foreigner, he was in the position to draw a picture of intellectual America from the inside; he could apply European standards of comparison to American experience, not only acquired firsthand, but apperceived and digested with an intensity naturally absent in the case of the mere student or sentimental traveler.

As another European, whose external conditions were somewhat similar, — I, too, had come to this country with the purpose of permanent settlement after having for some time lived,

like the Polish writer, in Western Europe, away from my native Hungary, — I was naturally deeply interested in his analysis of phenomena with which I, too, found myself confronted. On the whole, I was inclined to accept his pessimistic conclusions about the standing of culture and the tendencies of intellectual life in this country. I felt, however, that he would have strengthened his case — the case of the European intellectual against intellectual America — by arraying, simultaneously, the case against himself. It is true that European intellectuals almost invariably share the Polish writer's dissatisfaction with American life. But the very emphasis of the usual type of criticism suggests the necessity of divesting it of certain emotional values transferred thereto from more or less unconscious or inarticulate levels of the mind. It is desirable, in the interest of truth and fair play, that the question: 'What's wrong with intellectual America?' be supplemented with this other one: 'What's wrong with the European intellectual in America?'

It is my object to outline in the following pages a series of considerations, in the light of which criticisms such as pronounced by the Polish author should be discounted. In other words, an attempt is hereby made to analyze the European analyzer of American culture — a task which the Polish writer, with the one-mindedness characteristic of his race, — others might call it lack of humor, — neglected to perform.

First among the sources of discontent

with which the European intellectual confronts American life is, in my opinion, the all-round lowering of his status. He may have arrived on these shores without illusions as to American liberty, democracy, equal economic opportunity, and the rest of the political dogmas, implicit belief in which is bred in the bones of most Americans, but which the realistically minded European will approach in a critical spirit.

But he has probably brought with him a vision, at least, of social equality. He will soon discover that this equality exists, not in and by the absence of classes, but merely in the lack of manners, in the good-natured indifference with which members of different social strata, vastly differentiated in power and wealth, jostle one another at points of contact. He will find also a greater elasticity of individual shifting from one class to the other; but he will also realize that the personal achievement which he was told was the only measure of status in American democracy is of a vastly different kind from what he was led to expect. An attempt to fix his own place on the social ladder will result in the discovery that he was better off in 'aristocratic' Europe than in 'democratic' America. For in Europe he belonged, if he achieved any recognition at all, to the uppermost layer of the middle class. Even a moderate degree of scholarly, literary, or artistic eminence secured to him admission to the most interesting quarters of a society where money, however important, was never the sole criterion of gentility.

In all European capitals there are certain centres of social intercourse where members of the three aristocracies of birth, riches, and intellect meet in a congenial atmosphere and on a basis of full equality. This does not mean, of course, that any and every writer or journalist or painter is an *ex-officio* member of these circles; it sim-

ply means that, if he sets his mind on social recognition of this order, he may achieve it with comparatively little trouble. Such foregatherings are simply unthinkable in America, where the only door to social recognition lies through business success and the contingent capacity of conforming to certain standards of quantitative luxury, plus a complaisant and 'respectable' attitude toward political, economic, and moral problems. Here the intellectual finds himself totally ignored, not only by the uppermost layer, but even by a snobbish, dull, and uncultivated middle class, whose vision of the 'good life' is limited to the possession of automobiles and attendance at dinner dances at country clubs.

The European intellectual then will turn to an analysis of his economic status, and will find it worse than it was in pre-war Europe. Most probably he made in the old country much less money in dollars and cents, even at the old rate of exchange; but his smaller income insured a higher place in the social hierarchy and a much greater amount of comfort. About the only things he finds less expensive in America than in Europe are automobiles; but they are just expensive enough here, too, to be out of reach for most intellectual workers. Moreover, the European intellectual is puzzled and irritated by few things more than by the American cult of automobiles; he cannot share, even if he understands, the creed of salvation by locomotion. He is reminded of Matthew Arnold's refusal to recognize any intrinsic good in traveling from a dreary and dull life at Camberwell to a dreary and dull life at Islington, at the rate of thirty miles an hour instead of three. The Sunday-afternoon spectacle of thousands upon thousands of motor-cars, filled with festive families bound nowhere in particular and beaming with the happiness

of a dream come true, will serve chiefly to impress him with the meaning of the American slang phrase, 'all dressed up and no place to go.'

Europe was different. The things he craves — books, engravings, an occasional painting, theatre and concert tickets, good clothes, good home furnishings — were comparatively much cheaper. Above all, travel was cheaper. The fare from Vienna to London, from Budapest to Stockholm, was less than from New York to Cleveland; and why go to Cleveland, anyhow? A Vienna journalist, a Cracow college professor, a Budapest art critic — not the leaders of their profession, just a good average — could go for a month's vacation to Switzerland or Belgium or a Baltic resort or Florence, live well, and spend less than at home. For the same class of person in America, that sort of thing is about as feasible as spending the week-end in the moon. In a word, in America, where he has to work much harder and makes more money, the European intellectual will find that his income leaves him socially an outcast and qualifies him for less substantial comfort than is enjoyed by his grocer.

One has to be a thoroughbred Continental to appreciate another factor which, to an American, especially the untraveled brand, may seem utterly trivial. I refer to the absence of the Continental type of cafés. Those establishments mean to the *littérateur* of Berlin or Budapest or Vienna or Copenhagen what the coffee-houses meant to the *littérateur* of early-eighteenth-century London — and more; for there were no women at the haunts where Addison presided. The literary café of the Continental capital is a place where men of similar tastes and interests may drop in, without any formality, at tea-time and after supper, and be sure of finding congenial company, brilliant repartee, interesting gossip, or

substantial shop-talk, according to what is looked for. These cafés are mostly situated at points of vantage, like the clubs of Pall Mall and Piccadilly; from behind the plate-glass windows one may observe the ever-varying stream of metropolitan life, a constant inspiration to the imaginative city-dweller. The brilliancy of the surroundings, the presence of beautiful and well-dressed women, the opportunity of meeting new people, often important foreigners — these elements all converge in creating an atmosphere of extraordinary stimulus. There is nothing in American life that even remotely corresponds to this; and the life of the literary cafés is missed by the Continental intellectual as a drug is missed by its addict.

But the absence of these easily accessible, standardized exchanges of intellectual life, open to all who have the price of a *demi-tasse*, has another, still subtler effect. For the intellectual, constant intercourse with his equals acts, not only as a stimulus, but also as a check. It is written that it is not good for man to be alone. Rubbing up against his compeers is as necessary for the intellectual as gnawing at hard substances is for a squirrel's teeth. Isolation for him results in a sickly over-estimation of his importance, a hypertrophied sensitiveness, and that notion of omnipotence which springs from the absence of tests. Just as the lack of academic standards favors an individualism that frequently is mere crankiness, an inadequate sense of proportion, so the lack of intellectual give-and-take may result in an elephantiasis of self-consciousness.

Here, then, we have traced the elements of a state of mind which inevitably expresses itself in an over-estimation of self and under-estimation of one's surroundings. The conditions analyzed do not necessarily imply that

American culture is inferior to European; but they do determine a feeling in the European intellectual that American life is far less interesting, less stimulating, less worth while. He may be met with the argument that there is here, in fact, an intellectual tradition, a heritage of the 'good life,' but that it unfolds in the private home-product of old, refined families, who would care as little to advertise their culture as to boast of their plate. The foreigner might retort with the jibe of the Viennese satirist, Karl Kraus, who said that it may be true that the level of culture has risen tremendously in Austria in the past fifty years, but it is a pity nobody stands on that level.

The feeling of frustration and the tendency to over-self-appraisal are accentuated by another factor, which might be defined as the irritation caused by imperfect mastery of the technique of everyday American life. The Continental intellectual may speak English well, sometimes more accurately than many natives of education; still, he finds it hard to part with a foreign accent that makes him self-conscious. Lack of familiarity with American lines of everyday behavior may result in a series of small embarrassments, too trifling, indeed, to penetrate severally to consciousness, but producing a cumulative effect of uneasiness and uncertainty, and emphasizing the sense of being different. In the more self-assertive type this feeling translates itself directly into a sense of superiority, while the less confident will seek to ward off an encroaching inferiority-complex by assuring themselves that American ways are not worth knowing. This feeling is not abated by the gradual realization that, though American life is less formal, it is more conventional than European—that, though in Europe uniformity of manners is insisted upon, but considerable freedom

is allowed for conduct, in America, the reverse is the case.

Yet another source of irritation is the way in which Americans take for granted, in foreigners, a virtue of which they are usually destitute themselves—I mean linguistic talent. In Europe a speaking and reading knowledge of two or three languages is quite a common thing and evokes no notice; but the ability to do literary or scholarly work in a language other than one's own is more or less a phenomenon. A Pole in Paris, writing in French; a Hungarian in Copenhagen, contributing articles to Danish newspapers, is regarded as a prodigy and is lionized on that account alone. In America, on the other hand, if one does not speak and write English, one simply does not exist.

But the rôle of language as a factor of discontent cuts much deeper still. In order to make a living in an intellectual line, the European must not only write English well, but he must actually write it a little better than his average native competitor, who, as the phrase goes, can get away with anything, whereas stricter standards are exacted from the outsider. Nevertheless, complete mastery of English by a non-English-born person is a very great rarity. The foreigner may write English accurately and even with force; he will seldom write it inspiredly. As Prosper Mérimée said when an American lady congratulated him on his English style, the foreigner may be able to express whatever is strictly necessary, but nothing more. He may be able to work with the English tongue; he cannot play with it. Now, the superabundance of energy which is the essence of play is also the beginning of literary art. There is only one Joseph Conrad; usually the foreigner's handling of English does not advance beyond a certain flavorless, black-and-white exactitude. Now, the keener the

foreigner's sense for linguistic values, the more thorough his mastery of his native idiom, the more uncompromising his artist's conscience, the more strongly he will perceive the limitations of his English expression. The more he has to say, the less he will feel equal to saying it. After a certain facility is acquired and the crudest difficulties of technique are surmounted, he becomes increasingly aware of heights to which he feels he will never be able to ascend. He will awaken to the realization that perfect self-expression is possible only through the native tongue; a cramped, messy feeling is generated, which may be described as linguistic nostalgia. The native language becomes the symbol of one's better self, and a baulked personality will vent its spleen on America, scapegoat of frustrated yearnings.'

Here, then, we have the key to the psychology of the European intellectual in America. Out of this maze of factors — the lowering of economic and social status, lack of habitual and easy contact with one's peers, absence of the stimuli of metropolitan life, difficulties of everyday technique, struggle for self-expression through an unyielding idiom — rises a state of mind for which American conditions are responsible without necessarily being at fault. Subjective elements, of which the conscious judgment disapproves without locating their roots, are unconsciously objectivized into a symbol of one's own failures and unfulfilled desires.

The pivot around which this psychology turns may be called the 'Canaan-complex' — that perennial yearning for the land where everything is as it was not before, the longing for the *tabula rasa*, the dream of a new start. The fuller, the more differentiated the life the European intellectual leaves behind when he comes to America, the more probably will he discern its mistakes and be anxious to do things better in

the new world. The intellectuals of the generation that attained maturity on the eve of the war were afflicted with the disease of æsthetic inertia — 'Stimmungsanarchie,' a clever German called it. For many who diagnosed the trouble, America stood as the symbol of success and energy. What this type expected from America was not political democracy, not even equal economic opportunity — for he knew enough to discount these catchwords; but he hoped for a new *milieu*, free from the sophistications, the *noblesse oblige*, the hothouse atmosphere of the old world. What he expected, in brief, was the rebirth of personality in and by America. Now the one thing the European intellectual is certain to discover in America is that crossing the ocean does not change a man; that a personality may, at best, develop, expand, differentiate by the experience of America, but it will not be reborn. Disappointment in America is determined by the act of embarking for it; arrival reveals the Promised Land as a delusion; the symbol of the new life turns into the symbol of discrepancy between dream and reality.

But this disappointment is merely the negative side of a rising new hope; the image of Canaan fades out before the vision of the Golden Age. To the disenchanted intellectual, Europe emerges in a roseate mist of dreams and expectations. That Europe, however, is not the actual Europe — not even pre-war Europe: it is merely a reversed America. Whatever one fails to find here is idealized into what was left behind. For the central fact of the European intellectual's discontent in America is the disparity of his bases of comparison. He contrasts, not America and Europe, but a nightmare of American reality and a non-existent fairyland which he calls Europe — the Cosmopolis built with the bricks

of memory and the mortar of hope. What chance in the world could America stand against Europe, when America is visualized by the image of the city where every male inhabitant reads *Howe's Weekly* and every female the *Delineator*; by a discussion of Greek art between Chairman Hays of the Republican National Committee and Mayor Hylan; by a novel by Mr. A. Mitchell Palmer and a political address by Mr. R. W. Chalmers; by Postum advertisements, the smile of Douglas Fairbanks, and the curls of Mary Pickford; by Mr. Sumner of the Society for the Suppression of Vice and Mr. Anderson of the Anti-Saloon League walking arm-in-arm with the Statue of Liberty; and when Europe is symbolized by the memory of the Café Bristol, Budapest, with young Hungary's choicest literary spirits assembled to discuss the latest play of Shaw, the latest opera of Richard Strauss, the latest novel of Romain Rolland; of a Copenhagen salon, where one may meet, any evening, a Swedish diplomat, a Danish beauty, an English publicist, a German composer, a Russian philosopher, a French singer — all first-class specimens of their brand; of an evening at Bayreuth before the war; of the dining-room of a London club, where one may sit between Mr. Chesterton and H. G. Wells; of a seaside walk at Palermo with a Sicilian countess?

By insisting that criticism of American cultural conditions by resident European intellectuals be discounted along the suggested lines, I do not mean to belittle the value of such criticism. On the contrary I believe that its very real and distinctive merit is brought into relief just by making due allowance for the subjective element in it, for the inevitable tendency of the critic uncon-

sciously to paraphrase his experience from the category pleasant-unpleasant into the category superior-inferior; to rationalize personal likes and dislikes into absolute judgments of value. And I believe that the European intellectual, who makes America his home, not only exercises a right, but discharges a very substantial duty by applying his native standards to a fearless examination of American culture. He may be prone to exaggerate the value of his contribution, and to expect special regard and compensation from a public none too appreciative of intellectual achievement even at the best; he may even develop — as did the anonymous Polish author whose paper furnished the text for this discourse — a redeemer-complex and establish a fixed relation between the recognition meted out to him by Americans and the salvation of the American soul. But this tendency is merely the counterpart of the no less unreasonable assumption of native Americans, that foreigners owe a special debt of gratitude, over and beyond the common bond of loyalty, to this country for opportunities accorded; as if Americans admitted foreigners and provided them with jobs because they love them, and not because they need them.

By helping to pierce the *œs triplex* of American self-complacency; by combating, shoulder to shoulder, with the best of young America, that intolerance of dissent and that glorification of buncombe which are the greatest intellectual dangers of America, the educated European who lives in this country may perform a very real service; but he must not forget that his contribution to the growth of American culture is measured by the growth of his own personality. In this growth he should seek his principal reward.

# THE BASIS OF BEAUTY

BY W. CARBYS ZIMMERMAN

SOME years ago, it was my good fortune to spend a few weeks in Athens, of which many days were given to reverie and study among the ruins of the marvelous temples on the Acropolis.

To dream in the still hours of a Hellenian dusk what these architectural wonders must have been in their golden glory of the Periclean age, if even now, in the days of their pitiful ruin and appealing nakedness, they send a thrill through one's soul that no other man-made creations ever awakened, was, indeed, an experience never to be forgotten.

To verify the impressions and teachings of student days, and to note the absolute perfection of form and proportion, the finished refinement throughout, the exquisite delicacy of detail, and the superb majesty and dignity of the mass, made one feel that the Parthenon was well worthy of the great goddess to whom it was dedicated.

To find by actual measurement that columns which looked exactly alike in size and shape were decidedly not so; to note that the spacing between them, although appearing the same, varied materially; to observe the decided emphasis on the straight-appearing shafts, and mark the gracefully swelling line of facias that gave the impression of perfect horizontality; to admire the absolute perfection of workmanship — huge blocks of marble butted together in such manner that, even to-day, it takes the keenest eye to discover the line of jointing; to find traces of brilliant color which enriched many of

the marble surfaces, made one marvel at the perfection in this direction of human endeavor and expression.

As one looks westward through the Propylæa, there appears in view a grotto in a rocky hillside, which is said to have been the prison abode of Socrates the Philosopher. The native guides are enthusiastic, and talk quite convincingly on the subject; but one's interest wanes somewhat when noting that Biedeker declares the cave to be a storage-cellar hewn out of the rock by some enterprising wine-grower ages ago.

My curiosity was aroused by these conflicting opinions, and in an idle hour, when all alone, I unloosened the rusted fastenings of the heavy iron gratings of the doorway. I was at once impressed by the antiquity of the stone-walled, cell-like room, and could not doubt that it was as ancient as the sublime ruins of the temples on the rocks above. It was apparent, by the dust and disorder, that the room had not been used for any purpose, or indeed even visited, for a long time. Wind and weather had done their work: the rock was crumbling and giving way on every side. It was evident, from the freshness of some of the fissures, that a storm or earthquake had of late caused unusual damage, and that this disturbance had loosened a square stone fitted over a small opening in the wall, with an almost invisible joint, such as only the Greek master-worker knew how to fashion. What was my surprise when I discovered a papyrus roll in this little niche! It was badly damaged —



a part of it turned to dust, and other parts faded and worn.

I have at last deciphered what remained. Other illegible fragments I have attempted to fill in as best I could. A very imperfect knowledge of Greek will excuse many shortcomings in this remarkable document.

I had the good fortune to discover what was once a complete record of a discussion on Art between Socrates and Plato. It, apparently, was recorded at the time and hidden for safe-keeping in the place where I found it.

May it prove to be of as much interest to you as it was to me.

PLATO. — Ictinus and Pheidias have asked me to offer you their good wishes, and they greatly regret that you could not honor us with your presence at the festival celebrating the completion of Athena's shrine. I know you would have been gratified to hear the praise bestowed upon our good friends, the architects and artists, the creators of this most beautiful Temple in the world.

SOCRATES. — I am indeed sorry that my ill fortune kept me away, and that I had to miss the words of wisdom and praise that I well know were showered on these talented men by the foremost citizens of Athens. But tell me, Plato, why do you call this Temple the most beautiful in the world?

PLATO. — Why do you ask this question, Socrates? Do you not agree that the judges were right in bestowing the highest praise on the creators, in crowning them with laurel and pronouncing their work the most meritorious, artistically, ever conceived in our State?

SOCRATES. — Tell me then, O Plato, do you say this Temple is beautiful because the judges pronounce it so?

PLATO. — Not that altogether. The Temple appears to me very beautiful, but I was gratified that my opinion

was verified by men competent to judge, by a jury of the highest attainments in the world of Art and Architecture.

SOCRATES. — Tell me then, O Plato, would you change your opinion if it did not agree with that of this expert jury?

PLATO. — If we differ on questions of Art and Architecture, I listen attentively to the arguments of the artists and architects. I doubt but little that, if I can follow the laws of good Art and Architecture which are laid down by them, I shall soon have to agree to their views.

SOCRATES. — So you shall, Plato. If a new proposition in Geometry were presented, you, as a man of education, would be able to follow the demonstrations of our friend Pythagoras and would see the truth and beauty of the new theorem; likewise would you readily understand the teachings of those who have made a study of Astronomy, Botany, and other sciences. These learned men in their demonstrations would begin with fundamental truths and lead you gradually, step by step, to the proposition before you, the truth of which could not then be questioned. But consider carefully, Plato — do you think that Ictinus could give you elemental truths as to what constitutes architectural beauty, and by these truths and by the laws that develop and base themselves on these truths, could clearly demonstrate to all reasoning men which building should be considered beautiful and which not so?

PLATO. — I must confess, Socrates, that I have not given this much thought, but it seems to me that Ictinus must be aware of, and must have followed, certain fixed rules and laws when he designed his masterpiece, and that these laws would apply to, and would establish as works of Art, all buildings conforming with them. Thus

I feel certain that, among other things, he would point out to me that a void should be above a void, and that the base should be heavier than the super-structure.

SOCRATES. — Yes, Plato, he would say this; and, skilled, scholarly architect that he is, would be able to point out and prove many more of these rules and laws to which he would claim that good Architecture is subject. But if you examine them carefully, do you not find that these laws pertain to good building, and do not necessarily affect what we term the architecture of a building? You will agree with me that Architecture is distinct from building; that you may have a building structurally correct, designed in accordance with many laws and rules, without having any architectural merit. You know that Architecture is the fine art of building, and arises only when you appeal to the æsthetic sense. Thus good planning, convenient arrangements, proper construction, and the like, in a building, have not necessarily anything in common with its æsthetic or true architectural character; and these features of a building are subject to laws and rules on which we can agree. But do you know of any laws that govern Architecture, using this term in its proper sense? Can you tell me, O Plato, of any *true* laws that govern that all-important feature of a good building which appeals to the so-called higher sense — the æsthetic sense?

PLATO. — Surely, Socrates, there must be many of them.

SOCRATES. — Yes, Plato, there are many and conflicting canons of Art proposed from day to day. Go but to the Library and note the hundreds of manuscripts devoted to the laws of æsthetics; and when studying the fine art of building, you will find page upon page of argument, aiming to prove that

true Architecture must possess fitness, proportion, harmony, repose, and so forth. I recall the proposition that that which is beautiful is true, and that which is true must be beautiful. Only yesterday, a new author elaborated on the law of Consonance: repetition with variation, the law of Trinity as exemplified by the Erechtheion.

But, Plato, are these *true* laws, based on elemental principles, or are they simply the ever-changing views and opinions of different men, presented with varying degrees of plausibility or assurance; dogmas which satisfy those who feel like you, but rules and canons which fall to pieces when subjected to critical analysis?

No, Plato, Art cannot, in the very nature of things, be subject to laws. If the fine art of Architecture were subject to rigid laws, it would then be the science of Architecture, as would the other arts be the sciences of Painting, Sculpture, and Music; and all who know these laws would agree without dissent on what is beautiful and what is otherwise. You could then convince the Egyptian and Persian, without prolonged argument, that Athena's Temple is æsthetically superior to any they possess, and do it as readily as you can prove Pythagoras's new theorem to them; but, as you know full well, some of our neighbors persist in holding that their temples are architecturally greater than those we cherish.

PLATO. — But, Socrates, these peoples are barbarians; they are but semi-civilized, and their opinion in the field of Art matters but little. At the festival to-day were assembled all the great of Athens, and these all agreed to the decision of the jury.

SOCRATES. — That may be so, but does it, therefore, prove anything? If all these wise and great men had declared that the taste of sparkling wine was superior to the taste of the unfer-

mented grape, would that have affected your judgment if you had disagreed with them?

PLATO. — No, Socrates, it would not have done so. I would have relied on my own judgment in a matter of that kind. But why do you bring up this question? Am I to understand that there is a relation between the purely physical sensations, such as the taste of food, and that higher experience which affects our æsthetic sense?

SOCRATES. — Just so, Plato. Our good friend and great physician, Hippocrates, can show how close this relation is. He points out to us that there is but little difference in the purely physical process which makes us conscious of an impression on the organs of sight, sound, taste, or smell. He clearly shows that an impression made on the retina of the eye by the ethereal waves from the object, be it one of art or otherwise, and transmitted by an intricate system of nerves to the seat of consciousness, does not differ in its physical and mental process from the impression made by, and the concomitant consciousness of, the taste of a particle of food on the palate.

PLATO. — This seems plausible.

SOCRATES. — Yes, if you but consider, it must be so, and if we fully understood these subtle processes, it would make clear and explain much in the field of Art about which we are now in doubt. Does it not explain the phenomenon of sound? We pronounce as harmonious those sounds or combinations of waves which, transmitted to our consciences, pass through and excite the different physical organs and nerves of hearing in such a manner as to affect them agreeably, and others as discordant and unmusical which excite these organs in a painful, unusual way, similar in process to the experience of tasting agreeable or disagreeable food, and similar to the experience, in the

final analysis, of contemplating works of Art, be it Architecture, Painting, or Sculpture.

PLATO. — It would appear from what you say, Socrates, that the arts, after all, are sciences; for it is possible, as you know, to discover, by experiment in Music, for instance, what sound-waves and combinations of these are agreeable to me, and it will then be a simple matter to lay down the rules for composing beautiful music.

SOCRATES. — Quite so, Plato. This would be the case if all ears and eyes, all nerves and brain-cells were alike; but you know that there are no two exactly the same in different individuals. They are not the same, not constant, in one's self from day to day. You, as well as I, have experienced, time and again, that some sensation which gave pleasure, satisfaction, and gratification only yesterday was painful and distasteful to-day, be it the taste of some food, an odor, or the contemplation of some object of art.

PLATO. — While that may be so, and your judgment and opinion may have changed, you will not deny, Socrates, that your opinion and judgment, after a long life of experience and study in all fields of human endeavor and activities, are of a higher order than those who have given but little thought to these matters.

SOCRATES. — No, Plato, I question this. Thus I doubt that my mind is as responsive to new æsthetic impressions, is as open, as it was in years gone by. I may be one of those who would condemn and get only displeasure out of unconventional work presented to-morrow by some artistic genius, unfettered by the conventions of to-day. I should have been, through my very experience and environment, one of those who might have condemned and belittled the works of Euripides when they first appeared; and you will recall

that it was the man on the street, who did not have the advantages of learning, who was first to recognize his genius and to get satisfaction and pleasure from his efforts. It was thus, as you know, with the appreciation of the taste of wine, which was first enjoyed by the slaves and servants, the master considering the grape-juice rank and spoiled when it had fermented.

PLATO. — All this seems reasonable and true, and the judgment of the cultured individual on a matter of art may or may not be a good one; but surely, Socrates, you will not question the collective judgment of the larger number of these cultured individuals. Surely, Socrates, you will accept the judgment of a large group of painters on the merits or demerits of a painting.

SOCRATES. — Let us see if I can do so. In the first place, an absolutely unqualified agreement in a matter of this kind has not come to my notice; but if it should occur, which I question, it only goes to show that the collective judgment of the group we speak of has been formed by this group, having had exactly the same environment, the same training, the same education. This same group, under those conditions, will be in perfect accord as to the gastronomic value of any food; and it seems to me that, from this point of view, the group must be considered as on a par with the individual.

PLATO. — But surely, Socrates, if this group were to include, say, our entire nation, you would then, without question, abide by the nation's judgment, if it agreed on what was beautiful and what was otherwise. If each and every Athenian would declare the Temple on the Acropolis to be architecturally flawless, you surely would accept that decision as final.

SOCRATES. — I doubt that I should surrender my own judgment even under these problematical conditions. Be-

ing open-minded, free from prejudice, open to conviction, I should listen to and be interested in the arguments of our neighboring communities. I should weigh their assertion that we are a barbarous people in allowing our artists and architects to cover and hide the God-given, creamy-white, translucent marble of the Temple with crude, glaring colors and pigments in the manner of the semi-civilized Egyptians. On the other hand, it would be interesting to consider and analyze the assertions of our friends the Spartans, who call us degenerate and effeminate, declaring that this condition is reflected in the over-refinement of our Art and Architecture. They criticize the very architectural features upon which we pride ourselves most. They question our good judgment in curving the lines of the stylobate, cornices, and columns, so as to make them appear straight; and, as you know, among other things, they object to the columns being of different sizes and different spacings, so as to make them appear alike, taking the position that it would be more manly and honest to build straight and truthfully and let the effect be what it may. No, Plato, I think I will hold my own opinion on what is beautiful and supreme in art — just as much so as I shall take no other individual's opinion or group of individuals' opinions as to what is pleasant or unpleasant to the palate.

PLATO. — I am willing to grant what you say and to agree with your position that your opinion on what is beautiful, what is pleasing to you, is such, as a matter of fact; but I accept this view because you are a man of experience, education, and culture. On the other hand, I am not interested in the opinion on matters of art of the man who lacks these qualifications.

SOCRATES. — Perhaps not, O Plato, any more so than this man of the street,

if he thinks for himself, is willing to abide by your artistic judgment. Surely, Plato, when the question of gastronomic taste is concerned, I should not assume superior judgment if it differed from that of this common man. I should even be tempted to consider his unspoiled and unsophisticated taste of a higher order than mine, if he declared that the taste of plain cheese and dry bread is superior to that of the highly seasoned viands the epicure enjoys — just as you and I cannot help but question the culture of some distant nations, which our travelers assure us have reached the highest state of æsthetic development, but which eat and enjoy absolutely raw, uncleaned sea-food, and consider aged, decayed eggs a delicacy.

PLATO. — But surely, Socrates, you will not deny that we are constantly and rapidly developing and progressing in civilization and culture; and it is fair to assume that, at some future period, let us say a thousand or two generations from now, there will arise a people whose sense and appreciation of Art will be immeasurably greater than ours, and that it is probable they will discover the principles that govern their experiences in this direction.

SOCRATES. — Let us consider this, Plato. It is, of course, difficult to fore-shadow, with any degree of certainty, what progress the human race, in its many different forms of development, will make. The pendulum marking each change will, I presume, swing backward and forward in years to come as it has swung in years gone by. There will be times of brutal wars, and a general concomitant disorganization and degeneration, when one will almost doubt that any development above the instincts of a savage is possible for man.

On the other hand, it is evident that at other times there will be epochs of most marvelous development in every

direction of human endeavor and experience. As you know, we have had only a glance at the first page of the first book of countless volumes of knowledge, science, and philosophy, revealing to us the secrets of nature of this earth and the heavens above; the possession of only a small part of this will make our lives incomparably more full and complete than they are to-day.

For it is evident to you that both body and mind will, in time, take advantage of, and adapt themselves to, such new discoveries and experiences, and will develop accordingly. Whether, however, the heart, the finer feelings and finer sentiments will go hand in hand with this evolution is considered a debatable question by many thinkers. But assuming that it does, does this imply anything in the matter we are considering? I ask you again, Plato, do you think you would accept the palate judgment of any member of this highly developed society of some future age, unhesitatingly, if it differed from your own?

PLATO. — Should I not be forced to do so, Socrates? For you will agree that there is a two-fold direct relation and connection between a pleasant or a distasteful sensation in partaking of food and the subsequent mental and physical well-being — laying aside entirely the consideration of food-value. This fact, although recognized, is but little understood by us at this time; but I doubt not that the society of which you speak could and would discover and analyze the laws pertaining to this subtle matter. It will then be pointed out what agreeable foods have the additional merit of promoting the general well-being, and are, therefore, of the highest order. To which judgment I would agree.

It is apparent that this argument applies to the somewhat parallel experiences in the field of Art. That a painting,

then, will be a great painting and a true work of art, the contemplation of which arouses certain æsthetic sentiments and feelings, but, besides that, promotes the general mental, physical, and moral well-being of the race.

SOCRATES. — Let us examine this point carefully, Plato. The judgment of the society by which you would abide is, it seems to me, likewise not based on true laws, but on man-made canons, which, in the nature of things, would be ephemeral and ever-changing, fitted only to the state of culture that may have been reached. This culture, or evolution, is, as you well know, to a great extent dependent on the immediate physical environment of a given society; and it would, for instance, be impossible to decide a difference of opinion regarding the highest value of food and drink which might arise between the equally highly developed inhabitants of the Torrid or the Arctic zone. A decided and permanent change in the composition of the air or in the amount and character of light of this earth would, you will agree, in time affect for better or for worse the physical and mental and moral condition of the members of the highly developed society we have in mind, and would necessarily nullify their established æsthetic laws. At such a time, it would be a question whether the painting you mentioned is a true work of art, the judgment based on a true law.

But, Plato, a true law would not be affected by the entire extinction of our race; and even the complete annihilation of our planet would not affect it. Any three stars or points in the Cosmos would continue to exemplify Pythagoras's discovery of a law to which we all bow, and which, under all circumstances and conditions, remains eternally true.

Yes, Plato, if we could predict with certainty the course that will be fol-

lowed in the evolution of mankind, establish the final destiny of the race; if we could dismiss the thought that Dissolution must be persistently on the heels of Evolution, we might be able to lay down rules and laws of Art that would make for, and remain constant for, the coming Superman. For it is evident that we could then point out with some degree of certainty what pleasurable art-experiences would tend to further the development of man in the ever-constant and right direction. Just as we could measure an ethical act, not only by its immediate egotistic and altruistic resultant, but also by the far-reaching ultimate effect which it would have in the promotion of the effort to reach the goal predestined for the coming races. But, I doubt, O Plato, that even Zeus, in all his infinite wisdom, should, would, or could raise the curtain of mystery and reveal the shadows of a Hades, of a possible state of Dissolution toward which the human race is ever drifting, or disclose the glorious Olympian fields of a fulfilled Evolution which it may eventually attain.

PLATO. — Your position then, as I understand, O Socrates, is that every man, no matter what his education, his training, his development, is a good judge of what is beautiful and what is not?

SOCRATES. — Yes, Plato, of that I am convinced, with the distinct understanding that this judgment holds good only in so far as he is individually concerned. If you and I differ as to the artistic merit of a painting, the beauty of a poem, or the quality of the wine we are drinking, we, as two wise men, will respect each other's opinion, knowing full well that it cannot be changed by agreement based on scientific principles; but, on the other hand, conscious of the fact that this judgment is based on subtle, ever-changing feelings, emo-

tions, and temperament, not subject to a cold process of reasoning.

PLATO. — I see now, O Socrates, why you, who are so well qualified through your long association with Pheidias, refused to act as one of a jury to pass judgment on the work of some of our younger sculptors.

SOCRATES. — Yes, Plato, you have followed me correctly. I deem it improper for anyone, no matter what his position may be, to pass public judgment on the artistic merit of the work of another in any field of Art. How much injustice has been done through this unfair procedure! You will remember how the unfamiliar songs of Pindar, the young poet, were laughed at, and the paintings of Polygnotus were denied hanging space by a jury of our foremost artists; and you know that now, after only a few years, most of us look upon these as the greatest works of art of our time.

PLATO. — These doctrines and teachings are revolutionary and radically different from the generally accepted views on this subject, and I doubt but little that, if they come to the ears of Meletus, he will use them to sustain his assertions that you are corrupting the Athenian youth.

SOCRATES. — Just so, Plato. We shall not publish them until a more liberal-minded generation is ready to receive them.

PLATO. — I am not certain that even at that time this would be desirable, as it seems that these views are rather discouraging and pessimistic, and will tend to lessen the appreciation and consideration we now have for all works of art and the geniuses and masters who produce them.

SOCRATES. — No, Plato, if you but consider, you will find the opposite to be the case. When the time comes that everyone, be he of high or low degree, will have absolute confidence in his

own good judgment in these matters, there will be an art-revival such as the world has never experienced. The unknown genius will have a large circle of supporters and will not be hampered and subdued by the artificial, meaningless canons of older schools. The field of Art will be enormously enlarged in all directions, when all who have the Heaven-sent ability work out their inspirations with a full and justifiable confidence in their own artistic judgment.

PLATO. — I cannot help but accept most of your views, Socrates, but they seem to me somewhat demoralizing. If we agree that the judgment of the man on the street on matters of Art is as good or as bad as yours or mine, so far as he is concerned, we must at the same time admit that all civilization, all advancement, all culture, in this direction, means but little, if anything.

SOCRATES. — Not so, O Plato: there is the greatest possible difference in the experience of these different classes of men. Do but think of it! The common man's faculties are limited; the broadly cultured man's are almost boundless. The one gets complete satisfaction and pleasure from the plain taste of his cheese and bread, and a very limited number of other simple foods. The truly cultured man relishes this plain food and hundreds of other dainty preparations of our skilled cooks. The everyday man enjoys the artless melody on the shepherd's primitive flute; you and I are enraptured with the marvelous volume of harmony of the chorus and orchestra. The flaming rainbow may be but a rainbow to him, and nothing more; its heavenly glory thrills you and me to the innermost soul. Our Bacchanalian dances awaken only coarse, sensuous sentiments in him; when you and I attend them, we are charmed beyond expression by the poetry of motion and the sublime beauty of the human figure.

But the Gods are ever just, O Plato.

For alas, with faculties for our greater and fuller enjoyment, there goes hand in hand the greatly increased capacity for discomfort and pain of things distasteful and ugly. The trained eye of the painter and sculptor is constantly shocked by colors and forms that do not trouble the layman; the ear of the musician is pained by notes and discords that are musical to others; the supersensitive nostrils of the cultured man are annoyed by odors that are not disagreeable to, or even noticed by, the ordinary man; the palate of the epicure rebels against tastes that are pleasant to others.

So, when we sum it all up, we find that the Gods take care of us all, no matter what our station, and, in their Heavenly wisdom, have ordained that the *Sum Total of Happiness, the Sum Total of Pain and Pleasure is the same for all mortals* — is the same for you and for me as it is for the very lowliest of the lowly.

PLATO. — This discussion has been of great interest and will, I doubt not, on full consideration, change my views on much that we have considered.

Let me place the record of it for safe-keeping in the secret niche you have shown me in these stone walls.

## THE BOOKMAN

BY JULIAN KILMAN

*Sir, I rarely, if ever, was known to return a borrowed book.* — Confession of DR. JOHNSON.

INDIAN telegraphy was accomplished by stationing a man every eighth of a mile or so, each one in turn shouting the message to the next in line. By this means information was on occasion conveyed considerable distances in what was then an incredibly short time.

John Williams, struggling into an exhumed suit of evening clothes, thought of Indian telegraphy as his wife's voice floated up to him from the nether regions, in continuance of a conversation begun a bit earlier.

'What book is it?'

'My Castiglione — *The Courtier*.'

'Why do you not go straight to him and ask for it?'

'My dear, you do not understand:

the ethics of "borrowed" books are as definitely established as they are deplored, and —'

'I can't hear you.'

'It would be too embarrassing.'

An exclamation answered this. It was patently one of annoyance.

'It's your book, is n't it?'

'Yes, my dear, but—'

'Well! Ask him for it.'

'—in his catalogue, which has just been finished, I understand he has it listed as his own.'

'How can a man be so careless?'

'You see, my dear, Mr. Magruder is not a bookman; he is a mere book-collector with plenty of money. Many of his books no doubt are "museum-pieces," and he does n't know one of them from another so far as their contents are concerned — leaves everything to that clever secretary of his.



Magruder, of course, has forgotten that I lent him the book two years ago. If he had the slightest idea of the situation, he would undoubtedly return it at once. But, really, in view of the trivial value of the book, and the fact that—'

Mrs. Williams came up the stairs. She was a tall woman, with finely graying hair and a pair of sharp eyes, and now stood regarding the slight, demure-appearing bespectacled man tinkering with a lawn tie.

'Do you know, John,' she announced, 'I have n't heard a word you said.'

At the moment the door-bell rang and a young girl slipped in. She carried a pair of wooden knitting-needles, each as big as a policeman's night-stick, and a handful of sleazy, delft-blue yarn that she had just finished unraveling from a sweater she had knitted the week before and worn twice. This individual was to receive the sum of one dollar for remaining in the house with the Williams children while their parents went to the Magruder party, and she formulated a new sweater—*this* one to have short sleeves with a fringe, and, oh, yes! a Tuxedo front.

It was a warm night in September, and the couple left the house presently and started for the street-car. The invitation to the Magruder home, as the Magruders were not familiars, had come somewhat as a surprise; but it had been accepted by the Williamses in the spirit in which they divined that it had been tendered. Magruder, a type of successful business man residing in the most pretentious part of the city, had been attracted some time before to Williams, the cloistered editorial writer, because of his bookworm knowledge of books and their lore.

During the ride Mr. and Mrs. Williams hung on the same strap, and in low, furtive voices continued to tiff concerning the borrowed book, the

while their eyes, fixed on the passing street, noted incidentally that their butcher and baker and candlestick-maker, all driving automobiles, were also on pleasure bent. But Mr. Williams was more than usually perverse; in fact, he was adamant, and it was finally decided not to ask directly for the return of the Castiglione, but to lead the conversation — if conversation about books with a mere lay book-collector who did his work by proxy could be accomplished — around to the subject of borrowing, in the hope that their host might have a good memory.

When they came up the low, broad steps of the Magruder mansion, to their secret dismay the Williamses saw that what they had assumed to be a small affair was in reality a function. There were scores of guests, some on the portico, others sauntering about the grounds, which in the moonlight were very beautiful.

Magruder, followed by his wife, came puffing. He greeted them effusively.

'Yes, sir,' he proclaimed, with a wave of the hand as they surveyed the outlook. 'Cost me forty thousand, that landscape fellow. I thought old books were expensive, Williams, but they are n't in it, eh?'

The editor's wife then and there nudged him.

'Your chance,' she murmured.

But Williams shook his head emphatically. They passed inside, and presently found themselves in the group gathered about the lion of the evening, a young English *littérateur*, who had been neatly netted by the vigorous Magruder some time before. He was high and dry now, flopping for the delectation of the curious.

Twice during the evening Williams's bookishness drew him irresistibly to the library, and on the second occasion he fancied that he was so fortunate as to have slipped away unobserved. It

seemed good to get free of the chitter-chatter of the throng, and in the quiet of the great room of bibliography he browsed contentedly.

Here were books and books, a splendid catholic welter of them, such as he had dreamed of owning himself: first editions in ancient calf and vellum; 'association' copies; books 'collected' because of the work of the illustrator; numbers of those attractive but reprehensible 'extra-illustrated' volumes.

He came upon *Elia* and the Boswells, that foundation-work of many private libraries. He, himself, possessed but a single copy of the *Life*, and a cheap one at that. Here were several editions, including the six-volume Birkbeck Hill.

Presently his eye was drawn to the mahogany table, strewn with book-sellers' catalogues and correspondence with the trade. Evidently the secretary had been working there recently. Maggs, Quaritch, George D. Smith. And to his hand finally came the Magruder private list, handsomely prepared and margin-ed and bound. At random he read:—

Jonson (Ben). *Fortunate Isles and their union*. Celebrated in a Masque designed for the Court, on the Twelfth Night, 1624, including an orig. blank at end; *without imprint or date*; sm. 4to.

To be sure, he remembered the talk that had followed the sale of that book. It had been purchased of 'G. D. S.' for \$3000.

And where was his own Castiglione listed? Ah, yes!

Castiglione (B). *The Courtyer*, done into Englyshe by Sir Thomas Hoby. Introduction by Walter Raleigh. *Tudor Translations*. Published by David Nutt, in the Strand, 1892, 4to.

He turned to that part of the room where he knew the work of the fifteenth-century dilettante and honest gossip to repose. It was, after all, not a val-

uable edition — and yet it was one he loved for itself. Why in the name of common sense had he not inserted his book-plate with its motto, 'Honour and Obligation demand the prompt return of borrowed Books'? That alone would have prevented the precise thing that had occurred.

He located the volume. It was in good company, standing there next the *Epistolarum libri* of Cassiodorus, for which he knew Magruder had paid Quaritch a tremendous sum. He took the Castiglione out, thumbing the pages for favorite 'reflections' in that wonderful mirror of life during the Renaissance, and presently was reading to himself:—

'*Beautifulle women cruell*. Then spake Unico Aretino: "It is meete to teache women to love bicause I never sawe anye that coulde doe it, for almoste continuallye all of them accompanye their beawtye with crueltie; and yet manye times geve themselves for a prey to most cowardly men and very assheades."'

He smiled at the exquisite drollery of it. Always he had hesitated to call his wife's attention to that passage.

'Hexcellently preserved,' commented a voice over his shoulder.

Williams turned, feeling guilty in spite of himself. He had supposed himself to be alone in the library, and was startled to see the butler, very British, smiling at him.

'Some of them very valuable indeed,' the editor returned.

'Oh, yes, sir. 'Undreds o' pounds Mr. Magruder 'e paid for some, sir.'

The butler did not move. The thought flashed over Williams: 'This man is spying on me.'

He returned the Castiglione. It was just then that he heard sounds that led him to the other rooms; the affair was about to break up. Some little time elapsed ere he found his wife. Her eyes were questioning.

'Did you get it?'

'No,' he said, a trifle annoyed at such persistence in the circumstances. 'The occasion is not at all propitious.'

'Here he comes now,' she stated. 'I will ask him myself.'

'Don't!' he cautioned.

'I will,' she returned.

The Magruders drew near, smiling their guests out.

'Well!' exclaimed the big man. 'Glad you're here. Want to have you again — not such crowd — some new books just in—'

They were on the portico, Magruder with robustious hospitality gathering about him a few of the guests and holding them perforce. The night had continued beautiful; though the air was balmy, there was just the slightest hint of autumn; the high-riding moon shed a light almost as bright as that of day. It was still comparatively early, and many of the guests, frankly under the spell of the rare combination of artificial and natural beauty, now strolled along the portico, the men smoking. Numbers of these people were known to the Williamses, and in the hit-and-miss formations and groupings they became separated.

Idling along the portico, the editor after a time quite unwittingly found himself in front of the French window facing the library. At that precise moment he saw someone near the shelves at the other end; then, suddenly, the lights in the room were snapped off. He paused; his end of the portico was apparently deserted. The window was open; and before he realized what he had done, he slipped through.

'Upper case, left hand, fifth from the end,' he recalled.

Almost without volition he tiptoed to the location.

'One, two, three, four, five.'

In the semi-darkness he pulled out the book. The feel of it suddenly

brought home to him the enormity of his manœuvre. Good Lord! What was he, a man whose life had been dedicated solely to contemplation, doing here in the dark? Suppose he should be detected? He started back in a panic, still carrying the book, however. Midway of the room he stopped abruptly. The figure of a man was silhouetted in the window!

Williams crouched close to the floor, and then, as the figure did not stir, inched his way with his legs doubled under him monkey-wise, until he was behind a Morris chair. Here he stayed quiet, still hoping that, whoever the person was, he would move on.

A long minute passed. The figure, after peering into the room, disappeared. Williams moved cautiously toward the wall and felt his way to the window. He suspected a trap. Surprised enough! From his angle of perception he could make out the figure lurking at one side.

He was being watched!

Keeping to the wall, he sidled along until he reached the window that gave on the terraced lawn to the north. The drop he reckoned to be about ten feet. Carefully he let himself through. The turf was moist and soft, but the fall was considerable, and he landed awkwardly. He recovered, and lay listening.

A moment later the library above him was flooded with light. With the idea of skirting the dwelling and thus joining his wife, Williams started up quickly; but he had gone only a short distance when he perceived someone skulking back of the shrubbery in front of the portico. In despair he turned back — and saw a head projecting from the window through which he had just come. This determined him, and boldly leaving the shadows, he struck into a run for the shrubbery to the north.

'There he goes!' two voices cried simultaneously.

There was the sound of pursuit. Williams ran the harder. He was plain thief now.

He prayed silently.

He reached a low picket fence and hurdled it with an ease that amazed himself. The adjoining premises were fully as elaborate as the Magruder estate, and although unconscionably broad, afforded many excellent places for concealment. He was gasping a little, and as he skirted a fountain and narrowly missed a bench, had the thought that he had better try that method of escape. But no! They were too close, and anyway, he always could run, had held a championship in college, though only for the quarter—only for the quarter—the quarter—the quarter—the quarter was a difficult distance—called for continuous sprinting—

He saw that he had come to the limits of the neighboring premises. An eight-foot iron fence was between him and the avenue. Desperately he ran toward the east, hoping to find egress.

Some women sitting on the porch cried out at sight of the fugitive; their male companions leaped up.

'Stop, thief!' cut the air from behind.

But the embattled gate of the premises stood ajar; the powerful lights of an automobile loomed up in it. Williams darted through, just escaping the outstretched hand of the chauffeur, and ran pell-mell into patrolman Cassidy, who long since had been relegated to the 'silk-stocking' precincts, because of his age, flat-feet, and puttering good-nature.

Furiously the editor struck out with his fists. He experienced a tremendous hug, one that took what little breath that remained to him.

'Phwat's that, me laddie! Yez wud, wud yez!'

When Williams's wits and breath returned to him, he was in one of those hexagonal columnar sheet-iron 'coolers'

maintained in outlying districts for the temporary detention of contumacious prisoners. The contrivance was antiquated, and it was dark and the air excessively close. He could hear the excited voices from the adjoining street-corner and realized that he had not been carried far.

In the not-distant past Williams had contributed a series of editorials on the unwarranted manner in which city patrolmen made their arrests. Not that he had ever witnessed any procedure on the part of the peace-officers which in his judgment impinged on the 'inalienable rights' conferred on Anglo-Saxon peoples by such classic documents as Magna Carta and the Bill of Rights; but he had gleaned his facts rather from the succinct descriptions of police methods by a young reporter. These had made his blood boil.

But when the editorials had set local officials by the ears, and injured the *esprit de corps* of the force, for a time he had actually questioned the propriety of his course; for, truth to tell, his only personal knowledge of policemen was impressionistic: they seemed to be big, red-jowled, fierce-looking Irishmen, who would die of apoplexy if compelled to run one hundred yards.

Bitterly he thought now of these momentary doubts that had assailed him. *This* was first-hand stuff. True, the circumstances of his detention had been compromising; yet not a single effort had been made by anyone to straighten out what was, after all, only a hideous tangle. The arresting officer instantly had assumed him to be guilty of some crime, thus exactly reversing the common-law presumption of innocence. That was the difficulty with your policeman, anyway: he was Celtic, not Anglo-Saxon, and that was why the phrase 'probable cause' bulked so large in his make-up; it was the very genius of his race that rendered him incap—'

'I say,' he called, 'Mister Officer.'

There was a shuffling of feet.

'You have the book I dropped?'

'Yez have said one mout'ful.'

'You must permit me to explain — the volume belongs to me.'

A Hibernian chuckle greeted this.

'You're some little full-dress book-fancier, I'll tell the world,' put in another. 'I suppose them two \$3000 books you got last month out of the Brinsmade house belonged to you, too.'

Williams could scarcely credit his senses. Was it possible there *was* a book thief in the neighborhood?

'Wha-what's that?' he cried.

'Why, you poor nut!' was the answer.

'We been on your trail for six months.'

'But, I repeat, the book I dropped is mine. It is *The Courtyer*' — old spelling, you know — C-o-u-r-t-y-e-r — by Castiglione, an Italian; Hoby's translation. At page 96 you will see some of my own marginalia. I write a very fine hand and use purple ink.'

'Some of his own marginalia,' mimicked a falsetto voice. 'O Percy!'

The sound of a rapidly rung bell interrupted. It belonged to a passing electric and the editor shuddered at the familiar clang — in some such manner the patrol-wagon, for which he knew they were waiting, would announce its arrival.

'Here, Mike,' sounded still another voice. 'Let's have a look at what you got off him.' There was further mumbled converse. Then: 'Hey, you! What book did you say it was?'

'*The Courtyer*, by C-a-s-t-i-g-l-i-o-n-e,' spelled Williams.

'Huh! You better guess again. This one is the E-pis-to-lar-larum. The bird writin' it's got a name like a cheese: C-a-s-s-i —'

'Thot's me own name!' shouted Cassidy.

'Aw! S-h-u-t up! It's C-a-s-s-i-o-d-o-r-u-m.'

*The Epistolarum!*

'I've taken the wrong book!' thought the editor. 'A book worth \$1000!'

He became frantic. How *could* he have made such a mistake! He *must* have it out with them face to face. Good heavens! Was n't his appearance enough to vouch for him? His manner? That was it: he would tell them who he was, his name, the newspaper he worked on, and of his acquaintance with Magruder himself.

In stark agony he tried the door.

An incredible thing happened — it gave slightly. At the discovery he stood breathless, unbelieving: the lock was old and had failed to work when the patrolman used his key. He pressed once more; it responded until he was able to peer through the aperture. His captors were gathered at the corner beneath the street light, still puzzling over the book.

It was the work of only a second for him to slip out, close the door and dodge behind his prison; then, keeping it between himself and them, he stole to the nearest shelter, a maple tree standing some fifty yards away. From this point, with pounding heart, he was considering his next step, when the stillness was broken by the clang of a bell. It was the patrol-wagon. The sound energized him. Instinctively he hugged the tree, and almost unconsciously began to climb. The distance to the lowest branch was more than twelve feet, and he was just able to make it and pull himself up into obscurity by the time the patrol drew in to the corner.

The key rattled in the lock.

'Come on, ye little divil!' he heard the patrolman say. 'None o' yer monkey-shines, now!'

The door banged open. A blood-curdling yell split the air.

'Howly mither! He's gone!'

A second later there was the sound of running feet. They were searching

for him. A man passed immediately beneath his perch, going full tilt along the high fence to the west.

In an access of apprehension he moved slightly, and nearly lost his grip. There were shouts from various quarters, evidencing the large number of his pursuers. A bit later two of them stopped beneath his tree.

'Begob! It's the first toime I iver arrested a ghost.'

'Yes, an' it'll be the last time, if they get wind of it at headquarters,' was the angry retort. 'You bog-trot-tin', peat-hunchin' old son-of-a-gun! Why did n't you lock that door?'

'Oi did; sure as me name's Cassidy. I'm afther tellin' ye it was a ghost.'

'A ghost! Oh, me eye!' wailed the other. 'Then maybe this book's a ghost. Eh! What about that?'

The speaker slapped the *Epistolarum* forcibly.

The two moved on, still quarreling.

Williams shivered, noticing for the first time that the air was a little cooler; there did not seem to be so much light, and he realized with gratification that the moon had gone under clouds. But there was a shout from the lawn in front of the large dwelling facing the avenue.

'I see him!'

His heart stopped; his throat constricted. He could hear numbers of men running about swiftly, seemingly engaged in some fiercely silent, interminable game of fox-and-hounds; but no one approached his tree save one man, who shot by with the speed of an arrow. Feet pounded on the ancient graveled way nearby. There were indistinct, muffled oaths, sounds of scuffings, which presently came much nearer. Then, from close at hand,—

'Ah, not so! Alcibiades! Uses purple ink, eh!'

A hunted figure, running low, sprang into range of the editor's view. He

stopped an instant beneath the very tree. But a huge shape leaped out.

'Oi got the spalpeen!'

There was a sharp cry. Williams knew that embrace.

'Lemme go. I ain't done nothin'.'

Others ran up. There were as many as ten men standing beneath the tree, all breathing heavily and trying to get a look at their captive. High-voiced argument ensued.

'Aw! You make me sick. That ain't him. Did n't I tell you he was in a dress-suit?'

Rain-drops began to fall. The bell of the patrol rang.

'Come on, you fellows,' shouted the driver, irritably. 'I ain't a-goin' to stick around here all night.'

The throng moved away with their prisoner; they still argued violently.

In his tree the editor remained for what seemed an eternity, but was in reality only half an hour. A heavy rain was falling when at last he slid cautiously to the ground, with numb hands. Here he lay flat on his stomach, and for some time kept a sharp lookout.

But the neighborhood, dripping from the torrential downpour, was entirely deserted. He raised himself stiffly to his feet and started off, hugging the stately fence. After traversing six long blocks, he reached the cross-town carline and hesitated a bit, hoping to see a car; then, considering his missing hat, torn overcoat, and saturated clothing, he started on a short cut through the park.

It was one o'clock in the morning when a weary bedraggled figure crept up the steps of the Williams home. Here it paused, and made some peculiarly futile attempts to straighten its apparel. Then it slipped a pass-key into the lock.

The door opened.

Editor Williams entered and took off his overcoat in the hallway. To his

dripping consciousness it seemed as if his wife had materialized out of nothing. First he had not seen her; now she stood staring at him.

The editor smiled wanly.

'My dear,' he complained, 'I'm late.'

'So I observe,' she smiled back.

She waited in silence. He slumped into a chair. She took one facing him, drawing it slightly nearer.

'I visited with Magruder,' he explained. 'Sorry not to have come home with you, but he said the Sandersons promised to bring you in their car.'

'Did you get the Castiglione?'

The editor glanced sharply at her.

'No. I did not.'

'Why not?'

'Well, my dear. You see — er — Magruder was — is — as I have said —'

'John!'

'What?'

'Don't.'

'Don't what?'

'Prevaricate.'

The two regarded each other. Swift enlightenment mirrored itself in the face of the editor.

'You don't mean, my dear, that —'

Mrs. Williams suddenly reached behind her and produced a book. She handed over the Castiglione. Her husband took it limply.

'Yes, John,' she explained, 'I asked Mr. Magruder for the book right after you and I were separated on the portico. He was most gracious.' She paused and eyed him with a look at once tender and triumphant. 'Come now,' she added, '*where have you been?*'

## THE LOYAL LEGION OF LOGGERS AND LUMBERMEN

BY RALPH PHILIP BOAS

THE Pacific Northwest is the last place to which one would look for the promise of permanent industrial peace. The Northwest is inevitably associated with the I.W.W. at its worst, with the Seattle general strike, and with a violence in labor disputes as bitter as civil war. And the lumber industry is the last industry from which one would look for light on organization for industrial peace. For the lumber industry was once second only to the mines in nourishing the I.W.W. and in furnishing standard material for radical organizers. It was not only the filthy bunk-houses of the lumber camps, the

desolation of the soggy woods, and the constant peril from crashing trees and flashing ropes that made the lumber industry so anarchic; even more, it was the tough pertinacity and rugged individualism of the employers, the sullen lonesome hatred of the lumberjacks, and the timid stolidity of the mill workers.

And yet to-day the Loyal Legion of Loggers and Lumbermen, — the 4LL, — an association composed of over 20,000 persons engaged in the manufacture of lumber in the Pacific Northwest, offers a plan for the settlement of the labor problem on a national scale. It is the only large industrial organiza-

tion in the country in which all questions of wages, hours, and conditions of labor are decided, not by the sole action of employers, by agreement between employers and employees of a single company, by the warfare of strike and lockout, by the more subtle warfare of sabotage and strike on the job, or by the arbitration of special commissions, but by elected representatives of all members of the industry pledged to coöperation.

The 4LL is a new organization, but it is old enough to have proved that it is practical. It has changed an industry which was the unkindly nurse of the blackest class-hatred into a peaceful, efficient industry free from strikes and unrest. It has raised low wages to the highest in the country for the work done; it has raised those wages, not by fiat of employers but by the joint deliberations of employer and employee; it has improved living conditions in the lumber camps to a remarkable degree; it has made individualist employers and employees recognize that all modern business owes certain duties to society; it has taken the stand that the old principle of industrial autocracy must be replaced by a system of coöperation and mutual adjustment.

The Loyal Legion has done these things by the simple, but extremely difficult, process of recognizing the inevitable. Employers have recognized that employees have a right to collective bargaining, the eight-hour day, and a voice in determining their wages and conditions of labor. Employees have recognized that employers have a right to a return on their capital and to faithful production if they pay good wages. When these principles are recognized in an industry there is nothing left to quarrel over. Given a workable organization of the industry and capable leadership, and industrial peace is inevitable.

The organization of the 4LL is not startling; it is so simple that one wonders why it was not worked out fifty years ago. It is built upon the sensible theory that men will put their best efforts into their work when they have a real, positive, definite share in controlling their own wages and working conditions. Three ideas have been put forth in support of this theory. The first is the idea of conference, the second is that of mutuality of interest between workman and employer, and the third is the theory that labor and capital are equal partners in the industry, and that, so far as matters of production are concerned, each must have an equal voice in determining the conditions in the industry. Each partner, therefore, has an equal share in financing the organization.

The unit of membership is the local. A local of the Loyal Legion consists of such members as may be employed from time to time at any operation under one general management. Since membership in the Loyal Legion is open to any male or female who, as an owner, operator, or employee, is engaged, either directly or indirectly, in the logging, milling, or manufacture of lumber, including the allied industries, it follows that a local is an inclusive, non-class-conscious organization. The superintendent, the laborer, the skilled craftsman, and the office-worker meet on an equal footing.

A pledge of loyalty to the organization and the government is exacted from each person as he joins. The initiation fee is one dollar and the dues are twenty-five cents a month. The employer contributes a sum equal to that of all the membership dues of his employees who are members of the Legion. He also files a bond for two years 'in the sum of \$2.50 for each employee, computed on the basis of the average number of employees, no bond to be in



amount of less than \$100. The above bond is to be deposited as a guaranty of good faith and compliance with the rules and regulations that have been adopted by the constituted authority of the organization. . . . Employer members may withdraw from membership in the organization at any time on giving thirty days' notice in writing to the board of directors.'<sup>1</sup>

The fundamental instrument for the settlement of disputes is the 'employees conference committee' which consists of the chairman, vice-chairman, and secretary of the local. 'It shall be the duty of the employees conference committee to confer with the operator or operator's representative on all differences of local concern arising in the local from which it is elected, and to endeavor to adjust such differences in a manner satisfactory to both parties. This committee shall be strictly an employees' committee, and shall at all times act as the spokesman for the men concerned rather than as an arbitration board. Upon a failure to agree with the operator on any question under consideration, the conference committee shall submit the case in writing to the chairman of the district board through the headquarters office, for action by that body at its next meeting. The employees conference committee may initiate questions of general import, but shall not have jurisdiction in the final settlement or interpretation of such questions.'

A distinction is made between 'matters of local concern' and 'questions of general import.' The first are defined as 'questions affecting the living, working, and recreation conditions of each local; unwarranted discharge of members; tool charges and breakage; and all local conditions surrounding the employment or affecting the obligations of

members of the organization in that local.' The second are defined as 'those affecting the industry by districts, or as a whole, such as wages and hours, general administration affairs, and all matters of general value either to locals or members of the association. Consideration must be given the fact that questions of hours and wages, which in some cases are apparently of local concern, in reality affect the entire industry.'

Next above the conference committee of the local is the district board. (The Northwest has been divided into twelve districts.) 'District boards for each district of the Loyal Legion shall consist of four employees, two millmen and two loggers, to be elected at the annual convention by the employee members from among the local conference committees of the district, and of four operators, two millmen and two loggers, selected by the employers of the district concerned. The duty of the district board shall be to hear all matters on appeal from the employees conference committees and it may initiate matters of general import for the consideration of the board of directors. The decision of the district board on matters of local concern shall be final, except that it shall be clear to the board of directors that a fair and impartial hearing was given to all matters brought before it. Upon a failure to agree, the district board shall refer the case or cases to the board of directors, but no such reference shall be made until the district board shall have exhausted all honorable means of adjusting the question.'

The board of directors, composed of the employees' district-board chairman and the operators' district-board chairman of each district, is the supreme body of the 4LL. This board meets twice a year, appoints a president, secretary-manager, and other executive

<sup>1</sup> Quotations are from the Constitution of the 4LL.

officers, decides appeals, and initiates 'matters of general import.' Its decisions are final except in the case of a tie, when the president casts the deciding vote, but must refer the question to a board of arbitration selected for the occasion. No such tie has ever been reached, and according to the present executive officers, employers and employees have never lined up in an equally divided vote on any question.

It is clear that the 4LL differs radically from all industrial organizations which have hitherto been proposed.

It is like the trade union in that it does not deal with plants owned only by one corporation or syndicate. Its members are employed by hundreds of separate employers. Furthermore, it maintains a staff of organizers taken from the rank and file of labor, men who have had experience in the camps and mills and know the psychology of the men and the operators. Like trade-union organizers, these men not only organize new locals and increase membership, but they also straighten out many misunderstandings between the management and the men and perform other duties comparable to those of the trade-union organizer and business agent. The effect on the employer of the organizer's visit is similar to that of a trade-union delegate, in that he represents an organization the power of which the operator respects, and over which he alone has little control.

But the 4LL is also unlike the trade union. It is an industrial organization, not a craft union. It admits to membership both skilled and unskilled men. It has championed the cause of the unskilled man by raising his wages in greater proportion than those of the skilled man. A more important difference is the manner in which disputes are settled. The trade union demands; the 4LL requests. If the union wishes to discuss a dispute with the manage-

ment, it does so usually through its business agent; if the men themselves wish to deal directly with the management, machinery for the purpose has to be created. In the 4LL, requests for changes always originate with the local conference committee, and this committee is always ready to function. As a result, community of interest is developed to a high degree in 4LL mills.

But the most important difference between the trade union and the 4LL is in their attitudes toward the strike and lockout. Although the 4LL constitution does not in terms prohibit these instruments of warfare, the purpose of the organization is to create harmony and coöperation and thereby to eliminate the causes of warfare. At any rate, there have been no strikes and lockouts in 4LL operations in the lumber industry during the last three years.

The 4LL differs radically from the Industrial Workers of the World. The I.W.W. work on the assumption that owners of capital have obtained control of the means of production largely because of the capitalistic organization of society rather than through their own effort. They maintain that large owners of capital are in control of power which does not rightfully belong to them because they did not earn all of it. The present system, they maintain, which gives a few men control of industry, of wages, and of prices, and so puts the lives of millions of men in the hands of a few, is an aristocratic system. The I.W.W. look forward to the actual appropriation of the means of production by the wage-earners.

The 4LL is opposed to this doctrine because it believes that the present economic system is not to be fundamentally changed. It aims at industrial peace, and professes to secure to both employer and employee proper shares in the results of production. It is formed to function in a capitalistic system. Its

declaration of the mutuality of interest between employer and employee is fundamental. The employee receives an equal share in the settlement of problems of production, and thus receives partial control of the industry.

Nor should the 4LL be confused with the so-called 'shop-committee' plan, in which a group of employees are elected to represent their fellows in time of crisis, in conference with a 'welfare manager' or a similar executive officer of the company. The shop-committee plan, attractive as it is at first sight, has certain fundamental difficulties which prevent its being a real solution of the problem of industrial relations. It is confined to a single plant, or to a group of plants owned by one company. It does not cover a trade or an industry. Employees act, not as fellow members of an industry, but as employees of a company. Moreover, since shop-committee plans are handed down from above, they are thoroughly paternalistic. The men have no voice in the formation of the plan by which they are governed, and may see their organization destroyed in a moment by the will of the employer who created it. The shop-committee plan works well in plants where good feeling already prevails, or where men are helpless; it can never create industrial peace on a large scale, as the 4LL has done.

The paid-up membership in the 4LL is over 20,000. About 5000 additional members are on the books, but were not reported as having paid in the last quarterly report. Various estimates place the total number of men in the industry in the Northwestern states at about 100,000. About one fourth of the men in the territory, therefore, are members of the Loyal Legion. Three other organizations exist. The I.W.W. still has members, but because of unrelenting persecution by the government they are forced into hiding. Timber

operators report a cessation of sabotage, and the 4LL has secured practically all the possible demands that used to be the staple of I.W.W. agitation. The International Union of Timber-workers, a craft union, claims some members, but has closed its Portland headquarters and is reported to have only a scattering membership. Only one operation is known which has signed an agreement with the timber-workers. The fact seems to be that the 'collectively minded' men of the industry find their wants satisfied by the Legion. One company has adopted the shop-committee plan.

There are 450 operations affiliated with the 4LL. There are in Oregon, Washington, and Idaho 264 mills and 500 logging camps. The great majority of the largest mills and fully half of the camps are affiliated with the Legion.

The Legion has accomplished six distinct things. It has made calm and steady production possible in an industry which, three years ago, was thoroughly disorganized. It has placed wages on the highest scale in the United States for the work done, and has established the eight-hour day. It has stabilized wages on a minimum uniform scale, with an allowance for reward for superior skill and initiative. It has made striking progress in improving sanitary conditions in the industry. The sanitary officer reports 'substantial improvements in conditions. A general clean-up has taken place in 84 per cent of the operations. Eighty-six per cent of the camps have bathing facilities. Seventy-one per cent have screened mess-halls and sanitary toilets.' The 48 complaints of bad sanitary conditions made in 1919 were all adjusted. It has begun, through an organization of the wives of the 4LL men called the Ladies' Loyal Legion, the development of the community life of the lumber camps and mill towns. At last

reports, nearly thirty locals had been organized. Finally, it has been carrying on a persistent campaign of education among employers and employees in the spirit of harmony, coöperation, and fair play. This is its greatest task and its greatest possible achievement, for its success depends, not upon its machinery, but upon the initiative, responsibility, and fair-mindedness of its members, their ability to work through an organization, and the degree to which they recognize the spirit of a new industrial era.

The Legion has recognized that it is primarily an enterprise in education by the selection of Norman F. Coleman, formerly Professor of English at Reed College in Portland, Oregon, as president. Of the new president's powers it is impossible to speak without seeming exaggeration. He has none of the doctrinaire spirit that might well be fatal to the enterprise. He has an understanding of the workman's point of view that comes from experience before and during his career as a teacher. He has a fairness and open-mindedness that commend him to the operators. In ten years of teaching in the Northwest he has gained the respect and affection of the public by his simplicity, his steadiness, and his complete honesty. If the form of organization spreads to other industries, one of their chief problems will be to find other Colemans.

The 4LL is not without opposition. There are employers in the Northwest who, unaware that a new day has arrived, refuse to let one jot of power pass from their hands. They share in the new peace that the Legion has brought into the industry, but they refuse to help in maintaining that peace. They are paralleled by numbers of workmen who are similarly individualistic. Some of them are constitutionally averse to organization; others drift in and out of the industry and have little interest in

its improvement. No form of organization can permanently settle the problem of the roving laborer; and the roving laborer is everywhere in the Northwest. Organized labor, of course, hates the Legion with all its heart. The Legion has secured everything that organized labor demands, plus peace and coöperation. It is commonly reported that the American Federation of Labor expects to spend hundreds of thousands of dollars next year in an attempt to disrupt the Legion; for it sees clearly that an extension of the 4LL plan to other industries would mean the downfall of unionism. It need hardly be said that the I.W.W. hate the organization. It has robbed them of their staples of propaganda until only convinced revolutionaries are left. The greatest danger of all, however, is the new peace which the organization has brought. Having so much, employees and employers alike may come to feel that further effort and expense are unnecessary. Nothing would be more salutary for the organization than a determined fight for its life.

All things considered, it is indubitable that the 4LL offers a solution of the problem of industrial relations in the United States. It has been tried in a large industry, which labors under as many difficulties as any in the country. It successfully unites two different types of workmen: the unsettled worker of the logging-camps and the settled worker of the sawmills. It covers a large section of the country in which travel and communication are difficult. It works with employers who are bred to a hard, dominating view of industry, who have earned what they own, and are governed by realities. Yet it is succeeding, because employers and employees really are willing to give up ideas of domination to secure industrial peace, when that peace is based upon fair dealing and democratic coöperation.

# A NEW MOVEMENT IN EDUCATION

BY STANWOOD COBB

## I

A TRUTH to which humanity seems ever blind is this — that everything that is born must die; and that institutions, being part of this ephemera, are also subject to the law of change and death, giving place to new and ever-rising forms, which prove more adequate to express the eternally progressive spirit of man.

It is hard to believe this truth, because nothing seems so substantial and lasting as a great institution, established upon ideas and practices that have enlisted the acceptance and faith and activities of countless men and women; moving on beyond human life and death; and receiving anew the devotion of successive generations. It seems to stand immune to change, to be above mortality.

Such is the apparent stability of our great public-school system. Yet at the very meridian of one star's success, another star is always dawning on the horizon. At the moment of the greatest power and prestige of an established institution, a new and revolutionary institution is rising — so small, so insignificant as to seem unworthy of attention, yet destined perhaps to out-rival and eventually displace the old. Might one suspect that the very maturity and perfection of organization of our present school system is a presage of over-ripeness?

Yet, in spite of age, an institution will survive and maintain its prestige so

long as it proves satisfactory. It is only in an atmosphere of discontent that revolutions are born. If all parents were contented with the present educational system, no one could, with any confidence, announce a revolutionary change. It is, however, just because of a discontent almost universal on the part of the most cultured and intelligent parents that one may prophesy a revolution, or perhaps an evolution, in our educational ideals and methods. Just what line that evolution may follow is open to discussion. To parents of the class above mentioned, educational malcontents, parents who dare rebel against the long hours of physical, mental, and emotional suppression of their children within the public schools, this article would point the way to the education of the future as conceived by numerous educators and parents of this country — a type of education to which the name 'progressive' has been given.<sup>1</sup>

This movement has already been evolving for half a generation. As in the case of many inventions and scientific discoveries, different innovators have been independently working out

<sup>1</sup> The term 'progressive,' as applied to a special and definite type of education, was first used two years ago, in Washington, D.C., by a group of people then organizing the 'Progressive Education Association' — an association which is bringing together educators working along certain new lines, and laymen interested in this kind of education. — THE AUTHOR.

the principles which may now be brought together, and are so being brought together, in successful practice. New schools of this progressive type are springing up in different cities. More and more parents are coming to demand this education for their children. And young and unheralded as this movement is, it is presented to those who are anxious for a change in education as a possible David for their Goliath.

The primary demand of progressive education is more freedom for the child. Thus it is an expression in education of that innate desire which has already so strongly expressed itself in the world of intellect, of government, and of religion, and which is fast invading other fields of human activity. Freedom without license is the right of every man and woman. It is the discovery of the progressive educator that it is the right of every child — a right that can safely be granted.

As the physical is that side of our nature which is most fundamental, and the first in order of development, progressive education believes in giving the child freedom of movement. In a progressive school there are no fixed desks. All the furniture is movable. To form a class, the children draw up their chairs or movable desks around the teacher. In mild weather the class may be bodily transferred out-of-doors, desks and all, with no loss of efficiency; for habit has bred in those accustomed to freedom the ability to exercise it without excitement or waste of time and attention.

Not only are the seats comfortable and easily adjusted to the pupil's desire, but the child, in most progressive schools, is free to get up and leave the class if it becomes too irksome. Not that this privilege is often used; but it is there — and if a pupil is restless and unable to give attention, the teacher

might even suggest that some form of activity, such as work at the carpentry bench or a run out-of-doors, would be advisable.

This physical freedom may seem a slight thing; but the lack of it is irksome to a growing child, and is responsible for many neuroses that the teacher in a formal school is obliged to call misbehavior. Ole Bull, when a schoolboy, sometimes became so physically nervous that he would jump out of the window and run away. Such a situation should be impossible. Schools of the progressive type have been conducted long enough now to prove that the average amount, or even more, of the *a b c's* can be acquired in a school of physical freedom, on account of the superior interest and concentration of the children when they are at work. Much of the nervousness of American school-children can be attributed to the brutal (so it will seem a hundred years from now) custom of holding them to fixed seats, — six rows, seven in a row, — for five hours a day. The best public schools, realizing this fault, are now breaking the session up into shorter units by introducing several brief periods of exercise or play into the morning and afternoon sessions, in addition to the customary recess. But such measures are only palliative.

In the Moraine Park School of Dayton, Ohio, one may see a wonderful demonstration of freedom, backed up by efficient work as proved in standard tests. There are no formal classes below the fifth grade. The children drill each other in arithmetic or spelling, reporting to the teacher for an occasional test of their progress. In reading, they choose whatever books they please, and finding a comfortable corner, read to themselves. Often a child will find a book so interesting that he will want to share it with his mates. Then he will

gather a few children together, and, with the teacher to help him, will read aloud to the group. In every room is a carpentry bench equipped with tools and materials, to which a child may repair when tired of mental work.

In these elementary grades the utmost freedom prevails. One visiting the school sees children moving softly back and forth to their tasks, or working quietly in small groups. There is an atmosphere of effort, of seriousness, of joy in the school. The architecture and furnishings harmonize with this lovely spirit. It is the most beautiful home of learning I have ever seen.

The Moraine Park School is not the only one of this type. A similar freedom can be found in other progressive schools, such as the Park School, Baltimore; the Edgewood School, Greenwich, Connecticut; the Fairhope School, Alabama; the Oak Lane Country Day School, Philadelphia; the Park School, Buffalo; the Unquowa School, Bridgeport, Connecticut; the Francis W. Parker Schools of Chicago and San Diego; and others, too numerous to mention here.

## II

Next to physical freedom comes mental freedom. How far that can profitably go is the mooted question. In some of the progressive schools children below ten years of age have no obligatory studies. There is no formal drill-work. In other progressive schools there is a definite programme paralleling the public-school programme for grade work. But in all progressive schools *the aim is to have interest aroused before work is assigned.*

The belief is that work done without interest is poorly done. A child can be forced to a simple physical task, and can hardly fail to accomplish something at it in the course of an hour. But the

mind is more elusive and not so easily controlled. There is something perversely impish at times about a child's mind; so finds the disgruntled teacher who sets the child to a mental task, and after an hour, a day, a week, finds nothing accomplished. Perhaps the child-mind is like the house-brownie of our fairy tales, who plays mischievous tricks on those he does not like, but works all night at tasks to help those who are kind to him and who have won his confidence.

Granted that the child-mind can balk, — no educator denies this, — and that punishment will avail no more than beating a balky horse, may not wisdom suggest that the teacher endeavor to discover *why* the child balks at the given task?

Does it ever occur to the educator that a child has emotions; that emotions are motive-power; that if a child has made up its mind not to learn a thing, no compulsion can avail; and that *the best way to get the child to learn a thing is to make it want to learn that thing?*

The progressive educator therefore spends much time and attention in analyzing the child's wants and studying its reactions, seeking to guide and correct its emotional nature as a preliminary to intellectual progress.

Certainly there is little profit in the hours spent over lessons where the pupil's will is adverse to the task; or in hours spent in class-work where the pupil is uninterested and inattentive. The theory and practice of progressive education, therefore, are based on this simple and well-known psychological truth, that interest and attention are necessary preliminaries to the acquisition of knowledge. Of course this truth has been known to education, and successful teachers have always sought to arouse the interest and attention of their pupils. Therefore, it is not so

much in the enunciation of a theory, as in its application, that progressive education is making new departures. The gifted teacher in any system of education succeeds by personal magnetism, combined with intellectual enthusiasm; but if there can be created a method that will make it easier for less gifted and ordinary teachers to hold the interest and attention of their pupils and inspire them to effort, then all education has gained immeasurably.

This is what progressive education seeks to do; and in so doing it makes use of such devices as the following.

1. *Competitive games in which there is some opportunity for action.* Competition, in studies as in athletics, produces zest. The 'spelling-bee' is an old-time example of such competition. A game invented by a progressive educator, called 'spelling-baseball,' has much more competitive excitement, however, and is a very excellent supplement of the 'spelling-bee.' It is played as follows. Bases are marked off on the floor as in baseball, with more economy of space, however. The class is divided into two teams, each of which has a pitcher. The man at the bat receives the words from the pitcher of the opposing team. A word spelled right counts as a ball, while one spelled incorrectly counts as a strike. Three strikes means out—four balls means first base. 'Baseball' can be used also in the teaching of geography, and an ingenious teacher can make still further applications of it.

One can readily see the many advantages of this game. In the first place, it gives a motive for careful study of a review lesson. Not only does each side study hard, but the pitchers, who are also captains, will frequently coach the weak members of their teams. The onus of the drill thus falls entirely on the pupils instead of on the teacher; and the blame for negligence in review-

ing the lesson comes swiftly and heavily upon the careless pupils from their own contemporaries. Secondly, it gives amusement and an opportunity for relaxing cramped limbs. Thirdly, and perhaps most important of all, it associates pleasure with the educative process. This and similar games help to make the child's mental attitude toward education one of eagerness and joy. There is formed a mental appetite and desire, which is as necessary for the assimilation of knowledge as physical appetite and desire is necessary for the proper assimilation of food.

In a similar way, without, however, using the model of baseball, a recitation in spelling, history, or geography, can be run off as a game between opposing teams, the captains of each team throwing the questions at the opposing team, with the teacher as score-keeper and referee.

It is apparent that the success of such games does not depend very much upon the skill of the teacher. It is a method that any teacher who can at all manage children can successfully apply. Numerous other competitive games have been invented, and are constantly being invented, in progressive schools in order to take away the drudgery from drill-work.

2. *The abandonment of the formal recitation.* By games such as those described above, and by democratizing, or socializing the class-work, the formal recitation is dispensed with as much as possible in progressive schools. Indeed, some schools, such as Miss Parkhurst's in New York, have entirely abolished the recitation, using instead a system of conferences and lectures originated by Thomas Burke of the San Francisco Normal School.

The formal recitation is a great waste of the pupil's time and nervous energy. This subject is important enough to deserve a separate article, and cannot be



treated further here. Suffice it to say that the progressive educator seeks in different ways to find substitutes for the formal recitation. Games, socialized recitations, individual work, are methods used. Again, instead of assigning work to be finished in a study period and subsequently recited, the teacher can work with the class, combining study and recitation into one process. This can be done to advantage in arithmetic. It is done to great advantage in commercial schools for the teaching of foreign languages, where the pupils are expressly forbidden to study the lessons outside the class.

By decreasing the number of formal recitations, the strain on the teacher is reduced. In the socialized recitation the pupils do all the work, and the teacher may even absent himself, or remain as umpire. In the Moraine Park School, for each history recitation the class has a secretary and president, the pupils serving in rotation. The president conducts the recitation, and the secretary keeps the records, which he reads at the beginning of the next recitation in the form of a review.

The progressive method seeks to shift responsibility as much as possible from the teacher to the pupils. *Let the children realize early in the process of education, that it is not for the teacher they are studying, but for themselves.* Let the teacher, so far as is possible, be the friendly guide and adviser of the pupils, not their task-master. Surely there is something wrong with a school system from which pupils graduate with the feeling that they are escaping; yet such is the emotion naturally engendered where work is done at the behest of another.

I do not mean to imply by this that pupils can be left to their own devices, or that the teacher should be any less their intellectual and moral leader. Progressive education does not detract

from the value of the teacher as the conveyor to the pupil of the race-knowledge acquired in the past, but rather presents a better method of imparting such knowledge.

3. *A more flexible programme.* In life it is variety and unexpected pleasures which relieve the irksomeness of the steady grind; and in school-life, even a slight variation at times from the set programme is effective in freeing the child's subconscious mind from unpleasant routine-associations connected with the school session. To give over the formal work at times, in order to prepare a drama or to carry out a project of an educational nature, pleases children immensely, and serves to keep up their interest in the school-work as a whole.

Some progressive schools go even further, and depart widely from a fixed programme, especially in the younger grades. The amount of book-knowledge which it is necessary to absorb before the age of ten is so slight that it can easily be got in much less time than the public-school system gives to it, provided interest and attention are continually active. Dr. Colin Scott has proved this in the experimental schools connected with Mt. Holyoke College. His results in abridging the grade-work, by means of constant interest and mutual help among the pupils, are amazing. Therefore, it stands to reason that a progressive school, if it prefers to enrich the curriculum rather than abridge the time for acquiring the standard amount of subject-matter, can afford to leave a great deal to the initiative of the child, provided that interest and desire are constantly functioning.

This method has already been described in connection with the Moraine Park School, where there is no formal programme up to the fifth grade. Such flexibility in the programme is of course made possible only by reason of a great

deal of individual work, or of drill-work carried on between pairs of students. To safeguard against a one-sided and indulgent mental appetite, the teacher keeps some kind of record of the work done by the students each day; and if any subject is neglected for three or four days, the teacher urges that it be given attention.

In the Parkhurst School already spoken of, and in the Dalton (Massachusetts) High School, programme recitations have been abolished. The teachers post each week the work to be done for that week in the different subjects, and the pupils are free to accomplish these tasks according to their own desires. For instance, a student may wish to spend Monday on history, and get the whole week's work out of the way that day. He is the maker of his programme — submitting only to the larger fixed programme of weekly work. Once or twice a week each teacher meets the whole class in conference and reviews the week's work, thus supplementing the pupil's individual efforts. At other times the teachers are available for individual help.

4. *Correlation of book-knowledge with the daily life of the child.* This principle needs little explanation. It is not peculiar to progressive schools. All successful educators use it. Geographical magazines, news weeklies, lantern-slides, picture post-cards, railroad folders, manufactured products, excursions to museums and institutions and factories — all these aids are used more or less wherever teachers hold forth. It is rather in *degree of use* that progressive schools differ from other schools. The endeavor in progressive schools is, in so far as is possible, to *connect all subject-matter with daily life, and to omit from textbooks that knowledge which is irrelevant or petty.*

It remained for a Persian philosopher of the past century to lay down

most clearly the principle that should guide all educators in forming their curriculum. 'Do not teach,' he said, 'those subjects that begin and end in words; but only those that pertain to human welfare.' Without seeking to pass judgment upon the present standard curriculum, the writer would state that, in his educational experience, those subjects which begin in words and end in words have never failed to bore the pupil; whereas there is an immediate and sustained appeal in all that pertains to human welfare. Not, perhaps, because of altruistic, but rather because of egoistic, motives, does the child of any age react emotionally to every fact which seems to bear, even remotely, upon his happiness or his mode of living. In the course of such studies there is an *awareness of being* that gives a comfortable thrill wholly lacking in the bookworm process. We like to feel that there is also a spark of altruism in every human breast, and that it responds to the inspiration of human achievement and to the appeal of human needs.

### III

What have been described so far are methods by which the progressive educator seeks to enliven the process of knowledge-acquisition and to adapt it more closely to the child's needs and legitimate desires, with the purpose of keeping always in the child a joyous attitude toward study. But this is only a part of the progressive programme. As the child has other sides to his nature than the purely intellectual, so a system of education which would aim to be complete must offer an all-round development, including the physical, emotional, æsthetic, and social.

This is rather an ambitious programme; and since progressive education has not been established long

enough adequately to check up results in these directions; since, also, these aims are not specific to progressive education, but are more or less claimed by all educators, it will be best to speak here briefly of a few particular methods used in progressive schools to obtain these larger results.

The physical development of the child is considered by Marietta L. Johnson, one of the pioneers of progressive education, to take precedence over the intellectual development up to the age of ten. In all progressive schools the freedom of movement already described, the use of games and rhythmic expression and manual work, and exercise in gymnasium or on the playground, provide amply for the normal, healthy development of the child's body.

Progressive education pays much more attention to the emotions than does ordinary education, both in watching carefully the emotional reaction of the child to its school-work, and in providing emotional outlet and emotional training by use of competitive games in place of the formal recitation, by story-telling, rhythmic expression, and dramatization. Instead of assigning the parts in a play to those children naturally possessed of dramatic ability, the progressive educator seeks in the course of the year to give all the children an opportunity to act, and through acting to find emotional expression and a cure for self-consciousness and shyness.

The æsthetic qualities are developed, not only by the ordinary use of music and art, but also by craft-work, which holds a large place in a progressive curriculum and furnishes the most popular hour of the day with the children. In the acting of dramas and pageants, also, the æsthetic sense is developed.

In the Moraine Park Junior School, Dayton, Ohio, the architecture, the system of interior decoration in cool

grays, the use of willow furniture with chintz cushions, and the total equipment and furnishings of the school, are calculated to make the same impression upon the children that they would receive from their own homes of culture. This is the only school plant I have ever seen which equals in æsthetic appeal the home environment of the child of cultured people. It is an innovation in school plants, calling for a larger investment per capita than most schools can win from the paying public; but it seems the logical thing. Why should our children be forced to step down several, or many, degrees in cultural environment when they leave their homes for their schools?

To the social development of the child the progressive educator pays great attention. By some system of self-government the child is given an opportunity for self-control, which makes his actions more and more studied to please the social group. Under such a system his selfishness or disobedience would offend, not a teacher-autocrat, but the group of children, his peers, who have made the rules he is disobeying and who are prompt to register their disapproval. So that the prankish child cannot pose as a hero before his mates by breaking rules, but discovers very soon that by such actions he becomes obnoxious to his social group. From this discovery comes a reform, and a training such as adults receive at the hands of their fellows. For few people, adults or children, can long hold out against the disapproval of their social group.

Not only by means of self-government, but in socialized recitations, in games, in dramatic work, in student projects, and in work and responsibilities, which the pupils so gladly share for the sake of their school (at Dayton, the pupils, among them sons of millionaires, do most of the janitor work),

the children of a progressive school find opportunity for social and character development.

#### IV

Every movement has three stages. First, people say, 'There is nothing to it.' Then they say, 'It cannot succeed.' Finally, its successful establishment leads people to remark, 'I always believed in it.'

The progressive movement has already passed the first stage, and has reached the point where the chief criticism brought against it is, 'It could never succeed in the public school.' The reason given is that it would be unfeasible in classes of forty and fifty. Progressive educators admit this difficulty; but does the fault lie with progressive education, or with a system which puts fifty children in one classroom under a tired teacher?

'But,' say the opponents, 'smaller classes would be more expensive, and the public is not willing to pay more for its educational budget.'

'That is just the point,' retort the proponents. 'The public must become enlightened enough to see that the amount of money they appropriate now buys only *quantity* education; and they must be converted to the idea that it is worth while to pay more and

get *quality*, or *real*, education for their children.'

So the campaign is on, and the public is being appealed to. Meanwhile, private day schools in many cities of the country are blazing new trails and demonstrating in a concrete way the value of progressive education. In many public schools these methods are being carried out, in spite of the handicap of large classes. Hard-headed business men are becoming proselytes, through experience with their own children. When enough practical laymen become converted to progressive education, they can put it over the top in our public schools, which are ultimately only an expression of the will of the people.

That the progressive movement is open to criticism, no one could intelligently deny. It is still young, still unformed, still empirical. It may on occasions go to extremes in its reaction against the formalism of the present system. But it is a healthily growing movement, the defects of which time and experience will eradicate. It is not as yet standardized. Therein lies its power and its appeal. It is a movement still open to change, ready and eager for intelligent criticism and aid. It is a movement for you and for me; and its ultimate will be what you and I conspire to make it.

## 'DUOVIR'

BY JOHN FINLEY

I KNOW — as you — a man who is two men  
Companioned by diverse ancestral strains  
In one gaunt awkward body that must needs  
Attempt to serve them both incessantly:  
*One*, scion of a long-forgotten god  
Who herded clouds and stars and warded trees  
And tended tides and tamed mad rivers ere  
The engineers had learned the simplest arts,  
And who, to give him home upon the earth  
Amid his officed tasks, leading his flocks  
From sea through forests to the mountain crests,  
Wedded an Aryan maid whose father dwelt  
Upon a hill above the highest spring,  
Commanding view of mountain, sea and sky. —  
So had the first his soul and name from her  
Who lived, god-visited, upon the heights.

*The other* boasted his descent from one  
Who ruled by might upon the isle where now  
A king-born man rules but in name alone —  
A practic lord who built great Thorfin's walls,  
Progenitor of those who habit towns,  
Who fashion, barter, carry, and control,  
Masters of men who fight and toil and save;  
Makers of things that clothe and house and feed;  
Careless of cloud and star except as they  
Replenish wells or guide the errant ships.

Each was the heritor of vast estates  
That stretched divergent back from every day:

On one side toward the halcyon Grecian isles,  
 And on the other toward the mists that brood  
 Above the northern fjords; nor mingle till  
 They come convergent near the far-off gate  
 Whence Adam came all flushed and frightened forth,  
 And Eve beside him weeping sore.

So got

Of god and cosmic clay, and so endowed,  
 These diversivoltent *duoviri*,  
 As one big homely human avatar,  
 Tried each with each to do their double best  
 'Twixt dream and deed — poet and pragmatist,  
 Mystic and potent manager of men.

One loved the solitude, the forest paths,  
 The lonely night, the voices of the stars,  
 The rain upon the roof, the scent of trees,  
 The light upon the hills, the open road.

The other cared for crowds and comradeship,  
 The bustling streets, the plauding multitudes,  
 The council hall, the camp, the battlefield,  
 The glare and tumult of the victory.

Together, they were Man upon his way  
 From God to God, summing the race that's been,  
 But giving glimpse of a diviner grace  
 Than has evolved — or will, if we accept  
 The teaching of the biologic mind  
 That sees his evolution at an end —  
 Than has evolved, but *will*; for soul is bound  
 To mould such body as its needs require  
 To bear it toward and to the goal it seeks —  
 Else why were clay uplifted to this height  
 If it can never reach the higher height,  
 The image it would make of God in Man?

# JUVENILE COURT SKETCHES

BY GRACE E. POLK

## I. THE BULLY

WHEN Stacey Harris threw that shoe, he aimed it straight at Hodge's head, and every boy in the gym knew it. And when Hodge bore down on him with a smarting temple and the blood of battle in his eye, it was Stacey who kicked first; every boy knew that, too. Just the same, they shouted, 'Coward! Why don't you pick on your own size? Coward! coward!' And from a circumspectly populous corner, came that epithet most hated of all — 'Fatty.' It was then that Hodge struck out, and Stacey's puny arm snapped under the blow backed by Hodge's 190 pounds of tough young muscle.

To Hodge that sound of snapping bone was awful. He knew what it was: he had heard it once before. But that was different: it was his own arm that snapped then, and he had taken it as a matter of course. He was playing basket-ball, and it was a law of the game not to notice any injury. Besides, they were cheering him then and he could have stood anything. Now no one cheered. The sudden anguished surprise of the unintentional criminal smote him. He wanted to cry; but he knew that, if he did, they would call him cry-baby, and that one thing no boy can stand.

Why had he been fighting anyway, he asked himself, uncomfortable under the first assault that self-analysis had ever made on him. It was only last

week that he had made up his mind never to fight again. He had been reading how Lincoln had made this promise to his mother and had kept his word; and that had helped, too. For no one ever said that Lincoln was afraid to fight. But if he had to fight; if the boys were right, and, as they said, he was the school bully, why did n't he pick on his own size? And at that he came face to face with the old grim fact, the one that was always there, that always had been there ever since he got into his first pair of trousers and began to understand these things: there were no boys his size. All the boys his size were men. And he did n't want to fight with men. They did n't want to fight with him, either.

He skulked out across the school-yard, a great form and the face of a very simple little boy. With the amazing rapidity of school-yard gossip, the news had gone before him. 'Coward, coward!' came from a group of boys. 'Fatty, why don't you pick on your own size?'

He turned upon them. 'I did n't pick on him; he hit me first. You show me my own size, and I'll show you whether I'm afraid or not.'

'Fatty!' came promptly from another group.

'Who said that?' Hodge caught a small boy by the arm.

'I did n't; don't you break my arm too,' whimpered the boy. 'I did n't';

'I did n't,' went round the alibi-ing group, whose cry a minute before had been 'Coward.'

Hodge let the youngster go and turned to face a girl. She had red cheeks and black eyes. Hodge knew just how her white teeth looked as they flashed out between red lips. Had he not watched all term for that smile? But she did not smile now. 'Hodge Thompson, you're the meanest boy I ever saw, to break that poor little boy's arm, and I'll never speak to you again, never.'

'You go to —,' said Hodge, with the swift decisiveness of the young male who can be goaded no further.

'Oh, you bad boy! I'll tell the principal on you.'

'Go ahead and tell her, and see if I care.'

And, as a matter of fact, at that moment he did not care. His sorrows were of a kind that no principal can increase or assuage.

Now the need for action became imperative. He could not run away, for that was to acknowledge defeat. He could not even walk away, as if he had something to do; for his enemies, past masters in the art of subterfuge, knew the indirect as well as the direct methods of retreat. Suddenly he threw back his head and listened. Not a sound came to his ears except the splash, splash of melting snow as it fell from the eaves; but with quick aggressiveness he dashed across the campus, a splendid, vital young thing.

'Hey, hearing things, are n't you?' came scornfully from the group he had left behind, valiant again at his departure. And as he turned the corner, afar off the hated words came again to his ears: 'Coward! Fatty!' He dropped from his trot to a slow walk. There was no use in hurrying home. He would get there soon enough anyway. There

was nothing pleasant awaiting him there — he knew that. He knew that the story would reach home long before he did: they always did. And he knew that his stepfather would thrash him. And he knew, too, that, though he himself was half a head taller, he would stand and take it; he always did.

Next day, something quite unusual happened to Hodge. He found a friend. It was not Stacey, who, with his arm in a sling, and his hair parted almost too neatly, told how it all happened, even nobly vouchsafing that he hit first; at which Hodge, indifferent before, felt a strange desire to kill him.

It was when the trial was all over that the judge called Hodge to the bench. He was a tall, quiet, kindly old man, with fine eyes.

'Hodge,' he said, 'I know all about it. I was big once myself. It's pretty tough; I'm sorry for you.'

Hodge's eyes filled suddenly with tears, which rimmed over and ran down his nose, but could n't be wiped away, no matter how they tickled, because Stacey was looking at him.

'But it won't always be so, Hodge. They called me names, too, and I could n't lick them, because they were only half my size. And one day I beat up a pretty little sissy boy for throwing my cat into the sewer. And I had to stand with my hands tied behind me and let his father thrash me for it. When that happened, I promised myself, when we were all twenty-one, I'd clean up every one of them, one after another. And I used to go out into the barn and chin myself thirty times, and punch a bag, to put myself into shape to do it.'

'And did you?' asked Hodge, his face aglow with anticipated revenge.

The judge smiled — kindly, impersonal again. 'Wait till you're twenty-one, Hodge, and you'll know.'



# OUR DEAREST ANTIPATHIES

BY FRANCIS EDWARD CLARK

WHY do we like one person or race, and dislike another? What is the reason for our racial and personal antipathies? or is there, perchance, no fundamental reason? Is the average antipathy we cherish simply another case of Dr. Fell?

I do not like you, Dr. Fell;  
The reason why I cannot tell.  
But this I know and know full well,  
I do not like you, Dr. Fell.

It is really a matter that is worth considering; for battles have been fought and dynasties have been established or overthrown, purely on the strength of national or racial antipathies. Such antipathies seem as unreasonable and as difficult to account for as human nature itself, and perhaps the unreasonableness of human nature alone can account for them.

Consider the antipathy to the colored races, on the part of many white nations. It would seem that there is an inherent blood feud, of a mild and usually innocuous sort, between races of different colors; that Ham and Shem hated Japheth, and Japheth and Shem despised Ham, from the day the Ark landed on Mt. Ararat.

But contemporary history disproves that theory. There are to-day many lands where Ham and Japheth get along very comfortably together. In the island of Jamaica, for instance, where there are some ten thousand whites to more than half a million blacks, or colored people (for there is a distinction as well as a difference in these terms), the races, all three of them, have

very few mutual antipathies. We hear of none of the race-riots, hangings, and burnings at the stake that constitute the blackest blot on our own national escutcheon. The blacks are treated with justice and consideration by the whites, and the whites are esteemed by the blacks, with true scriptural humility, as 'better than themselves.'

It may be said that in Jamaica it behooves the whites, who are in a minority of one to sixty, to treat the blacks decently, lest intolerance meet its just reward. But Jamaica does not stand alone. There are many other countries where the two races get along amicably. In Brazil, for instance, a streak of black blood is no bar sinister. Half the white people have something of an African tint in their veins. I know a distinguished American religious worker in South America, whose beautiful and accomplished wife had a few tell-tale kinks in her hair, and whose four pickaninnies, darker than either of their parents, were a decided handicap to the father when he visited the old folks in 'The States.' So it can scarcely be a matter between Ham and Japheth, since North America and South America are twin continents, and we all live in the twentieth century.

Another conundrum. Why is it that Indian blood is esteemed so much more desirable than African blood? In many cases both are equally tawny. Yet even society queens, if the newspapers are to be believed, are proud to count their generations back to Pocahontas; while no one could be elected to the upper

ten who was a forty-seventh cousin to Toussaint l'Ouverture or Booker Washington.

Yet the average Indian (I gladly except certain tribes) is far harder to civilize than the average negro. He prefers his tepee, his lousy blanket, and his witch doctors to a university education, though he might have the latter free.

Then there are all the grades of color between the black and the red (so-called, although any ruddy tinge is difficult to discover in the Indian). There is the light yellow grading to dark yellow of China and Japan, the seal-brown of Java, the dun brown of the New Hebrides, the *écru* of Hawaii; to all of them different degrees of antipathy are manifested on the part of the fair-haired and blue-eyed races.

This antipathy cannot be laid to the intellectual inferiority of these races. Japan and China have their full proportion of intellectual giants and near-giants. Their civilization, though of a different kind, is as high as ours, and their art in some respects is superior.

Wherein, then, does the antipathy lie? It would seem to the superficial eye that it is a matter of pigment. Beneficent Nature, with her usual lavish hand, spilled more coloring matter into some cuticles than into others; therefore the super-white races, '99.44 per cent pure,' like a certain brand of soap, have taken a pregenital prejudice, it would seem, against the races that show on the surface a little more coloring matter. The lily-whites of Northern Europe, who constitute our chief racial stock, are antipathetic to the colored races; while the Spaniards and Portuguese and, to some extent, the Italians, with their black hair and eyes and more swarthy skins, have little prejudice even against intermarriage.

Yet this pigment explanation, which has been seriously proposed, is surely a pigmy contribution to the subject.

An innate fear of the final domination of the whites by the colored is more reasonable. Few reason it out, perhaps; but he who really scans the world, 'from China to Peru,' cannot fail to acknowledge that there is some reason, in the future outlook, why the pale-face should grow paler still.

The California fruit-grower discovers that the Japanese fruit-grower is smarter than he is; and he camouflages his objection with the statement that 'the Oriental will lower the scale of American living.' The white American laborer sees the Chinese laundryman working twelve hours a day, burning the midnight oil, and rejoicing in the opportunity, while he desires chiefly to scamp his own eight-hour day, work as little as possible, and get, but not earn, his five-dollar bill at the end of it. Of course, he objects to 'cheap *yellow* labor.' Query: which is yellower?

The South African magnate on the gold reef of Johannesburg, or in the great diamond-pits of Kimberley, hates the approximation of the black men to the white, — intellectually and educationally, — because he wishes to keep the blacks in contract slavery, and intern them for a year at a time behind his barbed-wire stockade. So he scoffs at the missionary and the schoolmaster, and continues to despise the negro because he can exploit him. Otherwise he would fear him.

Even the philosophic philanthropist, when he counts up the nations, begins to shiver in his shoes as he realizes that the more-or-less-colored races outnumber the whites three to one; that they dominate, a hundred to one, the two largest continents, and are in a large majority in yet another continent.

The earlier ages of the world were undoubtedly ruled by colored people, for Egyptians, Babylonians, and Persians were more than slightly tinged with nature's dyes. Only for some

three thousand years have the white races been predominant. Will the next three thousand years see the world's sceptre seized again by its former rulers, or their allies in color? If these considerations are well founded, then the antipathy of the whites is really a tribute to their vigor and courage.

But color antipathies are not the only ones we have to reckon with. I have heard the Slavs curse the Magyars and the Magyars the Slavs, and with equally good, or bad, reason. The Czechs are decidedly *personæ non græ* to the Russians, and all unite in hating the Jews.

The universal and mutual antipathy between Jew and Gentile has been accounted for in many ways, but is still unaccountable. A winter residence neighborhood, or a summer resort invaded by the Jews, is soon deserted by the Christians. A hotel to which Hebrews are known to resort is soon left to their exclusive possession. A university that attracts them in large numbers repels other students, and is made the butt of sly jokes by after-dinner commencement speakers in rival universities, to the effect that such and such a college is safe from fire and flood, since He that keepeth Israel neither slumbers nor sleeps.

It is easy enough to divine the cause of the pogroms in Russian Poland and Roumania. It is the same as that of the hatred of the Pacific-coast laborer for the Japanese, and the Irish washerwoman for the Chinese laundryman. The Jews beat, if they do not cheat, these other nations at their own game. They are smarter business men, and usually get the long end of the bargain.

Moreover, the pogromists of Europe have some real grievances. The Jews are the usurers, and largely the liquor-dealers, in these countries, and often get the unsuspecting peasants into

their clutches, and keep them virtual slaves for life to ten per cent a month.

The Jews have little patriotic attachment to the countries in which they live. Why should they have? Except in America, Great Britain, and France, they have been baited and beaten, despised and dishonored. As a result of their supposed lack of patriotic devotion, they are regarded as neither fish, flesh, nor fowl. They are not a hundred per cent Slav, Magyar, or Russian. In the opinion of these nations, they are not only Jews, but Ishmaelites, sons of Abraham and Hagar, and not of Abraham and Sarah. So they are fair game for any small boy with a stone, or any old boy with a gun.

But why the antipathy in America? Here they approach nearer to being hundred-per-cent nationals than in any other country. To be sure, they eat kosher meat and read, if they do not speak, Yiddish. They keep Saturday as a holy day instead of Sunday, if they keep either.

But these are not serious faults. They are, for the most part, decent, law-abiding citizens; they are seldom found in the divorce courts, and seldom appear in the murder columns of our newspapers. In many ways they set us all a good example. Their children are often the brightest of all the boys and girls in our public schools; and I have been assured more than once by librarians, that the newly arrived Russian Jew children take the best books from our public libraries. While American boys get the nearest thing they can find to *Dick Dead-Eye*, or *The Mystery of the Bloody Toothpick*, the Jewish boy asks for books of American history, or books that glorify American achievement.

Again we ask, why then the inbred antipathy to the Jew? Some have said, because they crucified the Saviour of the World. But the Romans had even more to do with the actual crucifixion

than the Jews. 'Crucified under Pontius Pilate,' repeat millions of Christians every Sunday; but, though Pilate has not yet washed away the stain of murder, in that dismal lake on the top of Mt. Pilatus, we have no great antipathy to the memory of the race to which he belonged.

Moreover, was not Jesus himself a Jew, and Peter and John and Andrew, and all the apostles and early evangelists? Did not a Jew give us our choicest Christian hymns in the Psalms of David, and our loftiest poetry and prose in the books of Job and Isaiah?

No, the crucifixion of Jesus cannot figure largely as an element in the antipathy to the Jews, even though the enemies of Disraeli and some other Jews have often declared that they were direct descendants of Judas Iscariot, or of the unrepentant thief on the Cross. It must be more largely the financial smartness and the exclusive clannishness of the race of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob that irks us Gentiles.

As we read the signs on Broadway, and see that the Cohens and the Solomon Levis have crowded out Smith, Brown, and Jones, we ask ourselves, 'Is America to become a commercial Jewry,' instead of a New Jerusalem let down out of heaven? And so we gather our far-from-immaculate American skirts about us, and pass by on the other side from Solomon Levi Cohen.

If these considerations are true, it would seem that most national antipathies are the result of fear, conscious or unconscious, that some race or nation will get the better of us; but how is it with our pet personal antipathies?

I will not venture to touch upon the subtle likes and dislikes, the sympathies and anti-sympathies, that draw us toward one person and away from another, both equally good, lovable, and interesting. It would seem to require the

Brahmin theory of preëxistence: that in former æons these antipathetic people rubbed each other the wrong way, and the ancient, forgotten grudge somehow survives.

I am not ready to accept this fantastic theory, and must leave the question open for each reader's speculation. But how about the more obvious, everyday antipathies? As I write, the other half of my Pullman section is occupied by a Norwegian sailor on his way to New Orleans to join his ship; for in these days, when brawn wins the chief prizes, a Norwegian sailor can afford Pullmans better than a mere poor writer.

My seat-mate is a man of great expectorations. A constant yellow flood from his mouth flows into a convenient receptacle, which stands midway between his legs and mine. Why should I cringe away from him in disgust? Why is a tobacco-chewer, next to a girl gum-chewer, the most disgusting creature to some of us? Why should a fifty-cent cigar, smoked by a dandy, seem more decent than a quid of black rat-tail chewed by a Norwegian foremast-hand? It is the same weed in either case. The sailor does not poison the air around him as the smoking dandy does. On the whole, he is less disagreeable as a seat-mate; but it is hard to make myself believe it, until I remember his calling. When I think of him in the crow's nest in a cracking gale, or swarming up the ratlines to shake out the sheet, — occasions when, naturally, he cannot smoke, but thinks he must have the good cheer of my lady Nicotine in some form, — I can forgive him for his habit, even though I have to guard my shoes and trousers from his spatterings.

There are also certain words and phrases from which I cringe as I do from the super-abundant expectorations. I do not object to split infinitives (I split too many of them myself), or to

first-class or even second-class slang; but there are certain profane or semi-profane expressions which hurt like a slap in the face. The man who habitually uses them I would not count among my list of friends, any more than I would that man who seems to have been a certain poet's pet aversion, 'who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.'

*That Damn Y*, the title of a book which filled a publisher's windows recently, struck me as in shocking bad taste, to say the least, even though I believe it defends a very excellent institution; and I wanted to draw the curtain and shut that pile of books from public view.

I do not know that I am more squeamish than others concerning such words; if so, I suppose it is the result of early Puritan education; but there is in me an instant repulsion to the man or book that lightly uses words of serious and awful, if not profane, import. I can excuse such a man to myself only on the ground of his early upbringing, like that of the little girl whom I once found on a canoe trip in the Maine woods, who had only heard of God 'when daddy damned him.'

More common still is the revulsion most of us feel toward the excessively painted and powdered female who makes herself look like a corpse, with a hectic flush on either cheek. 'Poor thing, she does n't know how ugly she is,' is the only mitigation of our antipathy, until we can picture to ourselves an intellectually two-by-four damsel in a seven-by-nine hall bedroom, who cares nothing for books, and has few or no kindly family ties, living chiefly for beaux and movies. Then our contempt and condescension are transformed into pity.

There, too, is the conceited, top-lofty individual, the most repellent of all humans. How we long inwardly to take him down. It would be worth a dollar, yes, several dollars, to pierce his

carapace of conceit; but it is no use, — there is no joint in his armor, — and we take refuge in the conventional cold shoulder or icy stare, which he takes as complacently as he would a glass of ice-water on a hot day.

But, very likely, in his history or environment would be found much to excuse him. I think his father was a Joey Bagstock, and his mother a Mrs. Proudie before she married Bagstock. He could n't help having such parents, poor fellow. They laughed at all his 'cunning' ways, when little. 'Ain't he cute?' was constantly on their lips. His first tooth, the first time he spelled c-a-t, the first time he gave a pert and saucy answer, the first time he made faces at the minister when he called — how wonderful those events were! They went down into history, and were repeated over and over again. When he bossed the kitchen maid and gave six-year-old orders to the hired man, he was 'too sweet for anything.' If we knew all this early history, we would certainly excuse young Lofty.

I acknowledge that, in all this consideration of our antipathies, there is always a danger of the holier-than-thou attitude on our own part. 'Lord, I thank thee that I am not as this colored man, or this Jew, this boor, this painted girl, or even young Lofty.' Even while we seek to excuse them, we may be folding our own togas around us with an exclusive swing; yet an honest effort to understand our antipathies will often dispel many fears and many dislikes.

Like the man who was not afraid of ghosts because he had seen so many of them, the more we see of our antipathies, as a rule, the less we shall fear them, and the more we shall like them. And very likely, in the mirrors of our own minds and hearts, we shall see a strangely familiar reflection. Can it be that same evil thing that we saw in our pet antipathy?

# SOS—EUROPE TO AMERICA

BY G. LOWES DICKINSON

## I

EARLY in the war the *Atlantic Monthly* did me the favor and the honor to publish certain articles I had written advocating a league of nations as the only way to save civilization.<sup>1</sup> The years have passed; the war has been fought and won; America, contrary to the then expectation, has helped to win it; and now, two years after the peace, I write from a Europe in ruins to an America wrapped once more in 'splendid isolation,' recruiting an army, and building what is to be 'the biggest navy in the world.' Bewilderment almost paralyzes my pen. I do not know to what or to whom I am writing. And I should not venture to write at all, were it not that I am in some sort pledged to a little band of Americans doing salvage work in Europe.

I have just returned (November, 1920) from a visit to Germany. I found her slowly and undramatically perishing, in the prison into which the Treaty of Versailles has shut her, along with her yet more unhappy neighbor, Austria. Not that Germans are dying on the streets. No. A visitor to Berlin will find life going on, to all appearance, much as it was before the war, except that it is dowdier, drearier, and darker. He will see shops full of goods, theatres and concerts crowded, hotels luxurious,

profiteers unashamed. And if he be that sort of man, he will write to the newspapers to explain that Germany is recovering rapidly and can easily afford to pay the whole cost of the war.

If, on the other hand, he will visit the American Society of Friends, at 2 Dorotheenstrasse, and put himself under their guidance, he will receive a very different impression. They will take him where he may see crowds of little children, pale, rickety, undersized, receiving from the gifts of Americans the only square meal they get in the day. They will tell him that they have 800 such feeding-stations in Berlin alone; that they have many others in other cities; that they are feeding 400,000 children, and expect shortly to be feeding 600,000. If the visitor, struck by this, asks for further facts, they will show him reports from every part of Germany, telling the same monotonous tale of underfeeding, scrofula, rickets, and tuberculosis. They will take him to the bare cold homes of the poor, where the one bright spot is *Quäkerspeisung*. They will take him to children's hospitals, where he will be told of the gallant, almost desperate, work that is being done, with inadequate resources, to rescue the young generation from death, or a life of chronic disease. They will tell him that any fresh testimony to the need they are trying to meet may help to bring in funds from Americans at home. And on the chance that they may be right these words are

<sup>1</sup> Four articles on 'The War and the Way Out,' printed in the *Atlantic* before our entrance into the struggle, will be remembered as having provoked wide and sympathetic discussion.—  
THE EDITORS.

written. For, in Germany, as in Austria, in Poland, and elsewhere in ruined Europe, Americans and a few British Friends are the only pioneers of hope, perhaps the only saviors of civilization.

The more perplexing is it that America, as a nation, in her public policy, should have turned altogether away from Europe during these last terrible years, and let the continent she came into the war (as she said) to save, perish. For let there be no mistake. Europe has been, and is, perishing. What may happen in the near and far future is matter for prophecy. What has already happened is done and cannot be undone: the unnecessary deaths, the disease, the weakened constitutions, the long, intolerable pangs of hunger and cold, and the bitterness and despair of mind and soul—all this has happened, whether or no it is going to continue. And all the signs are for its continuance, and worsening.

What was America doing all the time—official America and America as a people? Americans can answer better than I. I only know that they were not with us, to help us. Yet America is largely responsible for our condition. The root of the suffering and ruin of Europe is, of course, the war. In the outbreak of that, it is true, America played no part. But she played a part, and an important one, in its continuance. When she entered the war in 1917, the idea of peace without victory was definitely abandoned, and the war, which would have ended that year, was prolonged until the eventual complete overthrow of the German power by the Allies. It was prolonged by American aid, to the economic ruin, first of Central Europe, then of all Europe.

How then could America be indifferent to that ruin? The reply perhaps, will be something like this: 'We came into the war to end militarism and to make this war the last. Europe made a

peace which destroyed this prospect. She chose war and ruin, instead of peace and reconstruction. We therefore shook off the dust from our shoes and left her to reap the fruits she had sown.' How true that is as an explanation of American policy, I cannot pretend to know. But the fact it affirms is true, that the 'peace' is a peace of ruin, a mere continuation of war.

The question remains, how did such a peace come about? It is one of the most astounding catastrophes in history. Let us look back. At the end of 1916 there sounded over the delirium of Europe, like a clarion from heaven, the voice of President Wilson. All of us who had been struggling, as in the pit of hell, to keep alive the soul of humanity and reason, looked up with a desperate hope and saw, through the thunderclouds, at last a strip of blue sky. When America entered the war, although we saw that she would thereby prolong it, we ventured to believe that that evil would be justified by the result. There had stepped into the arena, like a champion of mediæval legend, a nation that had no ends of her own to gain, a nation that stood, for the first time in all the long course of history, for Right, for humanity, and for nothing else. Every successive utterance of the President renewed and enhanced our faith. That grave voice, sounding majestically above the shrill rhetoric of our own statesmen, carried with it the promise of a new world. And all that was young, all that was hopeful, all that was faithful in Europe turned to America, as to the sun rising on a shipwrecked world.

Well, the war was won. The Germans surrendered on terms which were those laid down from the beginning by President Wilson. America had not only helped to win the war—what was more important, she had won the peace. And, as it seemed, she had the power to secure that the peace she had

won should be established. Emerging almost unharmed, she held, by her credit and wealth, the whole world in the hollow of her hand. What she willed, it seemed, the others must do, whether they liked it or no. And as if to emphasize that fact, the President, with a dramatic gesture, came himself to Europe, to clinch his victory. With what hopes was his voyage not followed by the forces of light! With what dismay by the forces of darkness! The world held its breath. The President disappeared into the Council Chamber. And in due time there emerged therefrom the Treaty of Versailles.

## II

What happened in that chamber is only gradually transpiring. I shall not therefore attempt to sum up the sordid and miserable tale. But one thing I feel impelled to say. The ultimate blame rests, not on President Wilson, but on the governments, the governing classes, and the electorates of Great Britain and France, and on public opinion in America. Mr. Wilson may have been, as Mr. Keynes has said, an expert negotiator. He may have antagonized the Republican party in his own country. He may have committed this or that minor error of tactics. But all that is dust in the balance compared to the main fact, that he had vision where the others had passion; that he looked to the future, while they looked to the past; that he drew his inspiration from reason and truth, while they drew their expertness from hatred, greed, and fear. Nor is it only the statesmen of Europe on whom the blame must be laid. It falls also on the peoples to whose passions they appealed, and who responded to the appeal. Their electorates were behind them, urging them on, even had they wished to halt.

And what of the people of America?

Did they know what a man had been vouchsafed to them as a leader? Were they really behind that great voice? Was it, after all, their soul that spoke in him? It does not look like it. It looks as if, once more, a prophet had appeared, and been without honor among his own people. The prophet lies sick and broken now, and every dog barks at him. Would that my voice were strong and authoritative enough to bear to him, while he yet lives, that verdict of posterity which will acclaim him as the first statesman who ever came to an international conference of victors, to put humanity above country, the interest of the peoples above that of their rulers, reason above passion, justice above revenge, and reconciliation and peace above all. The powers of this world defeated him, and men will pay, and are paying, dearly for it. But if there is to be any continuing civilization for mankind, if there is to be any movement toward a better and juster society, his name will live when those of his adversaries are lost in ignominy; his star will shine from the heaven of our fixed lights when their marsh-fires are vanished, together with the swamp on which they fed.

Well, Americans do not like the Treaty of Versailles. Neither do I. Neither, I think, does any good man, who understands it, and what its fruits are and must be. America, therefore, refused to ratify the treaty. I will not criticize or discuss her action. But I must point out its consequences.

In the first place, America got nothing at all from her intervention in the war. From her point of view, all was clear loss. She had come in to establish a certain order in the world, which should guarantee her, along with other nations, from a repetition of the great calamity; which should stabilize peace and make possible a free and uninterrupted devotion of all the energies of mankind to



constructive and creative work. She had failed to achieve that purpose. She had therefore fought in vain, and shed in vain the blood of her sons.

Next, and as a consequence of that, the League of Nations was made abortive at its birth. It was clear to all Europeans who had concerned themselves with that great project, that only the adhesion of America could prevent the League from degenerating into a mere alliance of victorious states, evoking, in the end, a counter-alliance, and causing Europe to revert once more to the old conditions driving to the old catastrophe. In America lay the hope that these conflicting elements could be forced to combine. By her remoteness from European interests she was capable of the detachment of which the states of Europe are incapable, of the impartiality at which they do not even aim. Not by any peculiar virtue that Americans possess, but by the happy accident of geographical position, they were able, and they alone, to give peace to the world. Their standing out of the League of Nations was the death-knell of that hope.

And what is the consequence to America herself? That America is preparing for war! I do not ask, and I do not know, against whom. But I see the resistless logic of events. When I was lecturing in America, in the spring of 1916, on this (then unfamiliar) idea of a league of nations, I used to say to my audiences, what surely is palpable now, that there was no longer any question of an isolated America, pursuing her own internal life in disregard of happenings in the world without. The question was, not whether America should have a world-policy, but what that policy should be. It must be either a league to guarantee the peace of the world, or a series of wars, as futile and as meaningless as those of Europe have been, and even more fatal in their only

possible issue—the ruin of civilization, perhaps the actual extermination of mankind. Well, America, to all appearance, has chosen the latter course, and chosen it without knowing or affirming what she was choosing.

America has just held one of those solemn assizes in which she decides the future of her policy. In such a crisis as that in which we live, it might have been thought that the issues joined would be great, and that the combatants would be worthy of them. What, in fact, were the issues placed before the people? We over here honestly do not know. Whatever they were, they seemed to us to have no relation at all to the tremendous riddle put once more by the sphinx of history to this poor *Œdipus, Man*.

And the candidates who embodied the issues? Surely, had the state of the world been understood, a Christ would have confronted a Napoleon. Instead, Mr. Cox confronted Mr. Harding. Mr. Harding won, and the only thing we here can understand about it is, that it marks a final condemnation by the American people of the man we hailed as a prophet. What else it may mean for the world in which, for good or for evil, America must play so tremendous a part, we do not know. We see only that America continues to build a navy and recruit an army. And with a sick heart we look back on the former promise of the new world.

We see a nation founded by men who braved the perils of the Atlantic, and of an inhospitable and unknown land, because of the faith that was in them. We see them cut off, by that great act, from the tradition of violence and power which prevailed, and prevails, in Europe. We see them forced by the necessities of their position to honor, not arms but labor, not ambition but conscience, not destruction but creation. We see them master a continent by the

proper arts of man — by work, intelligence, spontaneous coöperation. We see the countries they made attract, by the magic of opportunity and the freedom of institutions, all that is most keen, most liberal, most active from all the nations of Europe. We see her moulding these newcomers into a common citizenship, in which the foolish and bloody vendettas of Europe fade away into old, unhappy, far-off things of the childhood of the race. We see her at last become strong enough to impose on the world, not by force, but by the weight of her economic power, the mass of her common sense, that ideal of peace, of labor and of exchange which was, as we thought, the blood in her veins, the current upon her nerves. We see her finally, with a kind of dramatic symbolism, come forward, in the maddest, darkest hour of this mad and dark Europe, with her offer of light and of healing.

Then something happens. An interlude of eclipse succeeds. And when it clears up, America, as if she had caught the madness of the Europe she was rash enough to visit, is running like a wild beast down the old road that has led all peoples of the past into the abyss. Europe, in her dying hour had, it would seem, venom enough left to infect the western continent, before she stung herself to death with her tail.

### III

Is this — which I put down honestly, as it continually haunts my mind — is this only a nightmare vision? Is the truth other and better? How gladly would I be assured of it! For it is not hard to see what America might, and could, do even now, if she had the will, the insight, and the vision.

First, as a necessary act of salvage, merely to keep Europe alive, before the process of healing can begin, she could

lend the financial aid for which we are perishing. She could cancel Great Britain's debt to her, on condition that Great Britain cancels the debts due from her allies. She could give Central Europe the credit for lack of which it is dying. She could recognize the government of Russia, and help her to rebuild her economic life. These things she could do. But none of them should she do, except on terms. And the terms should be these. First, that she herself become a member of the League of Nations, the covenant to be amended, if necessary, by the elimination of Article X. Next, that all states of the world be immediately admitted to the League. Thirdly, that the League take in hand, as its first task, a revision of the peace treaties, since it is from their provisions, as much as from anything else, that Europe and the Near East are perishing. That wretched junta calling itself the Supreme Council must be dismissed, with the execration of all honest men, into the annihilation it has earned. The common Areopagus of the world must step into its place, to do right and achieve reconciliation.

Next, having introduced some sort of order into our chaos, America might lead the League in its great task of confirming peace. To this the first step, and one in itself sufficient, would be a complete, all-round disarmament. The victorious Allies have decided that 100,000 troops is a large enough army to police 60,000,000 men in Germany. Very well, let them apply that standard all round. Let France reduce her army to 75,000, and Great Britain the same. As to navies, let them all go, and substitute a small international squadron to police the seas against piracy. There is nothing whatever chimerical about such ideas. They are common sense. The madness lies in the renewed attempt, in face of catastrophic failure everywhere and always, to preserve

peace by piling up the instruments of war. Any plain man can see what nonsense this is. Nothing stands in the way of complete, all-round disarmament, except men's lack of courage to act on a self-evident truth, because they have been inured, by centuries of wrong action, to a palpable lie.

Disarmament achieved, everything else would follow. All disputes, as a matter of course, would be submitted to a court or a council of conciliation. The decisions of such bodies would, as a matter of course, be accepted. Or, if sanctions should be required, the sanction of the universal boycott, already provided by the League, would suffice. We should not indeed have a world without friction and dispute: but we should no more have war resulting therefrom than we have private war in a well-organized state.

This kind of lead America might even now give to the world. She and she alone is strong enough, if she has the will. I do not know whether she has. I do not know whether she even attends to the galloping thud of the angel of death, hastening now so near down the corridor of Time. But I know too well what is the alternative to such beneficent and sane action on her part. Europe, caught in the net of the treaties, financially bankrupt, distracted at once by civil and international war, will perish in anarchy. We are nearer to this, very likely, than Americans understand. It is a question of a few years, perhaps of a few months. And on the top of that anarchy of Europe will surge in the anarchy of the East. Russia, if she could get peace and financial aid, might yet pull through, might yet begin to supply herself and the world

with the products for lack of which all are perishing. But Russia left unhelped is Russia left to dissolution. And such a Russia will flood over to take what toll it can from the decaying and defenseless peoples of Europe. Throughout Asia Minor, Syria, Mesopotamia, Persia, India, the anarchy will run, with the fall of the British and French states; and the order built up in centuries and millenniums will disappear in decades.

Europe, I agree, has deserved all this — deserved it by her war, and still more by her peace. But is that a reason why America should stand aloof? Can she even afford to do so, in her own interest? The American people, I think, cannot know what tremendous issues are being decided here, and decided catastrophically, while they play a football-match between their Republican and Democratic parties. It is hard to know, — that is, to realize and believe, — even when one is in Europe. Most Europeans, certainly, do not know, and least of all do their governments. But then Europe is still mad with war passions. Europe can think of no remedy for anything but more killing. If Europe is to be saved, it must be by America. Perhaps America might do it yet. Will she not at least try?

And meanwhile, to return to my starting-point, will not some Americans, some more Americans, continue and increase their contributions from their private purses to what their countrymen and countrywomen are doing to relieve the more urgent and immediate distresses here? It is, if you like, but a gesture, powerless to arrest the course of fate. But such gestures are beautiful, they are the true *beaux gestes*. And even in this last hour they are worth making.

# WOMEN AND MACHINES

BY MARY VAN KLEECK

'As much a woman's job as a man's,' said a manufacturer, commenting on the work of women recently initiated into the operation of milling machines. By what mysterious process 'milling' (which has to do with metals, not flour) is accomplished, is unimportant. Its claim to distinction is its power to break through the barriers between women's work and men's work, and to become, as it were, a sexless job. This is but one of several hundred mechanical tasks of industry described as women's new opportunities in a forthcoming report of the Women's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor and the War-Work Council of the Young Women's Christian Association, under the title, *The New Position of Women in American Industry*.

The volume does not indulge in prophecy, but confines itself to the security of comprehensive statistics (from nearly fifteen thousand firms, employing almost two and a half million workers), setting forth for the first time the official record of the occupations of women during the war, and their retention since the Armistice in new tasks. With so definite a foundation on which to stand, it is tempting to analyze the more elusive factors and tendencies in women's present industrial status. For women in industry represent one of many undetermined forces in a generation of uncertainties, and prophecy requires rash courage; but to invite others to observe changes that have already taken place, and to measure the direction of influences now operating, is not too bold an undertaking.

## I

The war record, at least, is clear. Management in industry, and not feminism, opened the way to novel work for women. The usual explanation is that the war did it. Superficially, the war appears to have released the powers of women in industrial processes more effectively than all the preaching of economic independence during the past fifty years. Actually, however, by no known alchemy can war be converted into spiritual kinship with feminism. The war played a part because the strain which it put upon industrial capacity forced industry into the service of the community; and the prejudices against women's employment in the more skilled mechanical processes were relaxed because there was no one else to produce while the men were fighting. Prejudices were laid aside 'for the period of the war,' but not shaken out of men's minds permanently. Nor has industry, although temporarily controlled for national service, lost its power to exploit women as cheap and docile labor. This, however, anticipates a comment that belongs later.

The gain made in the war was the practical demonstration of women's unsuspected industrial capacity. Their record is an accomplished fact, which may be destined to modify, alike, prejudices and the customs which they influence. But the condition to be modified is made of sterner stuff than men's opinions.

Iron and steel, the first requisites in war, made the heaviest demands for

women. Of the million or more workers employed in the various branches of their manufacture before the war, less than three in every hundred were women; but after the second draft for the army, in the late summer of 1918, the proportion of women more than trebled. By that time over forty thousand of them were employed in nearly a thousand plants, making fire-arms and ammunition, and fashioning other products which previously few women had ever had a chance to learn to handle. Making aeroplanes was an industry virtually created during the war. One woman had been found in it by the census enumerators in 1914; more than six thousand were employed in 1918. In the making of explosives, the Director of Munitions in the office of the Secretary of War reported that fully half of the workers were women, 'who,' he said, 'braved the dangers . . . to which they had been, of course, entirely unaccustomed, but whose perils were not unknown to them.' The factories manufacturing ploughshares continued to make them, since food, too, must win the war; but they made, also, tanks, trucks, shells, and grenades, and to meet all these needs increased the proportion of women fourfold, while the actual number of men employed decreased.

The labor of women was required, not only for the manufacture of these many types of equipment for the army, but for the production of food and fabrics for soldiers and civilians. These, however, were not new opportunities for women, but accustomed tasks.

In brief, so extensive were the changes in the claims of industry upon women that five and a half pages of close, small type of a government report are required for a mere listing, in paragraph form, of the processes in which women were actually substituted for men. They ranged in their main divi-

sions from blast-furnaces and steel-works to logging-camps and sawmills. The details included, in multitudinous diversity, the making of chemical analyses of steel, the operating of cranes, core-making, acetylene welding, stamping tin, loading cartridges, caning chairs, operating lathes, and many other tasks with technical names so unfamiliar as to give no picture to the reader except an impression of variety and complexity.

For women, the varied jobs opened to them not only offered a chance to try their hands at unfamiliar occupations: they gave opportunity for release from a restricted group of industries hitherto open to them. Before the war three fourths of the women employed in manufacturing and mechanical industries were concentrated in shops making textiles, personal apparel, gloves and shoes, food, and tobacco products. The notable fact of the war experience is the drift of women from these traditional pursuits to novel adventures in mechanics.

More important than the industries opened to them was the work they did. That the proportions of women increased so greatly in the iron and steel industries and the metal trades is interesting as part of the history of the war; but more promising for the future is the fact that they learned how to operate the same machines that are used in making scientific instruments, automobiles, optical goods, and motor-cycles. In managing these successfully, they were acquiring a skill which could be turned to account in manufacturing many products used in the normal times of peace. The lathe is a good illustration, because practical knowledge of its principles of operation gives the mastery of other cutting machines.

Were these large increases in the proportions of employed women due to

the fact that it takes two or more women to do the work of one man? In crane-operating, yes; because women were employed in three eight-hour shifts, where men had worked in two twelve-hour shifts — a practice, by the way, which many managers in industry have now made obsolete; here, then, three women were employed in place of two men. But in all the industries considered together, with this kind of exception, ninety-eight to a hundred men were released for every hundred women employed. Hundreds of jobs, like milling, became sexless. The wise and the esteemed employer was not the one who clung to past practice, but the pioneer, who discovered new ways of releasing men for the army by successfully initiating women into their jobs.

Did the women succeed? 'No,' said one group of employers. 'Women are not desirable in our work because of lack of physical endurance and training; nor are they temperamentally capable of attaining the same efficiency in machine work as a man.' 'Yes,' said another group, much larger in numbers. 'Women, if properly trained, can do as well as, if not better than, men in any kind of mechanical work.'

More important than opinions, however, was the analysis of conditions in the plants where success or failure was reported. Results apparently depended less on the kind of work, or even on the degree of skill required, than on the intelligence with which women were initiated into their new work, the mechanical changes planned where they were necessary (to the advantage of men as well as women), and especially the training given.

Uncle Sam, in spite of dire need for skilled mechanics during the war, was slow to provide training for women. In the year ending June 30, 1919, — including the four months of greatest

acceleration in extending the employment of women before the Armistice was signed, — the Federal Board for Vocational Education was giving national aid, financially, to classes in which ten thousand girls were learning dress-making, millinery, lampshade-making, power-sewing-machine operating, pasting and leather work, French-edge-making, and embroidery designing. Little in common is found between this list and the mechanical industries which were at that moment anxiously recruiting women. The factories gave their own training, in more or less haphazard ways; while the Federal Board calmly sums up, thus, its work for the period: 'The occupations for which training is offered are distinctively women's occupations, and raise no debatable issues.'

It was in the security of the months after the signing of the Armistice, when opinions were normal again, — whatever that may mean, — that this frank confession was published by the Federal Board. 'Debatable issues' had been allowed to become quiescent while the war was on. That is the important fact for women. Their new work did not settle old claims. When industry needed them, barriers against a choice of employment were removed. When the immediate dangers of war were past, the prejudices came to life once more. Witness, in the months that followed the Armistice, the many expressions of opinion in print and in speech that then was the time for women to return to their own work.

Industry itself, however, thought otherwise. The most important discovery that rewarded the diligent search after statistics revealed in this newest report of the Women's Bureau is the retention of women in their new occupations. Three statistical figures will be sufficient to express the facts in regard to the industries of the war — those concern-

ing iron and steel, metals, aeroplanes and implements for battle, excluding the foods and fabrics that women are traditionally expected to produce. In 1914, of every thousand wage-earners in these unfeminine industries, sixty-five were women; in October and November, 1918, one hundred and thirty-nine in every thousand were women; and in August, 1919, nine months after the fighting had ceased, women had so far held their own, and advanced their chances over 1914, as to constitute a hundred of every thousand.

When the fighting stopped, industry, of course, faced another revolutionary transition from war-products to the work of peace, and many plants curtailed their force. In some instances, work done by women — making gas-masks, for instance — came to an end. Extra shifts were disbanded in many plants. Indeed, forty out of every hundred were, in the language of industry, 'laid off.' Of every hundred men in the important war industries, sixty-two were retained; of every hundred women employed in November, 1918, forty-three were at work in August, 1919. The larger proportions of women displaced in the transition from war to peace are accounted for, in part, by some previously wageless women of the 'leisure class,' by part-time workers, and by some married women who had been lured into industry by the war-emergency, with no intention of continuing. With the importance of the lathe in mind as the key to success in mechanical industries, the fact is impressive that of the firms questioned in 1919 who had recruited women for this job during the war, more than half were retaining them.

## II

In accomplishing these changes, ideas and public opinion have lagged

behind tangible and practical adjustments in the shops. We are almost prepared to assert that, if women are on the way to enlarged opportunities in industry, business, and not feminism, will open the way. But no one who has had even a glimpse of the new spirit of women can doubt that, if the managers of business undertake to make changes affecting them, they will have to deal with feminism, whether or not they understand that name and its purposes.

Machinery versus feminism — this is the real issue. Machinery — or, to use its more abstract title, business — does not know yet that feminism has any connection with it, or lives in the same town. Feminism is immensely interested in machinery just now, and does not know its dangers. She calls it 'equal opportunity,' and she thinks that, like a brave David, she needs no more power to conquer than she can carry in her bare hands. She has won the vote. Economic opportunity seems to her no more difficult to attain.

Thus these two forces stand over against each other — industry, never more problematical, transitional, uncertain of the coming phase of control, and women, confident that economic freedom is their next goal after political equality, but not yet cognizant of the burdensome and baffling ways of winning it. They seem to have forgiven industry all its past. Or, perhaps, some of them do not know that it has ever oppressed women more than men.

Some women — feminists also — know it by practical experience. These are the women in industry, who are urging laws to improve the conditions of their employment. Other women, not in industry, but familiar with its problems, stand with them in these efforts. Feminism, therefore, is by no means a unit.

The most audible interest of one

group just now seems to be to forego all labor laws which are limited to women, lest they restrict women's 'opportunities.' Surrender of all special protection for all women is the price they offer to pay for a novel job. And it must be said that it has often been the women in the professions who have been willing thus to offer up the present safeguards affecting their sisters in the factories — without consulting those sisters.

### III

A chance to learn to operate a machine is not a woman's most important claim on industry. A distinction must be made between technical skill and the status of an individual or a group in the industry. If technical skill were all, we could predict women's future from the recent past. Careful selection of workers, healthful physical conditions, adequate training, would ensure success. But all the trouble men have had with industry arises out of much more puzzling conditions. If, as some pessimists declare, industrial organization is in danger of collapse, it is not because it is unskillful technically, but because it is blind socially.

Industry has a bad record for the social hopes of men, and its conspicuous victims have been women and children.

'T is the Brute they chained to labor!  
He has made the bright earth dim.  
Stores of wares and pelf a plenty,  
but they got no good of him.

Quietude and loveliness,  
Holy sights that heal and bless,  
They are scattered and abolished  
where his iron hoof is set.

This is merely a poet's summary of official reports, Blue Books of Parliament, lawyers' briefs in defense of the constitutionality of labor laws. These have massed the evidence concerning

wages too low to support life; hours too long to maintain health or to sleep, without even counting, as normal needs, time for recreation or for the duties of citizenship; too much noise, too rapid a pace, too little air, too much crowding — just being cogs in the wheels, one process hour after hour, uninteresting and uninspiring, and not enough return to buy the goods and service from other people's labor that one has no time or energy left to produce for one's self.

Technical skill? — the individual has about as much as is necessary, or he can acquire it by easily recognized methods. But status — a claim upon industry, a share in society, the opportunity to relate one's self to one's fellow workers and one's fellow citizens in a common enterprise with equal powers? This it is that men and women are vaguely challenging the state and employers to give them. This it is that is withheld less by the will or greed of any man than by the intricacy of organization in industry, which gives opportunity for the greed and selfishness of a few to oppress a large number. In surrendering to a process essentially coöperative in a mechanical sense, because of its subdivisions and specializations, men have not yet learned how to establish, also, coöperation in control, which shall force industry to yield diffused happiness and economic security instead of concentrated financial success. The war, with all its record of technical achievements, wrought no change in this fundamental tendency of the industrial organization.

That this tendency, as it affects women in industry, is not universally recognized, especially among professional women, is due probably to the inherent difference in their outlook. Successful professional women are conscious of power in themselves, not inherently dependent upon the strength



of their relationships with others. They have known what it means to suffer as pioneers; but they knew that they were pioneering, and success was, in a sense, their personal achievement. Not so in industry. There the enterprise is less thrilling. The nation, or even the city, is not vitally interested in a woman's achievements even in operating the newest machine on the market, except in war-time; and the labelers of cans and packers of hair-nets never dream of exciting anybody's interest in their accomplishments.

Women work in factories, not primarily for the joy of working, but because they must earn a living, for themselves, and often for others. In too many instances they have had neither joy, nor enough earnings for a living. Managers employ them because they need their labor, and, often, because they want it cheap. Neither the underpaid girl nor her employer is aware of the movements of history which thrill the hopeful prophet of women's economic emancipation.

Both would be astonished if they knew that the feminist is becoming convinced that, in an age founded on iron and steel, it is the success of women in mechanical industry that must be the first step toward her economic freedom. Nor is it a mere whim that is leading so many professional women, and the victorious leaders in the fight for suffrage, to turn their attention to women in their relation to machines.

#### IV

On the surface, the fundamental incompatibility of feminism with modern industrial organization seems at present to be an insurmountable obstacle for women. Feminism has been concerned with the removal of prejudices and customs that make sex the barrier against woman's freedom in the choice

of her activities. Its essence is voluntary choice — in marriage, in motherhood, in politics, and in a career. The freedom of the individual, and the release of powers suppressed by artificially imposed limitations, are its goal.

Industry affords a striking contrast. Merely because of its technical developments, quite apart from the selfish use of power, its method of getting results is to give the individual a place in a complex body of inter-relationships, determined by the mechanical processes of manufacture. Management, at its best, not through lack of humanitarianism, but through technical necessity, knows it to be a virtue to standardize jobs, to discover standard speed, standard belts, standard tools. The standard man is the inevitable result. The environment is made ready and he is put into it. 'Man . . . was a machinate mammal.' This, elaborated, says Samuel Butler, was the argument of the only man who made serious protest against the complete destruction of machinery throughout Erewhon.

Experience is abundant to show that, whatever may be the scope ultimately for the individual to control conditions, his economic power, like his mechanical accomplishment, cannot be complete unless he acts as one of a group. In brief, it is the method of industry to attach the individual to his limited, specified place in the whole scheme of production; while the aim of feminism is to make the whole recognize a hitherto unrealized obligation to the individual, or, at least, to relax its stranglehold on the freedom of personality.

Feminism is not, and has not, a definite programme. Like democracy, it is a spirit and not an invention — not an institution, but a changing life within the changing forms of institutions. And feminism, like democracy, busies itself with the issues that the times create.

## V

The economic issues of the time, as they are reflected in woman's industrial status, were never more baffling. She must win a more secure place in the shop as a skilled worker. She has as yet only a limited and, at times, grudging recognition in the labor movement through which men are seeking to protect their own rights, giving as yet little attention to women's needs. She is accused of aiming to undermine the home, just when she may be working hardest at uncongenial tasks to support it. So discouraging is the outlook in some of its large aspects, that one is almost inclined to agree with certain anti-feminists about the effects of industrialism on all our social institutions, including the family as a whole and women individually. Not feminism, however, but industrial organization, uncontrolled in the common service, has done the damage, and feminism has not yet been able to exert an appreciable influence.

Consider, for example, hours of work. The early tendencies of mechanical industry were all in the direction of the maximum use of machinery without regard to the health of the operator. Machinery had seemed to make production independent of physiological limitations, and women and children were drawn into the general wreckage. The story is too well known to need retelling: how labor laws, first for children, and then for women, — with advantageous results, also, for men, — registered public protest and compelled industry to recognize its obligations by restricting hours of work to limits humanly endurable. As years went by, humanitarianism became firmer in its insistence through laws that industry should achieve socially desirable standards. Much later, the scientific basis in physiology for these humanitarian

measures reinforced the whole effort; and gradually management is realizing that it pays to take care of the workers' health.

In some degree these laws have been extended to men, as in the requirement for one day's rest in seven. But, in general, the trade-union movement of the United States has opposed, though by a divided vote, suggestions that they support legislation as a means of shortening hours for men. They have preferred to rely on trade-union efforts to secure the eight-hour day. Thus, in a more or less opportunistic fashion, legislation applying to women exclusively has been sought and continued.

Since the war, groups of women have opposed laws of this kind, for a twofold reason: first, that a job desired by a woman would be denied to her and given to a man, if she were prevented from working overtime, or at night, while he was free to work any hours prescribed by the employer; and second, that the newly won equality of women with men, politically, made special laws for women in industry an anachronism. The programme they propose is identity in conditions for men and women, with legislation, if it be necessary, applying to both alike. Thus, for exactly opposite reasons, they ally themselves with that group of employers who lead the opposition to labor legislation. The employer wants to be free to require women to work under conditions convenient to himself; under these conditions, the employee's freedom to choose is hypothetical. The feminists of the opposition, especially those in occupations not affected by the law, are ready to give the employer the convenience of overworking women, in the confident hope that they are thereby setting them free to compete successfully with men.

After all, the shortening of hours of labor is a comparatively simple ques-

tion. It is desirable for both men and women. Whether it is accomplished for one sex by legislation, and for the other by trade-unionism, or whether both legislation and collective bargaining are used as alternate methods, or whether management itself adopts the shorter day because it increases efficiency, the improvement will surely be accomplished. Far more intricate is the subject of wages of women, since here are concentrated many considerations that may ultimately defeat the hope of feminists for identity, or for equality, in the occupational status of women and men.

'Cheapness is not a quality of the new industrial woman,' wrote a woman recently, whose own professional success has proved that the ambitions of feminists are entirely reasonable. She was writing in an employers' magazine. Possibly she was expressing an exhortation, not a fact. The editor, by accident or by subtle design, selected as a filler for the vacant space left at the bottom of the page a brief paragraph from the *Monthly Labor Review* of the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics. 'Of the 2,031 women employed in 49 industries for whom weekly earnings were reported . . . nearly 57 per cent earned \$10 or under. . . . Over half . . . were receiving either a bare subsistence-wage or less.'

Woman's triumphs in winning new places in industry have often been turned to defeat, even during the war, by the tendency to make the new opportunity a woman's job at woman's wages. She finds herself, then, not more nearly the economic equal of man, but merely his successful under-bidder.

Not only in practice, but in theory also, is the wage of women a debatable issue. 'Equal pay for equal work,' as a principle, received, to be sure, official sanction from governments during the war, and in the Peace Treaty itself.

But this was merely part of the shell of progress. It applied, at best, only to those jobs in which women took the places of men, and then only if no change of any kind was made in the process. In practice, it was often ignored, even when the work was not only equal, but identical. Failure to clarify, however, the fundamental basis of women's wages, either in a man's job or in a woman's job, was its real title to superficiality. On this subject disagreement continues, unaffected by the experience of the war.

The British War Cabinet's Committee on Women in Industry disagreed. The majority declared that no woman should receive less than a 'reasonable subsistence-wage,' and defined it as 'sufficient to provide a single woman over 18 years of age . . . with an adequate dietary; with lodging to include fuel and light in a respectable house not more than half an hour's journey, including tram or train, from the place of work; with clothing sufficient for warmth, cleanliness, and decent appearance; with money for fares, insurance, and trade-union subscriptions; and with a reasonable sum for holidays, amusements, and so forth.'

Note that 'subsistence' for herself alone is the normal woman's claim on industry. If she has an old father or mother to support, or if she is sharing the life of a family with younger brothers or sisters in school, she is regarded by the British War Cabinet as exceptional, not modifying in any particular industry's social obligation to women.

Beatrice Webb wrote the minority report. She scored the exclusion of women by law or custom from the better-paid posts, and the habitual payment to them of lower rates than men receive for equivalent work, 'on the pretence that women are a class apart, with no family obligations, smaller needs, less capacity, and a lower level

of intelligence — none of these statements being true of all the individuals thus penalized.' She declared that the idea of a different basis for women's wages as compared with men's should be rejected, and that by denying, in practice, 'the vested interest of the male' in the more attractive jobs, the way would be open for the choice of occupation in accordance with one's qualifications, with no barrier because of sex alone. Having accepted the principle of the sexless job, the sexless wage should accompany it. Mrs. Webb calls it the 'occupational or standard rate,' and insists that it should not be determined by the worker's race, creed, height, weight, or sex.

This conclusion had already been reached in the United States by the Women's Bureau, when, in formulating the standards found desirable during the war, the Bureau advocated a wage based on occupation and not on sex, and including provision for dependents.

At no other point do the present dangers of women's position in industry emerge more conspicuously than in this matter of wages. Even with all the stress of the war, women's wages, although they increased with the general rise in wage-levels, never overcame the handicap of long years of lower rates. Nor was universal public support enlisted in favor of overcoming the unfavorable comparisons in the earnings of women and men. Yet in no other aspect of industry are the interests of the family, on the one hand, and men, on the other, so involved with those of women as a group. If experience has demonstrated women's capacity for handling complicated machines, but no controlling influence has modified the tendency to pay a woman lower rates than a man, what power can prevent the lowering of rates for men by the competition of women? On the other hand, if rising costs, the growth

of the factory system, and the devotion of women to their families force them, in larger numbers, to work for wages, what hope is there that their work will yield income enough to maintain the standard of family life that the state must have as its foundation?

It is the individual basis for women's wages, a subsistence for themselves alone, that has given rise to the defense by manufacturers of 'the family wage,' made up of several contributions. Once established in a community, it is difficult indeed to restore the standard of a wage for the adult head of the family, — who may be a man or a woman, — sufficient to support a home. Conservatives are not unknown who defend this home standard of support by the man, and, in the same breath, advocate the individual basis for women's wages. In actual practice, this double standard sets up two mutually conflicting influences. The low wage of the woman is insufficient for the family for whose support she is often responsible, and the standard that she thus reinforces in industry makes it impossible for some other head of a family — man or woman — to earn enough to support a home. At this point emerges the whole complicated question of the employment of married women, and the effects of industrial life on women and on the home.

The feminist has an ideal for the home, the family, and children. She believes that all three would be improved by the greater freedom of the mother as an individual. So far, however, the economic pleas of the feminists on behalf of the wife and mother have been directed chiefly to lightening her burdens as a housekeeper. Now that this effort can safely be left to the manufacturers of electric appliances, and that central kitchens, coöperative housekeeping, and other labor-saving plans are not unknown as commercial

undertakings, the feminist spirit must face bigger issues.

The first ventures of some of the feminists in the problem of wages seem to be taking the form of protests against minimum-wage laws, as, again, in their view, constituting a restriction on opportunity, and a denial of woman's political equality by classing her with a specially 'protected' group. As a matter of fact, minimum-wage legislation does not necessarily perpetuate the old conception of a different basis for women's wages. The law merely gives women a voice in determining what considerations should affect their wages, by providing for a commission to set minimum rates after recommendations have been made by a board in each industry, made up of representatives, in equal numbers, of employers and of women at work. Not the fixing of wages by law, but the setting up of instruments for registering the voice and vote of the women who work and the vital concern of the community in their wage, is the immediate practical purpose of minimum-wage laws. Some day, perhaps, they will apply, also, to men; but no one with any dependable information about present conditions believes that this could now be urged successfully. The choice is between minimum-wage laws for women, with the hope that they offer of immediate relief and practical experiment, and indefinite postponement of any action at all by the community.

No present issue could more effectively illustrate the dire need of cultivating a realistic respect for the slow, intermediate steps necessary for the attainment of distant aims. One group of women seems to be engaged just now in a wasteful conflict, which, if successful, can have no other result than to weaken the too slowly developing power of the community to control the leviathan of industry.

## VI

'Working women alone must study and pass judgment upon the questions involved in their work,' wrote Mme. Jeanne Bouvier, French delegate to the International Congress of Working Women, in a recent letter to the international office in Washington, D.C. Opportunity to demonstrate this need came immediately to Mme. Bouvier, when she was sent, in July, 1920, to the Congress of the International Woman Suffrage Alliance at Geneva, to represent the international organization of women in industry. The Scandinavian women at the Suffrage Congress maintained that the Alliance should oppose all legislation restricting the work of women, if it did not apply equally to men. The French, English, and American delegates urged legislative regulation of the work of women when conditions required it. 'Our representation was necessary,' wrote Mme. Bouvier in her subsequent report. It gave opportunity to protest 'against the anomaly that the women who deal with politics should believe themselves entitled to decide on questions concerning economics without the advice of working women.'

Mme. Bouvier told the suffragists about the resolutions passed at the first International Congress of Working Women, held in the United States in October, 1919, at which women in industry of nineteen countries came together for the first time in history. They had favored legislation to protect women in industry, such as the prohibition of night work. They had pledged themselves to work for better safeguards against hazards affecting both men and women; but, with the realism growing out of their familiarity with manufacturing, they had favored also the exclusion of women from any occupation involving greater hazards

for their sex than for men. Mme. Bouvier called on the suffragists not to oppose the conclusions and hopes of working women themselves, 'since politics,' she added, 'cannot dominate work, but more and more the questions of economics are dominating politics.'

The suffragists showed 'surprise,' Mme. Bouvier reported; but their final action reflected her influence. They desired that 'all future labor regulations should tend toward equality of men and women.' They demanded equal opportunities for technical training, and recognition of 'the right to work of both married and unmarried women'; they declared that 'no special regulations for women's work, different from regulations for men, should be imposed, contrary to the wishes of the women themselves.'

It seems inevitable that these conflicts on the surface will soon be over. Programmes for protective legislation may be modified in some details. The very boldness of women's demands that machines themselves should give them the power to win a new place in the sun is a refreshing and novel influence in a world too much inclined to allow its machinery to dominate its spiritual needs. While not losing sight of its brave hopes, feminism, with its characteristically practical sense, will undoubtedly settle down to a positive programme, gaining thereby a truer knowledge of facts as they are. The leadership of women in industry in these matters must be accepted by women in the professions, through sheer practical dependence upon their familiarity with actual conditions, and because the efforts of women in industry, themselves, are indispensable.

The establishment of the International Labor Office as one of the principal activities of the League of Nations, and the international conferences under

its auspices stimulate new and reasonable hope of effective action in all nations having membership in the League. To this centre of information and of experience, women in industry are already turning for leadership, and offering their coöperation, as was shown by their own unofficial international congress, called in 1919, to prepare material for the first official labor conference of the League, held immediately afterwards in Washington.

Industry will never yield the spiritual opportunities that women so hopefully desire, unless it changes. That is one reason why economic freedom is so much more difficult to attain than the vote in politics. Men, in the generic sense, must learn how to make the machine their servant. Economic freedom is not a woman's fight alone. It is not anybody's fight alone. All workers must learn to think and act coöperatively, not merely because coöperation is necessarily the best philosophy of life (though it may prove to be so), but because their work is mechanically coöperative.

Even so pessimistic a critic of feminism as Brooks Adams gives boundless hope when he declares, in discussing the 'Degradation of the Democratic Dogma,' that 'the family system is the creation of the woman.' Woman 'has acted as the social cement, and she has sustained the arch on which the social fabric has rested.' If woman has accomplished the creation of the family system, in the midst of all the hazards of primitive existence, which have constantly threatened life itself and tempted man to wander, perhaps so powerful a force, if it is allowed to permeate industrial organization, will help to create relationships designed to conserve, and not to dissipate, spiritual values in our mechanical, economic order.

## PEACE AND PESSIMISM

BY HUGH BLACK

I AM not temperamentally an optimist. A man born into Scottish life and cradled in Scottish theology is hardly the best subject for membership in a sunshine club. He is inclined to have views about total depravity. He suffers from the sort of conscience which has close affinity to the New England variety. The hard, gray climate gets its work into the backbone rather than into the wishbone. I am an optimist, not by temperament, but by faith, and because I was trained to look at and interpret facts. A somewhat grim training taught us to distinguish sentiment from sentimentalism.

May such an one be allowed to strike a note of hope amid the universal lamentation of our day? It is not a fashionable attitude to take. The right thing is to speak from a platform of immense ethical height, and point out our failure. Many articles are appearing which paint the contemporary picture in gloomiest colors, like one in the November number of the *Atlantic* on 'The Human Spirit in Shadow.' They tell us that a jaded cynicism has taken the place of spiritual faith. They see nothing but cold materialism, with not even a dim aspiration toward better things. Everywhere we have the triumph of reaction, so we are told. They can see no spiritual striving anywhere. Our moral state reveals 'the sloth, the vindictiveness, the submissiveness, the cynicism, the insensibility, the cruelty, the egotism of the post-war period.'

We probably need to be chastised with whips, — if not with scorpions, —

to keep us humble. Dissatisfaction with the results of our long agony is natural. A great hope was born when the Armistice put out, as it seemed, the fires of hell in Europe. The nobler our dreams, the sadder seems the awakening. It was well to dream of a new world after the deluge had passed, and it is well to keep the dream. It should be at once a motive to inspire us, and a standard by which to test all achievement. Judged by that standard, we fall short dismally. Still, even our confession of failure carries some hope in its bosom. We seek to revive the courage and the faith that stirred our hearts in the brave days.

We do not forget that an ideal can be used to chill us and make us despair. The people who thought that a new heaven and a new earth would automatically emerge after the bloody conflict show no knowledge of history, and no experience of human nature. We are still the people we were, some coarsened and hardened by the war, some cleansed and ennobled. Like all great human experiences, it was only an occasion that produced diverse results. The victory and the subsequent peace test men as the previous state of war tested them, and produce good and evil, strength and weakness. Only amateur psychology would expect an immense revival of heroic religion from the unspeakably beastly incidents of battle. Only amateur psychology would expect a paradise regained from the mere cessation of war.

We can already point to the failure

of some of the pessimists' predictions. Not long ago they told us that our civilization was going to be engulfed by Bolshevism. If we did not accede to certain demands of Germany, all Europe would become an extension of Russia. The alarmists of last year informed us that, if we did not do something or other that they suggested, the world would dissolve in chaos and blue ruin. In spite of their predictions, there has been certain and steady progress in reconstruction. The situation is probably even better than we know; for we are in the game, and cannot see it as spectators might. It may be that after-generations will see triumph where we see defeat, and will measure as gains for the spirit of man what now we count loss. Mankind is merely swinging back to the normal. Life is more potent than theory. This is really the complaint of our pessimists, that the traditional is so rooted in human nature. They dreamed of great transformations of personal habit and of social organization, and they are annoyed that old ways of living are reasserting themselves. It may be good for us that the normal so persists and saves us from the greater dangers of too sudden change.

The weeping prophets do not really help us much. They engender a mood of despair. They create the very tone that they are criticizing. The average man listens, and if he accepts the pessimistic finding, he settles down to the level expected of him. If we have come out of such tragedy only to find the soul of mankind in desperate shadow, if we can see no ray of light in the gross darkness, then why spur us to the impossible, and why even complain? Better die in silence.

Most of these articles in our American magazines and newspapers, to which I refer, come from England, and I notice that the writers of some of them were strangely silent during the

war. Certainly some of them assume the attitude of moral superiority taken in the struggle by some pacifists. They give the impression that they are sorry that we won the war; and we feel that, if it had been left to them to direct, we should never have won it.

I am writing on the anniversary of the Armistice. That suggests the contrast between to-day and a little more than two years ago. Had we been told then of all our problems and disappointments, we should have been willing to accept them all, even if the picture had been painted as black as our pessimists now paint it. We should have thought it a small price for the ending of the ghastly tragedy. It seems not ungenerous to say that there often appears to be a connection between pacifism and pessimism. The men who most protested against the war seem the men who most protest against the peace; and often the tone of both is dangerously allied to pharisaism. One feels that they are justifying their previous attitude. For me, two years ago, the defeat of Germany meant the dawn that broke the darkest night of human history; and in spite of everything, I for one live and work in sunshine, not shadow.

Since the Armistice I have spent a year and a half in Europe, most of it in Great Britain, with the exception of seven months with the American army in France and afterward in the occupied territory in Germany. I found in Great Britain many signs that, at least, make me wish to temper the extreme pessimism of some moralists. For instance, the schools and colleges there, like those in America, are crowded with eager students. I heard from the heads of universities the same testimony that President Hadley of Yale has given in his recent report. 'Not only did these boys come back, but they came back



with an interest in college life in all its sides. They were enlightened by the war, but not disillusioned.' At Oxford teachers and tutors told me that the students were more serious, worked harder, and had finer ambitions than ever before. The picture cannot be all gloomy, if the future leaders are shaping themselves to nobler ends.

The impression of a single observer on the social state of a country can be only partial, and I give mine for what anybody may think it is worth. Frivolity, pleasure-seeking, selfishness were of course to be seen there, as elsewhere; but beneath the surface I saw many an evidence of a new spirit. When one got down to the serious places in men's minds, it seemed that the tone of the average man was more earnest, and chastened, and modest. The old British attitude, which was distasteful to Americans, and which most can recall without having it described, had almost disappeared. The leaders in business displayed an amazing courage in facing the appalling tasks ahead of them. The peace was more difficult even than the war, but I felt that they were on the way to win the peace. They were confronted with troubles, which, however, they are surmounting. Time after time the labor difficulties were met with courage and kindness. In spite of the cries of the Hotspurs, to have a fight to a finish and show the beggars who is the stronger, there was a spirit of compromise and a thought for the common weal.

Some of the complaint about extravagance is of course just, but even here it seems to me that the gloom is overdone. The burden of the complaint often made was that girls who had made money in munition plants were spending it on furs and similar luxuries. Everybody admitted that they had worked desperately, and had taken their share of the burden of winning the

war. Well, think of a working-woman, who had often dreamed of possessing a fur coat, finding that at last she could afford it. Is it such a wonder that she should spend money on realizing her dream, instead of putting it all in the bank, as these mentors would have her do? As a fact, I found that millions of pounds went into the banks also. Some of these pessimistic idealists show extreme ignorance of human nature. I wonder if they never themselves take what William James called a moral holiday — or perhaps it is only other people who must be prevented from doing that.

When we make a close examination, we discover that the criticism is not the wail of disappointed moralists. It all goes back to condemnation of the terms of peace. Books and articles are written to convince us that the Treaty of Versailles was an act of war, not of peace. They tell us that it represents the absolute denial of all the moral aims of the war. They assure us that it is not a whit better than any previous settlement of peace; that, indeed, it is worse than any of them. They give us lurid pictures of intrigue, and debased compromise, and revenge. It was a debauch of materialism, and sounds the death-knell of all idealism.

In the first place, it is worth while to note how much worse it might have been, from the standpoint of the sentimentalists themselves. If they would judge it from the point of view of the fairness and mercy shown to the defeated, it is worth while to consider as an alternative what would have happened if the tables had been reversed. If Germany had won and had imposed terms, does anyone for a moment believe that there would have been a more ideal settlement? We need only remember what she did when she had the power, and what she promised to do. In 1870 she simply took what she wanted,

and imposed as indemnity three times what it cost her to make the war. It was all indemnity, not reparation; for then, as now, all the devastation was on French soil.

We know that she acted on the assumption that the same policy would be pursued in this case. When war broke out, Britain began imposing her colossal taxation to help pay for the war, while Germany excused herself by declaring that she did not mean to tax her people, but would make the enemy foot the bills. Even as late as 1918, at the time of the last drive, when they hoped to put it through, the Secretary of the Treasury declared that they intended to make the Allies pay every penny it cost to make the war. 'We will compel them to drag the chain for a hundred years.' Who doubts it? They would have made their kind of peace as ruthlessly as they made their kind of war. If this had happened to the world, there would be good cause for the gloom that pervades the pessimist mind. Is there no satisfaction to be derived from the fact that our peace, imperfect as it may be, is something far removed from the kind of peace that Germany would have imposed? If it is said or implied that we have imposed a German peace on Germany, the answer is, that it is not true.

Taking the actual Treaty of Versailles, is there no sign of progress, from the standpoint of its pessimistic critics? It is open to all sorts of criticism, but the fact remains that never in the history of the world has there been made such a peace. It is time that someone said this. A short statement of how France waived her claim to military security is proof of it. One of the aims of the war, as stated at the beginning by Mr. Asquith, and accepted by all the Allies, was that France should be 'adequately secured against the menace of aggression.' She had suffered so much,

and was left with lands blasted and towns wiped out and industries destroyed. She had the right to ask for *military* security for the future. Her military advisers declared that the Rhine must be her frontier, if she would have such security. From the purely military point of view, this is probably a just claim. It would have created a new wrong; but do not let us forget that the wrong was not committed. When before has a victorious nation consented to forego holding the frontier which her military men declared to be absolutely necessary for her safety? The whole civilized world recognizes the claims of France to security, after such witness of the malice and hate of her enemy; and for the first time in history the world has sought to give security by another sort of assurance.

In this matter of territory, do these weeping prophets mean that Alsace and Lorraine should not have been restored to France? They never actually say so, but their language cannot mean anything else. If they make that a cause for lamenting, we say frankly that to the rest of us it is a cause for profound thankfulness and hope. It means the assertion that Bismarckism has been rejected by our world. Bismarck was the evil genius of Germany, who taught the people to believe that war was a very profitable industry. One of the things that had to be done was to convince Germany, and incidentally every other nation, that Bismarckism does not pay.

We are told that an orgy of hate reigns in men's hearts. We could afford to have more love and brotherhood, but I do not find that the general attitude in America can be truthfully described as an orgy of hate, nor did I find it so in Great Britain. There I found some practical attempt to clear things up, and a sincere desire to do what was wise, and even generous, in reconstruc-

tion. I notice that our sentimentalists, when they speak of the duty of love, always are thinking of the criminal, and never of the victims. But even from their exclusive point of view, there is much happening that ought to modify their pessimism. Last summer a great Scottish manufacturer told me that his firm had shipped machinery and raw material to Germany. He had no personal cause to love Germany, as he had lost his only son in the war. The British government had asked him to do this as part of their plan to set Europe on its feet. He had loyally supported them, though it will mean eventually strengthening the hands of his German competitors for the world's export trade. The critics of to-day probably do not know of such quiet transactions.

Nobody can call the Treaty of Versailles perfect; but why should we expect this, of all human acts, to be perfect? Every one of us can criticize details of it, and could wish that some of the problems had been handled differently. Most of the sentimentalists, however, who now belabor us, have as their underlying complaint that it is too severe on Germany. They forget that there are millions of men and women, mostly silent, whose complaint is that it is not severe enough on Germany. These millions may be wrong, but the fact of their opinion was a factor in the settlement. Their conscience, their sense of justice, their ideas of fair play and of mercy, were outraged during the war by the brutal crimes of Germany. Even in the fighting they felt that they were not merely defeating an enemy, certainly not outwitting a rival, but were judging a criminal.

If they were sure that there was any sign of repentance, they would feel easier in their mind in accepting a full policy of conciliation. It is truly said that men cannot be judges of sincere repentance, which, after all, is a quality

of the heart. But there are 'outward and visible signs' of any inward state. While nobody can ever be sure of the reality of repentance, everybody is sure that it cannot be without, at least, certain outward marks. All theology, from the time of the Schoolmen, has asserted that for repentance there must be these three elements—contrition, confession, and satisfaction. A man must express sorrow, admit guilt, and offer amendment as far as possible. The only regret expressed by Germany is for failure; the only confession is of mistake, not of crime; and there is a universal attempt to avoid all restitution.

We go over the details of the agreement to which Germany gave her signature. One was that the French flags were to be returned—and they were burned in Berlin to avoid the wound to pride. Another was that the fleet was to be handed over—and it was sunk at Scapa Flow. The stolen cattle were to be replaced, and it has not yet been done. And so with every requirement of the treaty. Nothing has been done except in response to the threat of force. Every possible evasion has been resorted to.

This may be an argument against the treaty. If so, it is an argument against all treaties, and we may as well deal with them as scraps of paper. It is arguable that the terms are too hard. If there were evidence of some honest attempt to fulfil the contract, it would be an easy matter to adjust such hardships. Many men throughout all the nations would be less fearful of the future, if they were convinced that the present German government has been purged of all militarist spirit. It is part of that government's punishment that only time will remove such suspicions. It is to be noted that, so far, there is no information of a repeal of the obnoxious law of *double allegiance*, which authorizes a German to give pretended

allegiance to another government while secretly remaining a German citizen. Frank assurance of the sincerity of German purpose, which would reestablish confidence, would do much to make this earth a place where self-respecting nations could live.

Books like Mr. Keynes's of course make points of valid criticism. It would be strange if, in such a vast settlement affecting the whole world, there were no weak spot on which we could put a finger. But such books are colored by their own prejudice. They are really anti-French, rather than pro-German, though the result is often the same. The very statistics are anti-French. Great play is made of the hardship of Germany being called on to deliver so many cattle; but not a word is said about the cattle stolen from France, from 1914 on. One of the terrible things in that land of death in northern France, when I first visited it nearly two years ago, was that there was not a living thing except vermin and a few birds over those hundreds of miles. There was not a cow, or sheep, or goat, or chicken, or child. Only the callous can forget the wrongs of France, the unspeakable cruelties and deeds of malice perpetrated on her fair land. Only the ingrates will forget how she stood at the frontier of civilization, and bore the shock of attack. Only the foolish will forget that she still stands at that frontier, until the world can safely accept Germany into the family of nations.

For this argument it is not necessary to assume that France is spotless, and that she has no temptation to a dangerous imperialism. Indeed, to maintain our common attitude of suspicion of her motives and of aloofness from her problems is the way to drive her into fighting for her own hand. She has suffered so much that her demand for security is irresistible. If we will not

give her that by international agreement, can we wonder if she tries to get it by some kind of force? She is sometimes amazed at her own moderation, and she has given us abundant cause to be amazed at her patience. Naturally, all the English-speaking peoples find French life and standards a little alien. The enemies of the Entente, who in America fan the flame of anti-English prejudice, in England work upon the anti-French prejudice as being the easier field to cultivate.

The pessimists of peace use their most lurid language when they speak of our leadership. There it seems that we have had, and have, a mixture of fool and knave. The possibility is never suggested that they might be honest men striving to deal with a tremendous situation. Why must we assume, in a democracy, that our leaders and statesmen are always weak where they are not wicked? Even this is no new thing. Every generation has been sure of the bankruptcy of its political leadership. Take the constant criticism of Mr. Lloyd George, which the English Jeremiahs send over to our American press. They evidently do not like him; but that is not so serious, as it is difficult to find out whom they do like. They grudgingly admit his services, and as grudgingly admire his ability. But — oh, damning 'but'! — he is not always the Simon-pure idealist. He is too clever to be quite good.

It is a strange superstition that a true man ought to be rather stupid. He ought not to be able to play the game with the best, and perhaps beat them at the game. There were always detractors of Mr. Gladstone, because he was so agile in fence, and so able to hold up his end. He confessed that he was 'an old Parliamentary hand,' and knew the ropes of politics. This was looked on as a sign of insincerity, or

worse. It is part of the weird expectation that a good man should be a fool, easily tricked. There is a great word that calls on disciples to be 'wise as serpents and harmless as doves.'

It seems to be counted an offense that Mr. Lloyd George is no fool; that he can meet difficulties in politics with unsurpassed adroitness; that in attack he is rapier-like with his thrusts; that he takes up subject after subject, and solves them as far as conditions permit. This, of course, subjects him to the charge of being a mere opportunist; and yet the other sort of man, who has no eye for the practicable, who stands unbending for a policy, gets swept aside as an impossible theorist. I believe that Mr. George remains a true idealist, but one who conforms to Lincoln's definition of such in his quaint remark that a man's legs should be long enough for his feet to touch the ground. I believe that the central heat of him is, as of old, a sincere passion for the poor and the 'under-dog.' I, having practically no means of judging beyond the record of events, think that Great Britain and the world have cause to thank God for the gift of such a man at such a time.

The fallacy underlying much modern pessimism is due to a form of what may be called the static illusion. The ideal of the pessimists is always a state, never a becoming. They seem to have thought that the world could issue out of such a tempest into a simple and placid peace. They were victims of the millennium mirage; and, when the mirage evades them, they rage at the world.

We never solve a problem permanently. The old defeated foes come back to us with a new face, and test our metal again. The wise man is content to clear up a situation as it presents itself. He goes for the ideal, and supports

everything that goes his way. He is glad to have enough light to walk by, and enough truth to live by.

Is it nothing that in our day, out of the distress and anguish, there has come to birth an actual League of Nations, organized for the express purpose of preserving the world's peace? True, our pessimists are not pleased with it. It is still weak and puny, and may be snuffed out of life. The attitude of America toward it may decide its fate. Nevertheless, whatever its destiny, it is the most significant and tremendous happening of history. It was born of desperate need; but the age that seeks to realize the vision cannot be a time of unmitigated gloom for the moral life of man. Obviously we are not going to get much help from our pessimists in making this new organization of human society a reality. Our true attitude surely should be one of resolute endeavor to do the best we can in our distressful situation, and encourage each other in good. If ever there was a hopeful sign in our world of strife, it is the practical attempt to get the nations together, in order to eliminate war.

No one who has sought to speak to the soul of man can ever be satisfied with attainment. At the best, achievement lags lamely after aspiration. I too could make an indictment of my generation. Only I feel that courage and patience are more needed to-day than any other qualities. It would not be amiss, either, if we showed a little sympathy for the men to whom we have given the settlement of such vast problems. They too, like us, are doubtless often groping in darkness. It is good to have an alert public opinion to correct and check, and, if need be, to chastise them; but the mere wail of pessimism gives no guidance. To sit in the scorner's chair is the easiest, and on the whole the most futile, pose to assume.

# POLITICAL ZIONISM

BY ALBERT T. CLAY

## I

A TRAVELER returning from the Near East is at once struck by the utter ignorance of Europeans and Americans concerning the true situation in Palestine — an ignorance due largely to the fact that in London there is, practically, only one of the important daily papers that will print anything detrimental to the schemes of the Political Zionists. Besides the English press, the other sources of information upon which America has been dependent for its news of Palestine have been the Jewish Telegraphic Agency and the Zionist propaganda. The latter, with its harrowing stories of pogroms in Europe, and its misrepresentations of the situation in the Near East, has been able to awaken not a little sympathy for the Zionist programme. But there certainly are reasons why Americans should endeavor to realize fully what is happening in Syria, and this quite promptly.

In discussing the existing conditions in Palestine, and the serious problem that the League of Nations will very probably have to face, it is necessary to differentiate briefly between what have been called the three aspects of Zionism, namely, the religious, economic, and political aspects.

Religious Zionism is an expression used to represent the belief of orthodox Judaism that the Jews are the chosen people of the one and only God; that a Messiah will be sent to redeem Israel; and that Jehovah will gather his people, restore the Temple and its service, and

reestablish the priesthood and the Jewish kingdom. For the restoration of their kingdom and the fulfillment of prophecy, they look to God in his own time and way, and not to Jewish financiers and politicians, or to peace conferences. Only a small group of orthodox Jews, 'the Eastern,' take an active part in the political movement to establish a Jewish state. Tolerance for the religious ideals of different faiths precludes any criticism or lack of respect for Religious Zionism. The Christian faith, it might be added, is, in certain respects at least, inseparably identified with some of its ideals.

Economic Zionism, so-called, has as its object the amelioration of the deplorable conditions in which Jews have lived in certain lands, where they have been outrageously persecuted, and in many instances foully murdered. Since the governments concerned could not be induced to alleviate their sufferings, the Jews, in recent years, have been urged to emancipate themselves by seeking a new home, where they might live in security, and carry on their activities as free citizens. About fifty years ago organizations sprang up which encouraged colonization in Palestine. However, most Jews preferred to go to South and North America, with the result that some thousands went to Palestine and two millions moved westward. About forty colonies, some large and others containing only a few houses, have been established in Palestine,

numbering about 13,000 souls. The entire Jewish population, including those who are indigenous, numbers 65,300. For comparison, it may be stated that there are also about 62,500 Christians and over a half million Moslems in the land. Economic Zionism is not a theory, nor is it an experiment. The Balfour declaration sanctions the movement; it reads: 'His Majesty's government view with favor the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people, and will use their best endeavors to facilitate the achievement of this object, it being clearly understood that nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine.' The San Remo Conference has interpreted the Peace Treaty as implying this, and there is no alternative; moreover, the movement is already a substantial reality.

A visit to some of the better established Jewish colonies will not fail to awaken sympathy for Economic Zionism. No unbiased observer of past events could think of throwing obstacles in the way of those Jews who, being persecuted in certain lands, prefer to live in a community solely Jewish; or who, through historical sentiment, long to reside in a purely Jewish cultural community in the land of their ancestors. Only an extremist would deny the gratification of their desires to as many of these people as can be accommodated; yet it must be borne in mind that, as estimated by experts, the tiny country can support only about a million and a half additional inhabitants; which number, if all were Jews, would represent only one tenth of the fifteen millions in the world.

## II

Political Zionism was launched by Herzl, in 1896, in a monograph on 'The

Jewish State'; and since that time this has become the dominant note in the whole movement. He and others have claimed that the establishment of a Jewish commonwealth would become an active force, by bringing diplomatic pressure to bear upon the nations, to secure protection for Jews in all lands. A clannish sense of pride in the Jewish race, however, seems to be uppermost in their minds. They apparently think that their status in society will be enhanced everywhere if a Jewish nation exists in Palestine. This phase of Zionism is the crux of the whole Palestine problem.

Political Zionism is strongly opposed by many orthodox Jews in Palestine; especially because they recognize that, through the fanaticism of the Zionist leaders, it has become most difficult for them to maintain their former amicable relations with the other natives. It is opposed also by many of the leading Jews throughout the world, especially, as the Political Zionists themselves admit, by the upper circles of Jewish society. The Central Conference of American Rabbis, which has a membership of about three hundred, representing many of the largest and most important synagogues in America, has year after year discussed the problem; and while favoring the idea of the country's being open to Jews who, because of religious persecution, desire to reside there, it denies that the Jews are 'a people without a country'; and even refuses to 'subscribe to the phrase in the [Balfour] declaration which says, "Palestine is to be the national home-land for the Jewish people."'

When we consider the feelings of the Jews who desire to spend their lives in study and meditation in Palestine and be buried there, we must not lose sight of the fact that the same impulse also draws, and has drawn, the Christian and the Moslem. It is the Holy Land

for the three great religions. It is not the birthplace of Islam; yet Mohammed, who claimed to be the successor of a line of prophets from Abraham to Christ, would have made Jerusalem the centre of his religion if the Jews and the Christians had recognized him as a prophet. As it is, Jerusalem is one of three most revered cities in Islam; moreover, the sites identified with Abraham, Jacob, Rachel, Joseph, Moses, Samuel, David, Solomon, and other Old Testament characters, are regarded with as much veneration by the Moslem as by the Jew.

One need only recall the immense and magnificent hospices built by the Eastern and the Western branches of the Christian Church, as well as the many monasteries, hospitals, homes, and schools, throughout the land, to reach some conception of what the country is to the Christian. The inhabitants of Bethlehem and Nazareth, as well as of some other cities, are largely Christian. Moreover, practically every country in Christian Europe is represented among the inhabitants of Palestine by colonies, settlements, or communities.

The Political Zionists, through their propaganda, systematically endeavor to give the world a false conception of the Palestinians. They would have us believe, to quote the words of Zangwill, that 'Palestine is not so much occupied by the Arabs as over-run by them. They are nomads. . . . And therefore we must gently persuade them to "trek."' Examine the literature of the leaders of Zionism, and it will be found that this false position is reiterated again and again. True, nomads are found in Palestine, as everywhere throughout the Orient; but to foist upon the intelligent public the idea that the population of this land is made up of Bedouins, or even of Arabs, is a deliberate attempt to deceive it.

The inhabitants of the land should be

called Syrians — or Palestinians, if Palestine is to be separated from Syria. True, there are many Arabs living there, more, for example, than Greeks, Germans, or Latins, because of the proximity of Arabia; but these are not the real Palestinians, nor do they represent the bulk of the substantial part of the nation. The people whom the Jews conquered when they entered Palestine were called by the general name of Amorites or Canaanites. While many were massacred by the Jews in certain cities, still only a portion of the country was conquered. Even after David took Jerusalem, Amorites continued to live in that city; besides, many foreign peoples, as the Hittites and Philistines, also lived in the land. There can be no question that the blood of the present Palestinian, or Syrian, includes that of the Jew as well as of the Amorite, Hittite, Phœnician, Philistine, Persian, Greek, Latin, and Arab. Such a fusion is not unlike that found in the veins of many Americans whose ancestors have lived here for several generations. When the whole population of Palestine became Mohammedan, there is little doubt that a large percentage of the Jews were also forced to accept this faith; their descendants are now classed by the Political Zionists as 'Arabs.' The Yemenites, who we know migrated from Arabia, and who in every respect resemble the Arab in physique, appearance, and bearing, they, none the less, call Jews, because of their faith. Then, also, in such Christian cities as Bethlehem and Ramallah a type is seen that is distinctively European, and doubtless largely represents remnants or descendants of the Crusaders, or of Christians who migrated to the Holy Land in the past centuries. Moreover, the Palestinian or Syrian is a composite race, largely Semitic, which has developed from the association of the different racial elements inhabiting the land



for at least five thousand years past. And while the Arabs have in all periods filtered in from Arabia, and the language, as in Egypt and Mesopotamia, is Arabic, it is a deliberate misrepresentation to classify the inhabitants as 'Arabs.'

These are the people whose status the Political Zionist proposes to reduce by securing the control of the country; and who — what is still worse — must be persuaded to 'trek.' As Zangwill says, 'After all, they have all Arabia with its million square miles, and Israel has not a square inch. There is no particular reason for the Arabs to cling to these few kilometres. To fold their tents and silently steal away is their proverbial habit; let them exemplify it now.' *Palestine*, the organ of the British Palestine Committee, for July 10, 1920, says: 'For the Arab nation there are vast areas outside of Palestine in which to develop its national life, and Arabs of Palestine will be free to develop there, also.'

### III

Much has been written upon the historic claims of the Jews to this territory, which they held for less than five hundred years, prior to two thousand five hundred years ago. But how about the claims of the Palestinian, who possessed the land before the Jew, and who is still in possession, having lived there for over five thousand years? The Aramæans, who came from Aram, whom we call Hebrews, under Joshua conquered, and even ruthlessly exterminated, the people of a portion of Palestine; and later on, under David and Solomon, extended their rule over the whole country. But, if we are to decide the question of actual ownership of the territory, the Palestinian who has continuously lived there surely has a clearer title than the Jew. Moreover,

this decision is based upon the records handed down by the Jew himself. Even the Hebrew language, which the Jews are attempting to revive as their spoken tongue, originally belonged to the people they are trying to oust. The language in Aram — Abraham's ancestral home — was Aramæan; when the Aramæans came to Palestine, they adopted the Canaanite language, now called Hebrew.

*The Palestine News*, the official journal of the Egyptian Expeditionary Force under Allenby, published, on November 14, 1918, a declaration, which had been agreed to by the British and French Governments, and communicated to the President of the United States, informing the people that their aim in waging the war in the East was 'to ensure the complete and final emancipation of all those people so long oppressed by the Turks, to establish national governments and administrations which shall derive their authority from the initiative and free will of the peoples themselves,' and 'to assure, by their support and practical aid, the normal workings of such governments and administrations as the people themselves have adopted.'

In the twelfth of the fourteen points enumerated by President Wilson to Congress, January 8, 1918, he demanded that the nationalities then under Turkish rule should be assured of 'an absolutely unmolested opportunity of autonomous development.' His second principle, stated in his address at Mount Vernon, July 4, 1918, reads: 'The settlement of every question, whether of territory, of sovereignty, of economic arrangement, or of political relationship shall be upon the basis of the free acceptance of that settlement by the people immediately concerned, and not upon the basis of the material interest or advantage of any other nation or people which may desire a

different settlement for the sake of its exterior influence or mastery.'

The edict of England and France, which was published in every town and village in the land about the time the Armistice was signed, has been violated in every essential particular; nor have the principles and demands of Mr. Wilson been observed. 'An unmolested opportunity of autonomous development' has been denied the inhabitants. The questions 'of territory, of economic arrangement, or political relationship' have been settled contrary to the will of 'the people immediately concerned'; and it has been done 'upon the basis of the material interest or advantage' of another people 'for the sake of its exterior interest or mastery.'

Not only have these principles and demands been ignored, but the twenty-second article of the League of Nations Covenant, in which they were incorporated, has been grossly violated. The middle section of this article reads: 'Certain communities formerly belonging to the Turkish Empire have reached a stage of development where their existence as independent nations can be provisionally recognized, subject to the rendering of administrative advice and assistance by a Mandatory Power until such time as they are able to stand alone. The wishes of these communities must be a principal consideration in the selection of the Mandatory Power.' It is needless to point out that their existence as independent nations has not been provisionally recognized, nor have the wishes of the people been a principal consideration in the selection of the Mandatory Power.

The circulation of the self-determination edict by England and France in November, 1918, which the people accepted placidly, calmed the popular feeling for a time; but after a few months the people saw clearly that the Political Zionists were favored by the

British authorities, to their disadvantage; and they began to appreciate that they were being dealt with falsely. National anti-foreign sentiment grew apace, and in the spring of 1919 conditions had reached such a point that General Money had difficulty in quieting the people. He continually represented the necessity for his government to make a clear declaration of its policy — either one of repression of the people in favor of the Jews, or one of equality of treatment, which would have been acceptable to all, including the Palestinian Jews, but not, of course, to the Political Zionists. The Peace Conference, as a result of the dissatisfaction, appointed an inter-Allied commission to ascertain the wishes of the people. France, who claimed the whole of Syria, which included Palestine, declined to send out her representatives; and her example was followed by England. The work of the Commission, therefore, devolved upon the two American representatives, Ambassador Crane and President King. This Commission held a most impartial and exhaustive inquiry, hearing delegates from almost every town and village. In order to be ready to give useful information before the Commission, branches of the Moslem and Christian League were formed at Jaffa, Gaza, Hebron, Djenin, Nablus, Acre, Haifa, Safed, and other places. All branches worked under a constitution approved by the Military Governor of Jerusalem. It was decided to draw up three resolutions to be presented to the Commission:—

1. The independence of Syria, from the Taurus Mountains to Rafeh, the frontier of Egypt.

2. Palestine not to be separated from Syria, but to form one whole country.

3. Jewish immigration to be restricted.

The entire Christian and Moslem population agreed to these resolutions.

## IV

It should be said here that there is no justification, from an ethnological or geographical point of view, for dividing Syria into the northern part under the French and the southern part, namely Palestine, under the British. This has already been pointed out by the greatest authority on the history and geography of Palestine, Sir George Adam Smith. One race, the Syrian, or Palestinian, is dominant throughout the territory, from Aleppo to Beersheba; and there is no natural frontier that can divide the two halves of this land. France for decades had regarded herself as the protector of the country. Although, being occupied with the enemy, she had done practically nothing toward driving out the Turks, the situation was such that, when the British army entered Jerusalem, in deference to the French a company of French soldiers was invited to be present. The question arises, then, why should the land and people be separated, and two separate administrations be established, with all the expense that this implies? For the entire territory, from Aleppo to Beersheba, is only about 400 miles long and 100 miles wide — about the length of Pennsylvania, and one third its width? Why divide this small land and its people? Let us ask another question at the same time: why was the Balfour pronouncement made in 1917?

The Turkish government, when approached during the war on the problem of a Jewish state, said that it would continue to maintain, as it always had done, a favorable attitude toward the Jews in their efforts to promote flourishing settlements, within the limits of the capacity of the country, and toward the free development of their civilization and their economic enterprises; but it looked with disfavor upon Zionists who have political ambi-

tions for Palestine, and it regards them as enemies to the government. But what the Turks refused to grant the Jews, Britain promised them, even before she had captured the country. The Political Zionists inform us that the text of the Balfour declaration was revised in the Zionist offices in America as well as in England, and that it was put into the form in which they desired it. Moreover, they intimate that this stroke of British policy had the desired effect upon the Zionists in Germany during the war. The financial assistance rendered by the Jewish plutocrats during the war, it is said, was a matter of no small consideration. But besides this, and the bid for Jewish favor everywhere, there can be little doubt that uppermost in the minds of the Cabinet, because of France's interest in the land, was the idea of creating a buffer state between the portion they would let the French retain and the Suez Canal. The Canal, according to English opinion, is the chief asset of the Empire. The strategic value of this territory to England has been referred to recently by Lord Curzon in the House of Lords. Hence, the reason that the Balfour declaration was made, and that Syria has been divided. It might be added, that this division is yet to be ratified by the League of Nations.

When the first body of representatives appeared before the Commission sent out by the Peace Conference, Aref Pasha el Dajani, the President of the Moslem and Christian League, was asked what mandatory government the League preferred. He replied that at one time they would unanimously have asked for Great Britain, but the Balfour declaration had so shocked them that they now requested that America should have the mandate for Palestine and Syria. The Commission interviewed all the communities separately, getting in each instance the reply that

their requests had been made through the Moslem and Christian League, except in the case of the Zionists, who asked for a British mandate and a separate rule for Palestine. The Commission then traveled throughout the country, making an impartial and exhaustive inquiry, hearing depositions from almost every town. Everywhere they found the same unanimity for the three resolutions.

The report of the Commissioners has never been published. The Conference, apparently under the influence of the Political Zionists, took no notice of it except in so far as to announce that no political privilege would be granted to the Jews, who were in the minority in the land; but that they would be given economic privileges in connection with its development. As a result, not a few natives who had returned from America and elsewhere with their gains, for this very purpose, were naturally disappointed. Some British firms were ready to invest capital in the development of the country, particularly for the improvement of the ports of Haifa and Jaffa; but they were turned down under instructions from the Foreign Office, so that the Zionist could have the first option in such undertakings.

Relying upon the decision they had given the Americans on the Commission, as well as upon the fact that they had made their views perfectly clear to the British authorities, the Moslems and Christians did not send a deputation to the Conference held at San Remo, which, as is well known, gave the mandate over Palestine to Great Britain. Through the efforts of the Zionist Commission, which had powerful representatives present, a clause was interpolated in the mandate, establishing a 'Jewish homeland' in accordance with the Balfour declaration.

The Grand Mufti, who is the ecclesiastical head of the Moslems in Jeru-

salem, on hearing the news concerning the mandate, still refused to believe that the British, who had pledged themselves to protect small powers, and who had promised that their rights should not be violated, would allow the Christians and Moslems of Palestine to be ruled by Political Zionists. The Moslems, he said, looked upon Great Britain as their best friend; they had welcomed the arrival of the British armies; and in spite of all appearance to the contrary, he still believed that Great Britain would treat them fairly. The Grand Mufti was anxious that it should be understood that he and his followers were not anti-Jews, but that they objected to their country's being exploited by Jewish foreigners, and to their efforts to make both Christians and Moslems their vassals. While the Zionists during the past years had collected through propaganda immense sums from all parts of the world, he said, the Moslem and Christian natives of Palestine, by reason of the Turkish oppression and the war, were without funds. All that they asked for was a number of years in which to get on their feet economically. The Moslems, the Grand Mufti told the writer, had no objections to the same quiet development of Jewish colonies going on as in the past. What they did strenuously object to was the plan of the British government to turn over their land to the Political Zionists, for the purpose of establishing a Jewish state.

The highly respected Aref Pasha, President of the Moslem and Christian League, which had been formed to stem the tide of Jewish immigration, said that the Moslems, understanding Great Britain's love for justice, decided to fight their coreligionists and to throw in their lot with her. Not less than 130,000 Moslems, many of them deserters from the Turkish army, fought with the British. The Moslems of India

also figured prominently in the same cause. Now, however, they find that the British victory means for them vassalage under the Jews; the people, he said, preferred the tyranny of the Turk to being ruled by the Jew.

The Christian inhabitants of the land hold the same view. Last spring no less than 20,000 people held a demonstration in Jerusalem, in order to show the administration and the foreign consuls their bitter opposition to this Jewish movement. Following this demonstration, many of the Christians proceeded to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and took a solemn oath that they would resist with their lives the Jews' efforts to rule them. So far as is known to me, not a single representative of any of the religious communities in Palestine favors the project. The views of the Christians are summed up in the following message, which a highly honored citizen of the country dictated to the writer as he was leaving the port of Jaffa, requesting that it should be made public. 'The Moslems and Christians welcomed the British occupation because they did not know that their country had been sold to the Jews. The honor of England is in jeopardy. The Christians of the whole world do not know of this treachery, nor did the three hundred millions of Moslems know of it. But some day it will be known, because it will surely mean another war. Had the people known what was to happen, they would have worn crape when the British entered.'

To show the consideration with which the Political Zionists are treated by the British government, the following is offered. The conflict between the British troops and the Turco-Germans left many cities and villages of Palestine in a condition not unlike that of those in Northern France and Belgium. Few people in Europe and America appreciate what the Syrian inhabitants

of the land have suffered because of the conflict. The herds and farm-stock of the people had been carried away by the Turks, and they were naturally sorely pressed in their efforts to secure plough animals and grain for the cultivation of their fields. The Anglo-Palestine Bank, a Zionist concern, lent money to these people at a very exorbitant rate. The Chief Administrator, appreciating the embarrassment of the natives, and in order to ensure that the economic restoration of the country should speedily be effected, revived the Turkish system of making loans to the farmers, and made arrangements with a British bank, the Anglo-Egyptian, to lend them the money at six and a half per cent, payable over a period which could be extended to five years. In the event of failure of payment, the land would become the property of the government, not of the Zionist bank.

The Zionist Commissioner, realizing that this defeated their plans to secure titles to lands, set their forces at work in London, with the result that orders were actually sent from the Foreign Office to suspend this arrangement, which had been such a boon to the war-ridden inhabitants. It was not long afterward that General Money resigned, and Colonel Vivian Gabriel, his chief financial adviser, was relieved of his post, because it was stated that he had adopted 'an attitude inconsistent with the Zionist policy of the Government.' The injustice of the interference, however, on the part of the Zionists, became so clear to everyone that, after several months, even Dr. Weizmann, the President of the Zionists, thought it necessary to withdraw the embargo; and the British government again permitted the loans to be made.

The departure of General Money, a thoroughly sound and upright governor of the best British type, was a great loss to the people, and it was the signal for

a recrudescence of the Zionist claims. The Zionist Commission claimed the right to a previous scrutiny and veto of all the acts of the administration; they asked the British government for the lands and farms of the interned German colonists; they asked for the possession of the magnificent German Hospice on the Mount of Olives (then occupied by the Administration), for their projected Jewish University. They offended the Moslems by trying to acquire lands adjoining the Mosque of Omar, for which they offered £150,000. There seemed to be no limit to their arrogance; moreover, the aggressiveness of individuals, on the street and everywhere, was most marked.

The old resident Jews of Palestine certainly have other than religious grounds for their indifference toward the efforts of the Political Zionists. Last winter the Council of Jerusalem Jews appointed a commission of representative men holding leading positions, to visit parents who were sending their children to proscribed schools, in order to secure their withdrawal. Among these schools, which included those conducted by the convents and churches, some of which have existed in Jerusalem for a long time, are the British High School for Girls, the English College for Boys, and the Jewish School for Girls. In the latter, conducted by Miss Landau, an educated English Jewess, all the teachers are Jewish; most of the teaching is in the English language. This school, which is financed by enlightened Jews of England, was denounced more severely than the others, because, not being in sympathy with the programme of the Political Zionists, Miss Landau refused to teach the Zionist curriculum. She was even informed that her school would be closed.

In a series of articles that appeared in *Doar Hayom*, the Hebrew daily paper, last December, it was stated that

the parents who refused to comply with the requests of the Commission were to be boycotted, cast out from all intercourse with Jews, denied all share in Zionist funds, and deprived of all custom for their shops and hotels. 'Anyone who refused, let him know that it is forbidden for him to be called by the name of Jew; and there is to be for him no portion or inheritance with his brethren.' They were given notice that they would 'be fought by all lawful means.' Their names were to be put 'upon a monument of shame, as a reproach forever, and their deeds written unto the last generation.' 'If they are supported, their support will cease; if they are merchants, the finger of scorn will be pointed at them; if they are rabbis, they will be moved far from their office; they shall be put under the ban and persecuted, and all the people of the world shall know that there is no mercy in justice.'

A month later the results of this 'warfare' were reviewed. We were informed that some Jews had been influenced, 'but others — and the greater number, and those of the Orthodox, — those who fear God — having read the letters [signed by the head of its delegates and the Zionist Commission] became angry at the "audacity" of the Council of Jerusalem Jews "which mix themselves up in private affairs," have torn the letter up, and that finished it.'

Then followed a long diatribe against these parents, boys, and girls, in which it was demanded that the blacklist of traitors to the people be sent to 'those who perform circumcision, who control the cemeteries and hospitals'; that an order go forth so that 'doctors will not visit their sick, that assistance when in need, if they are on the list of the American Relief Fund, will not be given to them.' 'Men will cry to them, "Out of the way, unclean, unclean." . . . They are in no sense Israelites.'

It is to be regretted that only these few paraphrases and quotations from the series of articles published can be presented here.

The work of the Councils Committee met with not a little success; pupils left schools, and teachers gave up their positions. Two instructors in the English College, whose fathers were rabbis, and a third, whose brother was a teacher in a Zionist school, resigned. Another refused to do so, and declared himself ready, in the interests of the Orthodox Jews, who were suffering under this tyranny, which they deplored, to give the fullest testimony to the authorities concerning this persecution. The administration, under Governor Bols, finally intervened, and at least no further public efforts to carry out their programme were made.

If, in this early stage of the development of Political Zionism, even the Palestinian Religious Jews already find themselves under such a tyranny, what will happen if these men are allowed to have full control of the government? And what kind of treatment can the Christian and the Moslem expect in their efforts to educate their children, if the Political Zionists are allowed to develop their Jewish state to such a point that they can dispense with their mandatory and tell the British to clear out? When such things happen under British administration, what will take place if the Jewish State is ever realized, and such men are in full control?

## V

The appointment of a Jew and Political Zionist, Sir Herbert Samuel, as the High Commissioner of Palestine, although he is considered to be an impartial and fair-minded man, was regarded as a serious mistake by practically every non-Jew in Palestine, because of the powerful, and even fanati-

cal, forces that would be brought to bear upon him. The question arises, what was done on his advent in July with regard to the civil rights of the people, which were guaranteed by England's edict, by the Balfour declaration, the League of Nations, and the San Remo Conference? In his inaugural address, Samuel informed the people of Palestine that he would nominate an advisory council,—which would be composed mostly of British officials, with ten unofficial members, whom he would choose from the various sections of the people,—to meet under his presidency at frequent intervals; to this council matters of importance would be submitted for advice; and the unofficial members would be free also to raise questions to which they desired the attention of the government to be directed.

Palestine and Syria have, perhaps, more intelligent men in proportion to the inhabitants than any other country in the Near East, for which fact, of course, there are abundant reasons. Despite all that has been said with regard to the self-determination of small nations, and all that has been promised these people, by official statements and edicts, concerning their civil rights and their wishes, we learn that they are to be represented by ten unofficial members, appointed by the leader of the Political Zionists, who, when called by him, shall have the privilege of meeting, to hear reports, to give advice, and to ask questions. Certainly, this is a remarkable realization of the much-heralded doctrine of self-determination of the small nation, and a remarkable fulfillment of all the promises that have been made to these unhappy people.

It is also deemed most unfortunate that the British government has placed the judicial department of the country in the hands of a Jew and Political Zionist, who even has the appointment of the judges of Palestine, about twenty

of whom are Moslems. The demoralizing effect of this is fully appreciated by non-Jews. Protests against his occupying this position have been made, but without avail. The case, however, is different when the Jews endeavor to oust a Christian judge who is not favorable to their programme. Even a man of the highest type and standing, credited with a long career of faithful judicial service, has been disposed of through their influence.

Those who are familiar with life in Palestine, where the feeling between Moslem and Christian and Jew is perhaps more intense than in any other land, are fully cognizant that this scheme for a Jewish state not only accentuates and increases the animosities that have always existed, but invites another tragic chapter in the history of the Hebrews. The Political Zionists are simply intensifying this feeling, as well as the bigotry and fanaticism of the masses, by their efforts to force themselves into a sovereign position. And there can be no question that anti-Semitism, not only in Palestine but throughout the world, will increase more and more as the world, Christian and Moslem, becomes familiar with the situation.

The British politicians in London seem to have little comprehension of the difficulties they are helping to create for their Empire. The Political Zionists will never be satisfied with the country west of the Jordan, and only as far north as the Litany. All kinds of intrigues on the part of their politicians, to secure the territory that will be held by the French and Arabs, can be looked for. They have already claimed that the boundaries of the Solomonian kingdom, which extended to the Euphrates, should be those of their state. Already an outlet on the Gulf of Akaba has been demanded. Since there are 50,000 Jews in Bagdad, what is to prevent

their plutocrats, when Great Britain is again hard pressed, from exacting another declaration from the government, which will embrace this territory?

In *Palestine*, for September 25, the statement is made that the boundary-line set by France would make it impossible to get water for electric power. This would rob them, they claim, of all hope of economic prosperity. There can be no other result but that Britain's difficulties with France and Arabia will be increased, and that the estrangement between these countries will be accentuated.

It is the opinion of nearly every non-Jewish British official in Palestine, not only that Britain's reputation for justice and fair dealing is at stake, and that a great wrong is being done the inhabitants of the land, but that there are serious dangers ahead for the Empire. They believe that, if immigration from Russia, Roumania, and Poland is to be allowed to any great extent, so that the Jews will be in the majority, — will have, as they say, at least fifty-one per cent, — not only racial riots and massacres will result, but there will be a continual menace to the Empire, especially because of the interest of the Moslems of other lands in Jerusalem and in their coreligionists. Moreover, these officials feel keenly the change in the attitude toward the British that has come over the inhabitants since they entered, for they know that they are now hated and despised.

The propagandists endeavor to have the world believe that, since Sir. H. Samuel's appointment, the opposition of the inhabitants is disappearing; and we are told that many have signed petitions asking for Jewish rule. To one familiar with the actual situation, this, to say the least, is ludicrous. Thousands of signatures could easily be obtained at the cost of three or four for a shilling. Order has been maintained the



last few months in this little land with the assistance of 24,000 soldiers. But we are informed that anti-Zionist sentiment has increased since the arrival of Sir H. Samuel, to whom quite recently national associations at Jaffa, Hebron, and Gaza sent the following resolution:—

'With all due respect to His Britannic Majesty and to your person, we beg to protest against the decision taken at San Remo [that is, the granting of the mandate to Great Britain], and against your appointment.'

The Palestine problem can be easily and effectively disposed of by the British government with dignity and honor, to the satisfaction of the Christians and Moslems in Palestine and throughout the world, as well as of the many Jews who are opposed to this political movement. This can be accomplished by simply carrying out the provisions of the League of Nations and

all the pronouncements that Great Britain has made. The loosely worded and ambiguous Balfour declaration does not prevent this; for if the non-Jewish inhabitants are granted their civic rights, which can mean only that they will have a voice in the government in proportion to their population, then justice will be rendered them, and the problem will be solved. Unless this is done, governing by a mandate, as many British maintain, is simply another phrase for a power's taking possession of a country, and ruling it as it desires. And unless this is done now, before the status of the Christian and the Moslem is compromised, and before the country becomes full of Russian, Roumanian, and Polish Jews, so that they will be in a majority, a grave injustice will be committed, which will be resented more and more by the Christians and Moslems of the world as they become familiar with the situation in their Holy Land.

## THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

### ON BEING A LANDLORD

ON my consciousness are impressed the names of fourteen married women and one (so far as I know) unmarried man: Mrs. Murphy, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Cawkins, Mrs. Trolley, Mrs. Karsen, Mrs. Le Maire, Mrs. Barber, Mrs. Sibley, Mrs. Carrot, Mrs. Mahoney, Mrs. Hopp, Mrs. Rancee, Mrs. Button, and Charlie Wah Loo. Their husbands I hardly know at all: indeed, if Mrs. Carrot should introduce Mr. Hopp to me by that dear title, — as, for example, 'my husband, Mr. Hopp,' — I should hastily readjust my

ideas and decide that Mrs. Carrot was really Mrs. Hopp, and Mrs. Hopp really Mrs. Carrot. Charlie Wah Loo *may* be married; he devotes his days to the wash-tub and ironing-board, and his nights (I like to think) to what Mr. Sax Rohmer, author of *The Yellow Claw*, mysteriously mentions as 'ancient, unnamable evils.' In feudal times, however, I should have known them all better. Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! that brave little company —

Button Rancee  
Hopp Mahoney Carrot Sibley  
Barber Le Maire Karsen Trolley  
Cawkins Brown Smith Murphy

— would have marched sturdily under my banner, each in his stout leathern jerkin, manfully carrying his trusty pike, halbert, long bow, short bow, or arbalest; and with them Charlie Wah Loo would have trotted along by himself as an interesting human curiosity—or, perhaps, in a cage. Each in his time would have done me fealty, saying, 'Know ye this, my lord, that I will be faithful and true unto you, and faith to you will bear for the tenements which I claim to hold of you, and that I will lawfully do to you the customs and services which I ought to do at the terms assigned. So help me God and his saints.'

Those, in retrospect, were pleasant days for the landlord, when rent was paid in loyal service and a few dozen eggs, or what not. But all that now remains of the ancient custom is that they continue, vicariously, through the agency of their beloved helpmates, to pay me rent. In this sense Charlie Wah Loo, with his washtub and irons, is his own beloved helpmate.

Briefly, I am a landlord. But do not hate me, gentle reader, for I am of that mild, reticent, and reluctant kind to whom even collecting the rent, to say nothing of raising it, is more a pain than a pleasure. There are such landlords, products of evolution, inheritance, and a civilization necessarily based on barter. Our anxious desire is to exact no more than a 'fair rent'; at our weakest, when a tenant gets in arrears and, evidently enough, cannot catch up, our line of least resistance would be to go quietly away and leave that tenement to the tenant, his heirs and assigns forever. It is unpleasant, and becomes more so every time, to remind him that he owes us money. Only the inexorable harshness of our own overlords compels us, hating ourselves the while, to be strict.

I have seen it stated as a scientific

deduction that 'in the beginning man probably dwelt in trees after the fashion of his ape-like ancestors. He lived on nuts, fruits, roots, wild honey, and perhaps even bird's eggs, grubs from rotten wood, and insects.' And my own experience leads me to feel that there was much to be said for this way of life, though I draw the line at birds' eggs, grubs from rotten wood, and insects, at which items of an earlier menu even the scientific mind seems to balk. But it may well have happened that some strong fellow presently got possession of an especially desirable tree, and allowed others to share its branches only if they kept him supplied with provisions. Thus may landlordry have been established.

Millions of years have passed since then,—a mere flicker in the great movie of eternity,—and we are still, many of us, living in trees; but the trees have been cut down and made into houses, of which at present there are not enough to go round. We have outgrown our simple arboreal diet, developed and perfected the hen (no small achievement in itself), invented underwear, and in countless other cunning ways have created a complex civilization. Century by century, generation by generation, we have acquired tastes and conventions that prevent us from returning to the simple, happy, uncomplicated life of our ape-like ancestors. And in this civilization that we have made, the figure of the landlord bulks large and overshadowing, and might, indeed, be likened to Rodin's Thinker, thinking in this instance about how much more he shall raise the rent. One must assume, of course, that he is thinking about it just before taking his morning bath.

It is not my purpose to dwell upon those disgraceful landlords who profiteer. I am concerned rather with the character of the Perfect Landlord, a

just man, respected, if not loved (within reason), by fourteen married women and a Charlie Wah Loo. But this admirable ideal seems impracticable. I know a landlord who speaks with pleasure of the social aspect of collecting his rents; but his is a selected tenantry, for he lets apartments only to what he calls 'nice people,' whose society he feels reasonably certain he will enjoy on rent-day, and whose financial status, he also feels reasonably certain, is and will remain such that no painful embarrassment on this sordid but necessary side of their relations will ever cast a gloom over his visit. Yet even so, I gather that there are occasional breaks in the golden chain, when the nice tenant chats with a too feverish interest about life and things in general, and the sordid aspect cannot be glossed over by a casual 'Ah, yes, the rent.' Such breaks in the golden chain are the test of landlordry.

I am reminded of a little one-act play which I have just written entitled

### THE RENT

CHARACTERS: Mrs. Button, a tenant.  
I, a landlord.

SCENE: *A tenement, owned by I, but referred to as Mrs. Button's, which is perhaps more correct.*

MRS. BUTTON. *is washing dishes. The room steams. Slow creaks outside as of a reluctant man coming upstairs. Mrs. Button smiles enigmatically. A knocking at the door, as in 'Macbeth.'*

MRS. BUTTON. — Come in. (*I enters.*)

I (*laughing with affected lightness.*) — Ah, good-morning, Mrs. Button. I've come for the rent.

MRS. BUTTON (*weeping.*) — It's not me, as ye know, sir, that likes to be behind with th' rint. I'm proud.

I (*touched in spite of himself by the*

*sight of a strong woman in tears.*) — I know *that*. But you've been here seven months, Mrs. Button, without —

MRS. BUTTON (*wiping her eyes.*) — Yis, I'm an old tenant, and 't would break me heart to go. An' me goin' to begin payin' reg'lar only nixt week, sir. It's th' only home I've got, an' it's cruel harrd to leave it.

I (*sternly.*) — Very well. Very well. I shall *expect* the money next week. Good-day, Mrs. Button.

MRS. BUTTON. — Good-day, sir.

I *exits.* MRS. BUTTON *resumes washing dishes, smiling enigmatically. The room steams, and steps are heard going hastily downstairs, fainter and fainter.*

(CURTAIN)

It is a grave responsibility — this power to dispossess other human beings of their little home — to say nothing of the recurrent task of making them behave themselves in it. Perhaps, on some other and happier plane of being, all landlords will be just and all tenants reasonable of disposition and stable of income. Then, indeed, the landlord need have nothing in common with a well-known walrus, of whom it is told that, in dealing with certain oysters, 'with sobs and tears he sorted out those of the largest size.' But something might even now be done by compulsory psychopathic — I had nearly said psychopathic — treatment; for thus the effort to solve the rent problem would go to the soil in which it is rooted, and no complicated laws would be needed. Landlords and tenants — in fact, everybody — would have to take the treatment, including, of course, the psychopathic practitioners, — who would treat each other, — but it would be a fine thing for the world if it worked.

One sees in imagination the profiteering landlord, after looking long and intently at a bright object, say a five-

dollar gold-piece, dropping peacefully asleep; one hears the voice of the scientist repeating, firmly and monotonously, 'When you wake up you will never want anything more than a just rent — a just rent — a just rent — a just rent.'

One sees this profiteering landlord, once more wide awake, busy at his desk with pencil and paper, scowling conscientiously as he endeavors to figure out exactly what a just rent will be. Investment, so much; taxes; insurance; repairs; laths and plaster here, wall-paper there; water, light, putty, paint, janitor, Policeman's Annual Ball, postman at Christmas, wear and tear on landlord's shoes, etc., etc., etc., etc. — now, if ever, there is a tired business man.

Or, — to take another aspect of this great reform, — there is the sad case of Mrs. Murphy, who can no longer endure the children of Mrs. Trolley, who lives in the flat above her. They run and play, run and play; they produce in Mrs. Murphy a conviction that presently the floor will give way, and the children, still running and playing, will come right through on her poor head. Yet it is the nature of children to run and play, run and play: the landlord cannot, try as he may, persuade Mrs. Trolley to chain her offspring. So away, away to the Public Psychopathic Ward with poor Mrs. Murphy. 'Madam, when you awake, the sound of running feet over your poor head will suggest the joys of innocent childhood, and you will be very happy when they run and play, run and play — happy all day — run and play — run and play — happy all day — run and play.'

But alas, so far even psychopathic treatment cannot promise to stabilize incomes. There must still be times when the just landlord must say to his tenant, 'All is over between us; we must part forever — and at once.' To which,

judging by the tenor of some of the laws that have lately been suggested, the tenant may presently answer, 'All right, all right, you Old Devil. This is the tenth of the month, and I'll shake the dust of your disgraceful premises off my feet two years and six months from to-morrow.'

It's a puzzling time for us landlords. Not long ago I felt compelled to raise the rent of fourteen married women and one (so far as I know) unmarried Chinaman. And then, overcome by conscience I sat down and figured out a just rent. And when I had finished I came upon a distressing discovery. I had raised the rent of neither Mrs. Murphy, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Cawkins, Mrs. Trolley, Mrs. Karlsen, Mrs. Le Maire, Mrs. Barber, Mrs. Sibley, Mrs. Carrot, Mrs. Mahoney, Mrs. Hopp, Mrs. Ranee, Mrs. Button, nor Charlie Wah Loo, anything like enough.

#### ANIMAL SPIRITS

Animals know when you are afraid of them. You may have your fear under perfect control, — no running, no screaming, no climbing fences, — but the animals find out about you. Large dogs step silently out of shrubbery toward you; and all kinds of bats, cows, wasps, and mice go out of their way to meet you.

I myself am not afraid of animals, but my sister Barbara is. It has been my duty all my life to act, now as her protectoress, now as decoy. I have chased mice with slippers and dry-mops. I have caught bumble-bees and June-bugs. I have herded cows. Whenever hunting-dogs appear on the horizon, I have to run away, trailing one wing. There is no telling when I may have a chance to be of service, for Barbara encounters danger everywhere, in the most unlikely circumstances.

You might think, might you not, that the shopping district of a manufacturing town would be comparatively free from cows? Yet it was in this kind of place that Barbara had her most notable adventure.

We were rounding the corner by the fish-market one day, when the only herd of prize cattle ever marketed in our district struck the town. The beautiful animals were moving along in orderly procession. Street-cars were stopped for them, and small boys trotted at their heels.

'If you stand here quietly by the corner,' said I to Barbara, 'they will never notice you.'

Barbara, white to the lips, obeyed. She would have stepped inside the door at the corner, except that it chanced to be the entrance to the bar-room of a saloon — this in the days before the Amendment. On came the cattle, glancing pleasantly from side to side. And the leader glanced at Barbara. Instantly a glint of malice kindled the eye of that cow. She braced her black-and-white legs, drew a deep breath, and then, with that peculiar upward curve of the tail like the curve of the lion's tail on a coat-of-arms, she charged. Not at me, of course. At Barbara. Barbara hesitated for one moment, and then vanished through the green door, into the saloon.

Barbara says that, until you have actually been in a saloon, you do not realize that the company there can be so reassuring. Bar-keeper and patrons alike rushed to her defense. But the cow, pausing wistfully outside the door, drew in her horns, gave me one disappointed confidential glance, and went off down the street.

Horned cattle, of course, are easily the most terrible of all animals; but dogs, being more numerous and lighter on their feet, are harder to escape. Fear of dogs, I understand, is not neces-

sarily a fear of their bites. If you really fear dogs, you fear the whole dog. You are afraid of his jumps, his rough feet, his bark, his cold nose, his sniffing at your ankles, and his way of looking at you over the whites of his eyes. But Barbara says that the most terrifying thing about dogs is the way in which they sometimes walk toward a person whom they suspect of fear. They assume a gait like what used to be called the 'high-school step' — a noiseless walk in which each foot in turn is lifted very high, suspended loosely for a moment from the knee, and brought down perpendicularly on the toes. It is a walk at once stealthy and purposeful. All dogs can do it. The sweetest old loafer of a Saint Bernard in town will do this step when he sees Barbara coming, and the fox-terrier next door goes around that way for an hour after she has passed his house. When dogs come toward Barbara at this half-prancing, half-furtive pace, it seems to her that she simply cannot bear it. Far rather a sudden bite, direct, soon over.

The person who fears dogs is not particularly worried about their going mad. During a mad-dog scare, however, when all dogs are required by law to wear muzzles, the absence of a muzzle is something to be looked into. Barbara and I were on a cross-country walk with friends one day, just after such muzzle-legislation had gone into effect, when we heard a great baying and yelping behind us in the woods.

'A dog after a rabbit,' said we, placing Barbara in our midst and hurrying a little toward the ferry where we were to cross the river.

But at that moment, out rushed the dog, a vast black-and-tan hound, head down, eyes straight ahead. His muzzle had come off and was hanging over his shoulder like the side-car of a motor-cycle. He came straight to heel — Barbara's heel.

Now, as everybody knows, mad dogs always run in a straight line. No bee could have made a straighter line than this dog described after Barbara. Mad dogs do not drink water. This dog drank none. Mad dogs pay no attention when you speak to them. We told this dog to go home, and he paid no attention. It did look like rabies.

'Do you suppose that he would eat sandwiches?' said I, opening the lunch.

He accepted chicken sandwiches to the number of five. We left him lunching, and took the ferry in haste. Half-way across the stream we looked back, and there he was, watching us mournfully from the shore. Even at that distance, we could see that he was watching Barbara.

I should be sorry to have Mr. John Burroughs catch me nature-faking. Therefore, on the subject of the mentality of animals I draw no inferences. But I confess that I did once try a little experiment. I dressed entirely in my sister's everyday apparel, shoes and all. I adopted her unobtrusive manner, and her most accustomed hat, and I made a tour of all the best watchdogs in town. I went first past her worst persecutor, the fox-terrier next door. Instead of exchanging a friendly smile with him, as is my custom when alone; I went flitting quietly past, holding my breath, feeling as much like Barbara as

I could. When I was well beyond his house, I looked back, and there sat Victor the terrier on his front doorstep, his head cocked indulgently at me, one ear standing straight up in the air, the other folded back on itself like a kid glove turned wrong side out; his bright, beady eyes perfectly round with inquiry. He did not bark or move. When he saw that I was lingering by the hedge, he came trotting down the drive, wagging his short little tail and asking if there was anything that he could do for me. If I had been Barbara, he would have left his doorstep before I had made three paces along his sidewalk, and his barks would have been exceeded only by his leaps and bounds.

I tried this same thing on Hiram the Airedale, on Kells the Irish setter, and on Miss Wide-Awake, a frightful Belgian police-dog who rushes at Barbara with pointed jaws. In spite of my manner, in spite of my costume, these dogs all received me with uniform courtesy and well-bred assurances of esteem.

Beyond this point I am not competent to investigate. I do not know what to make of it at all. But, like all other ignorant persons, I know what I think. I *think* that it is nothing you do or leave undone that tells animals whether or not you are afraid of them. They know.

## THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

George W. Alger is a well-known New York attorney, with an insistent interest in public questions. Added emphasis is given to his paper by the fact that there is now pending in Congress a bill whose purpose is to enlarge the exemption from the Anti-Trust laws of certain associations of fruit-growers and others by allowing them to combine to fix the prices of their products and, if deemed essential, to hold them from the market, 'any law to the contrary notwithstanding.' Everybody knows Agnes Repplier of Philadelphia. Charles M. Sheldon, of Topeka, Kansas, is editor-in-chief of the *Christian Herald*. He will be remembered as the much-discussed author of *In His Steps*, who, as a sequel to the astonishing success of that vigorous tract, conducted a daily newspaper, the *Topeka Capital*, for one week, in strict conformity with the precepts of the New Testament. Howard Snyder went from Montana some years ago, to become a planter in a remote district of Mississippi. All that he says is born of deeply felt personal experience.

\* \* \*

H. C. Porter is a newcomer to the *Atlantic*, whom we hereby recommend to employers everywhere as the perfect book-clerk. The Elderly Spinster will be remembered by readers of the *Atlantic* as the author of the unique and poignant 'Tales of a Polygamous City,' which we printed in 1917 and 1918. Richard Le Gallienne, a versatile writer, distinguished both in verse and in prose, is an Englishman long resident in New York. Arthur D. Little is a chemical engineer, whose professional work has been extraordinarily wide and varied. During the war he was in charge of certain special researches for the Signal Corps and Chemical Warfare Service.

\* \* \*

Eugene S. Bagger, once a Hungarian, but for many years an American, is now foreign editor of the *New York Tribune*. The paper that stirred Mr. Bagger to this discussion appeared in the *Atlantic* for February, 1920.

W. Carby's Zimmerman is a Chicago architect, of the firm of Zimmerman, Saxe and Zimmerman. He was State Architect of Illinois for a number of years. Julian Kilman, a writer new to the *Atlantic*, is connected with the Naturalization Service of the U.S. Department of Labor, at Buffalo, New York. Ralph Philip Boas, head of the English Department of the Central High School, Springfield, Massachusetts, was formerly connected with the English Department of Reed College, Oregon. From a letter written by President Coleman of the 4LL, we quote this pertinent paragraph.

We are, of course, suffering from the depression in the lumber industry. A good many camps and mills are shut down, and our locals, therefore, scattered. On the other hand, it is pretty certain that the cargo shipping mills will continue running through the winter, and that a fair amount of logging will be continued, to supply their needs. The 4LL organization is holding wages and hours steadily, and is the only force that is doing so. Mills and camps outside of the 4LL have cut wages and have talked of return to ten-hour day. 4LL operators generally have further shown their loyalty by showing preference in this time of curtailment for American citizens and 4LL members. The result has been that, while we have lost in general membership, we have gained in numbers and confidence at the cargo shipping points. A few operators, who have given us half-hearted support in the past, have withdrawn their membership now; but in spite of much uneasiness as to the immediate future of the industry, the leading operators are standing firm with us.

As we go to press, the newspapers state that the Loyal Legion has reached a friendly adjustment of all questions of wages, hours, etc., to govern the relations of its members during the coming season.

\* \* \*

Stanwood Cobb is Secretary of the Progressive Educational Association. John Finley, who has, between times, been teacher, writer, poet, professor, college president, and Commissioner of Education of the great State of New York, and has been all the time friend and counselor to thousands, perhaps to tens of thousands, of young men, now joins the management of the *New York Times*. Such a progression gives new em-

phasis to the old truth, that all sound journalism is educational, but that the public knows too much to go to school to a journalist who is not, in large measure, an educator. Grace E. Polk, as any reader might know, is a professional probation officer. She is attached to the Juvenile Court at Minneapolis. Francis Edward Clark founded the Society of Christian Endeavor in 1881, and since 1887 has devoted his life to Christian Endeavor work throughout the world, as President of the United Society of Christian Endeavor and of the World's Christian Endeavor Union, and as editor of the *Christian Endeavor World*.

\* \* \*

G. Lowes Dickinson, for many years a don at Cambridge, England, came into wide popular notice ten years and more ago, when he acknowledged the authorship of those letters of a Chinese official which presented so sardonic a commentary on Western Civilization. Subsequently, a series of books — among them *The Greek View of Life* and *A Modern Symposium* — revealed Mr. Dickinson as an artist in English prose. In more recent years, he has devoted his life to the cause of peace. To persons of every political and social faith the present paper should make its separate appeal as the desperate cry of the heart and mind of the Old World to the New, now inseparable through a common experience. Mary Van Kleeck is Director of the Division of Industrial Studies of the Russell Sage Foundation. To all interested persons we would recommend a careful perusal of Bulletin No. 12 of the Women's Bureau of the U.S. Department of Labor. Hugh Black, a Scotsman by birth, has been Professor of Practical Theology at the Union Theological Seminary ever since he came to the United States in 1906. Albert T. Clay, an Oriental scholar, has been since 1910 Laffan Professor of Assyriology and Babylonian Literature at Yale. During the past year he has been serving as professor at the American School of Oriental Research in Jerusalem.

\* \* \*

Edward Townsend Booth's paper on 'The Wild West,' in the December number, published by us as the simple and vigorous reaction of an educated young Easterner

to the rougher experiences of life, seems to have been taken as an economic or social treatise, and even as an attack upon a well-known community in the State of Washington. Among the letters it has called forth, the following seems particularly worth printing as the analysis of a type.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Deductions to be inferred from statements in Edward Townsend Booth's 'The Wild West,' in the December *Atlantic*, appear to be that society is chiefly responsible for the radicalism and unrest of the 'working stiff.' As an employer on a small scale, for six years, of agricultural workers in the West, I beg to disagree.

Let me give an illustration. I employed a ranch-hand at \$100 a month and board for eight months of this year. He came to me penniless, explaining that he had left his former job because of its too easy accessibility to cards and moonshine whiskey, which had taken his earnings, and he wanted to save enough to lease a place for himself. He wore an eleven-dollar hat, twelve-dollar pair of shoes, and sixty-dollar suit. A few days later he told me to buy him a suit of underwear. 'Size forty-six!' exclaimed the merchant. 'Then it is not for you?'

'No, for the man who is working for me.'

'For Brown, is it? This grade won't do for him; he wears good stuff.'

So the dollar-and-a-half grade, which was all that Brown's employer felt he could afford to wear himself, went back on the shelves, and a two-dollar-and-a-half grade came down, which was just what Brown wanted.

Brown could have saved ninety dollars a month without denying himself; but in November he had only \$115 to show for his season's work.

Except for the fact that he was exceedingly competent and never shirked, Brown had all the peculiarities of the 'working stiff,' as I have known him. There was a note of pride in his voice as he iterated to me during the summer that he was a 'working stiff' and a 'boomer,' and that three months was about as long as he could remain on a job without itching to roam. He had worked for me two months the previous summer, and knowing his statement to be true, I did my best to hold him. He had home-brew, to which he could help himself; I took him to town in the jitney every Saturday night and waited three or four hours until he was ready to return; if he wanted a day off, it was his for the asking, on pay.

Like most of the 'working stiffs,' he was moody. Five and six days at a stretch there was not a word out of him — just a snarl. Conversation between us during those periods was limited to outlining the day's work. One day, while he was indulging in one of his cranky fits, we turned the pigs loose and drove to the stubble-field where there was considerable grain on the ground. I went to town that day, and in the evening Brown remarked, —

'The pigs did n't stay long in the stubble.'

It was the first civil word out of him in six days.



'No?' I replied; and waited.

'A pig reminds me of a "working stiff,"' he slowly resumed.

'How's that?' I asked.

'He's never satisfied.'

I am inclined to believe there is more truth in Brown's diagnosis of the matter with the 'working stiff,' than in Mr. Booth's statement that his only hope of rehabilitation is in the I.W.W.

Brown contracted no worries and no responsibilities to draw one hundred dollars a month. He had an opportunity to save easily not less than one thousand dollars this year; I had the responsibility of a \$12,000 investment, and my receipts for the season were \$125 above expenditures. This is the working capital on which I must carry on my next year's operations and support a family. Really, don't you think, Mr. Editor, it is the farmer, and not the 'working stiff' whose plight is in need of rehabilitation? C. D. G.

As to other statements in Mr. Booth's paper, we shall have more to say after digesting a mass of material now before us.

\* \* \*

Respecting the flight of birds and its discussion in the *Atlantic*, Mr. Richard Williams sends us a very interesting cutting from the *London Times*.

At the scientific meeting of the Zoölogical Society on Tuesday evening Colonel Hankin, of the Indian Medical Service, described observations he had made on the flight of flying fishes and the soaring flight of vultures. He said that the two kinds of flight were much alike in their mechanical nature and in the rates of speed attained under different conditions of temperature and weather. He thought that the secret of soaring flight might be penetrated by observations of flying fish. Experiments made in France suggested that eddies formed under the wings were the cause of propulsion, but he admitted that the explanation was still unsatisfactory.

Mr. Handley-Page said that there was a close parallel between the development of the bird and the development of the aeroplane. In a primitive bird, like the fossil *archæopteryx*, the expanse of wing was relatively small and the tail enormous, the function of the tail being to secure stability. In early aeroplanes, also, the tail was relatively very large. The single curvature of the wings was such that, in the absence of a large tail, any tendency of the nose to rise or fall out of the horizontal position increased, unless it were corrected by the tail. In the more modern double-curved aeroplane wings, and especially in those with flexible tips, the tendency was toward the automatic correction of deviations from stability, and the tail became less important. Nature had improved bird-models in the same way. But, as an aeronautical engineer, he believed that soaring flight was due to upward currents of warmer air, and that the birds had to flap, or to gain forward motion by descending, when they passed from one upward current area to another.

The papers on Zionism that the *Atlantic* has printed from time to time are greeted by outbursts of commendation and condemnation. Whether the Ayes or the Noes have it, is difficult for the chairman to tell; but he wishes to be fair, and has asked a well-equipped believer in the movement to comment briefly on Professor Clay's vigorous paper. We print his reply herewith.

The editor of the *Atlantic* restricts my comment to three hundred words on Professor Clay's paper of 6500 words.

I should like to remind Professor Clay that the reëstablishment of the Jewish home-land in Palestine was one of the few war-aims publicly proclaimed by the Allies. The promise of Great Britain, concurred in by the Entente and this country, was a public undertaking made during the war, and by England, France, and Italy written into the public law of the world, pursuant to such undertaking, and not, as Professor Clay suggests, 'interpolated' at San Remo. I do not know what he means by 'interpolated,' but by the use of the word he suggests methods not direct and above-board. This suggestion reveals the bias of his mind on this subject. There is no space for the reasons of the Allied undertaking. I am, therefore, compelled to refer the disinterested reader to Mr. Balfour's justification of 'political Zionism' in his introduction to M. Sokolow's *History of Zionism*.

Professor Clay deals with specific items of alleged British administration and Jewish conduct in Palestine. Obviously, the truth as to the issues which he raises calls for detailed discussion. This cannot be done in three hundred words. I can only say that Professor Clay's exposition is marred by interpretations which, I believe, are unwarranted by the facts, and by omissions which seem to me vital, and is colored by beliefs which seem to me prejudiced.

For a comprehensive statement of the facts, I beg to refer the reader to a noted Christian theologian, Professor William Worrell of the Hartford Theological Seminary, who was also on the post and had full opportunity for knowledge.

One large consideration the reader of Professor Clay's paper should bear in mind: the whole Near East is in ferment, and whatever order there is rests on armed force — the whole Near East, that is, except Palestine, which has been a peaceful and progressing community ever since racial and religious mischief-makers were supplanted by the wise and just administration of Sir Herbert Samuel.

FELIX FRANKFURTER.

\* \* \*

The poet's mind is a territory we love dearly to explore. Let us pause for a moment, then, on this upland of the imagination.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Permit me to respectfully submit to you the enclosed essay in verse, under the title 'NOT IN AVIATION LIES MAN'S SALVATION.'

I am well aware that the critics who put technique above ideas will declare these verses as lacking in the essentials of poetry-architecture, and I am willing to admit that with technique of architecture I have little to do. My thoughts come to me on waves of emotion; and as they emerge from the surging surf, they rush through the faculty of speech and appear ready clothed in forms of language, prose or verse, in accord with the mood of the moment. My main and first concern is, how high the plane of these thoughts? How pure the atmosphere they breathe? How deep the mainspring and how worthy the aim and object? If satisfactory in these respects, then I know them to be the children of my living soul, and that is justification enough for me to set them free and send them out into the world to stir the soul-life of Man. . . .

Very respectfully, J. P.

\*\*\*

In our youthful games we were always 'it,' and the habit it seems, is still strong upon us. Witness the following: —

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

It is so pleasant to know your appreciation of jokes on yourself that I am sending a companion story to your November anecdote of the light-house keeper.

We had been reading *The Autocrat* in class, and I had asked this question in a test: Name another occupation besides the production of literature, in which Holmes engaged.

Here is one answer: 'Oliver Wendell Holmes produced literature, and also wrote for the *Atlantic Monthly*.'  
A SCHOOLMISTRESS.

\*\*\*

Who knows a joke knows Sam Blythe. He knows Chicago, too, and has this to say.

MONTREY, CALIFORNIA, Dec. 3, 1920.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The little stories in the *Atlantic* about the culture of Boston are interesting — and familiar. Let me cite you Chicago, the real home of Culture.

It came off very hot during the last days of the Republican National Convention in June. A friend and I set out to buy straw hats. We found nothing suitable at two or three hat-places we visited, and asked a mounted policeman, who was sitting with great dignity on his horse at the corner of Madison and State Streets, if he could direct us to a hat-shop.

'Right up the street half a block is a very good one,' the policeman said. 'Ask for Mr. Ibsen, and he will take care of you. Remember the name — Ibsen — same as that of the great writer.'

Mr. Ibsen took care of us; and I submit that, for culture, Boston has nothing on Chicago.

Faithfully, SAMUEL G. BLYTHE.

Occasionally Boston must cease to talk about itself. The chapter of the humor that circles round the Hub must end with the following anecdote.

In the Boston Girls' Latin School a class in Greek History was reciting about the cultured tone of general society in Periclean Athens. There were thirty girls in the class, all preparing for college, and the average was sixteen.

'What city is called "the Athens of America"?' the teacher asked.

Nobody knew!

What did the teacher say?

She said, 'Girls, girls, girls!'

M. U. L.

\*\*\*

The capable head of our circulation department reports that the rate of *Atlantic* progress in Texas promises widespread and intimate association with that imperial state. This is good news for the *Atlantic*; we hope it is not bad for Texas. One correspondent sends this suggestive note from San Antonio as we go to press.

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, December 24, 1920.

GENTLEMEN, —

The article 'What is the Reason?' in your January number seems to me to indicate nothing more than would a gust of wind swirling around the corner. A quite sufficient answer is the flood of emigration threatening us from Europe.

The seventeen instanced by Mr. S. Miles Bouton have been in the United States long enough to have experienced its awakening from the awkward, overgrown schoolboy stage of its existence; and if they run away from its 'growing pains,' they will, in all probability, run into worse economic and political conditions in Europe — and wish they were back in the good old U.S.A.

We cannot hope, and should not desire, to hold all those that may come to our shores. Those that go back after having been with us so long will be able to explain, with understanding, the happenings in the U.S., to their neighbors and friends, and will cement, and increase, the goodwill of the nations.

Mr. Bouton points out the need for a better understanding of our foreign-born and native-born of foreign parents, and with this I agree fully.  
Very truly yours, A. J. P.

But to our thinking that is not all. Distinctively American opinion is insular, we think, rather than continental; and therein a vast difference lies.

\*\*\*

With this issue the editor welcomes thirteen new contributors to the *Atlantic* — a lucky number; he hopes.

Guinevere the Mysterious, by William Beebe



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## THE ATLANTIC'S BOOKSHELF

These reviews of recent books of unusual value are based upon lists furnished through the courteous coöperation of such trained judges as the following: American Library Association Book List, Wisconsin Free Library Commission, and the staffs of the public libraries in Springfield (Massachusetts), Newark, Cleveland, Kansas City, and St. Louis.

**Freedom of Speech**, by Zechariah Chafee, Jr.  
New York: Harcourt, Brace & Howe. 1920.  
8vo, xii+397 pp. \$3.75.

THIS work, by a professor in the Harvard Law School, deals with the restrictions on freedom of speech, and on certain forms of political action, which accompanied and followed the participation of the United States in the European war, and the enforcement of those restrictions by our government. It is not written by a scientific inquirer, aloof from what was going on, but by an active participant in the controversy, who holds strong and definite views on the political and legal principles involved.

Professor Chafee is not himself either a Radical or a Socialist, and he is an ardent believer in the cause of the Allies; but he belongs to that school of liberals who regard freedom of discussion as a supreme and constant necessity for democratic government, and he believes that constitutional provisions and legislative enactments dealing with freedom of speech and political action ought, even in war-time, to be so construed and administered as to allow the widest possible latitude to political opponents of the government. He criticizes severely much of the war-time legislation and the manner in which it was administered by the courts, and criticizes still more severely the deportation policy carried out by the Department of Justice, and the denial of the right of the electors in the Victor Berger case and the case of the five Socialists in the New York State Assembly.

With much that he says one must agree; yet one may doubt whether he appreciates the inevitable limitations of war-time psychology. If men were governed solely by reason, a nation might, without injury to its fighting power, allow free scope to individual opposition. So a man in love might urge his suit in calm and temperate language. But such is not the way in which human nature works. Lovers would rather speak like Romeo than like Herbert Spencer; and a nation at grips with a powerful enemy will insist on at least apparent unanimity of feeling and expression, and will ruthlessly coerce recalcitrant minorities to attain it. To this evil individuals must and will be sacrificed. The half-baked young men and women who suffered imprisonment for foolish talk were as inevitably victims of the war as the French children who were killed by German bombs, and their wrongs will seem to most of us to rank low in the scale of war-time suffering. Legal and constitutional restrictions that stand in the way of national unity will never

appeal strongly to any but a few men of rare intellectual detachment.

Yet it is good that, after the heat of the contest, such men should have their say. At least we should see clearly what it is that we have done. Professor Chafee states his case with a moderation and candor which must command respect, whether we agree or disagree with his conclusions. His book is a valuable contribution to the history of the time.

A. D. H.

**Italy and the World War**, by Thomas Nelson Page. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1920. 8vo, xiv+422 pp. Maps. \$5.00.

MR. PAGE has given us an interesting, accurate, and judicially balanced history of Italy's important share in winning the war. Writing with the skill and sympathy of an accomplished narrator, he examines carefully all the known facts; traces first the story of the unification of Italy and the conflicting political tendencies in Europe that drew Italy into the entanglements of the Triple Alliance in 1882; then analyzes the much discussed Pact of London, and shows how the Italian people, acting with true idealism, first freed their country from the entangling triple agreement, cut away, as with a surgeon's knife, the German control of banks and industries, fought down the pro-Teutonic neutrality of the Giolittian party, and finally, under the popular leadership of the King, entered the war, in May, 1915.

Of all this Mr. Page, American Ambassador to Italy, had intimate personal knowledge; for, as the official representative of that great neutral, the United States, it was his duty to observe, and his privilege to know, the diplomatic moves made by the various European powers while Italy was steadily preparing to enter the war on the side of the Allies. No book on Italy's part in the war, published in England, in France, or in Italy, — and there have been many such written since the Armistice, by writers who are obviously prejudiced by their own national aspirations, — gives so impartial a statement of the relative importance of the varying forces, Italian and Allied, which helped Italy win 'Our War', as she called the campaign on the Venetian front.

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## THE ATLANTIC'S BOOKSHELF

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Italy is not imperialistic, but she aspires to racial unity and to frontiers safe from military invasion. Why she fought for this end, how she fought for it, and in what measure she has been successful in obtaining it, are happily related in this interesting volume. G. L.

**A Guide to the Military History of the World War, 1914-1918**, by Thomas G. Frothingham. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1920. Cr. 8vo, xx+367 pp. With maps and diagrams. \$2.75.

It will be a long time before the world can hope to have a complete and accurate history of all the events which took place during the years 1914-1918 on land, at sea, and in the air. An enormous mass of data must first be gathered from innumerable sources, and winnowed by expert hands. Even then there will be chaff among the wheat. But there is no good reason why the world should not now get a clear idea of the main currents, which in all essentials are well and reliably known. The future may change our perspective; but the events it cannot change. It may be many years, for example, before the German historians get to the bottom of that collapse in morale which made August 8, 1918, the 'black day in the annals of the German army,' as Ludendorff calls it; but the military operations of that pivotal day are about as well known now as they ever will be.

Captain Frothingham's book is a narrative of military events—not an attempt to explain them, or to tell why they happened. It is, as its title indicates, a guide and not a commentary. The author does not concern himself with the home-land activities of the war, such as the mak-

ing of munitions, the conservation of food, and the recruiting of man-power. His function, as he conceives it, is to follow the sinuosities of the far-flung battle-line; in other words, to give his readers an intelligible survey of strategic and tactical operations on all the fronts of the war. This task, and it is no easy one, he has performed with considerable skill.

It is no disparagement of the text, however, to say that the maps and diagrams are the best feature of the book. They accompany the author's account of every major operation, and are so clear that they literally spell out their own story. The veriest tyro in military map-reading could not fail to grasp the situations which these maps and diagrams portray. True enough, they do not disclose the relative positions of the opposing forces in accurate detail; but that does not detract from their value to the general reader; and, indeed, it is very doubtful whether any attempt to include such details would have had other result than to muddle the maps and render them inaccurate. Such as they are, the diagrams are intended to present a visual narrative of successive tactical situations in broad outline, and this purpose they fully achieve.

Writers of military history, taking them as a class, are prone to be influenced by preconceived ideas of warfare. Moltke's history of the war of 1870-1871 affords a notable example. Grant's *Personal Memoirs* also illustrate the tendency, though not so conspicuously. The lesser lights of military history have rarely been free from it. Captain Frothingham, although he wore an army uniform during the war, has not forsaken the attitude of the civilian, and this has helped him to make a pretty fair appraisal of the various military achievements. The book is written in a clear, readable style, with no waste of energy in the pursuit of literary embellishment. A supplementary chapter on 'American Tactics in the World War' is an interesting feature, and a chronological table of dates enhances the value of the volume as a work of reference. W. B. M.

**Margaret Fuller: a Psychological Biography**, by Katharine Anthony. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Howe. 1920. 12mo, viii+213 pp. Portrait. \$2.00.

THERE is an advantage in applying the methods of modern psychological analysis to a woman long since dead. Unlike the living 'subject,' she does not change during the process, nor can she protest the verdict of the analyst. But it is a curious freak of the times that Margaret Fuller should 'end her strange, eventful history' by falling into the hands of a skillful Freudian disciple, who, by applying the Freudian principles to Miss Fuller's career, conclusively proves her to have been almost everything which she would



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## THE ATLANTIC'S BOOKSHELF

herself have found most hateful in the woman of her day.

Miss Anthony acknowledges herself a warm advocate of her heroine. She praises her Feminism. She sympathizes with her struggles in the world of letters and in that of the affections. She condones her severities with others and her laxities with herself where conduct is concerned. But she leaves us with not one illusion in regard to Miss Fuller — either her virtues or her charms.

Margaret Fuller passed a neurotic childhood, 'her soul uncouth with hunger like a voracious birdling in a nest, all wide-open beak and nothing else.' Her relation with her father was early poisoned by 'uncanny eroticism,' which she herself is said to have recognized as 'a psycho-sexual conflict.' Mrs. Fuller, the mother of nine children in sixteen years, was a perfect example of an unselfish mother; but the daughter took little or no share in the care of 'the little Fullers,' as she called them. The Freudian theory of hysteria is said by Miss Anthony to be 'a perfect fit' as a description of her illnesses and glooms. So her various love-affairs with older women, her boundless ambitions, the short hours of sleep necessary for her, and the combination of extraordinary energy and domestic languor, all correspond to the Freudian scheme of character-development.

Miss Anthony has a happy skill in the selecting of illustrations of Margaret Fuller's writing. Each specimen shows eloquence and charm. Her pen was far more winning than her tongue.

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The book is one of the few readable products of the dark, Freudian system; and even if one refuses to go to the extreme of that fantastic theory, one must acknowledge that Miss Anthony by its help has solved some perplexing problems in the character and career of Margaret Fuller.

H. E. H.

**Moon-Calf**, by Floyd Dell. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1920. 12mo, vi+394 pp. \$2.50.

THE America that has recently given birth to a *Main Street* and a *Miss Lulu Bett* has produced another mid-western novel, which for seriousness and candor deserves a sympathetic reading. But where Mr. Lewis is sociological and Miss Gale ironic, Floyd Dell's method is autobiographic — which is to say that he flies higher than the other two, and is less sure of his way. In spite of the many efforts of the younger Englishmen, one sees no real mastery of this difficult form in

our day except in the pages of *Jean-Christophe*.

The evolution of Felix Fay's soul is too straggling a business to be dealt with in the concentrated manner that makes Miss Gale's novel so distinguished. Moreover, its psychological matter cannot carry weight unless subjectively felt, imagined with an intensity which Mr. Lewis is far from attempting. *Moon-Calf* occasionally hits the bull's-eye, humanly speaking, with a thud that must make irony and objectivity turn pale. But the world is full of moon-calves, growing boys of the tender-minded artistic race, suffering from contact with reality and turned aside from life by a subtle antagonist, who bids them fear conflict with other wills and seek refuge within their own rationalizations. Whether such a boy is engendered by a butcher or a millionaire, the struggle between his weakness and his strength, the anguish, the pathos, the humor of his adaptive processes, are relatively the same. We need to be very fond of him to endure to be close spectators of his growth.

We are not quite fond enough of Felix, — that is the truth of *Moon-Calf*, — though we follow his career with interest genuine in its degree. The youngest son of a Civil War veteran who fails as a butcher, he grows up in a meagre Illinois town with a sense of 'difference.' He takes school and the lady teacher hard, haunts the library and the lady librarian, dreams and writes poetry, is converted to socialism, atheism, and the world of ideas, tries reporting, and ends, after a love adventure, on the road to a literary career.

The most beautiful and poetic pages in the book concern the young hero's introduction to 'the sex' in the person of a little girl, — the daughter of an actress, — who might have been bad, but was good. The least convincing pages relate his affair with a young person who might have been good — but was thoroughly banal. This episode, supposedly Felix's final introduction to reality, is as flavorless as a California peach. And the lad remains a moony lad, marooned in his own egotism by a creator inclined to sentimentalize him.

Mr. Dell has another difficulty: he is always trying to be a descendant of Howells and the realists as well as an heir of Rolland. After hearing Felix Fay's hungers of soul, we share his champagne ice on Main Street. Miss Cather might conceivably combine the two *genres*; to do so requires more elimination and more evocation than Mr. Dell has yet achieved. His small town is, however, the 'native son's,' not the 'West side of Main Street seen from the East.' Chicago was Felix's goal because it was the only capital he could discern beyond the rolling prairie. If Mr. Dell will only blow his creative bellows and make that central fire of his burn harder and brighter, the *Moon-Calf* may then, in another volume, come to man's estate. E. S. S.

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The Baroness Orczy has a remarkable imagination, and remarkable skill in giving her imagination striking and vivid expression. This story of adventures in a strange land will hold the reader by the very audacity of the plot. The book was published some years ago under the title, THE GATES OF KAMT. \$2.00

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## THE ATLANTIC'S BOOKSHELF

**Captain Macedoine's Daughter**, by William McFee. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company, 1920. 12mo, xii+326 pp. \$1.90.

ABOUND Artemisia Macedoine, the charming, scheming, pathetic, vindictive, aspiring, immoral daughter of a pretentious old fraud and a New Orleans octaroon, Mr. McFee has knit with surely accumulating interest the threads of a leisurely, introspective story. Now and then it reminds the reader of Joseph Conrad in certain moods; and it is not surprising that, entirely aside from matters of form, there should be a certain intellectual kinship between the two writers, for men who have studied in the same school have much in common. But *Captain Macedoine's Daughter* stands on its own merits. Although it is too subjective to excel merely as a story, and although it makes no attempt to reach such a height of passion or drama as Conrad so often attains, it has a quiet humor, manifested in the turn of phrases so deftly chosen that you find yourself ruminating on their nice accuracy, which is individual and delightful; and its vividness and honesty place it far beyond the mass of current fiction.

The appearance of new characters to represent new aspects of the argument, inevitably suggests that plot and action are subordinate to the theme, and prevents the strong, consistent progress that persuades a reader to accept as inductive the theories upon which an author builds a novel. And yet the fascination of the book comes from its characters. Blessed with an unusual talent for individualizing them, Mr. McFee, seemingly without effort, makes every person of whom the reader gets the briefest glimpse stand forth with a complete and separate identity.

There are those who will not like the world that he creates, for it deals with sordid situations, and in choosing the mould in which he cast the story, he denied himself the whimsical pleasure of creating from sordid materials a Costigan or an Altamont. But the story is so well told that it never becomes the unsavory tale it might become in less skillful hands. It is presented cleanly and honestly, and in every line it deserves the consideration that is due to good workmanship. Although it contains more psychology than plot and more meditation than action, it is consistently interesting and quietly dramatic.

To lay certain phases of love on a laboratory table; to observe them and experiment upon them; and thus to consider, without a trace of intellectual priggishness, love in its many relations to the rest of life, is a considerable task, and one that for an unwary or inexperienced writer would be beset with many pitfalls. But

Mr. McFee is neither unwary nor inexperienced. He writes with a firm hand and with a humor that is proof against sentimentality. The figure of the laboratory may indicate both the strength and the weakness of the book. C. B. H.

**The Noon Mark**, by Mary S. Watts. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1920. 12mo, iv+336 pp. \$2.50.

THE title of Mrs. Watts's book calls up a picture. The great doors of the barn on a Vermont hillside were swung wide open at both ends. The sweetness of new-stored hay and the occasional whirr of a swallow's wing filled the place with a romance of its own. A broad black strip painted across the barn floor marked the place where the sun was supposed to strike at noon; but the color faded long ago, and to-day most of Mrs. Watts's readers will have to seek her title in their dictionaries rather than in their memories of the old homestead.

Moreover, she has herself given the 'Mark' a new twist of meaning. Here is her introductory parable: 'A fox looked at his shadow at sunrise and said, "I will have a camel for lunch to-day." And all the morning he went about looking for camels. But at noon he saw his shadow again — and he said, "Oh, well, a mouse will do."'

The study of the men and women in the mid-Western town where the scene of the book is laid shows us youthful ambition shrinking from the camel to the mouse. The process is depicted with pitiless accuracy. We are introduced to the sharp class-distinctions, the slender fringe of 'the best people,' the noisy crowd of those 'with erroneous ideas about the time and place to use toothpicks, and the way to hold a fork,' and the pervasive dialect, neatly blended of the newest slang and the oldest bad syntax — a speech that shrieks of ignorance and good-nature. These features, and such as these, make up an all-too-truthful picture.

A German spy and a priestess of a new religious cult — an amusing satire on some familiar methods of combating 'error' — give color to the book. The conventional story of love, marriage, and family life is well told, though with a grim and sordid background. It would be all crass materialism, answering perfectly Mrs. Bell's definition of realism as 'the cold, rancid truth,' were it not for two splendid women, on whose portraits Mrs. Watts spends her best powers. The fine old gentlewoman, châtelaine of the town, and the hard-working community seamstress, — both wise of head and pure of heart, — are good enough to save even a modern Sodom from destruction. E. H.

In response to requests from many librarians, the reviews printed each month in this department of the magazine will be reprinted separately in pamphlet form. Copies may be had by any librarian, without charge, on application to the Atlantic Monthly, 8 Arlington St., Boston.

# THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

MARCH, 1921

## AMIEL IN NEBRASKA

LETTERS NEWLY DISCOVERED AND TRANSLATED

BY JOHN SHERIDAN ZELIE

[THE translator of these letters sends us these particulars concerning the person to whom they were addressed. Edward Lyanna, a cousin of Henri Frédéric Amiel, was born in Geneva, where he learned the printing and book-binding trades. Having little hope of advancement at home, he started for America in 1850, and in Paris learned of the communistic society, called Icaria, being formed by a certain M. Cabet, to settle at Nauvoo, Illinois. For the privilege of joining, young Lyanna paid \$100; but five years later he relinquished his membership, and received from the management \$20 — the fruit of his labors in America up to that time. In 1856 he took up newspaper work, and eventually preëmpted a farm at Stella, Nebraska, where he died in December, 1912. These letters — part of a correspondence maintained from 1850 to 1881 — are printed with the approval of the surviving members of Mr. Lyanna's family. — THE EDITOR.]

GENEVA, October 9, 1850.

MY DEAR EDWARD, —

You have no doubt been expecting this letter a long while: but be assured that its late arrival is not due to indif-

ference. Your long and interesting letter of July 27, which reached me in forty-one days, has gone unanswered for two months simply because I have been ill and so beset with cares that, though I had not forgotten you, I had no heart to write. To-night, however, having a little leisure, it is a pleasure to fulfil this long-delayed duty.

And so, my friend, you are really an Icarian? Surely, of all the adventures which an emigrant could have, yours is about the last one would think of, and your letter has given me a real sensation; for though recluses like us do study the works of contemporary reformers, we treat them as if they were historical characters; and when we run upon them eating and drinking and taking part in active life, it is like meeting an apparition.

But your letter was as instructive as it was surprising, for we know very little about these different colonizing schemes in America; and your detailed descriptions, written on the spot by a disinterested observer, make pleasant reading. You have not only kept your eyes open, but you have also expressed yourself with precision. Moreover, by enlightening me on some of these little-

known affairs, you have given me the chance to undo an injustice; for the press had never made me look upon M. Cabet as a constructive genius, and so I was unconsciously doing him a wrong, as your letter has made me realize.

But let me drop your letter for the moment and talk about yourself. You wish to know what I think about the course you have taken. Here it is:—

Any conscientious experiment is a good thing; but to risk everything on one card does look to me like an imprudence. In other words, while I do not disapprove your making a trial of this thing, I do think it is a mistake that you have made it final, — burning your ships, — and have left open no retreat in the event of failure.

Here are my reasons for thinking so. I have no prejudice against these new schemes; on the contrary, I feel a great deal of sympathy toward all generous efforts, all hopes, all sincere plans such as yours. But when the success of them is doubtful, I do not like to see the destiny of my friends involved in them. I wish to see the experiment tried, but not at their expense.

You will probably say: 'The success of the community is not in doubt. I have looked into it thoroughly and am convinced about it. What is more, it works, it has been successful, it has property and capital enough to guarantee its future; and it lays claim to the rights and privileges of the American middle class. Are not these certainties?'

Call them favorable probabilities and I will agree with you. It is true you have seen, but have you foreseen? I have the fullest confidence in your sincerity, your ability to think things out, and your unusual maturity of mind, but I cannot altogether forget your youth or the illusions which may ensnare it even while they do honor to it. You trust others as you do yourself; your very integrity and your youth stand in

the way of your knowing men well. And it is men, not merely things, that you have to take into account when creating institutions: it is through men that they act and live.

All in all, I am not frowning upon your Icarian communism; I am a spectator and watch the experiment. I can only approve your fervor, like that of a neophyte; for to do anything well it has to be done with one's whole heart. So far away, I do not undertake to judge; only I could wish you were a few years older and had had a little more knowledge of the world before taking a step so decisive. You may have chosen well; a year or two from now we shall know.

Well, what's done is done, and having taken the leap, no more arguing about it, but energy and hope. Courage and good luck! Make your situation yield up all it has to give, and distill from it all that is significant. Whatever the outcome, experience, the dowry of life, will remain.

In your good letter you give me exact information concerning the composition of the society of which you are now a member, and the principles which it inscribes on its flag. That is just what you ought to notice first, and it is important to know it at the start. When you can write at greater length, you will let me more into the heart of the experiment. But first of all, what is the sanction of duties? That is to say, how do you deal with those who violate your established principles — the obligation to work, brotherhood, etc.? Tell me a little about the position of women and children; and one's leisure, and what he may do with it? In a word, next to the constitution and regulations, I am most curious to learn your theory of justice, police, the family, worship, and morals, as they are developed in Icaria. It is there that we look for the real stamina of a society. Once more, I shall not discuss principles, but will just ask you

for the facts and your observations on them. They will speak for themselves.

A letter from Europe would be anything but welcome if it were all devoted to Nauvoo. Your four or five journals, no doubt, keep you informed about world-affairs — the impending conflict between Austria and Prussia, the never-ending intrigues and conspiracies at Paris, the recklessness of Italian Catholicism and the blow which has been dealt to it. In our volcanic old Europe some explosion or other is always brewing, and the energy which, in America, works itself out against nature, here, for lack of room, becomes embittered and is turned against society itself. All conceivable parties and ideas are alive and at work at the same time, and they range all the way from absolutism to demagoguery, from ultramontane superstition to atheism, and from unlimited individualism to the most despotic socialism. It is a frightful mixture — enough to baffle any other alchemist than Providence.

GENEVA, *March 15, 1851.*

MY DEAR EDWARD, —

All the details which you have written are most welcome and have excited a great deal of curiosity among your old acquaintances and others to whom I have shown them. Little by little, this Cabetian colony, which so many considered rather fantastic, begins to emerge from the fog which surrounded it. However, I still have a host of questions to ask you, in order to fix a little better in my mind the contour of that distant building, half-veiled in the mists of the Mississippi — or shall I say, the Meschacebe, since you are a reader of Chateaubriand? I might, by analogy, draw my own conclusions about it, but would much prefer to know it from you; and since you offer to satisfy my curiosity, I give it full swing.

First, will you not draw up a little

plan or map of the colony showing its topography and buildings and designating the points of the compass.

#### A. THE HOME LIFE OF THE COLONY

##### a. *The Individual*

##### I. Liberty. — What limits do you set for the liberty of the individual?

1. Is illness the only excuse for ceasing to work?
2. Can one leave the colony for an hour, a day, or a week, as the case may be? Or is Icaria a kind of pleasant prison for good people, with a yard rather more extensive and attractive than the ordinary?
3. Are the recreations and pleasures also numbered and labeled? Are the community Library and the Sunday hymns, and whatever else the kind administration has judged permissible, your only resource in that direction?
4. In a word, do the Icarians surrender to the management the entire direction, not only of their work, but also of their tastes and their leisure? Must they eat, drink, play, read, and listen by rule? You will quite understand the scruple which leads me to ask this question.

##### II. Property. — Is the individual not allowed to possess anything of his own, neither utensils nor furnishings, nor books, nor money? Does the community have a currency of its own? Has an Icarian a right to put anything by as savings? Who pays for the carrying of letters, for example? Or, if anybody wastes or damages property, does he suffer for it, or who becomes responsible? Is the individual a minor, or a Paraguay Indian, who does not worry about anything?

##### b. *The Family*

Do the married couples live separately or are they allowed a life by themselves which they may arrange as they please? Can they send for their children or visit them whenever they wish? Or do they live together without

any private life, using the common parlor and table? In short, is marriage in Icaria a gentle, serious, and moral institution, or does it exist merely for producing children?

### c. *The Society*

- I. Civil Offices. — Who officiates at marriages, baptisms, and burials? Who records the activities of the community? How is all this taken care of?
- II. Religion. — Do you have a chapel? Is there no preaching, nothing more than the course in Christianity which you spoke of? Do you have common worship? Does anyone minister to the dying? Is any religious sanction invoked for the most solemn acts of life? Is the Gospel read without comments? etc., etc.
- III. Justice. — If there is no resort to force, and it requires nine tenths of your members to expel anyone from Icaria, how will you manage when all the members are not models of virtue? When there arise cases of falsehood, cheating, trickery, violence, assault, and theft, how will you deal with them, or with habitual idleness or sensuality? For you cannot guarantee perpetual saintliness.

## B. THE FUTURE

- a. The Economic Outlook. — Can Icaria become a fairly populous community under the conditions which it has imposed upon itself? Supposing that it succeeds in housing, clothing, feeding, amusing, and finding work for an immense family, and that its revenues should even exceed its expenses, will not such a self-contained society soon reach the limit of its growth?
- b. Social. — Read Campanella's *City of the Sun*, *The Republic* and the *Laws* of Plato, if they are in your library, and you will find that the philosophers who dreamed of these model societies confessed that they could not support more than a limited number of members. They carried in their very nature a limiting principle, and

could stand at all only in so far as virtue could be assured. And Icaria stands or falls with charity and brotherhood. But who can vouch for their continuance? What is to prevent some irruption of wickedness? You wish to restore primitive Christianity, but primitive Christianity itself was not proof against very strange developments. Every institution deteriorates, even communism, because it is composed of men, and men are not incorruptible. 'Give me excellent men and I will give you happiness.' In other words, 'Take away the moral evil and I will answer for physical well-being.' But to remove the moral evil, you must suppress liberty, or, better still, man himself. Next you will find yourself saying, 'Give me angels and I will furnish you an ideal human society.' These are fine promises! The old story — Archimedes offering to lift the world with a lever if someone would furnish a fulcrum; or Æsop boasting he would build a palace from the top downward provided the law of gravity were reversed. Such, at any rate, are the objections which occur to a reflective mind after examining the principles of the Icarian colony and the likelihood of its lasting. One question more. You hope that this fresh, untried world of yours can shake itself quite free of the Old World. Look well to see if you can quite do that. What about your exports and imports?

## C. EXTERNAL POLICY

Will you tell me in what political relations you will stand toward the United States? Will the Icarians be citizens of a state? And just what will be their position in it? Will they not have to bear their share of the taxes, and recognize the laws and the courts of the country? Will not their community, though separated, be influenced through and through by the atmosphere of the great society that surrounds it? Do you suppose that



you can possibly remain isolated, and if you cannot, can you remain pure Icarians?

The same persons who were the friends and helpers of your youth follow you with their good wishes and encouragements. M. Barde sends his kindest remembrances, and Mlle. Brandt also; and if they have any warmer feelings toward communism, be sure it is entirely for your sake. The communism of Europe was founded on crime, and inevitably casts some shade of suspicion upon the communism of Icaria, even though it be founded on virtue and love.

Since you receive the papers, you know how European politics stand: the vacillations of Germany, the dynastic and revolutionary intrigues in France, the distress of Italy; but these are matters which disturb you but little. Is Icaria at all stirred by the Universal Exposition to be held in London? Geneva has sent some superb exhibits.

Our fortifications are being torn down. Building is going on in every part of the city. The conflict of parties has become bitterer than ever. Political life is very intense in Geneva. Since the New Year began, balls and soirées have crowded one upon another. A neighbor of mine attended, a few evenings ago, his thirty-third ball. So you see that life goes on with us, and there is some gayety still. This has been a Tuscan winter. No skating or sleighing, or ice, or snow. At Neuchâtel it has been very cold.

I am very busy and, unfortunately, a little under the weather. I am finishing the works of Emerson, the American philosopher, whom I would urge you to read if you can. By the way, how are you getting on with your English?

Please accept, my dear Edward, the assurance of my sincere affection and believe me, your devoted

H. F. AMIEL.

GENEVA, February 18, 1852.

MY DEAR EDWARD, —

Before answering your delightful and painstaking letter of last June, let me begin by relieving your mind of any least suspicion which my long silence may have created. Be sure that it does not mean the least shade of coolness on my part, for it was due to things which in no way affect the regard and interest I feel toward you. I had intended to write you from London, where I was, toward the end of the great Exposition, the first of last October; but it was out of the question. I could not find a minute in the hurly-burly of that immense city, and had barely time to write home.

I have returned, but my work has prolonged the delay. This being a dreary rainy day, I have shut myself indoors and so get an hour of leisure. I take advantage of it to travel in my imagination, cross the Atlantic, ascend the Mississippi, where a botanical article that I was reading this very morning, together with your long letter, which I have been rereading, holds me a willing prisoner, and so, to the very gates of Icaria. I must thank you first of all for these twelve long pages. They have been read with the deepest interest by myself, your friends, and others who know you only indirectly, but are much interested.

You may well believe that such curious and novel details as you have written I do not keep for myself, and so, while you are giving me pleasure, you are killing two birds with one stone and advertising Icaria. Both the theoretical discussions and the actual facts in your letter have their value. Your discussions in defense of the Icarian society, and your criticism of the non-communistic, are a good thing for you. They necessitate the putting of your ideas into form, justifying them by principles: in short, they confirm your own faith, and that is a good deal. They

show that you possess knowledge, ardor, logical sense, and, above all, conviction.

These are merits which I value so highly that I am glad my questions were the means of drawing them out, though you were wholly mistaken in thinking they were inspired by ill-will or prejudice. Had you been a little more accustomed to carrying on a discussion, you would have seen in my objections nothing more than the desire for precision that singles out the salient features of a subject and describes them by their most vivid names; but malice or prejudice was out of the question. I assure you, my dear Edward, that I had not the least intention in the world of wounding you, and I believe that a mind as shrewd as yours will very quickly distinguish between a critique of ideas, systems, opinions, and the suspecting of characters, motives, and consciences. One may be honorably mistaken, hold a wrong opinion, or one only half true, and yet so conduct himself as to be worthy of all respect. One can seek the happiness of mankind, but still be mistaken about the nature of man. You surely see that. And that clears up all our misunderstanding. I am convinced of your sincerity, and after what I know of your experiences and observation, I have no doubt of the purity of motive, the excellence of purpose, and the beauty of the hopes that prevail in Icaria.

I acknowledge gladly all the happy and favorable signs you have pointed out; but I am still seriously in doubt about the permanence of the society, because of one fundamental error which has crept into its constitution, and one which is sure to entail a cruel disappointment. It is the old error of Rousseau, and consists in regarding the social structure, and that alone, as the source of all evil and vice and disorder, and in believing that by changing the environment and protecting him against these evil influences, man has no option

but to be good. You must admit that that is the cardinal dogma of the Icarian system. But if, under the most favorable surroundings, a man can still develop evil instincts, in other words, if the origin of evil is within himself and not in things, though they may indeed hasten the evil in himself, your theory is vulnerable; it cannot stand the strain. It is of no use to bar the sheepfold against the wolves without; if, among the sheep, there exist the instincts of the wolf, all is ruined. What I ask is, if Icaria can exist only through fraternity and is undone the moment egoism appears again, what assurance can there be that this miracle will long continue, when Christianity itself could not long secure it to the Christian society?

No doubt you will say that the removal of the external incitements to selfishness, such as individual property, competition, and the like, is guaranty enough. But if the human heart is itself a source of temptation, a spring of selfishness, is not disappointment inevitable? With men as they ought to be, Icaria might long survive; but with men as they are? What is the social malady but selfishness, and does that selfishness spring from society? The Icarian says yes, and he hopes to banish it by his model community. But what if he is wrong? Suppose he is mistaking one source of evil as the only source, the part for the whole, an effect for a cause? Notice that I say 'if,' wishing to leave the question open and simply to make good my reserve. I advise you to look into this very carefully, lest it prove as I am supposing it will. You, too, must feel that this is vital for your belief.

The second part of your letter, the one devoted to events, I value highly. The details regarding your employments and recreation, your reading, your attachments, your success, your progress, were a delight. I was impressed at once

by three things: by the arrival among you of these additions from the cultivated classes; by the applications of children from outside the colony for admission to your schools; and by your victory in the election of a mayor — certainly, favorable signs of your moral standing. Last of all, I learned, with no little surprise, of the importance which Catholicism and socialism have both achieved in the United States. I was not altogether ignorant about the growth of the one, but the progress of the other surprised me a good deal. I would be grateful for all news of this kind.

But a letter from Europe must not be wholly devoted to affairs in Icaria. You will naturally wish news from this side. Reading and printing newspapers as you do, you must be fairly well informed about the important events in the Old World. I hardly need tell you of the amazing and sudden changes in our political world during the last four years. You have been able to follow, since the revolution of 1848, the gradual restoration of all that was then dislodged and the burial of liberty through fear of chaos.

Socialism can boast of having made a fine job of it! The constitutional régime killed in Austria and Prussia, the Republic killed in France, frightful oppression in Italy, all liberties challenged over a great part of the continent — such are the fruits of its threatenings, the result of its haughty, half-ripened theories, and of its resort to force and massacre. I do not believe that the communism of Icaria, which is human and moderate, and relies only upon persuasion, will pity socialism for its defeat any more than it will thank it for the catastrophes which it has caused. Piedmont, Belgium, Switzerland, and England are the only countries in Europe which have not fallen into reaction, and the first three are in a perilous position. Imperial France is a constant menace

to them. It is humiliating and painful to-day to call one's self French: humiliating, because nothing equals the servility, the venality, the baseness and moral commonplaceness that the contemporary history reveals — sad, because the universal state of siege, the suppression of all privileges which belong to the citizens of a free country, the fear of the present and dread of the future, are not a cheerful outlook. Arbitrary control and despotism are in full bloom.

The only analogy to the actual situation in France is the shame of Rome under the first Cæsars. And our unfortunate neighbors are brought to consider themselves fortunate by comparison. Socialism must feel flattered! Our relations with France are becoming most difficult. At Geneva, party hatred is as bitter as ever, but the foundation of a National Club, independent and conciliatory, is one encouraging sign. The club has a hundred members already. The federal centralization, in the form established by the new Pact, is taking shape, but with friction and resistance. The frontier cantons see their interests endangered by it, while Latin Switzerland considers itself inadequately provided for, even not greatly respected, by Germanic Switzerland. Our future is not a cheerful one, whichever way we turn. The life on the Meschacebe is a more peaceful one than that on the Leman.

As to your correspondent, since he last wrote you he has been at Aix for his health, and to London for his education. It was his first visit to England, so he has learned much, besides enjoying himself greatly. Both the Exposition and the capital impressed him exceedingly. Teaching, books, conversation, and writing have filled his months. This summer he is going to the country at Lancy, and will no doubt be back in town this winter.

GENEVA, *Monday, March 31, 1856.*

MY DEAR EDWARD, —

It is three months to-day since you were writing to me on the banks of the Mississippi, and a month since your letter reached me at the foot of the Salève. I am dumbfounded when I look again and see that these dates are correct. I, who was counting upon writing you at once, so as not to prolong those hours and weeks of low spirits which your isolation had caused you, find myself swept thirty-seven days out of my course by the irresistible current of life. It is a difficult art to steer one's course against the winds, the tides, the currents, and among the shoal waters of human life, and arrive at a given point in the allotted time. So I am late; I nearly always am, hindered by my baggage and liking too well to let myself go, without knowing just where. But I beg you will not do as I do — there is no progress, no victory that way.

And there are two victories which you must set before yourself: first, Independence: and, next, Contentment. Independence will come easier for you: with your will and perseverance, the experience you have gained; and being predisposed, as you are, toward the American way, you can be sure of a living and, with economy, of being independent. It will be a hard struggle, but you are twenty-four years old, with plenty of energy and vitality, and the contest will double your strength. Courage! Edward, do not forget Franklin and so many others who started just where you are, but without the intellectual and moral equipment which is yours, and made their way. With youth, vigor, self-respect and the respect of others in your favor, you are entering in the best possible way on the struggle which we all have to make, in one form or another; harder for you than many, it may be, but for that very reason all the more glorious.

The second victory is first in importance and makes the other possible. The thing to do now is to find a faith in place of the one you have lost; to heal the wounds of your soul and find once more the spiritual strength, the hope, the satisfaction without which life holds only bitterness, and with which even poverty itself has an advantage over the wealth which is harassed by cares and sorrows. Who knows but that three months of work have already changed your whole attitude? But, perhaps, on the other hand, they have only deadened your thoughts and made you forget your anxieties, so that the trouble still persists in the depths of your heart. A passion does not leave a heart without leaving a great void; an ideal never falls into ruins without making desolation in the soul; an idol does not perish in the flames without filling the heart with smoke which will dim the vision. But, even so, it would not be out of place to discuss your moral position and, if you are willing, make our reckoning together with conscience.

Let us look at it and talk it out. What have you lost? Not only your hopes about the Icarian enterprise, but, also, your faith in communism and even in socialism. In other words, you now believe impossible what seemed feasible to you five years ago, the founding of a society which would be free from selfishness. Do you believe now that this impossibility is altogether due to circumstance and the personality of this or that founder, or do you believe that it is due to a mistaken theory? In other words, are you disillusioned by a man or by a plan? If the fault is with the system, do you think its impossibility due to the wickedness of the outside world or the illusion of the communists themselves? These are not idle questions, you understand. You no longer have faith in M. Cabet; but, in order to live, it is absolutely necessary to have

faith in something, for without faith the zest for life is gone. Let us count up our losses: —

Icaria: deception.

Communism: a chimera.

Social brotherhood: a dream.

The Earthly Paradise: an illusion.

These losses are caused by contact with reality — by experience with men and things. Then I have made a trip to Utopia and the disciples are making it too. What is the essence of Utopia? It is counting upon man as he is not; it is believing that evil comes to him from society, instead of society being, like man himself, a mixture of good and evil. The essence of Utopia is laying down laws for Providence instead of believing in its wisdom, and in declaring humanity mad, rather than its own self-originated system. At the heart of Utopia is a mistaken view of the true nature of man and the part that things take in his life. It is, then, at bottom, honest ignorance, presumptuous inexperience.

Believe me, my dear Edward, history does not proceed by mere chance; there is a pilot who is, fortunately, more skillful, wise, and mighty than these men, ruled by passion rather than consecration; believe that humanity, like man himself, carries its own evil in its own heart, and that its mission, its dignity, and its grandeur lie in increasing the whole sum of good, in being a co-worker with Providence, which does not crush, but works patiently on. To conquer the evil in one's self is the great victory, and before casting the stone at society, one should make sure of being himself without sin.

And so faith in Providence may come to take the place of your faith in socialism, and faith in duty the place of your dream of welfare. The rock is mightier than the revolt, and resignation takes more courage than malediction. Is n't it so? Courage, then! Believe in God;

I mean, believe in the supremacy of justice and goodness, take up the sword again, and with a cheerful spirit fight the good fight.

Your sustained hopefulness is an honor to you, for if yours was an illusion, it was a generous one. Go back, now, into human society, do all the good you can there, keep right on working, and never despair.

Edward, you have spent your youth in valiant fashion, now develop the virile qualities. Play the man. Providence is giving you just that opportunity. I hope this letter will find you at St. Louis. As for any specific advice, it would be useless. I do not know the world in which you are living, and I have confidence in your own good sense. Before anything, and at any price, keep honest and do as you please. As I said before, remember Franklin.

My health is good, I am very busy, and I send you in closing my best wishes and a hand-shake. Write me very soon.

Your affectionate

H. F. AMIEL.

It is true that I have left you a long time without letters, but it was really better so. You had told me all your hopes, and I had made my observations and held my final judgment in suspense. Time had to decide. To-day I find you more mature, but the same man. Your duty has not changed. You must make sure of your future and take thought of two other people to whom, as an Icarian, you could not be useful. But is the duty that one creates for himself worth as much as the duty he takes at another's hands? And is not the only part of humanity for which we are responsible just ourselves and those who depend upon us?

GENEVA, *Friday, May 8, 1857.*

MY DEAR EDWARD, —

It is five months since I received a letter from you, and two days ago

M. Barde told me of your new change. I am going to follow your trail, to take you by the hand, thank you for your friendly remembrance, and answer a letter which has been of the deepest interest to me for its spirit, its tone, and its style, as well as its news. You are becoming a man. All the better. That is the finest result that life can give. And what more could you ask by way of proof than that your character has been put through a tempering process, you have gained right principles, got a new understanding of duty, and learned the worth of moral conflict? Courage, then; you are on the right road. Success is a help, independence a joy, capital a means; but the one thing needful is inward peace, the feeling of moral force—I mean, the strength that comes from a good conscience; the prize is to be what one ought to be: a good specimen of humanity, a fighter fashioned by the everlasting conflict between vice and virtue. To be a true man, is the mark set before us; all the rest comes after that.

One passage in your letter has concerned me a good deal. It is the one in which you regret that you do not believe in a Providence, and add that, nevertheless, you wish to live the life of those who do. That is fine and that is worthy of you. Make the experiment. Morality is beautiful enough by itself for the conscience to ask no more. But because one can manage to live on a loaf and a pitcher of water, does it follow that a richer diet is undesirable? A mere cold morality makes one sad, and sadness saps one's strength. We all need happiness. On what would you make yours to depend? The point in question is, not having faith, but having peace. Are you having it? All is said. Have you failed of it? Let us seek for it. And by peace I mean this inner satisfaction, the conscience at rest, which can brave all circumstances, but

which no outside conditions can give. What is your present conviction about life? Is it a good or an evil? Does it have a purpose, and what kind of a purpose? Can you get along without God, and do you believe in another life? Until I know your ideas on these subjects I cannot talk with you about Providence, for conversation starts with some things settled. Tell me what you believe and hope, and without the least hesitation; I am without prejudice of any kind, and I am used to every kind of negation. What I wish you with all my heart is a hope which sustains you and a conviction which will be a comfort to you. Do not limit your confidences of this kind to just a few lines, if you still think that a frank and hearty talk with one who loves and esteems you can be of any help.

Our wretched affair at Neuchâtel is, so they say, on the point of being settled, by a tiring-out process, but without satisfying the just hopes of Switzerland, whose trust has been treated very cavalierly. The King of Prussia has cut the saddest kind of a figure in the whole affair, and the royalists have come near losing even the respect which one might have felt for them without liking them. Their addresses, petitions, and intrigues have been marked by such servility and fanaticism, and such hatred toward the Swiss nation, as to forfeit all their claim to interest. All these things put together have brought us no end of weariness and vexation. But may the earth rest lightly upon them, for this false position is going to be righted in the end, and this last frenzied strain at the collar by a party utterly at variance with our institutions has shattered it for a long time to come, perhaps forever.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Inspired by the indignation which stirred Switzerland over this conflict with Prussia, Amiel improvised a patriotic song, words and music, which became and has since remained the 'Swiss Marseillaise.' It is called 'Roulez, Tambours.' — THE TRANSLATOR.

Our commercial treaty with the United States has just been signed. The Swiss railroads have been trying to effect a combination, but several of the governments and a number of the stockholders have put their veto upon it, with the result that the fusion is postponed for the present.

My health is good enough; my occupations are the same as ever. We have here Mlle. Bremer, a Swedish writer, who has written some *Letters on America*, and our ladies are translating a lot of American fiction.

Adieu. Don't put off writing to me; keep a kindly thought of me now and then, and may Heaven watch over you and take care of you. But, above all, good courage.

Your affectionate

H. F. AMIEL.

GENEVA, June 5, 1858.

DEAR EDWARD, —

You ask that I will show forbearance toward your long silence, and I will show all you could ask for, provided you will do the same toward me. Your delightful letter of January (received the twenty-fourth of February), so full of details, so sharply etched, so sanguine, has given me every sort of pleasure, as it has given other people (my sisters, my cousin Brandt, and a number of others) whom I have let into a share of your confidences.

I am so glad to know that, so far as temporal prosperity is concerned, all is well: you are in good health, your energy is as ever, you have made new friends, have time to spare; that the present is not a matter of anxiety to you, and the future looks bright enough. I am so glad to hear all this. And certainly it is a rare good fortune to have a correspondent from the country of the Sioux, who is not an Osage himself, bring to us in our old centre of culture news of the newest settlements in the

New World. All aside from the interest prompted by my affection, your letters satisfy a keen curiosity, which is quite personal.

Now just a word about your plans for the future. You are putting off your return until May, 1859: but you are always hoping to come back to Switzerland. Let us talk it over a little. Do you feel that you must do this, and that your decision is irrevocable? I imagine not, otherwise I would not speak of it. But if it is still an open question, it will do no harm for me to make a few suggestions about it. The certain is better than the uncertain, and something in hand is worth more than something in prospect; we are probably agreed about that. Then why give up your present position, when you have just won it and got it well established as a result of your own hard work and courage? Why lose your stake when there is no need of it — and spend the greater part of all you have saved on a voyage of fifteen hundred leagues, simply to get back to a country where you will find it four times as hard to find a position as good as your present one? And your motive? Is it homesickness? I hope not. Will you better yourself? What future could there be for you at Geneva, Lausanne, or Neuchâtel? Printer or bookbinder? Would it be as an assistant? You know what the workman's position is over here? Or, if you were to be in business for yourself, you would need capital; and, besides, the openings are all filled up. Journalism? There is no chance of profit there. The railway service would be lucrative enough, but it is crowded, and the places go, as a rule, to the younger sons of families who are able to use influence with the administration. The teachers' positions are likewise filled and go to political friends. As for giving lessons, we have a superabundance of that, and these unfortunates devour each other. Some official position?

But that is a favor, a lottery, and a servitude. A shop-keeper? You must have capital. To be a clerk, you must have some years of apprenticeship.

Of course, I may be mistaken and be seeing everything black. But I may be right, and it is worth the trouble to give you the most careful information about your chances before you cross the ocean again. I do not like to think of your being worse off, in all that concerns your happiness, in Switzerland than in the United States, and especially after all the experience you have gained, and after having lived on the terms of equality which prevail in America. What a loss it would be, to undergo a lot more difficulty, and then regret it too late!

But I cannot force my opinion upon you because, in the first place, not being a business man, I am hardly competent to decide; and then, too, being a relative, I feel embarrassed at having to tell you, 'Beware of coming back before you have laid up quite a little capital.' I am only asking you to think it all over from every side. I have seen the 'rolling stone' proverb verified too often to refrain from saying to you, 'Keep right on where you are, without fickleness or discouragement.'

Your affectionate

H. F. AMIEL.

GENEVA, *Monday, April 16, 1860.*

YOUR letter of February, my dear Edward, took only twenty-two days to reach me from the sources of the Missouri. By just thinking of Chateaubriand, I am still simple-minded enough to wonder at such speed.

I understand that you were quitting the firm of Furnas<sup>1</sup> and Lyanna at Brownville, and that you had not accepted the proposals of the gold-miners

<sup>1</sup> Robert W. FURNAS, afterward Governor of Nebraska.—THE TRANSLATOR.

from Pike's Peak. You are in America that you may gain a competence and become independent; of the honest ways by which this may be accomplished the shortest will be the best. Besides, the life of a farmer has its charms, especially after one has wasted so much ink and blackened so much paper. It seems to me that this is what would tempt me most. I like the barns, the fields, the orchards, and the sun better than the printing press under the gas-lamps, or the feverish gold-diggings. It is far more wholesome and human and natural.

But what still delights me most in your letter is the noble frankness of the way you acknowledge your natural defects and your cheerful avowal that you have never been more active and happy than now. 'If bread-winning were all there is in life,' you say, 'truly it would not be worth the trouble of living'; good words, and you have proved the worth and the truth of them. That a clear conscience is still the best pillow, is the conclusion you have arrived at, and I am heartily glad of it. Hold in reverence this inward voice, and keep on deserving in ever greater degree the affection and esteem which I have always felt toward you since the very beginning of our relationship.

I am still living with my older sister at the foot of the cathedral of St. Pierre. In November I took part in the Schiller festival and translated into French verse *The Clock* of the great poet. This has been a long and severe winter. I am just finishing a course on Anthropology, and I am about to give a course of lectures on the philosophy of Schelling. My eyesight still bothers me. Here you have about all there is of importance concerning myself. Wishing you good health, cheerfulness, and courage I am, my dear Edward, your friend,

H. F. AMIEL.



# THE BUILDING OF THE TĀJ MAHAL

BY L. ADAMS BECK

*In the Name of God, the Compassionate, the Merciful — the Smiting! A day when the soul shall know what it has sent on or kept back. A day when no soul shall control aught for another. And the bidding belongs to God.*

THE KORAN.

## I

Now the Shah-in-Shah, Shah Jahan, Emperor in India, loved his wife with a great love. And of all the wives of the Mogul Emperors surely this Lady Arjemand, Mumtaz-i-Mahal — the Chosen of the Palace — was the most worthy of love. In the tresses of her silk-soft hair his heart was bound, and for none other had he so much as a passing thought since his soul had been submerged in her sweetness. Of her he said, using the words of the poet Faisi, —

'How shall I understand the magic of Love the Juggler?  
For he made thy beauty enter at that small gate  
the pupil of my eye,  
And now — and now my heart cannot contain it!'

But who should marvel? For those who have seen this Arjemand crowned with the crown the Padishah set upon her sweet low brows, with the lamps of great jewels lighting the dimples of her cheeks as they swung beside them, have most surely seen perfection. He who sat upon the Peacock Throne, where the outspread tail of massed gems is centred by that great ruby, 'The Eye of the Peacock, the Tribute of the World,' valued it not so much as one lock of the dark and perfumed tresses that rolled to her feet. Less to him the twelve throne columns set close

with pearls than the little pearls she showed in her sweet laughter. For if this lady was all beauty, so too she was all goodness; and from the Shah-in-Shah to the poorest, all hearts of the world knelt in adoration before the Chosen of the Palace. She was, indeed, an extraordinary beauty, in that she had the soul of a child, and she alone remained unconscious of her power; and so she walked, crowned and clothed with humility.

Cold, haughty, and silent was the Shah-in-Shah before she blessed his arms — flattered, envied, but loved by none. But the gift this Lady brought with her was love; and this, shining like the sun upon ice, melted his coldness, and he became indeed the kingly centre of a kingly court. May the Peace be upon her!

Now it was the dawn of a sorrowful day when the pains of the Lady Arjemand came strong and terrible, and she travailed in agony. The hakims (physicians) stroked their beards and reasoned one with another; the wise women surrounded her, and remedies many and great were tried; and still her anguish grew, and in the hall without sat the Shah-in-Shah upon his divan, in anguish of spirit yet greater. The sweat ran on his brows, the knotted veins were thick on his temples, and his eyes, sunk in their caves, showed as those of a mad-

dened man. He crouched on his cushions and stared at the purdah that divided him from the Lady; and all day the people came and went about him, and there was silence from the voice he longed to hear; for she would not moan, lest the sound should slay the Emperor. Her women besought her, fearing that her strong silence would break her heart; but still she lay, her hands clenched in one another, enduring; and the Emperor endured without. The Day of the Smiting!

So, as the time of the evening prayer drew nigh, a child was born, and the Empress, having done with pain, began to sink slowly into that profound sleep that is the shadow cast by the Last. May Allah the Upholder have mercy on our weakness! And the women, white with fear and watching, looked upon her, and whispered one to another, 'It is the end.'

And the aged mother of Abdul Mirza, standing at her head, said, 'She heeds not the cry of the child. She cannot stay.'

And the newly wed wife of Saif Khan, standing at her feet, said, 'The voice of a beloved husband is as the Call of the Angel. Let the Padishah be summoned.'

So, the evening prayer being over (but the Emperor had not prayed), the wisest of the hakims, Kazim Sharif, went before him and spoke:—

'Inshallah! May the will of the Issuer of Decrees in all things be done! Ascribe unto the Creator glory, bowing before his Throne.'

He then remained silent; but the Padishah, haggard in his jewels, with his face hidden, answered thickly, 'The truth! For Allah has forgotten his slave.'

And Kazim Sharif, bowing at his feet and veiling his face with his hands, replied: 'The voice of the child cannot reach her, and the Lady of Delight departs. He who would speak with her must speak quickly.'

Then the Emperor rose to his feet unsteadily, like a man drunk with the forbidden juice; and when Kazim Sharif would have supported him, he flung aside his hands, and he stumbled, a man wounded to death, as it were, to the marble chamber where she lay.

In that white chamber it was dusk, and they had lit the little cressets so that a very faint light fell upon her face. A slender fountain a little cooled the hot, still air with its thin music and its sprinkled diamonds, and outside, the summer lightnings were playing wide and blue on Jumna River; but so still was it that the dragging footsteps of the Emperor raised the hair on the flesh of those who heard. So the women who should, veiled themselves, and the others remained like pillars of stone.

Now, when those steps were heard, a faint color rose in the cheek of the Lady Arjemand; but she did not raise the heavy lashes, or move her hand. And he came up beside her, and the Shadow of God, who should kneel to none, knelt, and his head fell forward upon her breast; and in the hush the women glided out like ghosts, leaving the husband with the wife, excepting only that her foster-nurse stood far off, with eyes averted.

So the minutes drifted by, falling audibly one by one into eternity, and at the long last she slowly opened her eyes and, as from the depths of a dream, beheld the Emperor; and in a voice faint as the fall of a roseleaf she said the one word, 'Beloved!'

And he from between his clenched teeth, answered, 'Speak, wife.'

So she, who in all things had loved and served him,—she, Light of all hearts, dispeller of all gloom,—gathered her dying breath for consolation, and raised one hand slowly; it fell across his, and so remained.

Now, her beauty had been broken in the anguish like a rose in a storm; but

it returned to her, doubtless that the Padishah might take comfort in its memory; and she looked like a houri of Paradise who, kneeling beside the Zemzem Well, beholds the Waters of Peace. Not Fatmeh herself, the daughter of the Prophet of God, shone more sweetly. She repeated the word, 'Beloved'; and after a pause she whispered on with lips that scarcely stirred, 'King of the Age, this is the end.'

But still he was like a dead man, nor lifted his face.

'Surely all things pass. And though I go, in your heart I abide, and nothing can sever us. Take comfort.'

But there was no answer.

'Nothing but Love's own hand can slay Love. Therefore, remember me, and I shall live.'

And he answered from the darkness of her bosom, 'The whole world shall remember. But when shall I be united to thee? O Allah, how long wilt thou leave me to waste in this separation?'

And she: 'Beloved, what is time? We sleep and the night is gone. Now put your arms about me, for I sink into rest. What words are needed between us? Love is enough.'

So, making not the Profession of Faith, — and what need, since all her life was worship, — the Lady Arjemand turned into his arms like a child. And the night deepened.

Morning, with its arrows of golden light that struck the Jumna River to splendor! Morning, with its pure breath, its sunshine of joy, and the *koels* fluting in the Palace gardens! Morning, divine and new from the hand of the Maker! And in the innermost chamber of marble a white silence; and the Lady, the Mirror of Goodness, lying in the Compassion of Allah, and a broken man stretched on the ground beside her. For all flesh, from the camel-driver to the Shah-in-Shah, is as one in the Day of the Smiting.

## II

For weeks the Emperor lay before the door of death; and had it opened to him, he had been blessed. So the weeks went by, and very slowly the strength returned to him; but his eyes were withered and the bones stood out in his cheeks. But he resumed his throne, and sat upon it kingly, black-bearded, eagle-eyed, terribly apart in his grief and his royalty; and so seated among his Usbegs, he declared his will.

'For this Lady (upon whom be peace), departed to the mercy of the Giver and Taker, shall a tomb-palace be made, the like of which is not found in the four corners of the world. Send forth therefore for craftsmen like the builders of the Temple of Solomon the Wise; for I will build.'

So, taking counsel, they sent in haste into Agra for Ustād Isā, the Master-BUILDER, a man of Shiraz; and he, being presented before the Padishah, received his instruction in these words: —

'I will that all the world shall remember the Flower of the World, that all hearts shall give thanks for her beauty, which was indeed the perfect Mirror of the Creator. And since it is abhorrent to Islam that any image be made in the likeness of anything that has life, make for me a palace-tomb, gracious as she was gracious, lovely as she was lovely. Not such as the tombs of the Kings and Conquerors, but of a divine sweetness. Make me a garden on the banks of Jumna, and build it there, where, sitting in my Pavilion of Marble, I may see it rise.'

And Ustād Isā, having heard, said, 'Upon my head and eyes!' and went out from the Presence.

So, musing upon the words of the Padishah, he went to his house in Agra, and there pondered the matter long and deeply; and for a whole day and night he refused all food and secluded

himself from the society of all men; for he said:—

'This is a weighty thing, for this Lady (upon whom be peace) must visibly dwell in her tomb-palace on the shore of the river; and how shall I, who have never seen her, imagine the grace that was in her, and restore it to the world? Oh, had I but the memory of her face! Could I but see it as the Shah-in-Shah sees it, remembering the past! Prophet of God, intercede for me, that I may look through his eyes, if but for a moment!'

That night he slept, wearied and weakened with fasting; and whether it were that the body guarded no longer the gates of the soul, I cannot say; for, when the body fails, the soul soars free above its weakness. But a strange marvel happened.

For, as it seemed to him, he awoke at the mid-noon of the night, and he was sitting, not in his own house, but upon the roof of the royal palace, looking down on the gliding Jumna, where the low moon slept in silver, and the light was alone upon the water; and there were no boats, but sleep and dream, hovering hand-in-hand, moved upon the air, and his heart was dilated in the great silence.

Yet he knew well that he waked in some supernatural sphere: for his eyes could see across the river as if the opposite shore lay at his feet; and he could distinguish every leaf on every tree, and the flowers moon-blanced and ghost-like. And there, in the blackest shade of the pippala boughs, he beheld a faint light like a pearl; and looking with unspeakable anxiety, he saw within the light, slowly growing, the figure of a lady exceedingly glorious in majesty and crowned with a rayed crown of mighty jewels of white and golden splendor. Her gold robe fell to her feet, and—very strange to tell—her feet touched not the ground, but hung a span's

length above it, so that she floated in air.

But the marvel of marvels was her face—not, indeed, for its beauty, though that transcended all, but for its singular and compassionate sweetness, where-with she looked toward the Palace beyond the river as if it held the heart of her heart, while death and its river lay between.

And Ustād Isā said:—

'O Dream, if this sweetness be but a dream, let me never wake! Let me see forever this exquisite work of Allah the Maker, before whom all the craftsmen are as children! For my knowledge is as nothing, and I am ashamed in its presence.'

And as he spoke, she turned those brimming eyes on him, and he saw her slowly absorbed into the glory of the moonlight; but as she faded into dream, he beheld, slowly rising, where her feet had hung in the blessed air, a palace of whiteness, warm as ivory, cold as chastity, domes and cupolas, slender minars, arches of marble fretted into sea-foam, screen within screen of purest marble, to hide the sleeping beauty of a great Queen—silence in the heart of it, and in every line a harmony beyond all music. Grace was about it—the grace of a Queen who prays and does not command; who, seated in her royalty yet inclines all hearts to love. And he saw that its grace was her grace, and its soul her soul, and that she gave it for the consolation of the Emperor.

And he fell on his face and worshiped the Master-Builder of the Universe, saying,—

'Praise cannot express thy Perfection. Thine Essence confounds thought. Surely I am but the tool in the hand of the Builder.'

And when he awoke, he was lying in his own secret chamber, but beside him was a drawing such as the craftsmen make of the work they have imagined

in their hearts. And it was the Palace of the Tomb.

Henceforward, how should he waver? He was as a slave who obeys his master, and with haste he summoned to Agra his Army of Beauty.

Then were assembled all the master-craftsmen of India and of the outer world. From Delhi, from Shiraz, even from Bagdad and Syria, they came. Muhammad Hanif, the wise mason, came from Kandahar, Muhammad Sayyid from Mooltan. Amanāt Khan, and other great writers of the holy Koran, who should make the scripts of the Book upon fine marble. Inlayers from Kanauj, with fingers like those of the Spirits that bowed before Solomon the King, who should make beautiful the pure stone with inlay of jewels, as did their forefathers for the Rajah of Me-war; mighty dealers with agate, cornelian, and lapis lazuli. Came also, from Bokhara, Ata Muhammad and Shakri Muhammad, that they might carve the lilies of the field, very glorious, about that Flower of the World. Men of India, men of Persia, men of the outer lands, they came at the bidding of Ustād Isā, that the spirit of his vision might be made manifest.

And a great council was held among these servants of beauty. So they made a model in little of the glory that was to be, and laid it at the feet of the Shah-in-Shah; and he allowed it, though not as yet fully discerning their intent. And when it was approved, Ustād Isā called to him a man of Kashmir; and the very hand of the Creator was upon this man, for he could make gardens second only to the Gardens of Paradise, having been born by that Dāl Lake where are those roses of the earth, the Shalimar and the Nishāt Bagh; and to him said Ustād Isā, —

‘Behold, Ram Lal Kashmiri, consider this design! Thus and thus shall a white palace, exquisite in perfection,

arise on the banks of Jumna. Here, in little, in this model of sandalwood, see what shall be. Consider these domes, rounded as the Bosom of Beauty, recalling the mystic fruit of the lotos flower. Consider these four minars that stand about them like Spirits about the Throne. And remembering that all this shall stand upon a great dais of purest marble, and that the river shall be its mirror, repeating to everlasting its loveliness, make me a garden that shall be the throne room to this Queen.’

And Ram Lal Kashmiri salaamed and said, ‘Obedience!’ and went forth and pondered night and day, journeying even over the snows of the Pir Panjal to Kashmir, that he might bathe his eyes in beauty where she walks, naked and divine, upon the earth. And he it was who imagined the black tiles and white that made the way of approach.

So grew the palace that should murmur, like a sea-shell, in the ear of the world the secret of love.

Veiled had that loveliness been in the shadow of the palace; but now the sun should rise upon it and turn its ivory to gold, should set upon it and flush its snow with rose. The moon should lie upon it like the pearls upon her bosom, the visible grace of her presence breathe about it, the music of her voice hover in the birds and trees of the garden. Times there were when Ustād Isā despaired lest even these mighty servants of beauty should miss perfection. Yet it grew and grew, rising like the growth of a flower.

So on a certain day it stood completed, and in the small tomb in the sanctuary, veiled with screens of wrought marble so fine that they might lift in the breeze, — the veils of a Queen, — slept the Lady Arjemand; and above her a narrow coffer of white marble, enriched in a great script with the Ninety-Nine Wondrous Names of God. And the Shah-in-Shah, now gray and worn,

entered and, standing by her, cried in a loud voice, —

‘I ascribe to the Unity, the only Creator, the perfection of his handiwork made visible here by the hand of mortal man. For the beauty that was secret in my Palace is here revealed; and the Crowned Lady shall sit forever upon the banks of Jumna River. It was Love that commanded this Tomb.’

And the golden echo carried his voice up into the high dome, and it died away in whispers of music.

But Ustād Isā, standing far off in the throng (for what are craftsmen in the presence of the mighty?), said softly in his beard, ‘It was Love also that built, and therefore it shall endure.’

Now it is told that, on a certain night in summer, when the moon is full, a man who lingers by the straight water, where the cypresses stand over their own image, may see a strange marvel — may see the Palace of the Tāj dissolve like a pearl, and so rise in a mist into the moonlight; and in its place, on her dais of white marble, he shall see the Lady Arjemand, Mumtaz-i-Mahal, the Chosen of the Palace, stand there in the white perfection of beauty, smiling as one who hath attained unto the Peace. For she is its soul.

And kneeling before the dais, he shall see Ustād Isā, who made this body of her beauty; and his face is hidden in his hands.

## GUINEVERE THE MYSTERIOUS

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

### I

AGAIN the Guiana jungle comes wonderfully to the eye and mysteriously to the mind; again my khakis and sneakers are skin-comfortable; again I am squatted on a pleasant mat of leaves in a miniature gorge, miles back of my Kartabo bungalow. Life elsewhere has already become unthinkable. I recall a place boiling with worried people, rent with unpleasing sounds, and beset with unsatisfactory pleasures. It is, I believe, called New York. I have read, during the last week, of a great yacht race, of war still seething in Europe, and of much money — or the lack of it. But these have passed from mind, and I settle down another notch, head

snuggled on knees, and sway, elephant-fashion, with sheer joy, as a musky, exciting odor comes drifting, apparently by its own volition, down through the windless little gorge.

If I permit a concrete, scientific reaction, I must acknowledge the source to be a passing bug, — a giant bug, — related distantly to our malodorous northern squash-bug, but emitting a scent as different as orchids' breath from grocery garlic. But I accept this delicate volatility as simply another pastille-soft sense-impression — as an earnest of the worthy, smelly things of old jungles. There is no breeze, no slightest shift of air-particles; yet down

the gorge comes this cloud, — a cloud unsensible except to nostrils, — eddying as if swirling around the edges of leaves, riding on the air as gently as the low, distant crooning of great, sleepy jungle doves.

With two senses so perfectly occupied, sight becomes superfluous and I close my eyes. And straightway the scent and the murmur usurp my whole mind with a vivid memory. I am still squatting, but in a dark, fragrant room; and the murmur is still of doves; but the room is in the cool, still heart of the Queen's Golden Monastery in northern Burma, within storm-sound of Thibet, and the doves are perched among the glitter and tinkling bells of the pagoda roofs. I am squatting very quietly, for I am tired, after photographing carved peacocks and junglefowl in the marvelous fretwork of the outer balconies. There are idols all about me — or so it would appear to a missionary; for my part, I can think only of the wonderful face of the old Lama who sits near me, a face peaceful with the something for which most of us would desert what we are doing, if by that we could attain it. Near him are two young priests, sitting as motionless as the Buddha in front of them.

After a half-hour of the strange thing that we call time, the Lama speaks, very low and very softly: —

'The surface of the mirror is clouded with a breath.'

Out of a long silence one of the neophytes replies, 'The mirror can be wiped clear.'

Again the world becomes incense and doves, — in the silence and peace of that monastery, it may have been a few minutes or a decade, — and the second Thibetan whispers, 'There is no need to wipe the mirror.'

When I have left behind the world of inharmonious colors, of polluted waters, of soot-stained walls and smoke-

tinged air, the green of jungle comes like a cooling bath of delicate tints and shades. I think of all the green things I have loved — of malachite in matrix and table-top; of jade, not factory-hewn baubles, but age-mellowed signets, fashioned by lovers of their craft, and seasoned by the toying yellow fingers of generations of forgotten Chinese emperors — jade, as Dunsany would say, of the exact shade of the right color. I think too, of dainty emerald scarves that are seen and lost in a flash at a dance; of the air-cooled, living green of curling breakers; of a lonely light that gleams to starboard of an unknown passing vessel, and of the transparent green of northern lights that flicker and play on winter nights high over the garish glare of Broadway.

Now, in late afternoon, when I opened my eyes in the little gorge, the soft green vibrations merged insensibly with the longer waves of the doves' voices and with the dying odor. Soon the green alone was dominant; and when I had finished thinking of pleasant, far-off green things, the wonderful emerald of my great tree-frog of last year came to mind, — Gawain the mysterious, — and I wondered if I should ever solve his life.

In front of me was a little jungle rain-pool. At the base of the miniature precipice of the gorge, this pool was a thing of clay. It was milky in consistence, from the roiling of suspended clay; and when the surface caught a glint of light and reflected it, only the clay and mud walls about came to the eye. It was a very regular pool, a man's height in diameter, and from two inches to two miles deep. I became absorbed in a sort of subaquatic mirage, in which I seemed to distinguish reflections beneath the surface. My eyes refocused with a jerk, and I realized that something had unconsciously been perceived by my rods and cones, and short-circuited to

my duller brain. Where a moment before was an unbroken translucent surface, were now thirteen strange beings who had appeared from the depths, and were mumbling oxygen with trembling lips.

In days to come, through all the months, I should again and again be surprised and cheated and puzzled — all phases of delight in the beings who share the earth's life with me. This was one of the first of the year, and I stiffened into one large eye.

I did not know whether they were fish, fairy shrimps, or frogs; I had never seen anything like them, and they were wholly unexpected. I so much desired to know what they were, that I sat quietly — as I enjoy keeping a treasured letter to the last, or reserving the frosting until the cake is eaten. It occurred to me that, had it not been for the Kaiser, I might have been forbidden this mystery; a chain of occurrences: Kaiser — war — submarines — glass-shortage for dreadnoughts — mica port-holes needed — Guiana prospector — abandoned pits — rainy season — mysterious tenants — me!

When I squatted by the side of the pool, no sign of life was visible. Far up through the green foliage of the jungle I could see a solid ceiling of cloud, while beneath me the liquid clay of the pool was equally opaque and lifeless. As a seer watches the surface of his crystal ball, so I gazed at my six-foot circle of milky water. My shift forward was like the fall of a tree: it brought into existence about it a temporary circle of silence and fear — a circle whose periphery began at once to contract; and after a few minutes the gorge again accepted me as a part of its harmless self. A huge bee zoomed past, and just behind my head a humming-bird beat the air into a froth of sound, as vibrant as the richest tones of a 'cello. My concentrated interest seemed to become

known to the life of the surrounding glade, and I was bombarded with sight, sound, and odor, as if on purpose to distract my attention. But I remained unmoved, and indications of rare and desirable beings passed unheeded.

A flotilla of little water-striders came rowing themselves along, racing for a struggling ant which had fallen into the milky quicksand. These were in my line of vision, so I watched them for a while, letting the corner of my eye keep guard for the real aristocrats of the milky sea — whoever they were. My eye was close enough, my elevation sufficiently low to become one with the water-striders, and to become excited over the adventures of these little petrels; and in my absorption I almost forgot my chief quest. As soaring birds seem at times to rest against the very substance of cloud, upheld by some thin lift of air, so these insects glided as easily and skimmed as swiftly upon the surface film of water. I did not know even the genus of this tropical form; but insect taxonomists have been particularly happy in their given names — I recalled *Hydrobates*, *Aquarius*, and *Remigis*.

The spur-winged jacanas are very skillful in their dainty treading of water-lily leaves; but here were good-sized insects rowing about on the water itself. They supported themselves on the four hinder legs, rowing with the middle pair, and steering with the hinder ones, while the front limbs were held aloft ready for the seizing of prey. I watched three of them approach the ant, which was struggling to reach the shore, and the first to reach it hesitated not a moment, but leaped into the air from a take-off of mere aqueous surface film, landed full upon the drowning unfortunate, grasped it, and at the same instant gave a mighty sweep with its oars, to escape from its pursuing, envious companions. Off went the twelve



dimples, marking the aquatic footprints of the trio of striders; and as the bearer of the ant dodged one of its own kind, it was suddenly threatened by a small, jet submarine of a diving beetle. At the very moment when the pursuit was hottest, and it seemed anybody's ant, I looked aside, and the little water-bugs passed from my sight forever — for scattered over the surface were seven strange, mumbling mouths. Close as I was, their nature still eluded me. At my slightest movement all vanished, not with the virile splash of a fish or the healthy roll and dip of a porpoise, but with a weird, vertical withdrawing — the seven dissolving into the milk to join their six fellows.

This was sufficient to banish further meditative surmising, and I crept swiftly to a point of vantage, and with sweep-net awaited their reappearance. It was five minutes before faint, discolored spots indicated their rising, and at least two minutes more before they actually disturbed the surface. With eight or nine in view, I dipped quickly and got nothing. Then I sank my net deeply and waited again. This time ten minutes passed, and then I swept deep and swiftly, and drew up the net with four flopping, struggling super-tadpoles. They struggled for only a moment, and then lay quietly waiting for what might be sent by the guardian of the fate of tadpoles — surely some quaint little god relation of Neptune, Pan, and St. Vitus. Gently shunted into a glass jar, these surprising tads accepted the new environment with quiet philosophy; and when I reached the laboratory and transferred them again, they dignifiedly righted themselves in the swirling current, and hung in mid-aquarium, waiting — forever waiting.

It was difficult to think of them as tadpoles, when the word brought to mind hosts of little black wrigglers filling puddles and swamps of our north-

ern country. These were slow-moving, graceful creatures, partly transparent, partly reflecting every hue of the spectrum, with broad, waving scarlet and hyaline fins, and strange, fish-like mouths and eyes. Their habits were as unpollywoglike as their appearance. I visited their micaceous pool again and again; and if I could have spent days instead of hours with them, no moment of ennui would have intervened.

My acquaintanceship with tadpoles in the past had not aroused me to enthusiasm in the matter of their mental ability; as, for example, the inmates of the next aquarium to that of the Redfins, where I kept a herd or brood or school of Short-tailed Blacks — pollywogs of the Giant Toad (*Bufo marinus*). At earliest dawn they swam aimlessly about and mumbled; at high noon they mumbled and still swam; at midnight they refused to be otherwise occupied. It was possible to alarm them; but even while they fled they mumbled.

In bodily form my Redfins were fish, but mentally they had advanced a little beyond the usual tadpole train of reactions, reaching forward toward the varied activities of the future amphibian. One noticeable thing was their segregation, whether in the mica pools, or in two other smaller ones near by, in which I found them. Each held a pure culture of Redfins, and I found that this was no accident, but aided and enforced by the tads themselves. Twice, while I watched them, I saw definite pursuit of an alien pollywog, — the larva of the Scarlet-thighed Leaf-walker (*Phyllobates inguinalis*), — which fled headlong. The second time the attack was so persistent that the lesser tadpole leaped from the water, wriggled its way to a damp heap of leaves, and slipped down between them. For tadpoles to take such action as this was reasonable as for an orchid to pu

fellow blossom aside on the approach of a fertilizing hawk-moth. This momentary coöperation, and the concerted elimination of the undesired tadpole, affected me as the thought of the first consciousness of power of synchronous rhythm coming to ape men: it seemed a spark of tadpole genius — an adumbration of possibilities which now would end in the dull consciousness of the future frog, but which might, in past ages, have been a vital link in the development of an ancestral Ereops.

My Redfins were assuredly no common tadpoles, and an intolerant pollywog offers worthy research for the naturalist. Straining their medium of its opacity, I drew off the clayey liquid and replaced it with the clearer brown, wallaba-stained water of the Mazaruni; and thereafter all their doings, all their intimacies, were at my mercy. I felt as must have felt the first aviator who flew unheralded over an oriental city, with its patios and house-roofs spread naked beneath him.

## II

It was on one of the early days of observation that an astounding thought came to me — before I had lost perspective in intensive watching, before familiarity had assuaged some of the marvel of these super-tadpoles. Most of those in my jar were of a like size, just short of an inch; but one was much larger, and correspondingly gorgeous in color and graceful in movement. As she swept slowly past my line of vision, she turned and looked, first at me, then up at the limits of her world, with a slow deliberateness and a hint of expression which struck deep into my memory. Green came to mind, — something clad in a smock of emerald, with a waistcoat of mother-of-pearl, and great sprawling arms, — and I found myself thinking of Gawain, our

mystery frog of a year ago, who came without warning, and withheld all the secrets of his life. And I glanced again at this super-tad, — as unlike her ultimate development as the grub is unlike the beetle, — and one of us exclaimed, 'It is the same, or nearly, but more delicate, more beautiful; it must be Guinevere.' And so, probably for the first time in the world, there came to be a pet tadpole, one with an absurd name which will forever be more significant to us than the term applied by a forgotten herpetologist many years ago.

And Guinevere became known to all who had to do with the laboratory. Her health and daily development and color-change were things to be inquired after and discussed; one of us watched her closely and made notes of her life, one painted every radical development of color and pattern, another photographed her, and another brought her delectable scum. She was waited upon as sedulously as a termite queen. And she rewarded us by living, which was all we asked.

It is difficult for a diver to express his emotions on paper, and verbal arguments with a dentist are usually one-sided. So must the spirit of a tadpole suffer greatly from handicaps of the flesh. A mumbling mouth and an uncontrollable, flagellating tail, connected by a pinwheel of intestine, are scant material wherewith to attempt new experiments, whereon to nourish aspirations. Yet the Redfins, as typified by Guinevere, have done both, and given time enough, they may emulate or surpass the achievements of larval axolotls, or the astounding egg-producing maggots of certain gnats, thus realizing all the possibilities of froghood while yet cribbed within the lowly casing of a pollywog.

In the first place Guinevere had ceased being positively thigmotactic,

and, writing as a technical herpetologist, I need add no more. In fact, all my readers, whether Batrachologists or Casuals, will agree that this is an unheard-of achievement. But before I loosen the technical etymology and become casually more explicit, let me hold this term in suspense a moment, as I once did, fascinated by the sheer sound of the syllables, as they first came to my ears years ago in a university lecture. There is that of possibility in being positively thigmotactic which makes one dread the necessity of exposing and limiting its meaning, of digging down to its mathematically accurate roots. It could never be called a flower of speech: it is an over-ripe fruit rather: heavy-stoned, thin-fleshed — an essentially practical term. It is eminently suited to its purpose, and so widely used that my friend the editor must accept it; not looking askance as he did at my definition of a vampire as a vesperitilial anæsthetist, or breaking into open but wholly ineffectual rebellion, as at the past tense of the verb to candelabra. I admit that the parsing

I candelabra

You candelabra

He candelabras

arouses a ripple of confusion in the mind; but it is far more important to use words than to parse them, anyway, so I acclaim perfect clarity for 'The fireflies candelabraed the trees!'

Not to know the precise meaning of being positively thigmotactic is a stimulant to the imagination, which opens the way to an entire essay on the disadvantages of education — a thought once strongly aroused by the glorious red-and-gold hieroglyphic signs of the Peking merchants — signs which have always thrilled me more than the utmost efforts of our modern psychological advertisers.

Having crossed unconsciously by such a slender etymological bridge from

my jungle tadpole to China, it occurs to me that the Chinese are the most positively thigmotactic people in the world. I have walked through block after block of subterranean catacombs, beneath city streets which were literally packed full of humanity, and I have seen hot mud pondlets along the Min River wholly eclipsed by shivering Chinamen packed sardineswise, twenty or thirty in layers, or radiating like the spokes of a great wheel which has fallen into the mud.

From my brood of Short-tailed Blacks, a half-dozen tadpoles wandered off now and then, each scum-mumbling by himself. Shortly his positivism asserted itself and back he wriggled, twisting in and out of the mass of his fellows, or at the approach of danger nuzzling into the dead leaves at the bottom, content only with the feeling of something pressing against his sides and tail. His physical make-up, simple as it is, has proved perfectly adapted to this touch system of life: flat-bottomed, with rather narrow, paddle-shaped tail-fins which, beginning well back of the body, interfere in no way with the pollywog's instincts, he can thigmotact to his heart's content. His eyes are also adapted to looking upward, discerning dimly dangers from above, and whatever else catches the attention of a bottom-loving pollywog. His mouth is well below, as best suits bottom mumbling.

Compared with these *polloi* pollywogs, Redfins were as humming-birds to quail. Their very origin was unique; for while the toad tadpoles wriggled their way free from egg gelatine deposited in the water itself, the Redfins were literally rained down. Within a folded leaf the parents left the eggs — a leaf carefully chosen as overhanging a suitable ditch, or pit, or puddle. If all signs of weather and season failed and a sudden drought set in, sap would dry,

leaf would shrivel, and the pitiful gamble for life of the little jungle frogs would be lost; the spoonful of froth would collapse bubble by bubble, and, finally, a thin dry film on the brown leaf would in turn vanish, and Guinevere and her companions would never have been.

But untold centuries of unconscious necessity have made these tree-frogs infallible weather prophets, and the liberating rain soon sifted through the jungle foliage. In the streaming drops which funneled from the curled leaf, tadpole after tadpole hurtled downward and splashed headlong into the water; their parents and the rain and gravitation had performed their part, and from now on fate lay with the super-tads themselves — except when a passing naturalist brought new complications, new demands of Karma, as strange and unpredictable as if from another planet or universe.

Only close examination showed that these were tadpoles, not fish, judged by the staring eyes, and broad fins stained above and below with orange-scarlet — colors doomed to oblivion in the native, milky waters, but glowing brilliantly in my aquarium. Although they were provided with such an expanse of fin, the only part used for ordinary progression was the extreme tip, a mere threadlike streamer, which whipped in never-ending spirals, lashing forward, backward, and sideways. So rapid was this motion, and so short the flagellum, that the tadpole did not even tremble or vibrate as it moved, but forged steadily onward, without a tremor.

The head was buffy yellow, changing to bittersweet orange back of the eyes and on the gills. The body was dotted with a host of minute specks of gold and silver. On the sides and below, this gave place to a rich bronze, and then to a clear, iridescent silvery blue. The eye proper was silvery white, but the upper

part of the eyeball fairly glowed with color. In front it was jet black flecked with gold, merging behind into a brilliant blue. Yet this patch of jeweled tissue was visible only rarely as the tadpole turned forward, and in the opaque liquid of the mica pool must have ever been hidden. And even if plainly seen, of what use was a shred of rainbow to a sexless tadpole in the depths of a shady pool!

With high-arched fins, beginning at neck and throat, body compressed as in a racing yacht, there could be no bottom life for Guinevere. Whenever she touched a horizontal surface, — whether leaf or twig, — she careened; when she sculled through a narrow passage in the floating algæ, her fins bent and rippled as they were pressed bodywards. So she and her fellow brood lived in mid-aquarium, or at most rested lightly against stem or glass, suspended by gentle suction of the complex mouth. Once, when I inserted a long streamer of delicate water-weed, it remained upright, like some strange tree of carboniferous memory. After an hour I found this the perching-place of fourteen Red-fin tads, and at the very summit was Guinevere. The rest were arranged nearly in altitudinal size — two large tadpoles being close below Guinevere, and a bevy of six tiny chaps lowest down. All were lightly poised, swaying in mid-water, at a gently sloping angle, like some unheard-of, orange-stained, aquatic autumn foliage.

For two weeks Guinevere remained almost as I have described her, gaining slightly in size, but with little alteration of color or pattern. Then came the time of the great change: we felt it to be imminent before any outward signs indicated its approach. And for four more days there was no hint except the sudden growth of the hind legs. From tiny dangling appendages with minute toes and indefinite knees, they enlarged

and bent, and became miniature but perfect frog's limbs.

She had now reached a length of two inches, and her delicate colors and waving fins made her daily more marvelous. The strange thing about the hind limbs was that, although so large and perfect, they were quite useless. They could not even be unflexed; and other mere pollywogs near by were wriggling toes, calves, and thighs while yet these were but imperfect buds. When she dived suddenly, the toes occasionally moved a little; but as a whole, they merely sagged and drifted like some extraneous things entangled in the body.

Smoothly and gracefully Guinevere moved about the aquarium. Her gills lifted and closed rhythmically — twice as slowly as compared with the three or four times every second of her breathless young tadpolehood. Several times on the fourteenth day, she came quietly to the surface for a gulp of air.

Looking at her from above, two little bulges were visible on either side of the body — the ensheathed elbows pressing outward. Twice, when she lurched forward in alarm, I saw these front limbs jerk spasmodically; and when she was resting quietly, they rubbed and pushed impatiently against their mittened tissue.

And now began a restless shifting, a slow, strange dance in mid-water, wholly unlike any movement of her smaller companions; up and down, slowly revolving on oblique planes, with rhythmical turns and sinkings — this continued for an hour, when I was called for lunch. And as if to punish me for this material digression and desertion, when I returned, in half an hour, the miracle had happened.

Guinevere still danced in stately cadence, with the other Redfins at a distance going about their several businesses. She danced alone — a dance of change, of happenings of tremendous

import, of symbolism as majestic as it was age-old. Here in this little glass aquarium the tadpole Guinevere had just freed her arms — she, with waving scarlet fins, watching me with lidless white and staring eyes, still with fish-like, fin-bound body. She danced upright, with new-born arms folded across her breast, tail-tip flagellating frenziedly, stretching long fingers with disks like cymbals, reaching out for the land she had never trod, limbs flexed for leaps she had never made.

A few days before and Guinevere had been a fish, then a helpless biped, and now suddenly, somewhere between my salad and coffee, she became an aquatic quadruped. Strangest of all, her hands were mobile, her feet useless; and when the dance was at an end, and she sank slowly to the bottom, she came to rest on the very tips of her two longest fingers; her legs and toes still drifting high and useless. Just before she ceased, her arms stretched out right froggily, her weird eyes rolled about, and she gulped a mighty gulp of the strange thin medium that covered the surface of her liquid home.

At midnight of this same day only three things existed in the world — on my table I turned from the *Bhagavad-Gita* to Drinkwater's *Reverie* and back again; then I looked up to the jar of clear water and watched Guinevere hovering motionless. At six the next morning she was crouched safely on a bit of paper a foot from the aquarium. She had missed the open window, the four-foot drop to the floor, and a neighboring aquarium stocked with voracious fish: surely the gods of pollywogs were kind to me. The great fins were gone — dissolved into blobs of dull pink; the tail was a mere stub, the feet drawn close, and a glance at her head showed that Guinevere had become a frog almost within an hour. Three things I hastened to observe: the pupils

of her eyes were vertical, revealing her genus *Phyllomedusa* (making apt our choice of the feminine); by a gentle urging I saw that the first and second toes were equal in length; and a glance at her little humped back showed a scattering of white calcareous spots, giving the clue to her specific personality — *bicolor*: thus were we introduced to *Phyllomedusa bicolor*, alias Guinevere, and thus was established beyond doubt her close relationship to Gawain.

During that first day, within three hours, during most of which I watched her closely, Guinevere's change in color was beyond belief. For an hour she leaped from time to time; but after that, and for the rest of her life, she crept in strange unfroglike fashion, raised high on all four limbs, with her stubby tail curled upward, and reaching out one weird limb after another. If one's hand approached within a foot, she saw it and stretched forth appealing, skinny fingers.

At two o'clock she was clad in a general cinnamon buff; then a shade of glaucous green began to creep over head and upper eyelids, onward over her face, finally coloring body and limbs. Beneath, the little pollyfrog fairly glowed with bright apricot orange, throat and tail amparo purple, mouth green, and sides rich pale blue. To this maze of color we must add a strange, new expression, born of the prominent eyes, together with the line of the mouth extending straight back with a final jeering, upward lift; in front, the lower lip thick and protruding, which, with the slanting eyes, gave a leering, devilish smirk, while her set, stiff, exact posture compelled a vivid thought of the sphinx. Never have I seen such a remarkable combination. It fascinated

us. We looked at Guinevere, and then at the tadpoles swimming quietly in their tank, and evolution in its wildest conceptions appeared a tame truism.

This was the acme of Guinevere's change, the pinnacle of her development. Thereafter her transformations were rhythmical, alternating with the day and night. Through the nights of activity she was garbed in rich, warm brown. With the coming of dawn, as she climbed slowly upward, her color shifted through chestnut to maroon; this maroon then died out on the mid-back to a delicate, dull violet-blue, which in turn became obscured in the sunlight by turquoise, which crept slowly along the sides. Carefully and laboriously she clambered up, up to the topmost frond, and there performed her little toilet, scraping head and face with her hands, passing the hinder limbs over her back to brush off every grain of sand. The eyes had meanwhile lost their black-flecked, golden, nocturnal iridescence, and had gradually paled to a clear silvery blue, while the great pupil of darkness narrowed to a slit.

Little by little her limbs and digits were drawn in out of sight, and the tiny jeweled being crouched low, hoping for a day of comfortable clouds, a little moisture, and a swift passage of time to the next period of darkness, when it was fitting and right for the Guineveres to seek their small meed of sustenance, to grow to the frog's full estate, and to fulfill as well as might be what destiny the jungle offered. To unravel the meaning of it all is beyond even attempting. The breath of mist ever clouds the mirror, and only as regards a tiny segment of the life-history of Guinevere can I say, 'There is no need to wipe the mirror.'

# STAR-DUST

BY CHRISTINA KRYSTO

## I

HE had always dreamed of adventure, this ever-young father of ours — the full adventure which comes to the world's pioneers. And always, too, he had had his share of it. The memories of our childhood are shot through and through with brilliant tales of his fashioning, and of these the most entrancing were the reminiscences of his own childhood years — unless one counts as stories the gay escapades which constantly we shared with him; the truest true stories we used to call them, talking them over in the evening, in front of the open fire. Yet, always, we came back to the scintillating plans which he ceaselessly drew for his own future and for ours — plans which long ago set us to saving our copper kopeks for our travel-fund.

'Give us the new things!' he used to say, half-laughingly, swinging some one of us on his knee: 'the unknown places and the untried tasks! Give us our home where the axe first meets the forest, our work at the roots of the big undertakings; and let who will have the blossoms and the fruit. Give us a full life of the hardships of beginnings. And then, for our reward, give us a battered old ship, on a sea that has no shores; let us face storms, lest we grow indolent; let us search for treasure, lest we grow old! Come, kiddies: who will be captain of my ship?'

We had them all in varying measure, the blessings for which, half-jokingly, he prayed. We had the house in the Caucasian forest — a forest which even

the axe could not subdue; for its stumps came triumphantly to life again and the tall fern brake of the underbrush ran ever back over the half-cleared spaces.

We had the year in the historic, sun-filled, blue-and-white Balaklava, where we lived 'across the street from the sea,' and feasted on the stories of the Greek fishermen, who adopted us all into their lawless fraternity.

We had another year or two in Yalta, — a city of white steps running down to the water, of tall, slim cypresses, and pine-covered hills at the back, — where, contrary to our accustomed ways, we lived in a big house with polished floors, and father was very much in the midst of things.

Later, we had Hawaii, where we spent our days in the warm breakers and prayed that nothing would ever take us away from them; while father, with his little white mule, tramped over the islands, stopping now and then to spread his paper over some flat-topped rock and write for an hour or two, so that the magazine-reading Russia might know how much fun there was in the world of the tropics.

And, later still, true to his pioneer bent, he planted us on a half-cleared ranch in California, where we fought desert rocks as we had fought the forest of Caucasus, and with little better results. Though even then, in those slim days, the unforgotten travel-fund held our small savings and our dreams.

And all this time father was working

at the roots of the big undertakings. The work ran lightly at first, through articles in the Russian newspapers and magazines, where he urged new plans and new experiments and new developments in industry and education; then, steadily and consistently, when he put his whole heart into it and forgot himself in his work. He left the California home at that time, and went back to Russia, to prove, if he could, his contention that the life of mankind is built close to the earth, and that in the proper tilling of that earth lies the hope of the world. Under the Department of Agriculture, as agricultural expert and adviser, he began his work with the Russian government, and Fate was kind to him, for he stayed but a little time in each of the districts allotted him. The endless plains of Siberia were his for a time; then the hot fields of Turkestan; then once more the mountains of his beloved Caucasus, from which he dropped into the steppes of his native Ukraina.

His adventures took a queer turn, in those days. He had lived in the United States long enough to learn the newest methods of agriculture in all its aspects; long enough to covet them all for his own land. As they said of him once at an official dinner in Petrograd, 'He stands with one foot in Russia and one foot in America, and his task is to bring his feet together.' The world in which he lived at that time was the world of disc ploughs and modern harrows and cultivators; and for many years they called him, throughout Russia, 'the tractor-mad American.'

Into this world he took the readers of the Russian magazines, and his rich descriptions of his plans and dreams made it a true fairy world. Fruit-drying for Turkestan he preached, and the intensive cultivation of cotton; a gigantic lumber industry for Siberia, together with a full opening of her mines, and

both of these but poor seconds to her rich, tractor-developed fields. In Caucasus he saw the all-Russian resort, surpassing Switzerland and Southern France and Italy — a playground of the nation, which later would become the playground of the world. And then, for Russia as a whole, he had bigger dreams still — the dream of improved grains wisely sown and successfully harvested; the dream of rural schools; and then the dream of good roads, a network of them, supplanting her hopeless mud-ruts and lifting her out of the Middle Ages.

He exasperated us a bit with those good roads. That dream held him very fast on that momentous visit of his when we met him at the station with our shining new car, and had the blissful experience of having him ask unsuspectingly, '*Chey avtomobeel?*' We took him on long rides on that visit, parading before the entire countryside both our father and our car. We would explain to him excitedly the intricacies of the levers and the buttons, still very new to ourselves; and we would be chilled by his indifference.

'The road,' he would say, 'is very smooth right here. It has a different feeling, somehow, under the tires. Will you stop a moment?'

He would climb out — awkwardly; he never did grow used to the car, which seemed to serve him only as a starting-place for memories of his ungovernable gray *Sery* of Batoum days, who used to throw him regularly and could go like the wind, 'quite as fast as the car.' With his camera he would walk back along the road, pausing to make his snap-shots, striking his foot on the paved surface, crumbling it away with his hands at the edge.

Presently he would come back to us. 'Who built this road, do you know?' And if we did not know, there were, of course, ways of finding out. Then



would follow the trip to the contractor's office, and long technical discussions through which we waited, impatient, but for the knowledge that all this was somehow the following through of the tales of our childhood days, the tasks at the roots of big things. Later, there came the reward — the news that the Russian government was working along his plan. His booklet on good roads came also, illustrated with the snapshots that we had helped him to take; although in those snap-shots, — we observed it with a full sense of injury, — he had not even bothered to include the new car.

His visits were not frequent in those years, and, each time, he would remain with us a fortnight or three weeks, then go on to New York, or set sail for Vladivostok. They were oddly hushed days, the days just before his going, when he shook his head over his too-full bags, and jotted things down in his worn notebook; and when, in spirit, he would be gone long before the day of his departure. His step was still on the porch as he paced up and down; his arm still fell promptly about the shoulders of any one of us who chanced to come within reach. But there was a different light in his eyes — the going-away light, which we had learned to know; and in his room, when we called him to breakfast, we would find him writing, writing.

## II

Through all those years, somehow, we did not outgrow his stories; yet he kept always a long step ahead of us. We need not even close our eyes to see him on the ranch during those brief 'runs' in from Russia, sunning himself on the porch, his small grandson on his knee, a tattered Stevenson in his hand — we had worn out the English original, after the leaves of our Russian translation had fallen apart.

'Sing yo-ho botta-rum, *dedushka*' — this last the only word that crowned sister's heroic efforts to teach her young Scotch-Russians her mother-tongue.

'Yo-ho and a bottle o' rum,' would come in father's low, pleasant voice.

'And we shall look for treasure, too, *dedushka*, you and I?'

'We shall look for it, sonny-boy, you and I.'

'And find it?'

'And find it. Or, at least, if we should not find it, we shall have had the fun of looking for it, just the same.'

Then, usually, sister would appear, a little worried wrinkle between her eyebrows. 'Really, father, he dreams about it all night — and he talks and tosses, and kicks off the bed-clothes — and he saves his pennies for a travel-fund.'

Father would laugh at that, and sing a little Russian song, — something about the trials of being the father of a grown daughter, — and hand the squirming youngster over to her.

'Take your son, then, and give him plain bread and butter, you who were raised on rainbows. But just the same, some day we shall find that ship and go looking for the treasure.' He would pause a moment and narrow his eyes. 'With the help of Boris Ivanovich.'

He told us more of Boris Ivanovich, his neighbor in his apartment in Petrograd — a veritable brother in adventure. Boris Ivanovich, it seemed, was ready to outfit a ship and go cruising on the shores of Peru, in quest of treasure whose location was clearly marked on a messy chart, which he had bought from a starving sailor. Father, of course, was included in the party.

He was quite serious about it, and his trip to Argentina gave new substance to that fancy of his. It was on that trip that, though he went alone, he took us with him through the letters that came to us and the photographs he brought

back. It was a queer collection of pictures — a tractor pulling a disc plough, rows upon rows of bound wheat-straw, and then, a matchless avenue of royal palms, in the photograph of which he had caught the coming of evening across the sky and the breeze that springs up at sundown. Then would come an improved grain-elevator, and a group of eager-faced immigrants on the wharf. He paused long over that last picture.

'Here you have romance in its fullest. Each one of these is facing his adventure — a new land, new opportunities, new hopes. I should like to see their faces at the end of five years.'

'When they're disheartened and disappointed?'

Father shook his head.

'When their feet are firm on that strange land, and they have made the wide new fields their own. When they have matched their strength against odds, and have won, and have begun to dream of definite accomplishment. Now, in this picture, they are dreaming only of dreams.'

We asked him, half-jokingly, about the Peruvian treasure. But he remained quite serious.

'They talk of it, much, throughout South America. And on the ship I heard it. Boris Ivanovich will be encouraged.'

'But, father,' we remonstrated, 'so many people have tried —'

Father smiled then, and said, —

'They went to seek the treasure of gold, and they missed it. As for me, I shall go to seek other treasures, and these I cannot miss. I have never yet had enough of the sea. Always I go from somewhere to somewhere, and time is limited. So many times I have longed for broken engines. There are a thousand thoughts, a thousand plans, which have come to me, and which I have not had time to develop. One could write so much and so clearly on

board a ship that was not hurrying. Always, too, I have wondered about those who live in the forgotten places — savages, we call them. But what, after all, are savages? I have always wanted to know. And then, of course, we should have interesting people on board, and books, the sort of books that one has no time for in ordinary life yet, but without which one's life is not rich. There would be storms and calms, and then there would be the breath of the tropics, which has haunted me ever since first I felt it. And there would be the slow working inland through the jungle and over the mountains. Perhaps we shall go where no one ever went before, and stand on the peaks and look down, all about. Yes, I think I shall find my treasures!'

But, as time went on, he became less sure. His work grew ever more fascinating to him. He was in Petrograd for only short periods, going into the country with the first breath of spring, returning only when even the southern fields were buried in snow. The government looked with favor on his big schemes; in Russia's big adventure of slow awakening he was playing his part well. But his thrilling personal reward, of which he had talked in our childhood days, grew ever more remote.

'Soon I shall be old,' he complained to us, 'and the only personal excitement that came to me in the last year was the theft of my new *shuba*. And even then, when I caught the thief, he proved a tiny fellow, half-starved; so of course I had to buy the *shuba* back from him. I eat and sleep and work, and after a time I shall come back to the ranch to stay, with no dangers to remember. I don't like it.'

### III

The war brought to him new duties, but no new excitement save the added opportunities to travel back and forth

over the rich steppes, in quest of food for the army. And he must have hated his years and his graying hair when he watched his younger friends slip out of their places in the offices and go out to the front, to face their big adventure.

The first news of the Revolution thrilled him. The provisional government opened to him the possibility of pushing his plans for Russia to limits that matched his wildest dreams. The youthful spirit that had triumphed over the age-old political traditions recognized in father the spirit that would not grow old. He was wanted in a dozen places at once; a dozen posts were offered him. And it seemed, for a time, that, in the working toward the realization of his plans for Russia, his desire for the thrilling things for himself would be fulfilled.

But the provisional government was short-lived; its end buried his new plans, and he settled back to wait. Then, gradually, the life of every day began to force itself upon him as an adventure more thrilling, more compelling, than any for which he had hoped. His last letter, which slipped through from Petrograd before that six months' void of helpless waiting, when we simply closed our minds to his fate and refused to face the one question, was filled with the wonder of it.

'The soul of a nation,' he wrote, 'like the soul of man, is revealed fully only in the moments of greatest stress. I am watching the soul of Russia now, and its greatness and its shortcomings are alike overwhelming. Only, the greatness, for the moment, is submerged, and the stark nakedness of an untutored people's passions fills one with horror. The living question is growing difficult; men who formerly stirred thousands with the fineness of their ideas now talk with glowing eyes of buckwheat *kasha* and meat-pies. It is not a pretty sight to watch them. Yet I would not choose

to be anywhere else on earth just now, and I awake each morning with the thought of another wonderful day before me. The unexpected does not need to be sought now: it meets one at every step; and I turn street-corners in my wanderings, as one turns the pages of a book of fairy tales.'

The living question grew more difficult from day to day, and soon father, too, was caught in the pressure of food-shortage. His aimless wanderings ceased; there was always a goal to his walks now, for new 'lines' came into being to supplement the original bread-lines — the meat-line and the milk-line, the flour-line and the herring-line; 'tails,' the Russians call them, giving the proper bit of irony to the institution. At first they took it jokingly, the people of Petrograd, and, indeed, of all Russia: after all, they said, standing in a tail for a loaf of bread was no different from standing in line for an opera-ticket.

Besides, there were the servants. But the servants melted away, what with servants' wages soaring above the wages of their masters; and, presently, like refugees adrift on a raft, people thought of little besides food. Enticing tales began to circulate: 'Those who know can get food, plenty of it'; 'Those on the inside eat soup made of meat'; 'The redder one's belief, the more butter on his bread.' It is doubtful whether history will ever record the number of political converts made by the hope of bread with no husks in it.

Father no longer marveled at the glowing light in the eyes of his friends when they talked of food. His own dream of going through the jungle in search of strange animals and unknown savage tribes was fast changing color. With all the zest which that dream had engendered, he was hunting the Petrograd jungle for a wilted potato or a stray salt herring.

There was the red-letter day when, in some forgotten basement shop, he unearthed ten pounds of lentils, and felt a warm sympathy for Esau; for was it not of lentils that the mess of pottage was made? But the lentils lasted only a short time, and each sallying forth after new supplies took more time and greater efforts, and each effort was more scantily repaid.

Temporary relief then came in the guise of cabbages. For the chaos, though appalling, was not absolute, and attempts at order were beginning, though order itself was far from being achieved. Those who were 'on the inside' knew the value of edible stores.

With his love for fresh air and his hatred of noise, father had always sought the edges of a city. In Petrograd he had outdone himself, and the apartment house in which he lived faced blocks of cabbages. These had been seized by 'those who knew,' and the 'house committee' of his apartment house was given jurisdiction over them. The committee was now looking for an overseer of cabbages, and perhaps it was but natural that it should turn to the country's agricultural expert and adviser to undertake the office.

We laughed when, later, father told us.

'How did it make you feel?' we asked.

'Very happy.' Father did not smile, and we knew, then, the extent of his trials. 'You see, I could buy my cabbages at half-price then. But it kept me busy,' he went on; 'for the guards gave me much trouble. I had not anticipated that. I picked my personal friends for guards — men whom I trusted absolutely not to fall before temptation. But the cabbages disappeared alarmingly.'

But one could not live on cabbages alone, and, besides, their season soon passed and the fields were left bare; and

father's hope of staying on in Russia, of weathering the storm so that he might make use of the ensuing calm, quickly faded. Even his own reserve of strength was gone, for he was already a living skeleton. The sad truth was forced upon him — he had to leave Petrograd or starve. There was a brother in Khar'koff, a brother who owned an estate upon which, no doubt, cabbages and other things were growing. But traveling across Russia, even for short distances, was a total impossibility, and father decided to come home to California.

It was a decision that took bitter months for its accomplishment, and across those months, like a golden thread, runs the devotion of the friends who helped — friends without whom, beyond a doubt, the end of this story would have lost itself in some forgotten corner of tumbled Petrograd.

Passports, it seemed, could not be had easily. For the Department of the Interior and the office of the War-Control Board both had to visé the passport; and during that period the two bodies were not on friendly terms, and each refused to recognize any paper honored by the other. So, for months, father's passport lay, now in one office, now in another. The days dragged by; each day there was less food, father's 'travel-fund,' which had taken on a new meaning, dwindled alarmingly, and something had to be done and done at once.

We had talked it over so many times in the old, old days — the despair that comes to one who, like Haggard's witch Gugula caught by the descending rock, or Hugo's Valjean driven by his pursuers into a *cul-de-sac*, feels the inexorable closing in upon him. He must have felt something of the despair as he watched his travel-fund, so closely figured for the tickets home, being cut down relentlessly, every day, for morsels of bread and salt pork, which merely roused his hunger more and more.

## IV

So, presently, he began to look for the gate that opened upon the passportless way out. But it was quite by accident that he stumbled upon it, at the home of a friend, the head of a mineral-water factory. People were not interested in his mineral water just then; but his funds were adequate, and he was staying on to 'watch the show.'

'Stay to lunch,' he urged father; 'your friend Smith, the Englishman, is coming, and, besides, I've located a veritable cache of frozen turnips.'

Father stayed — principally for the turnips. Mr. Smith rather startled him, he had grown so frightfully thin. He had been in prison, father learned; was kept there until 'those on the inside' had been paid three quarters of a million roubles.

'Three quarters of a million is stiff,' said father.

Mr. Smith laughed dryly.

'My captors had a good answer. It was all a matter of the degree of searching, they told me. Search offhand, and you find no money. Search intensively, and, from somewhere, it comes. When a husband is jailed, the wife searches intensively. They offered that as a new proverb to add to the Russian collection. To-morrow I finish with Russia.'

'You got your passport?' Father almost shrieked it.

Mr. Smith shook his head and smiled again.

'When you've paid out three quarters of a million, there is one quarter left. That's another possible proverb. Interested?'

'Distinctly,' said father. Yet he thought hopelessly, in the light of the figures quoted, of his slim and ever-diminishing travel-fund.

Mr. Smith tore off a corner of an age-old newspaper that lay on the sideboard and scribbled on the margin.

'Call up this number,' he said, 'and ask for Philip.'

Father denies feeling any thrill at those words. It is only those who hear or read a story, he says, who feel that thrill of the tense moments. Those who live the story — they are worrying. Is it all a joke? Will Philip betray? Will his price be too high? Will the whole plan go wrong? These, father stoutly maintains, are the thoughts that run through one's mind; and presently, when the turnips are brought in, even these thoughts go. But we who have gone the way with him through Jules Verne and Cooper and Hoffman and Stevenson, we refuse to believe him here. And we refuse to believe him when he says that he was too hungry, when Philip's wife answered the telephone, to feel any wonder at the address she gave, or at the time she set for the interview — two o'clock in the morning.

The address to which father went was in the most pretentious home district of the city, and the house, when he found it, proved to be a mansion.

The house was dark. In answer to his ring, the door swung open into a vault-like, icy hall. Out of the darkness a woman's whispered voice said, '*Voy-deete*'; and only when the door was closed again, did she strike a match and light a candle. She led the way through many rooms, shielding the flame against currents of air that blew in from somewhere, though all the windows seemed solidly closed. There were electric fixtures everywhere, but the drawn blinds were evidently of too little protection. Even on the heavy rugs Philip's wife walked on tiptoe, and on tiptoe father followed her.

The council-room had been chosen for its location in the middle of the floor-plan, with no windows on the street. Here they settled down into the soft, deep chairs; but father had no thought

of removing his shuba — there was ice in a forgotten fish-bowl on the table.

'Riches,' said Philip's wife, beginning nowhere, 'are good for no man. Philip used to be a model husband. Now he divides his time between his crazy work and fools who flatter him. Where is he now?'

Out of the silence and the dark there came another tiptoe step, and a man carrying a distended sack slipped into the circle of light — not Philip, for there was no abuse from the woman. He was the cartoon of a Russian anarchist come to life: misshapen, drunk, impossibly dirty. He stood a moment, swaying, then dropped the sack and laughed.

'Gregóry, where is Philip?'

'Wait,' said Gregóry, smacking his lips; and with his grimy hand he drew from the sack a loaf of bread, white, huge, round, delicately browned on top.

'Gregóry! Again?'

'Wait,' repeated Gregóry; and tipped the sack.

The potatoes that rolled out across the velvet rug were not the grubby, withered, gnarled potatoes for which father had searched in the months before, but potatoes smooth and solid, thin-skinned and round. Father picked one up, weighed it in his hand, and laid it back regretfully. It was then, he says, that the thrill came to him, the sense of treasure spilled at his feet, out of the sack, lavishly, across the velvet carpets. It made him feel faint, a little, but the end was not yet.

From the bottom of the sack Gregóry stealthily drew forth a whitish object and held it behind his back, grinning horribly.

'Close your eyes, *hosyaushka*, and hold out your hands.'

And across her outstretched hands he laid a plump young pullet.

'Oh, *Boje moy! Boje moy!*' gasped the woman, holding the pullet close against her breast.

'Even the liver is in it,' said Gregóry proudly, 'the liver and the gizzard and the heart. The boy who cleaned it stole the head, though. I tried to get it back, but my legs were not steady. I don't know what's wrong with them.'

'You're drunk, that's all,' said Philip's wife, secure in the possession of the booty. 'You're drunk, and you get Philip drunk, and soon the two of you will be caught. Where is he? It's after two; the gentleman is waiting —'

It was then that Gregóry first looked at father — a long, suspicious look.

'Going out?' he asked.

Father nodded.

'A customer, then.' His eyes ran appraisingly over father. 'A fair shuba. If your purse matches it, Philip will take you; but I shall advise him against it. I am his depot guard, and the real work of getting you out falls on me. He makes the contracts and collects the money, so your face makes no difference to him. As for me, I like the small men with colorless beards and drab clothes. They slip through like eels. You will have to trim your beard and bend your back, and we'll send your shuba separately. And even then I'll not promise —'

'Shut up, Gregóry,' said the woman; 'here comes Philip.'

The sight of Philip standing there in the doorway against the darkness made the adventure complete before it had fairly begun. Never, father says, had he seen a man so beautiful. Bright-eyed, clear-skinned, with perfect features; thick smooth hair thrown off a high forehead; his hands flawless, his body slim, tall, and strong — father's own eyes shine when he talks of him.

One look he gave father, then stepped up to him with his hand outstretched.

'Glad to see you,' he said, his voice seeming, somehow, a part of his beautiful face, his teeth showing even and white.

They sat apart, the two of them, in the icy room, while over a kerosene stove set in the middle of the velvet carpet Philip's wife cooked the chicken, — with the lid off, that they might enjoy the fragrance, — and Gregóry slept on a fur rug.

They did not at once talk of the escape, for father needs must have Philip's story first. He had been of the Tsar's bodyguard and, later, had trained the Tsar's horses. It was great sport, he said; he was sorry the Tsar had been deposed, for now the horses were scattered, and heaven alone knew what rank amateurs were handling them. He himself came to work for a Petrograd contractor, taking the position of foreman. But the contractor had become frightened at the unrest of the city and had fled to Finland, paying Philip royally to help him, and leaving his house in his hands. So Philip, learning the way at that initial escape, devised more elaborate schemes. Now he was head of a big organization, — a 'Travelers' Aid,' he said laughingly, — whose profits were making his residence in the stone palace less and less of a joke each day. Very soon, he said, he could have horses of his own and turn the first story of the house into a stable. Did father think he could obtain permission, now that some of the house-building rules were not strictly observed?

They chatted so, delightedly, Philip going deeply into the fun of his present work, father begrudging the flight of the minutes. Philip's prices, he concluded, when at last they came to terms, may have been due to a desire to own horses soon; but Philip had chosen his profession as father had chosen his own — for the fun that goes with adventure.

Next Sunday, Philip told father, they would go, at eleven o'clock.

Father liked the plan. It would get them to the Finnish border well past

midnight. At which Philip laughed his pity; it was only in books, he said, that people escaped at night. They would go at eleven so as to be well on their way by noon. That was the crowded train, and he and Gregóry loved crowds.

'Don't forget to drink tea at the station,' he cautioned at parting; 'for everyone drinks tea at the station, if you can call it tea.'

So father straightway began his preparations, and the house committee — such a blessing in the matter of the cabbages — became now a menace and a threat.

Father's rooms could not be given up, for no hint must be had of his departure, and, besides, he had to leave everything in such a way that he could come back did the venture prove a failure. Yet somehow, in order to swell his travel-fund, he had to conduct a sale.

We almost wept when he told us this, — our stately, dignified father holding a sale of second-hand goods on the street, — yet he could not see the oddity of it. It had to be carefully conducted, he said, for every purchaser might be a 'red,' who would take the goods, refuse to pay, and inform the house committee besides. So the ostensible reason for his sale had to be 'reducing stock' rather than 'going out of business,' and the date of delivery was in some cases quite uncertain, as bedding had still to be slept in for two nights. Then, too, things were complicated by Boris Ivanovich, his neighbor and companion of the Peruvian treasure-hunt, who was conducting a sale of his own, and clinging close to father, as if afraid to venture far afield.

The goods brought marvelous prices. Old rubbers sold at a hundred and fifty rubles, old sheets at twelve rubles each; three worn suits brought a thousand; and customers commented on the cheapness.

On the day appointed Philip came

promptly at eleven, and daylight threw into full relief the beauty of his face and body, which the candle-light had revealed but scantily. Father locked his rooms with a very real pang, breathing a prayer for ultimate return; hired an *izvostchik* for a fabulous sum, the full price of an old umbrella; and proceeded to the station, there to wait for his train and drink his tea, with the fierce Gregóry looking on from a far corner.

There were others who were drinking tea as he drank it, with exaggerated appetite. A little French girl with frightened eyes, an Englishman who had trusted to a three-days' beard to make him look a Russian, and, straight across the room, Boris Ivanovich, who had conducted his shop too close to father's. It was all beginning to be much like a play, and father was enjoying himself hugely.

'Remember,' Philip had said when they jogged over the cobble-stones, 'you are a bewildered Petrograd official, who is going out into the country for a few hours. That is why your baggage will not be with you.'

The train steamed slowly into the station. The French girl crouched far in the corner of her seat; the unshaven Englishman remained standing. Boris Ivanovich could find no seat save the one opposite father; so he sat and stared at him blankly and unknowingly — rather overdoing it, father thought.

There was little that was exciting on the train, save that the guard locked both doors between stations. Only when an official, who looked much like Gregóry, passed through asking for tickets, did father grow worried. He proffered his ticket — to a little summer-resort station in the thin birch wood that lines both sides of the border; but the man still stood and looked at father with his hand outstretched.

'Passport,' he said.

There was, in the corner of father's

pocketbook, a note from his house committee testifying to his good behavior; no doubt it was the cabbages that had produced it. Father unfolded it and held it out. The official grunted, —

'Going away?'

'Yes,' said father, 'for a walk in the woods.'

So the man passed on; and presently they reached their little station, and walked away, separately, along the paths leading into the woods. When the sound of the train had died away, they came together again.

It was very quiet in that snowy birch forest, among the silent summer cottages, with their windows nailed over with planks. Somehow they could not walk slowly; almost at once they broke into a trot. And only Philip, behind them, strolled calmly on, his hands in his pockets, his head bared to the frosty air, his face lifted to the sky.

He explained to them, humorously, when at last they had quieted down and were walking, why the prices they paid him were so high. On the edge of the wood, he told them, where the ground begins to fall away toward the river that divides them from Finland, the border-guards are hidden. It is to them that most of the money goes. And even then there is danger, for gun-rangers of adjoining guards overlap, and an unbribed guard may shoot into the province of the bribed. Then, too, accidents occur sometimes — a 'safe' guard is replaced overnight by a new man, and a sudden change of direction becomes necessary; also, sometimes, a quick bribe, at a loss, because there is no time for bargaining. It is, after all, he concluded, a shabby business, with no order about it.

He whistled when he came to the edge of the wood — two short, sharp notes in quick succession. A triple whistle answered him.

'Now,' said Philip, 'for the bridge,



and no hurry. If you run, the next guard will notice. I go to the middle of the bridge with you. After that—it is Finland, and God guard you all!’

Half-way across the bridge he took them. And, though the bridge was in full view from all sides, father stood still to watch him go back lightly up the slope. He turned to wave his cap,—he seemed to have expected father to wait,—and then slipped into the thick—et a little to one side; it was probably pay-day for the bridge guard.

Thus ended that chapter of father’s home-coming, and the chaos of Russia lay far behind him. Yet to Philip, at parting, he said, ‘*Do svidanya*,’ which differs from the harsh ‘*proshchayte*’; for the latter holds in it no hope of the meeting to come. And the thought came to him then that, perhaps, before long, he would be asking Philip to help him go back into Russia as he had now helped him to come out.

But, before he left Stockholm, he knew that Philip never would help him again. Another refugee brought the news—one of the small men with colorless beards beloved by the station guard Gregóry, who had not proved worthy of Gregóry’s faith. He had lost his nerve at the last moment, had run where he was told to walk, and Philip was with him; and there had occurred, the night before, that ‘accident’ on the border—the guard farther down the line, whose range reached the bridge, had been unexpectedly changed.

The colorless man got away, hiding until nightfall in an overturned boat in the willows. But Philip had sought to preserve an air of unconcern by walk-

ing leisurely down to the river. It was a poor guess, so the escaped man remarked, shaking his head wisely: it does no good for a man to stroll easily, with his hands in his pockets, when his companion runs like a frightened rabbit.

The guard hesitated for a time. Then he shot,—rather carelessly, the man thought,—‘into the wind,’ as the Russians say. But Philip, who had just reached the river, swayed a little, and then, very quietly and very leisurely, as he had been walking, he slipped down the steep, snow-covered bank.

Somehow it took much of the joy out of father’s escape—that part of it. Somehow, if we could think back upon Philip striding through the thin birch woods along the border, with his hands in his pockets, his beautiful face uplifted, we could hold to the spirit of play in it all. But, with the thought of Philip’s frozen body breaking through the melting ice, it is different. It is the sign, somehow, that body, of the things that can happen, but that should never happen. So we do not wonder that father’s months on the tranquil California ranch have not been restful months, and that he lives very much in the days to come.

Yet it is not really Philip who counts with father, or even the events that led up to Philip’s quiet slide down the river-bank. The dreams of full adventure that fall to the pioneer do not die with partial fulfillment, and the going-away look, which all our lives we have known, still comes into father’s eyes whenever he says his four limitless words: ‘When I go back—’

## LYRICS

BY JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE

### CABINED FIRE

BIRDS are free  
And winds are free,  
And I, with head upon your knee,  
Am free;  
But oh, the birds and winds are rushing by  
In every way of freedom, wide and high,  
Whilst I  
Beside the cabined fire  
Trace all the north and south of my desire,  
And all my freedom's farthest east and west,  
Upon your breast.

### THE YOUNG GIRL

If I knew a snare,  
I would not spread it;  
If I knew your way,  
I would not tread it;  
Though the tear is quick,  
I will not shed it.

Nothing in me means  
To give a token,—

Oh, but if you pass,  
My heart is broken  
With the tear unshed,  
The word unspoken.

## AFRICAN YOUTH

ON the trails that are all day long,  
Where the young of the forest throng,  
The caravans of Youth  
Pass with their smiting song.

On the head of the girl that is young,  
Where the thousand beads are strung,  
The glamour of youth is shed  
And the flower of youth is hung.

Bright at the lad's dark side  
Hangs the terrible sword of Pride,  
And swift is the thrust of youth  
At the wound that the old men hide.

With the sword that is Beauty's sting,  
And the speed that is Beauty's wing,  
To the throb that is Beauty's drum,  
They pass and the shadows spring.

# LITERATURE IN THE GRADES

BY EDWARD YEOMANS

## I

FAR be it from this writer to assume any more knowledge of the intricacies and profundities of his subject, with all the implications attached thereto, than may easily be had by the man who passes by in the neighborhood of literature in elementary schools, and turns aside to consider.

A most significant symbol for such a situation, a symbol offered for the consideration of any passer-by who, going about his daily and quite different affairs, nevertheless turns aside to these things, is that picture, somewhere down along the old Nile, of a young man engaged in tending his father-in-law's sheep in the routine of a blazing Egyptian day.

Suddenly this contemplative person, this reflective, if rather sullen, young man, saw a very curious thing — a bush that burned and was not consumed; that illuminated even that sun-enveloped land, and particularly illuminated him.

'And he looked, and, behold, the bush burned with fire and the bush was not consumed.'

Literature is just such a bush. But how few parents and how few teachers turn aside, though they are continually passing.

The relation of parent and child is a desperate thing, a thing compounded of tragedy. For, if parents themselves had more to give, they would understand how little of literature or anything very refreshing and invigorating and adven-

turous and joyful the usual school has to give.

Hence it follows that whole communities share an infatuation that their school is good for children simply because the children do not resent it. How should the children know that their school is a sterile thing, dominated by conscientious people who, nevertheless, beat the ground to stone with their tramping about in 'custom-made' pedagogical shoes?

Here is a school with the children pouring in. You, being contemplative, realize that these children have just one chance like this. In a thousand hours a year, for a very few years, there is a chance that some few hours out of the total may be spent in the presence of that mysterious influence, that yeast, which will make the great pan of dough, called the public-school system, rise, and make the little pans of dough, the private schools, rise also.

But the dough does not rise: it remains level with the society round about; and when the individual little loaves are baked in the oven of experience, the nation is not refreshed and invigorated as it might be had that bread 'raised.' Instead, there is general indigestion and a great cry for remedies.

The teachers of literature, and especially the teachers in normal schools, do not realize that man, like the earth itself, is suspended upon nothing. That Shakespeare's assertion, 'We are such stuff as dreams are made on,' is rather

an under-statement than an over-statement of the fact. That in a life wrapped in the seven veils of mystery, accompanied by prowling demons of pain, and always skirting an abyss, begun and terminated in vacuity and infinite silence, there are certain extremely precious sources of happiness and actual beatitude; and that they, for the majority of children, preside as wardens at these sources — as forest-rangers, to prevent devastation and the drying-up of the only springs that make the social world habitable.

Aided by publishers and authors, by moving-picture producers and phonograph manufacturers, and mechanics of every sort whose impulses are exclusively economic and whose philosophy is the industrial one of quantity production, they, to a most incredible degree, proceed to throw into these springs rubbish, the rubbish of their own wasteful and discouraged house-keeping, the old furniture of their tired heads, and the very mattresses of their heavy sleeping days.

## II

Let us take a look at the class in English. The teacher has been trained to teach English, and has taught it year after year. Even at the beginning of her career she was rather metallic, because the normal school she went to intensified her preconception that teaching English meant analyzing sentences, tossing their words into the air and catching them dexterously: just juggling English words. Nothing alive is ever exposed. She never takes a kicking pink-eyed rabbit out of anybody's pocket; she never discovers a vigorous emotion; because, as regards English, she has none herself — as the magician has his rabbit; as a magician I saw last winter had a *real lion*, lean, tawny, and glaring, who for a few minutes turned

his 'ruddy eyes' on an audience surfeited with tricks and put the whole show to shame. If you have not a lion concealed about your person, dear teacher, have n't you at least a rabbit?

As wave after wave of children's classes in English has broken against her, she has become quite stony. English is more and more words, and less and less emotion and passion and beauty and inspiration and love. Therefore, how can she possibly teach English? Moreover, the 'Readers' do not help her, and outside the Readers she herself does not read much except newspapers. For the Readers are a tangle of short things, mediocre and good inextricably mixed.

'The Class will please take their Readers and turn to page 43. John, what is the subject of the story on that page?

'Now, stand up and read till I tell you to stop; stand up straight, please, and hold your book in your right hand. Speak clearly, hold your head up. There — that's the first sentence; now tell us what mood the verb is in. What is the rule for the subjunctive mood? Can't anybody remember that? Why, we had it just day before yesterday. I will write it on the board; for that is something you must know before you go on to the next grade.' She writes: —

*The subjunctive mood is used in a subordinate proposition when both contingency and futurity are expressed, or when the contrary fact is implied.*

The children look at it somewhat as a puppy looks at the house cat with its back arched and tail inflated: they look at it reproachfully, and turn away sadly.

'Now, go on reading, please.

'There, stop there. Caroline, what would you say was the particular feature of this story as far as we have gone?'

Caroline says, 'Well, I should call it — sad — or — I don't know — I don't care much about it.'

'Oh, that's not what I mean,' says the teacher; 'I mean its literary feature. Don't you think it is the way the adjectives are used? Hugo had a great reputation in his day for adjectives. He seemed to know more of them than anybody else, and this is an excellent example of his style.'

'And don't you notice, too, how short his sentences are? Now, why did he use such short sentences? Why, every author has his style, and Hugo chose this as his because he liked it. I was always sorry he did, for it makes his writings so jerky.'

'Do you know anything else that Hugo wrote besides this piece we are reading?'

Nobody knew, and there was every chance that nobody ever would know. They would always read pieces — rarely books, for they were trained to read pieces.

Here is a scene to set against that. It is not a class in reading, or in anything to do with letters. It is just the sixth grade beginning its session with its teacher on the morning of any day. The children selected each day one of their number to recite some favorite poem; or, just as often, they sang together some song they loved to sing. A boy with shaggy hair and the clothing of a poor man's son, but with a happy face devoid of self-consciousness, being called on by his classmates, stood up at his chair, and recited in a pure, cadenced voice this thing, which I afterwards learned was a prayer of the Navajo Indians to the Mountain Spirit:—

LORD OF THE MOUNTAIN

Reared within the Mountain,  
Young man, Chieftain,  
Hear a young man's prayer!  
Hear a prayer for cleanness.

Keeper of the strong rain,  
Drumming on the mountain;  
Lord of the small rain,  
That restores the earth in newness;

Keeper of the clean rain,  
Hear a prayer for wholeness.

Young man, Chieftain,  
Hear a prayer for fleetness.  
Keeper of the deer's way,  
Reared among the eagles,  
Clear my feet of slothness.  
Keeper of the paths of men,  
Hear a prayer for straightness.  
Hear a prayer for courage,  
Lord of the thin peaks,  
Reared among the thunders;  
Keeper of the head-lands,  
Holding up the harvest,  
Keeper of the strong rocks,  
Hear a prayer for staunchness.

Young man, Chieftain,  
Spirit of the Mountain!

How would you have felt if you had been there?

In the midst of our general 'mud and scum of things,' in school and out, it was one of those poignant, unexpected songs that Emerson asks us to listen for — a penetrating and unforgettable song.

And in the English classes of this school, what do they do? Why, they do what anybody would do who loved English literature and proposed to spread that feeling to children.

They tell stories and they read books *through*. They read books through twice — just because children always do that. The story moves on from day to day and from wonder to wonder. Will you substitute for this the indifferent hash of the grade Reader, all chopped together and compressed between two covers, and then think that you will start any feeling for literature, even if the teacher is good? Will you take a chapter out of *The Wind in the Willows*, or the *Lance of Kanana*, or *Wolf the Storm-Leader*, the *Travels of Ulysses*, the *Nibelungenlied*, *Robinson Crusoe*, and miss the opportunity to give your children the whole experience? Why?

Can you give any satisfactory reason why real books are not used in schools

instead of Readers? And does it not seem better to read one book, — if a fine one, — than scraps from many books?

### III

Those who travel in or out of Chicago by rail, may very likely be sitting among the glistening silver and china of the dining-car, with the red-shaded candles punctuating the comfortable room, in which the waiters are moving swiftly and adroitly along the aisle. Waiting for your order on this particularly dreary January evening, you look vaguely out of the window on the very sea bottom, the 'ooze' of civilization — the outskirts of an industrial city. And you look rather complacently. If you think about it at all, you think fatalistically.

It is pleasant, on the whole, for the person in the radiant dining-car, awaiting the *filet mignon*, to be a determinist, and to believe in status in accordance with function; to be feudalistic, and only agreeably conscious of the fact that multitudes are employed in supporting his weight and the weight of his household and the weight of his ignorance and his prejudice. It is a weight, and a leaden one; and the gazer through the plate-glass might with advantage think that there was danger, if too many engaged in his kind of thinking and living, that the centre of gravity would get outside the base, and then, as usual, the thing would roll over and all sorts of hideous things come to view and to action. He might see the school, as he rolls ponderously by, black and ugly against the end of another day of routine, but with no thought of children, with their eager eyes and hands and minds, who are having their total experience of childhood just there, in the stridency of those streets and rooms.

But what has this to do with literature? Well, you saw those streets and

houses, and you saw that school. But there were many things you could not see and had never seen, and among them was a woman who lives there. Not of your sort exactly, if you are really insulated by plate-glass, but of such a different sort that, in her presence, you, with your confident manner and modish garments, might stand quite confused and abashed, and rather afraid to expose that well-worn stock of ideas, the stock you so volubly exchange with your intimates.

She is a star, in the twilight of Chicago's industrial abasement, that 'washes the dusk with silver.' And in the glare of electricity and the roar of traffic and the mad outcries of our Babylon, she is unconfused and radiant.

She is going into the school after its educational machinery has stopped humming, and appears in the assembly hall, which presently begins to fill with children, the older ones a little sheepish, and many boys frankly inimical and explosive, hitting each other with their caps, and full of vacuous antics by which they would indicate their superiority to these extra proceedings, but, nevertheless, drawn by an obscure curiosity.

They see the small figure standing near the desk, and conclude that this meeting for 'story-telling' will be theirs rather than hers, and concentrate in the back.

The room seethes and tosses, filled with that strange protoplasmic substance which we call youth.

But notice: this woman steps to the centre, — on the floor, not on the platform, — and you see there that ancient and most moving thing, the field and the sower, the lamps and the lighter, the listeners and the speaker, confronting one another. It is a situation charged with an enormous potential, with a voltage of which physics knows nothing, but which, in its department

called psychology, or science of the soul, rises to levels where, if what is said is not commensurate and adequate, you are thrown down by the recoil into an abyss of defeat and despair.

This is the matrix of education; that this relationship, this confronting of an illuminative personality by combustible material, shall result in a lighting of those lamps in the mind and in the heart that shall eventually show the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

And this is the tragedy of the school, that the lamps remain unlighted, and the oil evaporates, — that priceless oil of childhood, — and the opportunity passes.

There is a picture called Oral Tradition, painted on one of the walls of the Congressional Library. It represents a group of Bedouins, in white robes and turbans, squatted in a circle of gleaming eyes, while before them stands a dramatic figure recounting in glowing Arabic some old tale of the desert, or the chanted poetry of Abu Nuwas of Harun.

The spirit of man has never changed, and living speech rather than the printed page is still, and will always be, its avatar, its quickener, and its passionate hunger.

In similar attitude stands the storyteller in the city school, and puts the same resistless spell upon her audience.

She is in the apostolic succession from the story-tellers of the prehistoric desert, the skalds of the North, and the myth-makers of the Mediterranean.

The boys in the back of the room are reduced immediately to graven images, with straining eyes and ears, all enmeshed in that finely woven fabric called — Literature.

Children, to be strong, to be symmetrical, and to be properly coördinated, must repeat in their physical growth the whole biologic story.

And something of the same sort

applies to their minds. That is one of the natural laws in the spiritual world. Therefore, the literary diet for children is composed of fairy stories, fables, myths, and folk-tales, the older the better, because these have been tested by the attrition of hundreds of years and have never worn out. They are like radium, forever giving out energy, but never weighing less or diminishing in force. And the avidity with which they are accepted, their complete assimilation, makes it perfectly plain that they are as native a diet for children as clover for rabbits. They make bone and sinew, blood and nerve, and are the only soil in which the roots of their mature life can always find moisture away down under the parched ground of the work-a-day world.

When you proceed to substitute for these highly nutritive things the feverish stupidity of the standard moving-picture shows, censored or not, and the defilements of the sensational theatres, you proceed to destroy souls. All the green shoots of imagination, from which alone have ever come any harvests of creative ability, are ironed out and scorched. For older people they may be tolerated, as a moral equivalent, perhaps, for the saloon. For children they are, to use Mr. Wister's phrase, a pentecost of calamity.

But here we are. We have not provided against this pestilence, which now flieth by night and wasteth at noon-day, any powerful antidote or preventive such as this story-teller, except in rare instances, like this.

Here in this room are Greek children, Italian children, Scandinavian, Russian; some of German, Irish, and American parentage — but they are in the minority. The stories are taken from the sources of their native literature. On this day it was Greek — of Ulysses and the Cyclops, Ulysses and Circe.

On another day, it would be of Bal-



der, of Sigurd, or of Frithiof; legends of King Arthur, Robin Hood, Bruce; folk-tales of Ireland and of Germany; or such a story as Tolstoy's 'Where love is, there God is also.'

In simple words, deliberately spoken, with but a slight gesture, but with an intense timbre and the rhythm, intonation, and inflection required by each situation, the story-teller proceeds along this old Roman road, accompanied by the winged spirits of these children, and at the end says, —

'Next week I hope to meet you here again; and will you keep the engagement?'

With hardly breath for answer, they continued to sit there, and with that sudden inspiration, born of the maternal, the story-teller continues: —

'Now I must say good-night, and I want to say it by repeating a little poem to you. Is n't it strange what can be done with words? and a great poet is a person who can do more wonderful things with words than anybody else. He puts them together in a certain way, and they immediately glow and make a great light and a great music all about them; and yet they are so old and worn with use. They come from so far back, away back in the old Europe your grandfathers and grandmothers lived in, and their grandfathers and their grandmothers. Nevertheless, they are young and strong, filled with such thunders and such whispers, such sweetness and such bitterness. Dear children, when you look at things, and think about things, and write about things, keep perfectly quiet and wait till the right words come swimming past, then catch them in your net like silver fish. Keep quiet and wait, and presently here they come swimming through the clear pool of your mind — all living, shining words which you can catch.

'And now listen to the words William Blake caught in his net. I will tell you

more about him some day, and read you some of the poems he calls "Songs of Innocence." Such astonishing things — things that could be written only by a very great man, and yet a man who was as simple in his use of words as a little child. But these are the words he used when he wanted to express what was in his heart as he looked at the evening star — and this is my "good-night." And she repeated very slowly: —

'Thou fair-haired Angel of the Evening,  
Now, whilst the sun rests on the mountains,  
light

Thy bright torch of love, thy radiant crown  
Put on, and smile upon our evening bed.  
Smile on our loves, and while thou drawest the  
Blue curtains of the sky, scatter thy silver dew  
On every flower that shuts its sweet eyes in  
timely sleep.

Let thy west wind sleep on  
The lake; speak silence with thy glimmering  
eyes

And wash the dusk with silver. Soon, full  
soon,

Dost thou withdraw; then the wolf rages wide,  
And then the lion glares through the dim  
forest.

The fleeces of our flocks are covered with  
Thy sacred dew; protect them with thine influence.'

And so her flock departed home, their fleeces covered with a sacred dew, and in their hearts some glimmering of the stars in the great constellation of letters.

There must be people found who can do this sort of thing, this oral tradition; otherwise, literature in school has no roots and cannot grow. And these people exist. Put a sufficient premium on this sort of school meeting, at morning exercise or any convenient time, and from the recesses of our huge American family, the story-tellers, draped in garments of quiet power, and of faultless discrimination, will stand before you.

#### IV

Why should it be necessary to state this case again? Do we people, who profess all sorts of devotion to the needs

of children in school and out, read a great authority on this subject, whose works have been available for years — G. Stanley Hall? Articles in magazines can be but faint echoes of the things he has said in his great books, *Adolescence* and *Education*.

To this old man we make our obeisance and our apologies.

And then, too, I am only telling something that every enlightened mother knows, though she may not understand to what an extent, in this as in so many other ways, she is building a craft — a canoe — for her son or her daughter who listens at bedtime to her stories; a craft which will bring him through many a rapid, if not dry, at least safe, by the subtle steering of a thing called 'taste.'

Children of Presbyterian households a generation ago may have felt the rigors and confinements of a childhood spent 'in the fear and admonition of the Lord.' But there were many compensations, and among them was this. Out of the austerities of the Westminster Shorter Catechism, and theological sermons, and interminable extempore prayers, and strange melancholy hymns, emerged those astonishing pictures of men and events called 'Bible Stories' — from the Morning and the Evening of the First Day, down through the wonderful procession of figures passing colossal against the glowing sky, on the rim of that Oriental world from whence came the very breath of our spiritual life.

In after years they tower up and constitute a sort of mountain-range running across the green plains of early youth. And you never get out of sight of them; they tower higher as you go on. Children who have not appropriated these stories as integral parts of their lives are likely to suffer from the lack of that luminous and stately background, which I compare with a moun-

tain-range, and behind which, as we proceed inland, is the immortal sea that brought us hither.

For those who, in the multiplicity of their material, may have overlooked these peaks where the greatest river of literature has its source, allow me to recall a very few, at haphazard.

Esau, for instance, Esau the brown and shaggy hunter, with his great hairy hands, his honest eyes and appetite, home from a long sojourn in that wilderness he loves, throws himself down in the door of the tent, talks with Jacob, and makes that memorable bargain symbolic of the relationship that forever exists between the man of physical endowment and simplicity — the outdoor man — and the man of mental subtlety — the indoor man.

Samson, the Playboy of the Eastern World, his broad, whimsical face framed in that astonishing hair, filled with grim humors which could change to devastating rage. A piece of the old Earth itself, against whom a lion roared but once, and then with terror. A man of riddles and taciturn mirth, wandering quizzically through an amazed and unfriendly country. Tying together the tails of foxes, carrying off the gates of walled towns, like a huge undergraduate, and with the jaw-bone of an ass, picked quickly from his mother-earth, reducing his pursuers to pulp. But a prey to the guile of bright eyes, as always; until, finally, he sits blind and shorn among the women, grinding, grinding, with his pestle and mortar. Nevertheless, a quiescent, not an extinct, volcano, as they shall presently know.

Noah, massively calm, like a bronze man, with his elemental sons and daughters-in-law. A family the Creator of the Earth found worthy to live in it; not a huckster, but a builder. A slow but sure man, with the dignity of six hundred years of experience, who could

do huge things with an axe and an adze and a mallet, and did them, he and his sons. And behold the Ark of gopherwood, its cavernous interior resounding with the cries of every kind of beast, bird, and creeping thing, and redolent of the same, as the gang-plank was drawn in, the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened.

Lot, in his doomed little city, through the dim streets of which those radiant strangers passed swiftly to his door. Two such prosperous little cities, and so comfortable, — Sodom and Gomorrah, — in the fertile plain. But not enough disinterested men in them; and the sense of appalling disaster hangs over, as Lot and his family flee through the gates toward the hill country. And there his wife stands to this day, looking back! O incomparable masculine retribution on all the feminine longing for the old home rather than for the frontier! Outside of how many little cities are there these pillars of salt!

Joseph and his brethren — and the strange dreams of those Egyptians, which he could interpret. Joseph the administrator and friend of Pharaoh in the old, old land of Egypt, to which his descendants would return as slaves.

Moses and Aaron, and those heart-breaking plagues which the dark wizards down there could also produce, strangely enough, because Egyptian learning was profound and went down into the recesses of things. Even the Jehovah of Moses felt the prick of competition, and was obliged to do quite stupendous things to out-match these doctors of Egyptian divinity.

Saul, Jonathan, and David, that tragic group, worthy of Michael Angelo or Rodin — bound together by the strangest fate.

David, standing on the edge of the army and looking with his clear poet's eyes at that apparition Goliath; filled

with a curious conviction that he can stop this outrageous affront — the conviction of a boy who was also a king.

David and his descent to the depths of criminal indulgence and despair, and his ascent to the sublimity of the scene above the city gate after Absalom was slain; and the immortal music of the Twenty-third Psalm.

Solomon the incomparable, having entertained the Queen of Sheba in a manner that bewildered even that consummate artist in pageantry, and having got his huge family to bed, paces wearily to his apartments, removes his insignia, and after looking on the vast Oriental night and its incredible stars, writes the last few chapters of a little book he has recently been devoting his precious leisure to, now called 'Ecclesiastes'; understanding so well that heaven and earth might pass away, but the words of those chapters would not; that the spectacles of kings and queens and palaces and parades were the least real of all things. 'Solomon who talked to a butterfly as a man talks to a man.'

Job, and the resounding eloquence of those mighty debaters, where again Jehovah can win only by employing his greatest guns, against this Promethean stubbornness.

Daniel, and the feast of Belshazzar. There was a great teacher in prototype, whose business it was to tell the truth about things, and who recognized the signs of the times and interpreted them. 'Let thy gifts be to thyself,' he said, 'and give thy rewards to another.' What writing would such a man see on the walls of our cities? And what would be his interpretation? For in these cities is all the sowing that produces the whirlwind of war. 'Smartly attired, countenance smiling, form upright, death under the breast-bones, hell under the skull-bones.'

It is a stupendous piece of theatrical art, that setting, filled with a wild music

too, increasing to the abandonment of the 'Scheherazada,' which, suddenly, quavers, dies out; and in shuddering silence the fingers of a man's hand — huge cyclopean fingers — are seen writing on the great gold wall, over against the candlestick.

Ruth and Naomi. Women of a deathless majesty and loveliness, whose speech is the speech of that inward nobility which is the crown and diadem of life. 'Entreat me not to leave thee or to depart from following after thee.' And as long as English is spoken, we have the final expression of devotion in these and the following words.

And so on, down to the crowning achievement of the compulsion man is under to adorn his life with beauty and escape the terrors of a mechanistic world — the story of Bethlehem.

Again out of heaven come visitors and a message, as recounted so often before by the poets of all nations in their own idioms; but never before in any spectacle or any words so transcendent and compelling as these.

Before those obscure men of the Orient, and their successive translators, down to that amazing assembly of men of letters who produced the King James version, all writers and teachers may well prostrate themselves; nothing so beautiful, so august, so comforting, having been produced before or since by man on this planet.

If you have regard for your child destined to wander in the mazes of the labyrinths that are now constructed to the consternation and ultimate destruction of youth, you give him a thread to hold, so that he cannot lose his way and may even kill the Beast that fills the air with its bellowing. At any rate, if we do not feed him, he will die of starvation.

And until the monster is dead, and the labyrinth transformed into something generally happier and more

healthy, the supreme duty of parents and teachers is to attach children's hearts to the threads of great literature and great music and great ideas, while there is still time.

It is just as important that the school music should be inspiring, and should capture the rapturous attention of every child, as that the school literature should; and the means to secure this result are the same — find the person who corresponds to the story-teller, carefully avoiding imitations and tempting compromises. For it is much better to have none at all than to have something specious; than to have something second-class that poses as first-class; than to fool children in such an insidious and despicable way that they will never get any confidence in their own discrimination, but will forever mix good, bad, and indifferent, all the time perfectly bewildered, but making believe that they know, just as their parents do.

From the twelve intellectual supermen in the world who can understand the Einstein theory, we are going to steal one little trinket, and stop right there. They have a thing called a 'frame of reference.' In an effort over many years to find that *ποῦ στῶ*, — 'a place to stand,' which Archimedes also wanted very much, — a place from which they could measure motion with some confidence, — they hitched this 'frame of reference' to first one thing and then another, until they got as far off as the Nebulæ, entirely outside our fixed stars and everything else that seemed fixed. Nothing would do, — nothing was fixed, — everything moved, and moved with shattering velocity. Trustworthy measurements could not possibly be made. At last they took the ether; took it on faith because they don't know whether there is such a thing or not, but they had no further choice.

Where are you going to hang your

frame of reference in the ethical universe — and the spiritual? What shall we tie to as a base for measuring the actual excellence of ideas, of aspirations, of procedures, of the works and words of men? How far back do you think we should go to escape the aberrations of popular opinion to-day: current events, journalism, class-theories, religious cults, capital propaganda and labor propaganda, pedagogy, diplomacy, patriotism?

There is need for some haste in making this decision for our children. For ourselves it makes comparatively little difference. It is what we commit *them* to that is the disturbing thing.

There is an old pontifical rubric, 'Unto you are committed the keys; whomsoever thou shalt bind *shall remain bound*.'

If this sounds pedantic, moralistic, and reactionary, let the objector suggest, as regards literary and artistic standards, something more in keeping with the actual needs of twentieth-century children.

The fact seems to be that the total structure of the best and deepest in human experience and thought, and therefore in literary expression, is not only old, but very beneficially secure.

Perhaps those who recognized the writer of 'These Wild Young People' in the September *Atlantic* as their spokesman will feel this point of view as an

added hardship in their vivid rush toward the privileges of youth. But when they arrive at this stronghold, as also at others equally secure, they will save themselves some embarrassment if they recall that picture of Thor before the gates of Jötunheim. He also was exasperated, and hammered somewhat on the heaven-high gates, demanding surrender, or, at any rate, demanding consideration much beyond his worth.

But it particularly remains for school people to show that they fully understand what schools are for — 'and then proceed to put the emphasis upon those things that are radical; that pertain to the roots of human happiness and health and fertility; that produce an enlightened heart and a right spirit within us, to guide a trained mind and hand.'

By the magic of intimate friendly intercourse with a wise and sympathetic teacher, who can interpret life and its arts to his pupils, who long ago accepted Whitman's philosophy and asks not good fortune, because he has good fortune within himself and distributes it wherever he goes, you get a school; and by no other means or method whatsoever.

For a school, said a great teacher the other day in my hearing, has always been just a person — is now — and ever shall be; substitutes are invariably futile.

# PLANTATION PICTURES

BY HOWARD SNYDER

## II. THE ORDINATION OF CHARLIE

### I

ALTHOUGH the negro's revival service is often a scene of wildest excitement and frenzy, of dire and awful communion with occult powers, of dreadful fear and ecstatic joy, we should not assume that all his religious services are of this nature. Like his funerals and weddings, the revival service is of the nature of a boisterous picnic. Indeed, it is more than that; for it adds scenes of hilarious comedy. What the theoretical purpose may be, matters little; in practice it is distinctly a farce, where the spectators and participants gather to have a jolly, frolicsome time. They eat and get drunk; the old people gossip with their neighbors, and the young ones find sweethearts and exchange soft words.

In the negro ordination services of these parts, twelve ordained preachers sit on the platform, their victim — there is no truer name for him — standing before them. As Uncle Charlie says, 'dey tries ter make de candidate go woll-gathering.' That is, they try to frustrate him, entangle him, and 'worry him down,' by all manner of what appear to us to be idiotic questions. Once the victim begins wool-gathering, talking nonsense, raving like a lunatic, and uttering cries and words with no possible semblance of continuity, the service is at its height; the twelve divines have outwitted their victim. Should the candidate succeed in keeping a cool head

and in answering all their fantastic questions, he will have outdone the divines. In this case, the preachers keep up the cross-questioning all day and all night, in their determined efforts to 'down' their victim.

Now, the one great accomplishment that a negro preacher must acquire is that of sophistry. He must always have an answer ready for any question under heaven, and he must roll it off in thunderous tones as dogmatically as a mediæval bishop. It matters not that the answer has not the faintest possible connection with the question. But to falter, to hesitate for one tenth of a second, to qualify or condition an answer — this is ruination complete and unconditional.

### II

For the questions and answers of Charlie's ordination service I went directly to him, just as I have done for all other facts in these sketches of his life. But just as anyone, even a candidate for a Ph.D., will be able to give but very few definite answers to questions concerning that which happened after the ups and downs of forty years of life, so I suspect that Uncle Charlie has forgotten many of the questions and answers he gave at his ordination. But this thing is sure: there is a great sameness in all the ordination services of my negro neighbors.

And in this, as in all their religious customs, so far as I am able to ascertain, forty years have brought about the least possible change. Uncle Charlie himself has sat on many boards of 'catechizers' in the past forty years, and all his questions, and the answers he has demanded, have been as much alike as the eggs in a basket; for once a negro learns a thing in a given way, he will hang to that with great tenacity and will vary it never an iota. So, whatever material Charlie has given me concerning his ordination, it is quite sure that it is just what anyone may hear if he attends an ordination service to-day.

And now, to get down to the actual questioning: somewhere between ten o'clock and noon, twelve preachers, the 'catechizers,' in long-tailed black coats and white shirts and collars, took their seats on the platform. Their 'singin' leader,' Peter Nichols, a young man of about twenty-five, began to sing, and the other preachers soon joined in. Slowly the women and girls ceased from their gossip, discussions, and laughter, and fell in with the singing of the preachers; and still more slowly did the men from the outside leave off their argumentation and join the song-service within. After half-a-dozen songs, all was comparatively quiet and the first question was in order.

Charlie was called upon to stand before his tormentors. Peter Nichols fired the first shot, and the report fairly rumbled as it reverberated from wall to wall.

'Brother Robinson, what is de soul?'

And Brother Robinson, in equally pompous and thunderous tones, roared out, —

'De soul is de breath uf God. God fust breathed hit inter ol' Adam un Eve, un from dem hit com' down ter us.'

'Un what is de mind?'

'What de handle is ta de plough, what de edge is ta de axe, what de

point is ta de sword, what de steam is ta de engine, dat de mind is ta man. Mind is what makes us go.'

'Brother Robinson, ya kin sharpen de axe un' de sword, un' ya can make steam; now how can ya sharpen de mind un' make more uf hit?'

'Ed-ducation is de grindstone dat sharpens de mind un' makes more uf hit. As de ploughshare is drewed out by de blacksmith, so is de mind drewed out by ed-ducation.'

'Now, Brother Robinson, ya is here ta pass 'zamination in de eighteen holy art-tickles uf faith giben us by de great head uf de church. De fust art-tickle 'splains de foundin' uf de Scriptures. Who is de founder?'

'De Scriptures hab God fo' hits author, salvation fo' hits end, un' truth without fault fo' hits matter. Hit is un' shall remain fo' eber, eben unto de end uf de worl', de centre uf de church, de consume [supreme] standard by which all creeds, doctrines, un' orthodoxies shall be tried fo' eber un' eber, amen.'

'What is God, Brother Charlie?'

'God is de consume ruler uf heaven un' earth.'

'What's God's name?'

'God hab one hundred un twenty-one flatterin' titles: Je-hos-a-fat, Halloweth be thy Name, un Emanuel is his most flatterin' titles.'

'How many heads hab God?'

'God hab three heads.'

'What is de three heads?'

'De three heads uf de Trinity.'

'What's de name uf de three heads?'

'Father, Son, un' Holy Ghos.'

'Brother Charlie, whan ya fell out un' talked wid God, which uf his three heads talked wid ya?'

'De Father.'

'Un' what did ya learn from dat talk wid God?'

'Dat I war regenerated.'

'Un' what's ta be regenerated?'

'Dat's ter be broke up root un' branch, ter be set aside fo' God.'

And Peter went on and on, asking many questions of this nature; and during all the questioning there was much general confusion among the spectators. It is well-nigh impossible to keep a negro's mouth shut, especially if he is inclined to laugh and praise the good works of his fellows. As Charlie answered particularly promptly and in a little louder and more sanctimonious manner than that in which the question was put to him, his friends poured out a stream of 'Amen,' 'Praise de Lawd,' and so forth.

Brother Reuben Clay, an old gray-haired parson, long since dead, was Charlie's next questioner.

'Brother Robinson, do ya believe in hell?'

'Ize believes in hell.'

'What is hell?'

'Hell is punishment atter death.'

'Who goes ta hell?'

'Good mens un' bad mens.'

'How so, Brother Robinson, do good mens go ta hell?'

'Good mens kin go ta hell, fo' ter be good hea on earth ain't ter be good in God's eyes.'

'Who is good in God's eyes?'

'He what hab faith.'

'What is faith?'

'Faith is de per-say-va-gance in things unseen, de heartily reception uf our Lord un' Saviour.'

'How do we git faith?'

'Faith is de gift uf God.'

'Kin little chillens hab faith?'

'Dey sho kin whan dey reach de age uf understandin'.'

'Whan do dey reach dis age?'

'At twelve years of age. Chillens can't sin befo' dis age.'

'How so, Brother Charlie: ain't chillens de sons un' daughters uf mens un' womens?'

'Dey sho is.'

'Un' ain't mens un' womens de offsprings uf Adam un' Eve?'

'Dat sho is right.'

'Un' did n't ol' Adam bring sin inter de worl?'

'He sho did do dat nasty thing.'

'Den how did ya say dat chillens ain't sinners?'

Charlie, apparently trapped, began to hum and haw and fumble for words. His mind began to wander, and he soon found himself in a chaos of silly images. At this his friends broke into song 'to moun' him up.' They began soft and low, then rose higher and higher; with every verse more and more joined in, and soon the whole house sang, rich and full. They carried everything before them. Charlie was saved. When he spoke again, one picture followed another in rapid succession.

'God made him ter sin, un' He teaches us dat de son shall not bear de iniquity uf de father, ner de father de iniquity uf de son, un' dat's why little chillens can't sin.'

'Be hit so, brother. Now, Brother Charlie, whan kin ya git red uf yar sins?'

'At de 'vival service.'

'What do a 'vival mean?'

'A 'vival mean a school. Let me gib ya hu 'lustration: de nentry [nursery] man take up little sings [scions] un' set dem out in de nentry ter grow; dat's just what us uns should do at de 'vivals, take up little chillens un' set dem out in de nentry uf de Lawd ter grow.'

'Brother Charlie, how many Gods hab we dat kin forgin er sins?'

'One un' only one God; his name is Halloweth be thy name, Jay-hat-a-bell, God uf Isreal un' God of Si-ball.'

'But de Bible say de people wor-shnipd Bail un' de golden calf.'

'Dese air false Gods; der is but one true God, one man wid different names.'

'How kin we know a true God from a false God?'



'De Bible say Daniel un' his capters were threwed inter de fire; Daniel came out unscorched, un' his capters burned. Daniel worshniped a true God, dey a false God.'

Thus Charlie and his tormentors continued; but to give all the questions that he says he answered on that golden Christmas day would lead me far beyond the limits of this paper. As the sun began to hide its face in the west, the meeting adjourned for lunch. Fires were rekindled both inside and outside the church, baskets were opened, coffee was made in big iron pots, and bottles were uncorked. And thus they ate and drank and were merry.

After two hours of feasting, the twelve preachers again took their seats on the platform, and the questioning went on uninterrupted throughout the night and until the break of day. And this was nothing unusual then, nor is it now. Time and time again have I been awakened at daybreak by the noise and hubbub of dismissal down under the hill at 'Magdalene Church.'

### III

In Charlie's answers, the first thing that strikes one is the utter absence of critical thought. For hours together, and on many occasions, I have questioned him, and always he answers me by rolling off a long reel of incoherent motion-pictures, or just words, words, words.

As there is no critical thought in his religion, we might expect the Bible to be a universal combination tool to him. And this is just what it is. He can justify any act under heaven, however sinful, and he can condemn any act under heaven, however righteous, by referring to the Bible for authoritative utterances. This is true, not only of Uncle Charlie, but of all the negroes I know. For example, Uncle Albert, an old man

who has lived here nearly as long as Charlie, and whose relations with the plantation girls merit very serious criticism, justifies himself by referring to the Bible. He says, 'De Lawd say a man shall take unto himself a woman, un' dis is just what Ize does.' On the other hand, he will condemn immoral relations in other men by referring them to the ten commandments.

And further, there being little critical thought, we need not expect to find the sin of intolerance. Any religion will do. We have a negro Catholic Church a few miles south of me, and we have Methodists and Baptists and Hollinests. And then we have a steady supply of new sects springing up almost yearly. Not long ago we had a new upshoot that called itself the 'Tongues.' When I say new, I mean new for the negroes of these parts. The phenomenon is as old as man's religious instinct. The founders tried to invent a sacred language and preach in it. In Lexington, the county seat of Homes County, Mississippi, which joins the county in which I live, we had a short time ago the 'Dancing Methodists.' If one will travel a bit through the rural South, he will come upon many new sects. They spring up like mushrooms, then die out almost as quickly.

Next I would call the attention of my readers to a very common trait of the negro mind, a trait seen very distinctly in Charlie's ordination. I refer to his love of authoritative utterances. If a statement comes from 'de great head uf de church,' — the Bible, — or from any other book, for that matter, it is all that my plantation negroes require; it is then and there swallowed whole. It surely is not digested; but this matters little to them, for their religion is a religion of faith and not of works. It has but the faintest connection with their moral life. At the present hour, if I remember correctly, every negro on

my place over twenty years of age is a church member, and yet, only one, — Uncle Charlie — has the faintest hint of what honesty means. And in the relation of the sexes, the majority of them, both men and women, are grossly immoral.

#### IV

To witness an ordination service carries one's thoughts back over the centuries to the time of the Reformation, when men's minds were occupied by such momentous questions as the Last Judgment, the Resurrection of the Dead, the Communion of Saints, and other weighty matters of a holy and divine nature. For example, in Charlie's ordination he was asked to give the doctrine he had been taught concerning the end of the world. This is the last of the articles of faith. It reads as follows: —

'We believe that the Scriptures teach that the end of the world is approaching; that at the Last Day, Christ will descend from heaven, and raise the dead from the graves for final retribution; that a solemn separation will then take place; that the wicked will be adjudged to endless punishment, and the righteous to endless joy; and that the judgment will fix forever the final state of men in heaven or hell, on principles of righteousness.'

Where can one find a more mediæval flavor than in the following from another of the articles of faith: 'We believe

that the scriptures teach that civil government is of divine appointment, for the interest and good order of human society'?

Or than in another, which teaches that a 'special Providence watches over the welfare of the believer who endures to the end'?

And what can we say of the article concerning the fall of man? Charlie was duly asked to explain this most sacred truth.

'We believe that the scriptures teach that man was created in holiness, under the laws of his Maker, but by voluntary transgression fell from that holy and happy state; in consequence of which, all mankind are now sinners, not by constraint but by choice; being by nature utterly void of that holiness required by the laws of God, positively inclined to evil, and therefore under just condemnation to eternal ruin, without defence or excuse. Amen.'

That such doctrines as these are alive to-day and are freely discussed will be quite evident to anyone who will take the trouble to listen for an hour at any of the many religious gatherings of the negro. At the funerals, at the baptizings, at the revivals, at the experience meetings, at a thousand and one odd times and places where men or women may happen to be gathered, one can drink to satiety of mediæval religion. There is not a negro man or woman on my place who will hesitate to discuss each and all of their articles of faith.

# EVERLASTING GRACE

BY MARION PUGH READ

## I

THE assemblage was nearly complete when she got there, for she had come afoot, and she had come from far. It was ten miles to her little cabin over on the western slope of Bear, and they were mountain miles — up the steep ridges and down again into the little valleys, back and forth across the windings of the unbridged streams, where only the protruding surface of a rock here and there gave precarious footing through the swift current. And she had come a longer way still, a way that led past a lonely little graveyard half-way up the rough side of the mountain, where, beside a grave unmarked and grass-grown like the others, but with a little path leading up to it that her own feet had worn, she had dropped on her knees to offer up a silent little prayer of thanksgiving that this day had come at last.

On the outskirts of the crowd she hesitated. Under the bodice of her thin black dress her heart was throbbing painfully. She had hurried toward the end, for fear she would be late; but the meeting had not yet come to order, and the crowd was more like a great social gathering. Up and down the road, as far as you could see in all directions, groups of young people were scattered, families were holding preliminary reunions, shy courtships were getting under way again. There was much animation of scuffling dogs, of crying babies, and of braying of mules picketed farther back in the grove. For this was the

Annual Funeral Meeting on Little Oak, and everyone in that remote little region, far back in the Kentucky hills, had come.

Three funerals were to be preached. The little log schoolhouse was all too small, so the meeting was held in an open grove beside the branch. Split rails had been laid from rock to rock, forming a little amphitheatre around a natural elevation in the centre, where the preaching was to be. Overhead, the deep blue sky was clear as a bell. There in the shade of the grove the dew was still heavy. Over the stream and down from the deep hollows came cool little breaths of exquisite refreshment; but outside, over the dusty white road, the sun beat down with a still hot glow.

It was a perfect September day, as radiantly pure as only a September day in the Cumberlands can be, after the morning mists have lifted, taking with them every blemish of earth and air. A soft haze filled the distant valleys like a little blue smoke. Whole slopes were yellow with goldenrod. Tall white asters, jeweled in the sunshine, fringed the little forest ways, and filled the fallow field across with shimmering beauty.

Against the warm, benignant silence of the day the noisy excitement of the meeting crowd seemed incongruous and overwhelming; but it was all fair to the gaze of the woman from Bear, standing there on the outskirts, her hand lifted to her heart to still its eager throbbing,

unconscious of the curious glances turned upon her. Even in that ill-clad assemblage there was something poor and pitiful in her whole appearance. Her feet were bare, and her sombre dress, of some cheap, sleazy stuff, bramble-torn and drabbled with dew, clung limply to her thin, spent frame. But when she took off her bonnet and rolled it up to hide its forlornness, her face was revealed, with its luminous peace. To the others this might be a meeting like any other, but to her it was the rare emotion of a lifetime. As one nearing the presence of the altar, she bowed her head a moment before advancing timidly.

She was a stranger to most of those present. Only a perfunctory 'Howdy' here and there greeted her as she made her way forward to the front row, where the mourners, their faces set in a solemn mask, sat silent. One or two, to whom bereavement was a more recent experience, were crying unobtrusively. Others seemed to beself-consciously evoking an appropriate expression of grief. Later on, in the excitement of the meeting, they might rise to great spiritual transports; but she who had taken her place last among them was not waiting till then. Already she sat in a little spiritual ecstasy of her own, and seeing the wonderful light in her eyes, one or two in the audience, who had recognized her, marveled greatly.

'Hit's his *mother* — Felix Hanby's!' the word passed around. 'Then it's true his funeral's aimin' to be preached to-day.'

It was partly in delicacy that they turned away from her, for he had been notorious in that whole countryside as a worthless no-account, that son whose funeral she was having preached. There was no form of debauchery or villainy of which he was innocent. He had lied and thieved and killed. He had broken every law of faith and honor. Young as

he was, many a girl, and older woman too, had come to curse his name. And yet there were always more to believe in him.

He had been mean to everyone; but meanest of all to his own mother. She had lived from day to day in the shadow of his disgrace, shuddering at his profanity, and suffering from his guilt almost as if it were her own. But when he lay asleep, he was as beautiful as a young Greek god; and whenever she gazed down into his sleeping face, she would think: 'Lord, ain't he pretty! He's jest a-workin' out his roughness now. Boys is always wild till they've settled down. He's a-goin' to do better soon. He's a-goin' to *wake up good*.'

And so it had been when he lay dead, shot by his own gun as he stumbled and fell, while creeping through a tangled cover to shoot a foe from ambush, and they had brought him in to her, his beautiful features chiseled in marble, and the evil of his eyes forever veiled. 'He's a-goin' to *wake up good*.'

He had been her only dependence in her widowhood. The only other child left to her was a frail little boy with a 'hurtin'' in his breast. One was well and one was sickly, one was strong and one was weak, and she had loved the strong one best. One was bad, and one was goodness itself, but it was the ne'er-do-well she clung to with a yearning love that gave life all its splendor. He would be gone for days. When he came back, she would wait upon him, trembling with joy. The other, in his gentle way, was always trying to win the place in her heart that was not there for him. He limped around, and helped her far more than many a well, strong boy could have done; but there was no tenderness for his efforts. She never failed in kindness to him; her voice was always patient; but what does the voice of love need of patience? He had dreams and visions. For hours he would lie

there transfixed. 'Hit's like as if a little door was opened into the sky. I kin see right in, an' I kin hear.' At such times his thin little face would take on an ethereal beauty, his rapt little gaze oblivious of everything but the vision unfolding itself before his eyes. She would speak to him and he would not hear; but afterwards he would tell her what he had seen.

'I seed pappy up yander. I seed him jest as plain! He were settin' up thar jest as nacheral, like he might ha' ben settin' by the fire hyar.'

'Then ye did n't see right,' she would say. 'Hit ain't thataway, I know hit ain't.'

'Hit's the best o' this airth put up yander. Only hit ain't crowded none, 'cause hit's so big. Hit's bigger'n all the valleys o' the Cumberlands an' all the mountings o' the world put into one. Hit's so big everyone kin find him jest the sorter place is likeliest to him. Them that's lived up the hollers kin find 'em a little holler o' their own, an' them that's lived by the big waters kin find 'em mightier ones thar.'

'An' did ye see yer little sister Mony?'

'Yes, I seed her.'

'An' hev she kep' her little white dress clean?'

'No, but thar was an old granny thar a-washin' it in the branch, like Granny hyar useter, an' flung hit over the fence to dry, an' Mony were playin' round in her little t'other 'n till hit were ready. Her ha'r was in them two little braids, an' her eyes was soft an' blue. She'd got her a little poppet doll, like that un she teased ye to buy from the peddler that day, an' were a-cossetin' of it. An' whilst I were lookin', — ye know how on airth, when she seed a bird a-settin' on a limb, she'd look up so coaxin' thataway an' stretch out her little hand fer hit to come an' set thar, an' hit never would, — well, whilst I were lookin', thar were a little yaller

lettuce bird a-settin' on a lily bush, an' she done thataway to hit, an' helt out her little hand, an' hit come! An' hit set thar a-lookin' up to her with them two little bright black eyes, a-singin' away, till hit were jest too pretty to see how purely happy she were.'

'An' who else were thar?'

'That were all.'

'But yer brother, honey, whar were he?'

'I never seed him.'

The light would die out of his eyes, and he would turn his face to the wall away from her accusing glance. She never could forgive him for his failure, and every time she hardened her heart against him more than ever. It was as if he were excluding his brother from those heavenly hosts, whither she yearned to believe that he had gone. It was against all the tenets of her faith that an unrepentant sinner could be saved, but night after night she fought on her knees the long battle for his soul.

'Save him, Lord! Save him!' she would cry. On the Lord himself she put the burden. 'Lord, ye tuk him so young. Ef ye'd only gin him a little longer chance! He were jest a-goin' to do better. Lord, ye would n't ha' made him so pretty thataway ef ye had n't loved him. Lord, ye would n't ha' left him gone so fur astray ef ye had n't meant to foller attar him when 't were time, an' show him the way back.'

The Lord had been good. Gradually her prayers had brought solace, and she had come to believe him assembled there among her other dead.

'I'll have him the prettiest funeral preached that ever was!' she cried. For that would put the last seal and sanction upon his salvation, and redeem him forever in the sight of God and man.

But no preacher could be found who was willing to undertake it. 'I reckon ye'd better look to someone else,' they

would say, turning away. For three years she had trudged to meeting after meeting, but her plea was in vain. At last, one cold, rainy Sunday in June, she had gone to a baptizing where Brother Seymore from Clay County spoke. Brother Seymore was known far and wide for his yearning efforts to touch the stubborn heart of youth. It was told of him that many a time, crossing the mountain at nightfall, and passing a certain cabin where there was always a crowd of boys drinking and carousing, he would dismount from his horse, and pass the night there on the mountain praying for them. It was as if the weight of their sins were on his own soul, for in his youth he had been as wild as the wildest of them, until one day the miracle had happened, and he had 'got religion.'

He looked down into her pleading eyes. 'Yer son were Felix Hanby?' he said, hesitating like the others. Then, finally, 'Ef ye so desire,' he decided. 'They were askin' me to preach the funeral of a young girl over at the yearly meetin' on Little Oak. I reckon someone else could be found fer that. I'll preach your boy's thar, instead.'

And after that all the days were like a shining path that led to this one.

## II

Up in front the preparations for the meeting went quickly forward now. Brother Pike and Brother Bixby, awaiting only the arrival of Brother Seymore to proceed, stood at one side, conversing in low tones about the order of the services, and choosing the hymns from the fluttering pages of their little black singing-books. On the little wooden platform the pail of water with the tin dipper stood ready for their refreshment, and the last stragglers took their seats as Brother Seymore came, at last.

He conferred with the others a mo-

ment, and then, seeing her among the mourners in front, he approached and took her by the hand. She looked up into his face as if he were a messenger from the Lord, come to speak to her in person, nodding in compliance when he told her the other funerals would be preached first, and he would speak last.

'Hev no one come with ye?' he asked, seeing her alone.

'No, thar hain't but me,' she said simply. 'His pappy's dead, an' his little brother's weakly. He could n't come so fur, noways.'

He looked down for a moment into her uplifted eyes, then wrung her hand and turned abruptly away.

At last her turn came. The funeral hymns with their long, quavering choruses had been sung. The last wailing note died away on the air, the hysterical sobbing ceased, and a little silence fell as Brother Seymore rose to speak. For a moment he stood facing them. Under the compulsion of his glance the hush grew even more intense. It was so still that for a little interval the sounds of earth reasserted themselves as sounds of great magnitude — the trickling of the stream, the murmur of the leaves, the little thud of a dropping acorn, the pawing of a mule and the clatter of its bit as it rubbed against the tree, the sound of a passer-by on the road outside.

His face was stern and tense, and as his glance swept over that multitude of waiting faces, its expression grew ever more stern and relentless. A little thrill of excitement swept through the audience, already keyed to a high pitch. Instinctively they gathered themselves together for a stronger appeal to their emotions.

The woman before him trembled a little, and leaned forward. The long-awaited hour had come. The sacrament was ready, and in her eyes there burned the holy zeal of the communicant.

Earth could hold no higher joy than this. But Brother Seymore was looking over her head into the waiting throng beyond.

'O my bretheren,' he began, 'hit has ben a blessed privilege to be hyar this day an' recall for a moment the earthly lives of those two of our number who have not left us, no! but gone on before. Fer that dear young sister who passed away so early from our midst we shall not mourn, but rejoice. She was pure an' sweet as ary flower that ever bloomed. Airth were too sorry a place for her. Heaven were her rightful home. It's thar she's gone! No one thinkin' of her kin re-collect one mean thing she ever done, one hateful word she ever spoke. In the home, in the meetin', evrywhars hit were the same — she was good, purely good. Fer her we shall not mourn! Her eyes hev beheld the glories of the firmament, an' the magnitude thereof. She's one of that blessed multitude on high. Yes, my bretheren! An' hit's thar we shall find her, gethered with the others round the great white throne.

'An' as fer Brother Williams, no one ever heerd him make no perfession, but he died with a prayer on his lips. Fer him thar is hope. But, O my bretheren, fer that young boy whose funeral I stand before ye now to preach, fer that sinner among sinners, an' that profligate among profligates, fer him thar is no hope! No, my bretheren! Fer him thar shall not be rejoicin' among the saints on high. Fer him thar shall be weepin' an' wailin' an' gnashin' of teeth. *Fer he went straight to Hell!*

A shudder of horror swept through the throng. The mother before him fell back as if struck by some physical blow.

'No, no!' she cried in terror. But she did not question it. From that verdict there was no appeal. If Brother Seymore said so, it must be true.

'Yes, my bretheren!' he repeated.

'He's gone *straight to Hell!* It's thar he is now, whar Hell is deepest an' blackest. Fer the wages of sin is death, eternal death. *An' thar shall be no end!* Fer what is life? Life is but a step, an' turn whar ye will, the grave is at the end of it. Yes, my bretheren, ye shrink from it, ye draw back, but down into it *ye must go!* The grave is deep, but, O my bretheren, what is its depth beside the pit of Hell? The grave is dark, yes! but, O my bretheren, its darkness is as the light of the sun beside the blackness of Hell. *An' thar shall be no end!*

'I've heerd sick folks longin' fer death to end their torments. But, O my bretheren, death is not the end! Death is but the beginnin'. Hit's Eternity that's life! An' if fer you or fer me it shall be the fires of Hell — think, my bretheren, *think*, my dear young boys, think while thar is time! Fer youth is no perfection. He were no older than some of you. The thought of death were far from him when the vengeance of the Lord overtook him, struck down by his own gun as he were settin' out to kill a neighbor agin whom he had no rightful quarrel, a good man an' just.

'O my dear young boys, when I see ye here so full o' life an' hope, with yer bright young eyes an' yer strong young shoulders, some of ye drunk a'ready, plannin' out yer evil courses even while ye stand thar; scoffin' at the voice o' religion, an' flauntin' yer sin; O my dear young boys, my heart yearns fer ye. Ye don't know, *ye don't know* what is before ye! *An' thar shall be no end!*'

Brother Seymore had preached Hell from many a mountain-top, beside many a stream, and in the hot, close confines of many a crowded little meeting-house; but never had he preached it as he preached it to-day. Hell writhed and seethed and fumed before them. His power lay in his terrible earnestness. The agony of Hell was in

his pleading voice, and in his yearning eyes its despair and bitter anguish. He was not thinking of the tragedy of the mother, sitting there crumpled up before him, moaning, 'God ha' mercy! God ha' mercy!' He was thinking of those boys still to be saved on the outskirts. From the doom of that young companion whose wickedness had been a byword among them, he drew a fearful lesson.

At last he stopped from sheer exhaustion. A little group of 'joiners' clustered about him as he stood mopping his brow. Brother Bixby and Brother Pike and some of the more emotionally moved lingered to clasp their hands and lead in fervent prayer. The rest of the meeting broke up in confusion. The excitement was over, their faces resumed their normal expressions. It was well on in the afternoon. Thoughts of dinner filled their minds. Some quickly mounted their mules and galloped off. Others waited to fumble in the saddlebags for snacks of apples and corn-bread.

Most of the funeral party and a large following were already proceeding down the road a half-mile to old Jim Sands's, one of the early settlers of the region, where half-a-dozen women had been busy all the morning, getting dinner ready for the multitude sure to come. It was there that the aftermath of the meeting would be held, as they sat, their chairs tipped back, on the long, narrow porch, waiting for their turn to eat in relays at the little table inside.

It was Sands who approached the mother from Bear, as she sat there still on the mourner's bench as in a trance, unconscious of the movement about her. For she was not here, she was down in Hell, down in the black depths beside him, watching his agony, trying to suffer the torments instead of him.

'Come along, sister. Come home along with me,' the old man urged.

She hardly heard his words, but his touch on her arm brought her back to herself. She rose to her feet, and stood for a moment, startled and bewildered in the midst of the moving throng.

'Down thisaway,' he said kindly, leading the way.

But by that time she had taken her bearings, and was starting back over the little trail where she had come so swiftly in the morning. But here too the crowds were surging homewards. Instinctively she shrank away from them, and vanished among the bushes.

### III

The sun had set and the dusk was fast deepening when she emerged from her retreat. She listened a moment before venturing out; but the trail was deserted now, and there was only silence. Hardly conscious of the hours that had passed, or of the change in the face of the sky, she started on her way. Time had brought no respite from her anguish. A fever burned in her cheeks, and despair drove her on like a hunted thing. Her eyes were still looking on the horrors of Hell. Her spirit was still staggering under the immensity of it. There were intervals of insensibility, when she was as one stunned under the weight of it. Then, more vividly than ever, its magnitude would burst upon her again.

'An' I hev borne him fer this!' she would cry. And not a minute's grace, not an instant to brace himself for what was coming. *Straight to Hell!* 'No, no!' she would beseech shudderingly, falling by the way. And ever and again the agonized refrain pursued her relentlessly, '*An' thar shall be no end!*' Greater than the horror of the flame was its everlastingness.

Up in the sky the moon rose full, changing the murky dusk into glorious night. Brighter and brighter grew its



radiance. Even here, on the timbered side of the mountain, its rays penetrated the deep curtain of foliage, showing the way dimly. As one in a frenzy, she hurried on, hesitating only here and there, where, in a little clearing, the light flooded the space like a bright pool into which she shrank from plunging, or the gaunt shaft of an old oak or poplar stood alone, its black shadow like a barrier across the way. Once in a while the harsh cry of some night-bird startled her, or the barking of a fox, echoing back and forth across a little hollow. Once, as she sat motionless by the way, the soft fur of some little night-prowling beast brushed against her in passing, and over the great silence of the mountain came queer little stirrings and rustlings, the whispering of leaves, the chorus of crickets, the murmur of rivulets seeking the larger streams.

But the night had no voice to soothe the tumult raging within her. Its serene beauty only intensified her isolation. The storm had shattered the foundations of her being, and swept away all her supports. Prayer was gone from her, and hope, and Heaven. There was nothing left, here or in the hereafter, but the hideous chaos of Hell.

The night was nearly spent when at last she reached her home. Involuntarily, outside the little gate she stopped and stood gazing down at the familiar scene. For a minute it, too, seemed unreal. Untouched by the devastation that had swept over her, everything lay sleeping as in a lovely dream. Something in its unaccustomed beauty moved her. Gradually, as she looked from one familiar detail to another, the chords of old remembrance stirred, bringing her back into touch with that life she had left so long ago in the morning. It was as if she were beginning to wake from a nightmare from which they had been spared.

And yet — over there in the pasture-

corner, the old red cow still mourned her calf, the calf that had been sold to buy the funeral dress. Inside its circle of stones was the little flower-bed, with its broken stalks of feather-grass and prince's plume, which all summer long, as fast as they had bloomed, she had robbed of their blossoms to cover his grave. Up in the steep little cornfield, where the garnered sheaves stood in rows, how hard she had toiled to get the fodder pulled and stacked, ready for to-day! She had wanted to leave everything shining and in order, as if they, too, were to partake of the sacrament. Not one part of that little domain but had felt the stir of preparation, the eager hope, the gladness. Even the little silver path from doorway to well-curb had felt it, and the festoons of beans hung to dry from the eaves of the little porch. Now, lying there before her gaze, they seemed to know and share her grief. Insensibly they spoke with a voice of comfort, softening her anguish, and bringing it more within the bounds of her human endurance.

Gradually her tired spirit ceased to grapple with the immensity of Hell. Life waited again, life with its light forever gone, with only its toil and burden, but with its saving round of drudgery, and its ties that bound her to the past.

Then, inside the open doorway of the cabin, she saw the shadow of the bed where he would be lying, that other one, that little one whose very goodness was a constant reminder of her cross.

'Ef 't were n't fer *him*! Sure to ax first thing ef 't were a pretty meetin'. A-glimpsin' Heaven oftener'n airth.' The contrast was too sharp. 'Hit's more'n I kin bear!'

She crept in softly, so as not to wake him: she did not want to speak to him, or let him see her tortured face.

But he was awake. The room was flooded with moonlight, and there at

the window, where its radiance poured in in a broad bar of light, he sat propped up against the pillows. His wide-open eyes met hers.

'Did I rouse ye, comin' in thataway?' she asked wearily, dropping down on the edge of the bed.

'No, I were n't sleepin',' he said. 'I were jest a-seein' up yander!'

It was like the lash of a whip on bare flesh. 'Then ye'd better ben a-sleepin',' she said roughly. 'Ye do too much o' that 'ere old "seein'", as ye call it.'

'But, mammy, wait till I tell ye once,' he cried, his thin little voice tense with excitement. 'I seed *him*!'

She stared at him aghast. 'Not yer brother, honey?'

'Yes, him!'

'No, no! Ye could n't, ye could n't!' she cried brokenly. 'I knowed all the time ye never seed right. Ye could n't see him, cause he — were n't thar to see,' she started to say; but she could not bring the words out. Covering her face, she burst into racking sobs.

'But, mammy, listen while I tell ye. I seed him as plain as ever I seed him on airth, an' his face were kind, purely kind, like that time he gin me the squirrel skin.' In all his life it was the only kindness he had to remember of him.

'But whar, whar was ye lookin' when ye seed him?'

'Up yander, in Glory,' he returned simply. 'It were like this. I were jest a-layin' hyar, an' my eyes were shet, but I could n't sleep, an' all to once I felt soft wings breshin' again my cheek, an' I heerd a voice say, "Look!" an' I opened my eyes. At first thar was jest a light, a great shinin' light. In all the times I've looked I never did see a light like that. An' then I see an Angel o' the Lord were a-holdin' that light. He were a-holdin' it up high for some-one a-comin' way down below, whar 't were all darkness. The way were long an' steep, an' who it were a-comin' I

could n't see yet. An' then I seed it were *him*, a-comin' up from Hell.'

'No!' she breathed incredulously, but with a gleam of hope in her wonder.

'*It were him, a-comin' up from Hell!* An' when the Angel o' the Lord seed him comin', he were glad. "Yander's the Gate," he says, throwin' the light up high. An' lookin' up atter it, I seed a little gate of gold an' of pearl, an' then I knowed it were the Gate of Heaven. An' as he drewed nigh unto it, it were opened for him, an' he went in.'

'In the visions of the righteous thar is truth,' she murmured, trembling to believe.

'An' the Angel o' the Lord waited thar till he were safe within the Gate, an' then he tuk his light an' went away, an' fer a little while it were all darkness; but I kep' on a-lookin', an' atter a while I seed again. An' this time 't were way fur within the land o' Heaven, an' him an' Pop were jest a-findin' of each other. An' Pop says, "Whar ye ben all this time? I ben a-lookin' an' a-lookin' fer ye, but I never did see ye afore." An' he says, "I were n't hyar to see. I ain't but jest come. When I died," he says, "*I went straight to Hell!*"'

'Oh, yes, he did, he did!' she moaned, crumpling up again in her grief. '*An' thar shall be no end!*'

'"But how come ye're hyar then?" Pop says. "On airth they say the fires o' Hell is everlastin'."'

'"Yes," he says, "they air everlastin', but not fer me nor fer you. We hain't got to stay thar all that time. Hit ain't to burn *us*, hit's jest to burn the *sin* outen us, an' set us free. Fer the intention o' the Lord is that atter death we shall all be gethered hyar in Glory. But some of us hain't ready yet to live among the saints. We was borned in sin, an' we died in sin, an' ef it hain't ben cleansed out of us by the salvation o' the spirit on airth, hit's got to be *burned* out of us in Hell. An' that's

what the fires o' Hell is fer! Hit ain't fer punishment or torment. God's too good!" he cried. "Hit's jest to prepare us fer Eternal Glory, an' make us fit-ten fer hits grace. On airth," he says, "they say differ'nt, *but they don't know!* They only see in part. The fires o' Hell air everlastin', they say. Yes, they air everlastin'. They shall burn on an' on, an' thar shall be no end, as long as one sinner is left on airth a-needin' their flame. But fer him nor fer me, nor fer no one that comes, thar hain't no real everlastingness to ary thing but Grace."

'An' is it thataway?' she marveled. 'All plain an' simple an' sartin? Then God is good!' she breathed reverently.

'That's what Pop says, "Then God is good!" An' fer a little while they stood thar, jest seein' over in their minds how 't were. An' then he looked up to Pop. "I were n't no kind of a son on airth," he says, sorter 'shamed, as if to beg forgiveness; "but now — " An' Pop tuk his hand, an' made as if to answer; but they could n't either on 'em say it, no more'n menfolks on airth; but hit were a mighty understandin' look they gin each other, an' their faces was as happy as if all the glory o' the Lord were a-shinin' right thar.

'An' then I tuk notice that whar they were a-standin' was in a little laurelly bottom, an' hit were airy of a mornin', like an October day on airth. The trees was ev'ry color, an' the ground beneath, whar their leaves had fell. The sun were jest a-risin', an' oh, but hit were pretty! Fer the dew was heavy on the leaves an' the grasses, an' ev'rywhars ye looked hit sparkled an' shone till seemed like each one o' them littly bits o' dew-drops was a sun-ball hitself, risin' up to make a new day. Fur an' near the pa't-ridges was callin', an' up in the trees the gray squirrels chattin' away.

"Let's go a-huntin'," Pop says. An' hit were like two boys they went off together.'

'Him an' his pappy — together!'

'An' atter that I could n't see no more; but when I shet my eyes, I could hear sweet music. An' if it were the sounds o' voices lifted up in praise, or the play o' stringed chords, or the song o' birds an' tumblin' waters, I could n't tell, but hit were glad, pure glad! An' when ye heerd it, ye fergot thar were ary thing on airth but joyfulness an' peace.'

'I hear it now!' she cried in rapture. 'I reckon hit's the echo.' Then, after a bit, 'Did either on 'em see you, honey?' she asked.

'No, they never seed me — but they will when I go,' he answered in happy certainty. 'I'll know jest whar to find 'em.'

A little stab of pain shot through the assuagement of her heart.

'Have yer breast ben a-hurtin' whilst I were gone?'

'Hit ain't a-hurtin' now,' he replied, his soul lifted up beyond the dominion of bodily pain.

But as the waning moon traveled on at length beyond the radius of the cabin-window, his little face, missing its radiance, grew suddenly tired and spent.

With the gloom a chill little breeze shivered on the air. Dawn was beginning to whiten the eastern sky, but on its western rim two stars still shone. They were like her eyes, unquenchable wells of brightness in the worn pallor of her face.

'Honey,' she whispered, 'that's a sweet gift o' yourn, did ye know it?'

Then something in the delicacy of his face, and the pleased little flush her rare praise brought, smote her newly awakened tenderness. Drawing him up close, she brushed the damp locks away from his thin little forehead. Her voice was infinitely gentle.

'Let's lay down a minute now,' she coaxed, 'an' rest us 'fore hit's day.'

# THY KINGDOM COME

## A DREAM FOR EASTER EVEN

BY FLORENCE CONVERSE

THE PLACE: The Tomb of the Saviour in a Garden

THE TIME: The First Easter Even; the Soldiers' Vigil

### THE PEOPLE

*The Three Soldiers who guard the Tomb*

The Soldier who plaited the Crown of  
Thorns

The Soldier who pierced the Side of Jesus  
The Soldier who won the Seamless Coat

*The Galilean Children*

The little Daughter of Jairus  
The Boy who was an Epileptic

The Lad who once had five Barley Loaves  
and two Fishes

A Child whom Jesus blessed

### THE ANGELS

*The Angels who roll the Stone away*

### THE DREAMS

*The Child with the Crown of Thorns*

*The Child with the Lance*

*The Child with the Seamless Coat*

*The Child with the Cross*

*It is chilly dusk, and the soldiers have kindled a fire in a brazier before the tomb and stuck a tall torch upright in the earth between the tomb and a long stone bench. The spring flowers of the garden twinkle and flush within the torchlight's wavering circle, and a flowering almond tree glows softly above the stone bench. One of the soldiers has stretched himself along the bench beneath the rosy tree, with feet crossed and arms clasped under his head. His helmet is on the ground within reach of his hand. Another soldier crouches beside the brazier, feeding the fire and shivering. The third paces uneasily to and fro before the sepulchre, from the*

*young cedar at one side of the tomb to the torch at the other, from shadow into light, and back again. The three soldiers wear the Roman insignia. The reclining soldier is the one who pierced the side of Jesus. The chilly soldier is the one who won the Seamless Coat. The restless soldier is the one who plaited the Crown of Thorns.*

THE SOLDIER OF THE THORNS (*pausing before the tomb and looking up at it darkly*). — So here's the end of Him and his Kingdom?

(*He strikes the rock savagely with his bare hand, winces, and sucks the injured hand.*)

THE SOLDIER OF THE LANCE (*glancing sidewise out of the corner of his eye*). — Hurt yourself?

THE THORNS. — A thorn.

THE LANCE. — Funny place to pick up a thorn.

THE THORNS. — I run it in yesterday, when I was playin' smarty.

THE LANCE (*indifferently*). — Playin' smarty?

THE THORNS (*sulkily*). — Plaitin' a crown o' thorns.

THE SOLDIER OF THE SEAMLESS COAT (*looking round over his shoulder, but still warming his hands at the fire*). — You was that joker, was you?

THE THORNS (*ignoring the question and examining his hand by the light of the fire*). — If I'd known the things could hurt so much —

(*There is a thoughtful silence.*)

THE COAT (*turning back to the fire*). — Better have it looked at. Sometimes them things swell.

THE LANCE (*still indifferent*). — Maybe He put a curse on your hand. I would.

THE THORNS. — You — yes! — Not Him. — He never cursed a curse all day, from the time we took Him.

THE COAT (*staring into the fire and shivering*). — Father, forgive them —

THE THORNS (*violently*). — Aw, shut your face! (*He begins to pace up and down again.*)

THE LANCE (*yawning and stretching on the bench*). — Who takes first watch? Don't everybody speak at once!

THE COAT. — I'd just as lief. I'm too cold to sleep, and anyway — I'd like to be awake if He — if He should —

(*He glances again over his shoulder, fearfully, at the tomb.*)

THE LANCE (*grimly*). — Did you ever stick a spear into a dead man?

THE COAT (*defiantly*). — What's that got to do with it?

THE LANCE. — You'd know He was dead — that's all.

THE THORNS (*pausing beside the bench*). — Let's have a look at the spear.

THE LANCE. — Left it home.

THE THORNS. — We was told to come armed.

THE LANCE. — Well, what's a sword?

(*He draws his short sword half out of its scabbard and thrusts it back again.*) I've done all I want to with spears — for one while.

THE COAT (*speaking hesitantly across the brazier*). — You don't think — even if He was dead — He'd — ?

THE LANCE. — Well, do you?

(*There is another silence, doubtful, inconclusive.*)

THE THORNS (*again resuming his restless march*). — That old villain, Caiaphas, ain't afraid of the dead. It's the livin' he's out after.

THE COAT. — Them fishermen?

THE LANCE. — The trouble with the High Priest is, he thinks everybody else is as foxy as he is. But I'm not going to lose my sleep waiting for Simon and the sons of Zebedee to hatch a plot to rob a tomb. I'd develop insomnia permanent, if I did. (*He closes his eyes.*)

THE THORNS. — There's Joseph of Arimathea? — Or Nicodemus — what?

THE LANCE (*still with his eyes closed*). — Too respectable. Besides, they want to be convinced, themselves. And you don't convince yourself a man's risen from the dead by swiping his corpse; now, do you?

(*He opens his eyes and looks up at the Soldier of the Thorns, who has paused by the bench. They stare at each other silently a moment, and the Soldier of the Thorns takes up his march again.*)

THE COAT (*shuddering*). — I'll be glad when the night's safe over.

THE LANCE (*indifferently*). — Same here. Say, if you're cold, sittin' in the fire, what do you think I am, layin' out on this frosty bench? Where's your

prophet's mantle you won so slick yesterday afternoon? If you're not goin' to use it, you might tuck it round me and kiss me good-night.

(*The Soldier of the Thorns laughs.*)

THE COAT. — Our baby was asleep in it when I left home. He's been sick for two days, and I ain't had a wink o' sleep. My wife thinks he — he — knew the coat. He snuggled right down and dropped off, quiet as you please.

THE THORNS (*moodily*). — He blessed my kids, too. Great one for kids, He was.

THE LANCE (*musings with his eyes shut*). — Kids are all right in their place. I'm as fond of a good kid as anybody. But a whole Kingdom come, of nothin' but kids —

THE THORNS (*with a laugh*). — Well, you don't need to worry. It's all off.

THE COAT (*tentatively*). — You think there won't nothin' come of it?

THE LANCE (*contemptuously*). — He's dead, ain't he?

THE COAT (*hesitating*). — But we're not.

THE LANCE (*truculent*). — What do you mean? — We're not?

THE COAT (*troubled*). — Well, we're not; are we?

THE LANCE (*turning his head sideways on the bench and regarding the Soldier of the Seamless Coat quizzically*). — Feel sorter responsible, now his mantle's descended on you, do you? (*He turns his face once more to the sky and shuts his eyes.*) You poor fish!

THE COAT (*pondering*). — They say He said the Kingdom's inside of us.

THE THORNS. — Rome, for mine! There's something you can take hold on.

THE COAT (*puzzled*). — But He never talked against Rome.

THE LANCE (*intoning, his eyes closed*). — No man can serve two masters.

THE COAT (*piteously*). — But I can't find no Kingdom inside of me to serve.

THE THORNS (*pausing beside the brazier and looking down good-naturedly at his comrade*). — Nothin' but guts, heh? Well, guts ain't so worse.

THE COAT. — You think He's not goin' to rise from the dead?

THE THORNS (*noncommittal*). — It ain't mornin' yet. What do you say, Longinus?

THE LANCE (*after a pause, always with eyes shut and face turned up to the sky*). — I say — there won't be any Kingdom come unless He does rise from the dead.

(*The Soldier of the Thorns returns to his beat, back and forth before the tomb.*)

THE VOICE OF A CHILD (*heard from a distance*). — Not that way! This way!

THE VOICE OF ANOTHER CHILD (*also heard from a distance*). — Yes, yes! This way! I see a light!

A THIRD CHILD'S VOICE. — Wait for me! Wait for me! Don't run so fast!

A FOURTH CHILD'S VOICE. — Take my hand! Upsy-daisy! Did you hurt yourself?

THE THIRD CHILD'S VOICE. — Just my toe — stubbed.

THE THORNS (*peering through the dusk beyond the cedar tree, and laughing*). — Here's your robber band!

(*The Galilean Children come into the firelight from round the cedar tree. They carry palms and spring flowers in their arms. The little Daughter of Jairus and a little Girl whom Jesus blessed are hand-in-hand. The four children stand abashed and shy when they see the Soldiers.*)

THE LANCE (*sitting up on the bench and putting his feet to the ground*). — Hullo! Kinder late for little folks, is n't it?

THE LAD OF THE LOAVES (*with dignity*). — I'm older than I look.

(*The Soldiers laugh good-naturedly.*)

THE BOY WHO WAS EPILEPTIC. — Father said I might. Since the Master

cured me, I don't have to wait for grown people to take me places. Our inn is n't far.

THE COAT (*eagerly*). — Cured you, did He? What of?

THE EPILEPTIC BOY (*awkwardly*). — I used to fall down, just anywhere. Once I fell in the fire; and — and — I was 'most drowned once — and — and — I don't know —

THE THORNS (*nodding sagely to his comrades*). — Fits.

(*They all nod, and stare stolidly at the boy.*)

THE LANCE (*holding out his hand to Jairus's Daughter*). — Come over here and sit by me, Missy, and tell me where you live when you're at home. You know (*solemnly*), us soldiers have to guard this tomb, and we can't let suspicious-looking characters come around.

JAIRUS'S DAUGHTER (*going over to the bench and laying her hand in the soldier's*). — I'm not a suspicious-looking character. My father is one of the rulers of the Synagogue in Capernaum.

THE LANCE (*holding out his other hand to the little girl who has followed Jairus's Daughter*). — Galileans?

(*Jairus's Daughter sits beside him on the bench. The younger child allows him to lift her on his knee.*)

THE LAD OF THE LOAVES. — We came up for the Passover; my family, and his, and hers, and hers. We're staying at the inn. Everybody said this Passover would be different from all the other Passovers. They said the Master would come into his Kingdom.

THE LANCE (*quietly, stroking the child's hair*). — And what do they say now?

THE LAD OF THE LOAVES (*passionately*). — I don't care what they say.

(*He goes to the tomb and lays his palm and his flowers before the rock-bound door. Then, standing upright with face uplifted toward the tomb, and arms stretched upward, he says gently,* —

Master, remember me when you come into your Kingdom.

(*He steps back to the fire.*)

THE EPILEPTIC BOY (*laying his palm and his flowers before the tomb, and standing with uplifted face and hands*). — Master, remember me when you come into your Kingdom.

(*He moves to one side and stands beside the torch.*)

JAIRUS'S DAUGHTER (*slipping off the bench, crossing to the tomb, laying her palm and her flowers beside the offerings of the other two, and standing with uplifted face and hands*). — Master, remember me when you come into your Kingdom.

(*She returns to the bench.*)

THE CHILD (*who has been watching her playfellows, speaking now to the Soldier of the Lance, on whose knee she sits*). — I want to put mine up there, on top. Will you lift me up?

THE LANCE. — Sure I will!

(*He carries the child to the tomb, sets her on his shoulder, and stands still while she puts her palm and her flowers on top of the tomb.*)

THE CHILD (*sitting on the Soldier's shoulder and lifting up her face and her hands*). — Master, remember me when you come into your Kingdom.

(*The Soldier of the Lance carries the child back to the bench and sits down, taking her again on his knee.*)

THE THORNS (*gruffly*). — But He's dead, you know, so how —

THE LANCE (*interrupting angrily*). — Shut your mouth, you!

THE THORNS (*turning sullen*). — Shut your mouth yourself! Was n't it you said He was dead, in the first place?

JAIRUS'S DAUGHTER (*quietly*). — The Master raised me from the dead.

(*There is a startled silence. The three soldiers stare, speechless, at Jairus's Daughter. The Soldier of the Lance edges away from her slowly, along the bench. The Soldier of the Seam-*

*less Coat, squatting by the brazier, rises to his knees and clasps his hands. The Soldier of the Thorns, standing by the torch, throws out his hands in a gesture of terror, as if to keep her off.)*

THE LANCE. — Who told you that, Missy?

JAIRUS'S DAUGHTER. — He called me.

THE THORNS. — He?

JAIRUS'S DAUGHTER. — The Master.

THE COAT. — Called you?

*(He glances fearfully over his shoulder at the tomb.)*

JAIRUS'S DAUGHTER. — He said, 'Maid, arise.' And I heard Him, and came back again, and got up off the bed. And He told them to give me something to eat.

THE LANCE *(always quietly)*. — How does it feel to be dead?

JAIRUS'S DAUGHTER *(simply)*. — I don't know how to tell it. I came back a long way.

THE COAT *(on his knees by the brazier, flinging out his hands in a gesture of entreaty, his voice trembling with eagerness)*. — What do you say to that, Longinus?

THE LANCE *(claspng both arms round the child, and speaking moodily)*. — I say, there came out water and blood from the wound. What else can I say?

THE COAT. — The man at Bethany was four days in his grave.

THE THORNS *(reluctantly)*. — And somebody told me there was a widow's son at Nain —

THE LANCE *(brooding, with his arms clasped tight round the child)*. — He saved others —

THE CHILD *(on his knee)*. — Are you afraid He won't wake up in time to-morrow morning?

THE LANCE. — Well, you see, ducky, He waked little sister here — maybe — but who'll wake Him? My voice don't carry very far.

THE CHILD. — Oh, He'll wake Him-

self. Just as I do when I say, 'To-morrow morning I'll wake up at six.' And then I do wake up at six.

THE COAT. — That's so!

THE THORNS. — And are you kids going to stay here the rest of the night?

THE LAD OF THE LOAVES. — No; I had to promise we'd come back in half an hour, or they would n't have let us come.

THE EPILEPTIC BOY. — My father's discouraged. We're starting home at dawn.

JAIRUS'S DAUGHTER. — So is my father. He seems to think the Cross was the end of it all, when it's only the beginning.

THE LANCE. — The beginning of what, Missy?

JAIRUS'S DAUGHTER. — Of the Kingdom.

THE THORNS *(bitterly)*. — A fine Kingdom — a dead man on a gibbet.

THE OTHER TWO SOLDIERS *(speaking together, hastily)*. — Sshsh-h, — you!

JAIRUS'S DAUGHTER *(tranquilly)*. — The Master said, only this week, 'I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me.' And then He was lifted up on the Cross.

THE LANCE *(quizzing her gently)*. — And now — where's He going to lift the rest of us up to — more crosses?

JAIRUS'S DAUGHTER *(always serene)*. — But I'd so much rather be on a cross with the Master than on a throne with Herod.

THE LAD OF THE LOAVES. — Or on the Judgment Seat with Pilate.

THE EPILEPTIC BOY. — Or in the Holy of Holies with Caiaphas.

THE CHILD *(turning on the Soldier's knee and looking up into his face)*. — Would n't you?

THE LANCE *(laughing ruefully)*. — Well, ducky darlin', if you put it that way — I s'pose I would.

THE THORNS *(gazing at his injured hand)*. — If one little thorn in your



hand can hurt so bad, what must it be like — ? — still —

THE COAT (*wringing his hands in anguish*). — I drove the nails! I drove the nails! Ah, but the Cross would be a soft bed — a soft bed indeed, for me! I'm thinkin' I'll never rest quiet till I'm laid on it.

(*The children are gazing in round-eyed compassion at the Soldier of the Seamless Coat.*)

THE LANCE (*to the Soldier of the Seamless Coat, roughly*). — Quit your whining, you! Do you want to scare the kids? — (*To the Lad of the Loaves*). — Tell us about this yere Kingdom of yours, youngster. Nobody over fourteen allowed inside, what? Infants admitted free? — Say, could n't you squeeze me through the gate if I stooped down and crawled in? (*This to the child on his knee.*) — Or I could sit in the baby's go-cart and you could push me.

THE CHILD. — Would n't that be funny — you in a go-cart! The Master would surely laugh. But He did n't say you had to be children.

THE LANCE. — Did n't He, now?

THE CHILD. — No; He said — (*she pauses as if recalling something*) — He said, 'Whosoever shall not receive the Kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein.' He said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the Kingdom of God.' Don't you see? — as a little child.

THE LANCE. — Just what I said — in a go-cart; and you wheeling me!

THE CHILD (*laughing, but doubtful*). — But I could n't wheel you if you were too grown-up.

THE LANCE. — But if I promise not to grow up any more?

THE CHILD (*smiling, with her head on one side*). — Perhaps —

THE LANCE. — And then, when we got inside — then what?

THE LAD OF THE LOAVES. — Then you'd never be hungry any more. Nobody's ever hungry.

THE THORNS. — That's good hearing. How would you manage it?

THE LAD OF THE LOAVES. — The Master would show us how. You ought to have seen Him do it — that day we were outside Bethsaida — such a crowd! My father gave me a basket of barley bread, five loaves, and a couple of fishes, — little fellows they were. 'You may be able to sell them,' my father said. 'Some of these guys are sure to go off without their lunch.' And there was n't anybody had anything to eat there that day — anybody but me; they did n't know it was going to be an all-day affair, I guess. And the Master looked up to heaven and blessed the bread and the fishes, and divided it up, and everybody had some and ate all they wanted.

THE THORNS. — How many was there?

THE LAD OF THE LOAVES. — Five thousand.

THE COAT (*eagerly*). — I heard about that!

THE THORNS (*to the Lad*). — Did you eat some?

THE LAD OF THE LOAVES. — I ate some that was left. There was twelve baskets of bread and fish, scraps, left over.

THE THORNS. — Oh, say, kid, you dreamed it!

THE LAD OF THE LOAVES. — I was there.

THE COAT. — Yes; I heard about them twelve baskets.

(*For a few moments there is silence.*)

THE LANCE (*rousing from his reverie*). — Well, so that's the first thing: no more hungry folks in your Kingdom, eh?

THE LAD OF THE LOAVES. — In the Master's Kingdom.

JAIRUS'S DAUGHTER. — But it takes more than fishes and barley bread to

keep you from being hungry. In the Master's Kingdom we shall have the Bread of God 'which cometh down from Heaven and giveth life unto the world.'

THE COAT. — Who said that?

JAIRUS'S DAUGHTER. — The Master.

THE COAT. — What is that Bread of God?

JAIRUS'S DAUGHTER. — The Master.

THE THORNS. — What does the kid mean, Longinus?

THE LANCE. — Why should I know? Am I a rabbi?

THE CHILD (*looking up earnestly, reproachfully, into his face*). — Oh, but you do know!

THE LANCE (*kissing her*). — Kiddie, you're a mind-reader. (*Turning to the Epileptic Boy*) Well? Bread enough and to spare — barley bread and Bread of Heaven — and then what?

THE EPILEPTIC BOY. — No sick boys, like I used to be.

THE THORNS. — Not a bad idea, what! Rosy cheeks; no snuffles; everybody in bloomin' health. Say, you kids have got the notion all right.

THE EPILEPTIC BOY. — Oh, but it's not our notion, you know. It's the Master's.

THE LANCE (*glancing at the tomb*). — No Kingdom without the Master?

THE EPILEPTIC BOY. — How could there be?

THE THORNS (*his eyes on the tomb*). — But He's d —

THE LANCE (*interrupting hastily*). — Nobody hungry; nobody sick. Now, ducky, your turn —

THE CHILD. — I know a story about the Kingdom. Shall I tell it?

THE LANCE. — Do!

THE CHILD. — It's one of the Master's stories. I can't tell it as good as He could.

THE LANCE. — Never mind. We'll make allowance. Tune up, sweetie.

THE CHILD. — Well — Once upon a time — the Kingdom of Heaven is like

a man that got up early one morning and went down town to hire some laborers to work in his vineyard.

THE COAT. — So there'll be work in the Kingdom?

THE LAD OF THE LOAVES. — Sure! Enough for all. Bread and work.

THE CHILD (*shaking her finger mildly at the lad*). — You must n't interrupt; else may be I'll forget what came next. And the man said he'd pay them a penny a day. And they said, 'That suits us, boss.' And I believe that was about six o'clock in the morning. And about nine o'clock he went out to see if he could n't get some more help. And there were still lots of men hanging round the market-place —

THE THORNS. — Sure! I've seen 'em.

THE CHILD. — And he hired some more, and said he'd give them what was right. And they said —

THE THORNS. — 'We're with you, boss.'

THE CHILD. — Yes; I guess that's what they said. Only you must n't interrupt. And at noon and at three o'clock there was still such a lot of work to be done in the vineyard that he hired some more, and some more.

THE THORNS. — In luck, was n't they?

THE CHILD (*sternly*). — You must n't interrupt. And at five o'clock, just an hour before closing time, he said, 'See here, if I'm going to finish this job to-day, I've got to hustle —'

(*The Soldiers laugh delightedly.*)

THE CHILD. — And so he went to the market-place one more last time, and he said to the men that were there, 'What are you fellows loafin' round here all day for, doin' nothin'? And they said, 'Because we can't find a job.'

THE THORNS (*to the Lance*). — Smart kid, what?

THE CHILD (*ignoring him*). — And so he said, 'Well, you go to my vineyard, too, and you'll get what's right.'

THE THORNS. — And they said —

THE CHILD (*regarding him with gentle disapproval*). — They did n't say anything. They just went.

THE THORNS (*laughing*). — The workin' men I know ain't so trustin'.

THE CHILD. — Oh, but wait till you hear. This is the best part of the story. Because in the evening, the man said to his foreman: 'Call the men and pay them; and pay the ones that were hired last, first.' And every man that was hired at five o'clock in the afternoon got a penny. Now, what do you think of that?

THE COAT. — That sure was white of the boss, was n't it?

THE CHILD. — And then, of course, the ones that had been working since six in the morning thought they were going to get more. But they did n't. Just the penny they said they'd work for. That's all they got. And so then they made a fuss and said it was n't fair, because they had worked all day, and the others only an hour. But the man said — let me see if I can remember the words. — The man — said — 'Friend, I do thee no wrong: didst not thou agree with me for a penny? Take that thine is, and go thy way: I will give unto this last, even as unto thee.'

(*There is a pause, during which the three Soldiers glance at each other amusedly, and wink, over the child's head.*)

THE LANCE. — You're sure you got the last part of the story straight, kiddie?

THE CHILD (*astonished*). — Yes!

JAIKUS'S DAUGHTER. — Yes; she got it straight.

THE LANCE. — And you think it was fair?

JAIKUS'S DAUGHTER. — For everybody to have as much as he needs to live on? Why, yes! Don't you?

THE LANCE. — Whether they work for it or not?

JAIKUS'S DAUGHTER. — Oh, but they did work for it, as long as they were given a chance to work. There they stood in the market-place, ready to be hired. Could they help it if nobody hired them till five o'clock?

THE LANCE (*smiling*). — It's a new idea in business, that's all.

THE CHILD. — Why is it new?

THE LANCE. — Say, ducky, ask me another.

THE COAT. — Just the same, it's a fine story, little darlin'; and you told it fine. If it ain't true, it ought to be.

THE CHILD. — But it is true — once upon a time, in the Kingdom.

THE LANCE (*to Jaiurus's Daughter*). — And now you, little Missy; what else is true in the Kingdom, once upon a time?

JAIKUS'S DAUGHTER (*with her tranquil smile*). — Everybody'll be alive, in the Kingdom.

THE THORNS. — Alive! — What's the matter with us?

JAIKUS'S DAUGHTER. — Oh, I don't mean just breathing and eating and walking and talking. I mean, really alive — like the Master.

THE COAT. — The Master!

(*He turns from the fire, on his knees, and gazes at the tomb with praying hands.*)

THE THORNS. — The Master! But He's —

(*He pauses, his eyes fixed on the tomb.*)

THE LANCE (*gently, looking over his shoulder at the tomb*). — And if the Master — is n't —

(*A voice in the distance, calling.*)

VOICE. — Children! — Children!

THE CHILD. — Mother's calling. We must go.

JAIKUS'S DAUGHTER (*to the Soldier of the Lance*). — And if the Master is n't what?

THE LANCE. — Nothing. No matter. — So you don't think I'm alive, Missy?

**JAIRUS'S DAUGHTER** (*rising to go, and regarding him thoughtfully*). — Coming alive.

**VOICE**. — Children! — Bedtime!

**THE LAD OF THE LOAVES**. — Coming! — Coming!

**THE EPILEPTIC BOY** (*pausing before the door of the tomb*). — Thy Kingdom come!

**THE LAD OF THE LOAVES** (*pausing before the door of the tomb*). — Thy will be done!

**JAIRUS'S DAUGHTER** (*pausing before the door of the tomb*). — On earth as it is in heaven!

(*The three move away from the door, looking back lingeringly at the tomb, as they disappear one by one beyond the cedar.*)

**THE CHILD** (*slipping off the knee of the Soldier of the Lance, running to the tomb, and laying her cheek against the rocky door*). — Hosanna! Blessèd is He that cometh in the name of the Lord: Blessèd be the Kingdom of our father David, that cometh in the name of the Lord: Hosanna in the highest!

(*She runs out after the others, beyond the cedar.*)

**VOICE**. — Children!

**CHILDREN** (*from a distance*). — Coming!

(*The Soldier of the Seamless Coat puts more twigs on the fire. The Soldier of the Thorns begins his slow, steady beat, up and down before the tomb. The Soldier of the Lance stretches out once more on the bench. There is a brief silence.*)

**THE LANCE** (*looking over his shoulder at the Soldier of the Thorns*). — How's a fellow to get his forty winks, with you clankin' up an' down, clankin' up an' down — ?

**THE THORNS**. — Nerves. That's what's the matter with you.

(*He slumps down with his back against the cedar and his legs sprawled out on the ground before him.*)

**THE COAT**. — I don't believe the little kid got twisted in her story. I believe He told it that way. It would be like Him.

**THE THORNS**. — I don't know what I believe.

(*He yawns, and presently his head drops forward on his chest — and he sleeps.*)

**THE COAT** (*stretching out on the ground by the brazier*). — I, if I be lifted up — lifted up. A soft bed — Cross. Never rest quiet — never rest quiet — till I'm laid on it. (*He sleeps, murmuring*) Never rest quiet — cold. Rest on the Cross. (*In his sleep he turns on his back and flings his arms out on the ground in the shape of a cross.*) I — if I be lifted up — lifted up — all men unto me.

**THE THORNS** (*wincing in his sleep*). — If I'd known that one little thorn could — Father, they know not what they do — Father, forgive them.

(*There is silence for a brief space.*)

**THE LANCE** (*lying on the bench with face upturned to the stars and eyes closed*). — Coming alive! — Coming! — Coming alive!

*Silence. The Soldiers sleep. From behind the flowering almond tree their dreams come drifting in. The Soldiers are dreaming of children.*

*The Soldier of the Thorns dreams of a child with shadowy hair and clad in a dim, filmy purple gown. She bears a purple cushion in her two hands. There is a crown of thorns on the cushion. Noiselessly the child passes before the Soldier and kneels beside him, her shoulder against his. Their two faces are turned the one way, side by side. His eyes are shut, for he is asleep; but the eyes of his Dream are set wide open, gazing upon the crown of thorns out-held upon the purple cushion.*

*The Dream of the Soldier of the Lance slips round the almond tree and sits at his*

head, on the bench. She has a tall spear. She is a little gray dream, but there are silver gleams within her gray veils, and the veil over her hair is bound with a silver circlet. She sits with little gray feet dangling from the bench, steadying herself with clasped hands against the upright spear. Her small face looks straight forward, wide-eyed.

The Soldier of the Seamless Coat dreams of a child with pale, flying hair, and a dim, blue transparent gown. In her right hand she holds three great iron nails. Over her left arm hangs, fold on floating fold, a dim blue cloak. The child kneels above her prostrate Soldier and holds the three nails over his face. The cloak, thin as a shadow, trails, a dark pool on the ground about her knees. Her eyes are on the three nails.

Yet another Dream comes presently from behind the almond tree and stands beside the brazier. The three soldiers sigh. The fourth Dream is a russet-brown child, translucent in the firelight. This little Dream carries a cross.

THE THORNS (*in the monotone of one who talks in his sleep*). — Then the soldiers of the governor took Jesus into the palace and gathered unto him the whole band, and they stripped him and put on him a scarlet robe. And they plaited a crown of thorns (*the voice falters*), a crown of thorns, and put it on his head, and a reed in his right hand, and they kneeled down before him and mocked him saying, Hail, King of the Jews (*the voice falters*). And they spat upon him and took the reed and smote him on the head.

THE COAT (*crying out*). — When they had mocked him, they took off from him the robe and put on him his garments and led him away to crucify him. And when they had crucified him, they parted his garments among them (*the voice falters*) casting lots. And they sat and watched him there.

THE LANCE (*in a thoughtful monotone*). — Jesus said, Father forgive them for they know not what they do.

THE THORNS (*in his level voice*). — The soldiers led him away within the court which is the Prætorium, and they call together the whole band. And they clothe him in purple, and plaiting a crown of thorns (*the voice falters*), they put it on him and they began to salute him, Hail King of the Jews. And they smote his head with a reed and did spit upon him and bowing their knees worshiped him.

THE LANCE (*in his musing voice*). — He said unto him, Verily I say unto thee to-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.

THE COAT (*in a clear, high voice*). — When they had mocked him, they took off from him the purple and put on him his garments. And they lead him out to crucify him. And they crucify him (*the voice falters*), and part his garments among them casting lots upon them (*the voice falters*), what each should take. And it was the third hour.

THE LANCE (*gently*). — He saith unto his Mother, Woman behold thy son.

THE COAT (*in anguish*). — Casting lots upon them!

THE LANCE (*gently*). — Then saith He to the disciple, Behold thy mother.

THE THORNS (*steadily*). — Herod with his soldiers set him at nought and mocked him, and arraying him in gorgeous apparel, sent him back to Pilate.

THE COAT (*crying out restlessly*). — Parting his garments, they cast lots, and the people stood by beholding.

THE LANCE (*in his inward, brooding voice*). — Jesus saith, I thirst.

THE THORNS (*in his slow monotone*). — The soldiers plaited a crown of thorns (*the voice falters*) and put it on his head and arrayed him in a purple garment (*the voice falters*). They struck him with their hands.

THE LANCE (*softly*). — About the

ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice saying (*in agony*), My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?

THE COAT (*in the monotone of sleep*). — The soldiers, therefore, when they had crucified Jesus, took his garments and made four parts, to every soldier a part, and also the coat. Now the coat (*the voice falters*) was without seam, woven from the top throughout. They said therefore one to another, Let us not rend it but cast lots for it whose it shall be (*the voice falters*). These things therefore the soldiers did.

(*The Dream of the Seamless Coat rises to her feet, spreads wide the blue shadowy veil of the dream cloak and lays it over the Soldier, covering him. Then she kneels again.*)

THE LANCE (*quietly*). — When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar, he said, It is finished.

THE THORNS (*absorbed in his dream*). — The soldiers plaited a crown of thorns and put it on his head.

THE COAT (*absorbed in his dream*). — Let us not rend it but cast lots for it whose it shall be.

THE LANCE (*absorbed in his dream*). — When Jesus had cried with a loud voice, he said, Father, into thy hand I commend my spirit. And having said this, he gave up the ghost.

THE COAT (*absorbed in his dream*). — Casting lots upon them, what each should take.

THE THORNS (*absorbed in his dream*). — They plaited a crown of thorns and put it on his head.

THE LANCE (*absorbed in his dream*). — But when they came to Jesus and saw that he was dead already, they brake not his legs, howbeit one of the soldiers with a spear (*the voice falters*) pierced his side; and straightway there came out blood and water. And he that hath

seen hath borne witness and his witness is true (*in terrible anguish*). They shall look on him whom they pierced.

(*A space of silence. The dreams turn and bless their Soldiers with the sign of the Cross. The Dream with the Cross exalts his Cross slowly.*)

THE THORNS (*in his dream*). — Thy Kingdom come.

THE COAT (*in his dream*). — Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven.

THE LANCE (*in his dream*). — Hosanna! Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord: Hosanna in the highest!

(*The Dream of the Seamless Coat gathers up the dream coat. The Dream with the Cross exalts the Cross. The four dreams, bearing aloft the symbols of the Passion, go past the tomb in slow procession, with the Cross leading them, and out beyond the almond tree.*)

THE LANCE (*crying out with a joyful voice in his sleep, as the dreams vanish*). — Behold, by the Cross joy hath come to the whole world!

THE THORNS. — By the Cross!

THE COAT. — Joy!

THE LANCE. — Hath come to the whole World!

*Silence. The soldiers sleep. The white-robed angels of the Resurrection come from behind the tomb. They scatter the palms and flowers of the Galilean Children in a little pathway before the tomb. They set their winged shoulders to the great stone and roll it slowly, quietly, away from the mouth of the tomb. They stand, one on each side of the open doorway of the tomb, their great wings arched above their bowed heads, their reverent hands folded over their eyes. The Soldiers sleep. Silence. The darkness before dawn.*

# UNEXPLORED HARMONIES

BY ALIDA CHANLER

Afloat the radiant spaces,  
Past clouds in windy flight,  
The song of silent places  
Breaks through the veiling light.

NATURE shapes our lives by many subtle forces: by climate and sound, by light and shadow and silence. Our senses are dulled with repetition, and much beauty that we might see and hear eludes us. But though we may become unconscious of her power, Nature is never without influence over us. It is not only by visible and audible beauty, but also by invisible colors, inaudible sounds, flowing over us every day, that Nature affects our lives. In the peaceful stillness of wood or field we are soothed, not only by the absence of dissonance, but also by silent harmonies actively at work. Often what seems to be empty silence is really deep-lying music, as harmonious as the sweep of summer fields on a mountain-side. Our eyes, our ears, are as windows built at the end of tunnels, through which we reach to the gardens of sound and color beyond.

There are other gardens lying between these two, but we cannot turn the corner from the tunnel of ether to the tunnel of air, from light to sound. Yet these secret gardens can reach us, their fountains play over us unceasingly. We have so much joy in visible colors, that it seems a pity we cannot enjoy all the harmonious forces of Nature. Not, indeed, from curiosity; not so as to speculate on the kind and degree of their influence; but from sheer love of beauty, would we study them.

I have seen a Mexican bird, allied to the northern hermit thrush, whose throat fairly quivered with notes inaudible to my ears. What I could hear of his song was thrillingly sweet, and I longed to hear the whole of it. But his small body vibrates to notes we cannot catch at all. And if this is true of sound, it is even more true of light. We hear seven or eight octaves of sounds, but we see only the equivalent of about one octave of light. Between the lowest color-vibrations we can see, and the highest sound vibrations we can hear, are twenty octaves of invisible light, of inaudible sounds. Is there no way in which we might enjoy these also?

We cannot train our eyes to extend their range of vision, a range developed through thousands of years of evolution. But science has lately found a kind of periscope to turn the corner from light to sound. It combines electricity with magnetism (they are interchangeable, like steam and water) in an electric bulb connected to a telephone; it is called the 'oscillating audion' wireless receiver. Because magnetism from luminiferous ether can vibrate metal in air, this bulb changes invisible light into music. And what more fascinating than to listen to music till now inaudible to human ears? The fact that we use a metal medium need not detract from the wonder of the thing. When we listen to violins, we do not think of the cat-guts rasped by rosin; when we hear wood-winds, we do not think of the bamboo reed that is vibrating with every breath. Neither need we think about the action of the

metal as it transmutes ether-vibration into air-vibration.

The music heard with an oscillating audion bulb compares with the buzzing type of wireless heard on crystal receivers much as a violin compares with a policeman's whistle. It is as sweet as flutes, as variable as Hawaiian guitars. So far, we have heard only man-made music, sent out by man-made wireless stations. But we may come to hear natural vibrations of ether, as we now hear natural air notes on an æolian harp.

If one grouped ether-vibrations into four parts, like music, then X-rays<sup>1</sup> would be the soprano, colors would be the alto, heat waves would be the tenor, and electro-magnetic (wireless) waves would be the bass notes. And as music is not confined to one straight line, but spreads in all directions through the air, so ether-waves spread, as we see in light rays. But, unlike visible light, electro-magnetic rays pass through houses and people. Some say they pass over; whichever way it is, they certainly get past! When sent from wireless stations, they can encircle the earth, for it makes no shadow to them as it does to light rays. A radio conversation between Europe and America can be overheard instantly in Japan.

Speed, however, is sufficiently appreciated in these days; it is of the musical side of wireless that I wish to tell. Ether-vibrations, too high-pitched for human ears, are transmitted by means of electricity, and made audible at the receiving end by means of the 'oscillating audion' bulb. What happens is, that the audion also sends out a silent note, conflicting with these ether-vibrations; and the resultant beats are audible when passed through a telephone. The sending machine is very large and clumsy, so that all tuning, after the ini-

tial pitch of sending has been decided upon by the transmitter, is left to the receiver. Because the note heard is the resultant of two inaudible notes, one of them under the control of the receiver, the pitch of the note listened to is also controlled by the receiver. The sender may use a telegraph key to interrupt his note, but he does not change this pitch.

Exceptions to this are found in such stations as Annapolis, where the sender transmits one pitch when his key is raised, and another when it is lowered. This gives alternated notes, generally about a third apart. The lower note is confusing, both for dot-dash signals and for chord effects in combination with other stations. One might say that stations of this type are like organs that play as soon as air is pumped into them, while the other, more common type, is not audible until the keyboard is played. The keyboard being at the receiving end, the listener plays the tune. The sender makes the letters of the dot-dash code by interrupting one of the two inaudible notes at certain intervals. He makes the rhythm, while the listener (if he be musically inclined) plays any melody he likes, for he makes the tune. Hundreds of listeners in different parts of the country can play different tunes without interfering with one another.

All wireless stations cannot be so tuned, but most trans-Atlantic ones are of this musical type; their notes can be intercepted in any direction, without reducing the signals at their destination, by using an audion bulb. They can be combined to form chords. I have made music in Washington, D.C., out of the inaudible note sent from Bermuda, combining the resultant with one made from the note of Sayville, Long Island, and perhaps a third at New Brunswick, New Jersey. Or I have combined the two notes sent by Annapolis with one of the other stations.

<sup>1</sup> Radium rays, and others named only by letters, should be grouped with the X-rays as part of the soprano of ether-waves. — THE AUTHOR.



Sending stations choose, each, a certain pitch on which to send, so that they will not interfere with one another.

When two stations within a few hundred miles of each other choose notes (silent) that are only about a third apart when made audible, then they can be combined, and raised or lowered together to any pitch desired. This makes chords. These musical stations also send harmonics on half, and a third, and a fifth, of the length of wire used for sending the fundamental note. Trans-Atlantic stations often use a mile or more of wire, both for sending and receiving; and amateurs find it difficult to use so much wire. Therefore, many amateurs hear only the harmonics of the notes sent by high-powered trans-Atlantic stations, as they are in tune to perhaps half, or a third, of the fundamental sent by these stations. Like the fundamental, the pitch of the harmonic is controlled by the listener; by tuning a short wire in resonance with one of the transmitted harmonics, its resultant note can be lowered to any pitch. Harmonics are always fainter than fundamental notes. Stations several thousand miles away are also faint, such as those in Europe, and their signals are unsatisfactory, at present, for musical purposes.

With a sensitive audion bulb and well-insulated connections, the best distance from which to listen is from two to six hundred miles. At a less distance, one station will come in louder than the others, and its note will not fit in well for chords. Night is the best time to listen in, because then there are no sun rays to conflict with the electro-magnetic rays, and there are fewer interruptions from stray electricity in the air. The latter is true also of the winter; summer, with its many thunderstorms, causes continuous crackling in the telephones.

The musical stations along the Atlantic coast are at Marion, Massachusetts; Sayville, Long Island (another is being

constructed at Port Jefferson, Long Island); New Brunswick and Tucker-ton, New Jersey; Annapolis, Maryland; Charleston, South Carolina; and there are others on the Gulf of Mexico.

There are also low-powered sending sets that can be tuned by the receiver, such as those used by radiophone stations and air-planes. When a radiophone sends Victrola music, or human speech, it is merely transmitting sounds from a Victor or a man through the ether. In order to do this, it has to send another extra-high-pitched note, which carries the variations in sound made by the Victor. This note is continuous from the moment the radiophone is turned on; and though it is tuned out (up) by those listening to the Victor, it is lovely for chord-making in true wireless music.

So much for the music that can be heard any day, by anyone having an audion and its connections. How about the still unheard ethereal harmonies of the universe? Radio operators are too busy reading messages to be able to play with music. Scientists are too busy experimenting to stop and enjoy the results of their discoveries. It is difficult to be a calm analytical mathematician, and yet respond to Nature's stimulus to the imagination. Hard, but worth trying! Wireless may seem to the artist to be a very dry subject; but the musical side of it can be enjoyed without learning any code, without danger of electric shock, with merely a few lessons in tuning and connecting an oscillating audion and its batteries and controls. It is no harder than playing a guitar, and its notes are as variable as those of Hawaiian guitars and as sweet as flutes; they are as truly ethereal as a harp is Æolian. Also, it has a constant though unappreciated influence over our lives, for its passage affects us as truly as does the climate, or light and sound.

At last we are finding an entrance into the secret gardens! The harmony of

color, which is a balanced adjustment of ether waves, is being transmuted into harmony of sound — into air-waves blending in music. Surely it is not enough just to read messages sent by ingenious man; it is not enough to manipulate ether for its speed alone. If we are patient, we may yet hear the morning stars singing together, or catch a whisper of moonbeams filtering down. As pattering leaves played over the 'let's pretend' games of my childhood, so I would let ethereal harmonies play over my dreams to-day. Even the noisy telephone may take its place in the harmony of life!

I would like a lyre tuned to ethereal

winds. With a frame of ebony and bakelite, with frets of selenium and strings of magnetic alloys bound in gold-leaf, it would respond to far-off suns, its melodies would be shot through with light. Then would I hear the music of the spheres that Shelley dreamed of, light and sound blending into the harmony of eternal life.

With music interwoven,  
The rainbow colors throng,  
Their melodies of heaven  
Are blending into song.

Through comet's swirling traces,  
Past moonlit fields of night,  
The song of silent places  
Spreads harmonies of light.

## THE MIND AS MISREPRESENTED TO TEACHERS

BY GEORGE M. STRATTON

### I

IT is well that education should be eyed with suspicion, as it has been from of old. 'Be not many of you teachers,' says an ancient letter, 'knowing that ye shall receive heavier judgment.' And to-day we should have an open ear for the latest messenger who runs in breathless to tell us of teachers' evil ways. Yet occasionally we may hold and cross-question the tidings-bearer, lest from a false report we should act hastily, only to make bad worse.

Such caution is perhaps needed with those who now come in the name of psychology, saying that, since mental discipline, which clings to a few central studies to develop the mind, has no scientific standing whatever, the school

should, with whole heart, work to a different end, teaching only those studies that inform, that give useful knowledge. We may find that the one side no less than the other speaks unreliably for the vital young science whose name is so freely taken. But first let us hale the witnesses into court.

The child's mind, according to one account, is a group of wide powers, or faculties, — of observation, for example, and memory, attention, imagination, reason, — which the teacher, by suited exercises, must make strong and supple. These great powers, once they become vigorous and elastic, stand ready throughout life for all important needs. Time is well given to their

development, even by studies that in themselves will never be of use. The particulars needed for one's work are too many to be foreseen, and, with a prepared mind, may easily be learned when the need is clearer. Powers have been given new life, not only for buying and selling and medicine and law, but for still wider service in regions where the day's work will never lead.

Those who so believe, their opponents say, are suckled in a creed outworn. Science has destroyed the simple faith. Experiments by James, Thorndike, Woodworth, and others have shown how idle is the attempt to train these general powers, have shown indeed that there are no general powers to train. The belief in such powers goes with the antiquated idea of mental faculties now of historic interest only, and swept aside with phrenology and its absurd map of the skull and brain.

Having destroyed in this way the faith in general powers and their training, what is offered in its place? A belief in particulars, and in particulars only. Instead of a single power of memory, there is a power to recall colors, another power to recall sounds, and so on — we know not how far. The mind is our convenient name for countless special operations or functions. We may train one of these functions or a number of them, but not a function in general — attention in general, or imagination in general, or reason. Further, these countless particular functions are independent; and when you have trained one of them, you have trained that limited function and none else. What you do to the mind by way of education knows its place; it never spreads. You train what you train.

The educational corollary of these things is momentous. We must discover the specific reaction, the specific information, which the child will use in after life, and make sure that he

possesses these and only these. The teacher's direction of attention here veers from east to west. The centre of interest is no longer the child's mind, but the particular things in life that have to be done. Of a study, we are to ask, 'Does it contribute to the doing of these things?' rather than, 'Does the study make the child's mind more alert or sound or sane?' Instead of giving form to the mind, we are to give it information. Instead of moulding the mind, we are to fill the mind. Where the education whose aim was mental discipline might have as its symbol a stripped athlete busied with Indian clubs and chest-weights for strength and agility, the education that opposes mental discipline and calls for mental contents might have as its symbol some receptacle that is being filled — a jar, with oil or wine; or a tool-chest, with screw-driver, chisel, and plane.

The controversy is thus in brief before us, each side with its different description of the mind. 'Believe the psychologist,' is the cry of a recent writer to schoolmen; and this must be my excuse for offering objection to both accounts, and in their place a picture of the mind different from either, and, I believe, with a far richer promise of education.

## II

The mind is surely ill described by most believers in mental discipline. In so far as our remembering is explained by a faculty of memory, and our reasoning by a faculty of reason, we are offered mere words in the place of causes. But, along with explanations that do not explain, are clear errors. The mind is divided into great powers, — like sight, hearing, memory, imagination, reason, — each of which is supposed to be almost simple and uniform throughout. And this we now know is false.

Moreover, the believers in mental discipline too often fix their interest upon the powers by which we know, our intellectual faculties, and treat like a step-mother those great powers by which we take delight, and are moved to passion, and make resolve, and act. A certain strength and deftness of bare intellect is overvalued, to the misprising of the deep inner forces that drive and direct the intellect, as well as of something more nearly external — the definite and detailed knowledge of the objects with which intelligence must deal.

The defects of this account of mind are thus greater than many even of its critics seem to know. But some of the defects are caught and well denounced by those who hold the mind but as a receptacle to be given 'contents.' They rightly see the mind helpless even were it deft and strong; they see its lack of actual knowledge. They see also that the mind is of immeasurably more varied powers than are nominated in the short list of faculties in which the old schoolmaster was taught to believe.

But with these rugged virtues why not take the whole doctrine of 'contents' to our hearts?

First, and perhaps least important, its watchword confirms the ignorant in their ignorance. We are only too ready to regard the child's mind as a vessel into which knowledge is to be poured, and the new doctrine should appear to give to this crude notion a kind of scientific seal. So far as the child's training is viewed as mental contents, the mind itself is viewed as a receptacle, a container. And a container is both inert and indifferent: a jug idly accepts anything; a tool-chest takes no active part to receive its tools. Merely glance at the metaphor, and its absurdity is revealed. Those who believe in mental contents would cry out with one voice that they did not mean *that*.

For, if there is anything upon which psychologists are agreed, it is that the mind is active; not indifferent, but selective, forever choosing and rejecting. Even its humblest experiences, the colors and sounds by which the world is known, are not given us, but are the mind's unique and mysterious response to external stimulation. Hue and tone, the students of physics and of psychology are agreed, do not exist in the external world. They are our reaction; and with them we create for ourselves a strange counterpart of the reality without. And for one object awakening enough interest to be noticed, ten have vainly assailed our eyes and ears and have been ignored. These acts of notice and selection do not seem acts, being without effort, without strain of will. But action is not always marked by effort: a child at play is as active as a child at some deadening task.

If the things we see and hear hardly enter into the mind as into a passive receptacle, more clearly is this true of our recollections, our imaginings, our conclusions reasoned out. Unless we actively reconstruct the past and recognize it as past, we do not remember. The child can possess no imaginings or judgments save what he has himself imagined or judged. Nor can he create them once, and forever after 'contain' them; each time that they are before him, they must be created afresh — on the instant, usually, and with no slightest hint that power has gone into their remaking. As well call the ever-new movements of some graceful dancer the 'contents' of her body, as use this name for the marvelous expressions of the mind.

And still more clearly is this dead image broken by the will. In his purpose the boy proclaims himself no mere recipient, but a doer; not clay, but the potter. He takes his place among the infant deities, imposing his ideas upon

brute substance until in some measure it is made into the likeness of his mind.

But we waste time upon this unhappy watch-word of the party. Not until we find a jar that can change its form and enlarge, a tool-chest that helps to fashion and use the tools it holds, will this image do more than darken counsel.

### III

Turning now from metaphor to plain statement, let us ask whether it be true that practice keeps its place, that you train only what you train.

The experiments in clear support of this doctrine are few; most experiments contradict it. Improvement in judging the area of certain figures, as was just said, fails to bring equal improvement in judging other figures. But the judgment of these other figures is not left untouched. On the contrary, it receives marked benefit. And while one experimenter found that neatness remained within narrow limits, another found that it could easily be made to pass such limits: if the children, in writing their arithmetic lesson, for example, were urged to neatness as of universal value, their papers in geography also were neater, although this other subject had not been named in the urging. Or, again, Swift practised with the right hand the tossing and catching of balls, keeping two in the air at once, until he had attained a high degree of skill. And now, was it with the right hand only that the effect of the practice appeared? No; it appeared also with the left; in some cases it was as if fully two thirds of the practice had in some way been transferred. And in many other directions of research, transfer of training is found.

It will hardly be possible to follow the attempted explanations of this spread; it can hardly be explained away. And even a spread of small amount may

be important: the effort would be well repaid if practice in justness of conduct at school were to bring even the slightest increase in justice of conduct in all other relations of life.

The evidence from the laboratory thus shows that the mind is unlike land, where ploughing of a field does not affect the soil beyond the fence. But the evidence is not confined to the laboratory. It is known, for example, that a left-handed child trained to act as if he were right-handed may stutter, and, becoming embarrassed, may incline to remain alone. The repression thus may work disastrously even into distant regions of the mind. And we are only at the threshold of our knowledge of the brain. Indeed, it is impossible to say that a serious effect in one part of the brain-cortex ever leaves the rest of the cortex unchanged; the change may be greater here than there, but never circumscribed.

Instead, then, of proving that you train what you train, the psychological experiments which have so troubled the waters of education prove that normally you train what you don't train.

And now, is it true, as the partisans of 'contents' maintain, that our mental powers are stubbornly particular, and never of general use? One would almost think, from some accounts, that a mental function could be trained for little more than one occasion, like the bow upon presentation at court. Yet even so particular a response as that of answering the telephone is run through and through with generality. There is never quite the same signal, never quite the same movements of the body, never the same words spoken, never in the same tone, never to the same purpose. If one cannot but see the breadth and openness in even so restricted a habit as this, how much more clearly general is the other habit of assuming a fighting attitude toward difficulties,

of asking evidence for any universal assertion, of giving special heed to the side opposed to one's private interest. These habits of mind, and a host like them, are perhaps less wide than the memory in general, or the reason in general of the older education. For us, the important thing is to see their immense range of use, in all manner of situations and by all manner of men, whether day-laborers or diplomatists.

So far we have been busied in denial, and denial by itself profits little: it should be the prelude to something more positive and gracious. Let us, then, look more directly upon the mind itself, to see, if possible, its more acceptable constitution, noticing our disapplicants only at times and out of the corner of our attention. Their artificial divisions into faculty and function in time tone down to their true value; as in the picture of the dissected muscles of eye and cheek and forehead, which we have to correct, knowing that these ghastly members are in life fed with warm blood, clothed with soft skin, and controlled by affection and intelligence; and in their stead we have a human and expressive face.

The mind is capable of wide forms of action; if we pursue this idea we come upon pleasant scenes. We come upon Lincoln, with his habit of 'bounding' every important idea in his use, never at ease until he saw clearly what limited it on north, south, east, and west, with no borders lost in the mist. Such a habit is of use for any idea and for anybody. Because it is not the whole of reason, we must not be blind to the part it can play in reason, immensely wide, even universal, in its sweep.

Yet we must also see the need for special knowledge. If one is to think effectively of sugar-beets or air-plane engines, he must study such beets, such engines. But he will not think effectively upon these if he thinks of

these alone: his interest and his knowledge must widen to the principles of agriculture or of aerodynamics; and, beyond, he will need botany, or physics, and chemistry. Chemistry, then, is important for a lad uncertain whether he will deal with beets or engines. But what of the boy or girl who does not know, and whom no one as yet can tell, whether beets, engines, taxation, tuberculosis, or the Gospel will lie at the centre of his thinking in the time to come? Must he give laborious years to all these and to a thousand things besides, that he may be ready for the day of action? Inevitable and enormous waste is in that direction. He had best be at home in the central studies into which all special subjects lead; and with these, and even more useful, he will need habits of intellectual economy, of accuracy in interpreting what is read and heard, of distinguishing important from unimportant, of throwing himself with vigor into the work in hand. These are a part of intellectual training; these and other things take the place of the two or three faculties of the older belief. They stand out as significant to an eye bewildered by the endless array of special functions that for some are the only things left. These wide and superior powers call for training, and the lad who has them trained has an incalculable advantage over every lad in whom they remain untrained.

But were we now to look to the energy of the mind, we should find something still wider than these, evident, not only in our thinking, but in every form of will. This energy makes itself known in the strength of the man's attention, in the vigor of his intellectual attack, and out beyond intelligence, in his endurance, in the impact and tenacity of his purpose. Its amount is not the same as the amount available, which suffers changes not due merely

to the ups and downs of health. Some crisis, as all know from *The Energies of Men*, may open a hidden reservoir from which power now flows into a man's every act. In the war, men and women who had before been working to their utmost suddenly assumed duties that doubled or even trebled their task. No new function may have been called to life, but rather the long-familiar acts felt an access of energy; and in this store of energy connected with all functions, whether they be special or general, we have an intimation of the mind as of another plan from what has too often been taught. It is not a mere composite of general faculties, or of particular functions; but something single, yet varied, holding together all functions and energizing them with a common life.

The release of pent-up energy lies close to the emotions; and in them we shall discover changes deep and wide — changes that reveal new possibilities of education.

For the fruit of every one of our intellectual powers is markedly affected by the emotions behind them and interfused with them. There is a whole group of passions which, in certain forms and intensities, are strength-giving — hope, for example, and gladness and anger and fear. To these we should doubtless look for the cause of that opening of the gate of energy in crises when energy is our sorest need. They make and unmake the man. They hold our powers together; they disorganize and disrupt. The war has brought new illustrations of this, when emotional stress and strain, without wounds, have caused the soldier to be blind or deaf, unable to speak even his own name — great stretches of his past a blank to him. A like influence of emotion upon the total organization of the mind has long been observed in hysteria, with its functional blindness and deafness, its functional paralyses,

its disturbance of memory and of the very feeling of one's identity. In all these cases something beneath the special functions has broken, and for the time their cunning is gone. Their life, then, is clearly not in themselves: in part, at least, it wells up from deeper sources.

The play of emotion thus reveals the mind. If its powers seem stubbornly specialized and separate and insulated, this is true only in part and on the surface. Deep within we find free intercourse, free circulation. For all its particularized abilities, then, the mind is whole and fluid. A passion acts in it like a drop of strong chemical that causes ebullition or precipitation throughout the whole. We cannot afford to neglect these universal potencies. The sect called Christian Scientists, with its eye upon some of these energizing emotions, shows that the neglect is being noticed and avenged. And the growing attention to play is something of a belated redress. We once thought that health and mental vigor needed mere muscular contractions — so many foot-pounds of exercise *per diem*. The spirit of play in the exercise is the secret elixir, and with it apparently the exercise can almost be spared. Some day we shall know how much the great and balanced workers owe to their power to play — in mind if not in body. Wilson, like Lincoln, enjoys the theatre; and humor is a grace of each. With a right grasp of the mind's character the emotions will come into their own. Time and some impatience will bring us to share the conviction of the wise physician, Sir James Crichton-Browne, that in all education these need uncommon care; but that, even for special work in medicine, the right and sensitive emotions of the physician himself can alone give effect to his learning and his judgment and his skill of hand.

But the energies and the emotions are not the only regions neglected both by

those who would give mental discipline and by those who would give mental contents. The instincts and the will cry out their own neglect. And this is the more important, for they too lead us beyond the thought of independent functions and faculties, until we see the mind's worth as something decided largely by the quality of its organization; and see that this organization can be directed toward the better or the worse. The neglect and the opportunity here invite longer consideration.

All children, if we look closely at their conduct, show a number of inborn traits — among others, an interest in possessing things, an attachment to other persons, a desire to shine in one's own and in others' eyes, a curiosity, a driving toward contention and domineering. And according as these impulses are bound together in one or another way, there result persons who stand opposite one another like day and night.

In one kind of youth, these various impulses act almost in independence. In another, they are bound until either the life is almost crushed out of many of them, or they are all made slaves of one of their roughest number. In still a third, the impulses are strong and united, but in a freer way, keeping watch upon one another; no one of them can stir without ears pricked up in all the rest; and its behavior is subject to their urging and restraint. But our present youth is indeed a fortunate youth, for in him the sense of attachment to others, expanded and refined into obligation, speaks the last word to all the competing interests. The native impulses have been brought to their place and proportion, each active, each tempered by its neighbors, each contributing to the right expression of the whole, each trained, like the soldiers of the Tenth Legion, both to command and to obey. Such training is both private and social. The individual is

enriched and also the community. For, in a man so trained, the instincts that either devastate or upbuild our common life, the instincts of pugnacity and of sex, have become, not enemies, but friends, of the general good.

Now the possibility and the need of this care and organization of vital instincts into a right form of will hardly appear in many a picture of the mind. Neither a group of independent faculties nor a group of independent functions reveals this constitution and opportunity. The mental disciplinarian, all eyes upon observation, memory, and reasoning, would strike into the depths of intellect, but misses those still lower depths of the affection, the instincts, and the will. Advocates of contents declare that the mind needs no care for its form and organization: it needs only to be filled.

We might well regard the mind as inviting, and indeed requiring, not only particular training and useful information, but also a profound redirecting and strengthening of its inner order, not wholly unlike religious conversion. Such a change will usually not be sudden, or marked by emotional storm; but gradually and in calm there will come a new perception and a new attachment of the affections and a striving toward a new goal. Something like this is in Plato's thought, that true education is that which leads us always to love what we ought to love and to hate what we ought to hate, from the beginning to the end.

Changes in the direction of the affections, even changes that seem instantaneous, are not confined to religion, but are general possibilities of our nature. The interest which in such cases turns the man around has, of course, not been created on the instant: it was active all the while, but subordinate; and the conversion is but the final stage of a long struggle within.



A new ordering of old interests and impulses has at last come, and a new stability is the result — as with an iceberg that by long melting below the ocean's surface must find a lost balance, and with a plunge shows a new side.

Such changes with most of us, when they occur, are less cataclysmic, although no less real and profound. They are invited in early childhood and in the years when school and college are working in us good or ill. No system of education can afford to miss them and the constitution of the mind which they imply. The mind, as we study it, begins to reveal an immensity and an inner life hardly dreamed of by many who repeat solemnly what they take to be the final word of science. Each man's mind is as varied and deep and wide, in its own way, as is the physical world. Its soundings and its sweep will forever exceed description, yet we can already dimly discern some of the forces that bind and move and strain the whole — a view which does not contradict, but corrects, those who notice only what is local and who miss the infinite in the infinitesimal.

#### IV

But some, while admitting that the corrected account of the mind may interest those who happen to be interested in such things, will deny that it is important for education. We must forever go on storing the mind, exercising its separate functions or faculties, they will hold, not because this alone is good, but because it alone is possible. 'How,' they will ask, 'can we unlock the child's reservoir of energy?' How can we make his emotions strength-givers indeed, and not his ruin? Is it possible to enter among his wild instincts, leaving them no longer to howl in anarchy or under despotism, but to be a commonwealth guided by the best?

The task is indeed difficult, and de-

mands the talent of creative artists. Not in one generation or in two will the means be discovered and brought to bear. But whatever comes of the best family life, or of fortunate friendships, or of great public opportunity and need — whatever comes to the mind's benefit from these is clearly within the aim of a right education. Whatever can be wrought by happy environment can in some measure be wrought by the school, which, too, is an environment planned and chosen. The result may be of less amount than comes from beyond school, but it need have no different quality. And, most of all, where the world beyond school promises the child, not the best, but only the worst, family life, with no fortunate friendships, and only the bleak prospect of factory and mill and mine, then is the demand insistent that we neglect nothing that will even slightly remake the mind into what is right and whole. The shame would not be so great were we to recognize the demand and our own incompetence. There would be some honor in feeling the lack, in hearing the challenge to the search, in being restless until the great discovery.

Once recognize the demand, and the inventive will of man is indomitable. So in education we shall have faith in things to come; we shall welcome all manner of experimental schools, especially those that look steadily to true understanding and to the will and the affections; out of that are the issues of life. Effectively to love what ought to be loved, and to hate what ought to be hated, requires, not heart alone, but brain and hand and tongue.

When we are offered new lamps for old, we must test the new to see how much of the old Aladdin-magic they contain. Let us have the new with the least loss. The cry for special training is a cry for specialists; and desirable as they are, they will bear watching: for

in choosing them the temptation will be to ask only what and how much they know. Moreover, with specialists it is touch and go with their pupils. In the great city schools there is little of the leisurely contact, little of the intimacy, without which the imparting of useful knowledge is as sounding brass. The archaic teacher, who taught the same children everything that lay between Shakespeare and the rings of Saturn, at least became acquainted with his pupils, and little in him escaped their ferret eyes. Upbuilding can come only from those who have it, and the demand for it must not weaken the demand for the expert in his field. An erect mind knowing the salient things will do more to quicken and give a right facing to other minds than will a dozen husks of humanity with the entire alphabet in capitals after their names.

Instead, then, of following wholeheartedly the new lights of education, whose gospel is that subjects are more important than minds, we shall reaffirm the exact opposite, while yet opening the door to the useful. The child is bigger than anything he can carry to market. In him is a divinity ready for employment, but greater than any employment he will choose. In fitting him to his job, we must have a live child left. This means no slighting of details: his general powers must be brought down to particulars, and to particulars that are useful. If the child be more than his information, we shall not neglect his taste. He will be sensitive to beauty, but by some toughening of his fibre he will escape daintiness and a repugnance to what is wholesome and of the soil. He will know the way into the enchanted world of music and painting and literature, but with a strengthened grasp of common duty; he will not treat lightly what he owes to family and friends, and to plain men everywhere.

And he will have reverence. This

great completion may not aid him as a producer of commodities; it may even hinder. But, as Dr. Cabot has reminded us that some of the greatest things of life are unhygienic, so we shall not forget that some are uneconomic. Man, as was said of old, is indeed the great amphibian. He suffocates if kept from the upper air. There must be intercourse with uses great and small, but also with that great world which passes judgment upon all use.

No symbol does justice to the mysterious relation between the mind and him who helps it to its power. The teacher is like a physician, assisting at the birth of the mind—the mind, which, before, exists all cramped, not breathing as yet. But he also feeds the mind, guides its first steps, gives it gymnastic, gives it toys and tools. He is the mind's autocrat, but an autocrat who knows when revolution is due, and abdicates; so wise that he has provided against anarchy, has trained many for office, and trained others to recognize them; so that self-government moves quietly into the departed ruler's place. No symbol is adequate; but should we not be shrewd bargainers if we exchanged both the image of the stripped athlete with Indian clubs, and the image of the tool-chest well stocked, for the figure of a city-state, with its inhabitants becoming trained to artisan tasks, trained to build and enjoy parks and museums, theatres and sanctuaries; trained also to enter and to respect the massive halls of justice and law-making and command? At home in all these broad spaces, he who is bringing into order the great city pauses here for a moment and encourages, passes on and sits down and patiently guides; and in the end, and with many helpers different from himself, and with a favoring fortune, the republic of the mind is established, and unfurls its splendid banner with festival and song.

# JUVENILE COURT SKETCHES

BY GRACE E. POLK

## II. THE THIEF

SHE was named for England's first false queen, Guinevere. She was nine years old, and she had long yellow curls and bright blue eyes. She sat in school with folded hands and eyes demurely lowered. The teacher passed and dropped a little purse. Guinevere's foot shot out and drew it in. No one saw her but Billy, and Billy never told.

'Has anyone seen my purse?'

Guinevere pushed it quickly between her singing-book and her geography; then raised the guilty hand.

'You, Guinevere?'

'No, teacher, but I'll help you hunt for it.'

She hunted in the hall and in the basement, bending far over in every corner. But she never looked between her singing-book and her geography.

That afternoon Guinevere visited a pastry-shop alone and tasted the forbidden sweets of cream-puffs. As for the purse, she threw it into an alley.

That night a neighbor missed five dollars from the table. Guinevere had been there. She thought of Guinevere's yellow curls and bright blue eyes. No, rather suspect slinky Billy, who never had anything to say, and hid behind a door when she looked at him. So Guinevere walked the earth in plenty for a week, and all her desert blossomed and put forth cream-puffs. But even to great wealth comes an end.

In school Guinevere sat near the back row, where only those sat who could be

trusted. She had nothing to think of but her lessons, and time hung heavy. Her curls dropped over the desk behind her; over her own hung a brown pig-tail. Guinevere grabbed it and pulled. The little girl's head bent back with sudden pain. Guinevere pulled harder. Her victim's hand went up.

'If you tell, I'll stick pins in you. I'll stick pins in you every day.'

The hand came down.

'Give me money,' whispered Guinevere.

'I ain't got any money,' said her victim; and her voice wailed up to criminal heights with pain.

'Why, Alma Ludwig, you come right up here and sit on this bench. The idea of your disturbing the whole school like that!'

'I'll stick pins in you, if you tell. I'll stick pins in you every day.'

Alma did the trembling penance of the innocent, in silence, and Guinevere sat with eyes demurely lowered. Geography had acquired a sudden deep interest for her.

Out in the snow, Guinevere caught up great handfuls and dropped them, melting from her warm little hands, down Alma's back.

'Give me money.'

'I ain't got any money.'

'Your mamma's got money; give me your mamma's money.'

Then Guinevere put her arm over Alma's shoulder.

'Alma, get me your mamma's money and I'll be your friend for life.'

It was very nice to have Guinevere's warm little arm around her cold neck. The water still ran slowly down her back.

'My mamma's money's in a jar; you can come home with me.'

Together the two little girls went to Alma's. Her mamma washed for a living. To-day there was no work, and she rocked the baby. But when Alma came, she gave her the baby and went out.

'Here, quick, give me the baby and you get the money.'

With the unquestioning obedience of a dozen generations, Alma handed her the baby and went to do the dark deed. Guinevere put down the baby and followed.

On the stairway, as they sped from guilt, a ten-dollar bill drawn from the purse smote Alma with sudden consternation.

'Mein Gott, it's the rent!'

A great joy burned in Guinevere.

'Give it to me; give it to me, quick, Alma, and I'll be your friend for life.'

'I can't: it's the rent. I've got to take it back.'

Guinevere's hand closed tightly on Alma's wrist.

'Give it to me: I'll change it for your mamma; your mamma wants two fives.'

Alma hesitated. Perhaps her mamma did need two fives. Guinevere usually knew. But caution ruled. 'I'll go too,' she said.

Hand in hand, they went into the bakery. Alma was dumb and miserable with guilt, but Guinevere spoke briskly to the clerk.

'She's got ten dollars. It's her mamma's. She wants to get it changed, and her mamma wants six cream-puffs.'

Alma's dull eyes looked on in wonder as the cream-puffs and the change were put into her hands.

'Give me some money,' Guinevere whispered.

Conscience rose for its last struggle. 'It's the rent money; I've got to take it back.'

Guinevere's soft arm went round her neck again, and she whispered in her ear. 'Don't take it back; don't tell anyone. Give me five dollars, and I'll be your friend for life.'

Alma held out her hand and Guinevere took the five-dollar bill.

Smear'd with convivial cream-puff, the two little girls parted at the corner. From a block away, Guinevere ran after her companion. 'Give me another dollar, and I won't ever tell anyone in all the world, and I'll be your friend for life.'

Alma gave the guilty dollar, glad to be rid of it.

When the class in calisthenics jumped and clapped their hands above their heads, a silver dollar slid from Guinevere's pocket and rolled to the teacher's desk. In school, when a child has a dollar, there is an investigation. For an hour, Guinevere sat in the principal's office.

There are two roads, and only two, say the French, safe for the criminal: 'I did not do it,' and, 'I have forgotten.' Guinevere chose the former.

'No,' she said, 'I never took no dollar.' She shook her golden curls, and with her clear blue eyes she looked straight into the eyes of the principal. 'No, I never took no dollar.'

In the zest of the detective, the principal forgot the teacher. The grammar passed unheeded. She questioned again.

'I know I never took no dollar,' Guinevere repeated.

Her defense was unassailable. But there are coincidences of fate against which even genius is powerless. A policeman came in. He knew nothing of Guinevere: he had come for some-

thing else; but the principal hailed reinforcements. Had there been no sniveling Alma with ten cowed generations at her back, a bluecoat had been nothing in Guinevere's life. But how is one to be sure of an accomplice?

'Get on your things,' said the policeman; 'I am going to take you to jail.'

'I took the dollar,' said Guinevere. 'Yes, I know I took a dollar.'

'What else did you take?'

'I never took nothing else; I know I never took nothing else.'

Those who dragged the slow truth from Guinevere were foiled. They sent her from the office, to lay plans. In the outer office hung the principal's coat. With deft fingers Guinevere took out a pair of gloves and hid them in her dress. When they came to call her, she sat demurely, fingers locked in fingers.

Then they took Guinevere to the judge. The principal stood beside her.

'Guinevere,' said the judge, 'I am going to ask you some questions. You don't have to answer them, if you don't want to. But if you do answer them, I want you to tell me the truth. Because it would be much better not to answer them at all than to lie. Will you do that?'

'Yes,' said Guinevere.

Her blue eyes looked straight into the blue eyes of the judge, and she saw nothing else.

'What did you take?'

'I did n't take anything.'

'Did n't you take a dollar?'

'No, I never took no dollar. I know I never took no dollar.'

The judge's eyes looked at her, smiling kindly. Her own turned just enough to glimpse the principal, and memory came.

'What kind of a dollar was it, then?'

'It was a silver dollar, Guinevere.'

'Yes, I took a silver dollar. I know I took a silver dollar, but I was going to give it back to Alma.'

'Are you quite sure that's all you took, Guinevere?'

The kindly eyes were still smiling at her. They made her feel uneasy. She liked the hard eyes of the policeman better.

'Yes, I know I never took nothing else.'

'And you're sure you were going to give the dollar back to Alma?'

'Yes, I'm sure I was going to give it back to Alma.'

'Guinevere,' said the judge; and he leaned over toward her, his hand slipping over the edge of the table.

'Oh, please, mister, don't send me away from home. Please don't, mister. I got two dollars left. It's hid in a hole under the porch. And I'll give it all to you.' Her quick little hand shot out and patted his hand. 'Please don't.' Her blue eyes looked straight into his, and she smiled. 'And I'll be your friend for life.'

# LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

*November 2, 1920*

BY ALICE BROWN

CHILL of dawn and dark of midnight no more shall fall between us,  
Nor even the wet April wind, or largess of the sun,  
Or the fretted beauty of bare trees against wide, skyey splendors  
Tempt us to desire of mortal days for you whose days are done.

From that other air you fled to, O fugitive freed spirit!  
The veiling mists of beauty fall in rounded drops, like rain;  
And the roots of life awake in us, to drink them in and nourish  
Dark finalities of ardors blent of triumph and of pain.

Myrrh and spikenard bearing blindly, through mists of mortal dolor,  
Your heavenly guidon brightened, and ecstatic you fared free.  
And though here you struck but fitfully your halting note of prelude,  
Now your sweeping resonances surge and sing tumultuously.

Whip of toil no more shall touch you, nor din of turmoil hinder,  
Nor fate affright your quiet with his grisly mask of doom.  
You shall lie by living waters, you shall walk with laughing heroes,  
You are garnered up in safety in a large and lofty room.

## THE BETTER RECIPE

BY GEORGE BOAS

But is knowledge different from understanding? No, by Zeus, no more than life is different from life. — MAXIMUS OF TYRE.

MR. OLESEN, the new assistant in English, was overjoyed at his appointment. All his life, he felt, had been a preparation for this moment. As early as his last year in high school, he had planned to be a teacher of English. Somehow or other the study had aroused his tastes and satisfied them at the same time, like a delicious narcotic.

But when the first department meeting was called, and he found himself surrounded by his colleagues, he felt a trifle ill at ease. He seemed curiously alone in this room of quiet gentlemen, who seemed so much more intelligent than sympathetic. He was conscious of his red face and yellow hair, for those about him had gray faces and brown hair. He was conscious of a turbulence within him, for round him there was a polite serenity.

Of all the men who sat in that room, only one appealed to him, the Head of the Department. He seemed to have a vitality permeating him which the others universally lacked. 'He looks,' thought Olesen, 'as if the breeze were blowing in his face.' His eyes were wide open, his hair stood up like grass, there was (and this was a genuine difference) a brilliant color in his cheeks. He looked like a jovial and well-fed burgher of old France; whereas the others looked like underpaid clergymen of New England — who had lost their faith.

While the Head was making his opening remarks in his hearty manner, Ole-

sen permitted his eye to wander about discreetly. Most of the men sat with their looks lowered to the table, but one pure countenance was lifted parallel with the ceiling, as if to avoid until the bitter end the rising waters of the commonplace.

'That man,' said Olesen to himself, drawing in his lips, 'is an aesthete and a prig. I hate him.'

The man's name was Merryvale — Charles Boynton Merryvale. Although he had never published anything, he was known to be working on a monumental treatise, *Notes on the Suspension of Certain Rules for Syllabication in Twelve West-Saxon Strong Verbs, with Special Reference to Verbs of Motion and Rest*. Very few people had been allowed a glance at this piece of work; but those who had been came away saying that they had never seen anything like it. They said that it would certainly cause a stir in English departments all over America and, mayhap, in Canada.

As soon as the Head had finished speaking, Merryvale claimed the floor. It was granted to him without a struggle. His voice was thin and exquisitely cultivated. One felt — at least Olesen felt — as if he were listening to a bed of petunias. Merryvale developed the thesis that the teaching of composition was illogical because it began with sentences instead of with words. He said that that was like beginning music with gestures or mathematics with surveying. This went on for twenty minutes, by which time the Head had taken to drawing huge ogres, with maliciously

curling tongues, on the cover of his notebook. Then Merryvale developed the practical side of his thesis, which occupied only ten minutes and wound up with the plea that he be granted permission to run his classes in the logical manner.

The Head knew in his heart that it made but very little difference how he taught composition. The students would never learn what they did not use; and when they needed English composition, they would all hire secretaries. He was perfectly willing to let anybody try out anything, if he could only be left in peace. So he told Merryvale to go ahead, and assigned him two readers. One of them, alas, was Olesen.

Merryvale shuddered when he saw Olesen's red face, much as he would have shuddered at the sight of a black tie with evening clothes. He felt at once that Olesen was not *simpatico*, and that the standards of university life had been lowered, like pasture-bars, for strange cattle to enter the fold. For to Merryvale the university was a flock of choice animals selected for their breeding. To admit men of less delicate lineage than himself into the flock was not only bad taste, but a sin.

'You would not hang a Rosa Bonheur among your Whistlers,' he said.

Olesen felt similarly toward Merryvale. He expressed himself, however, in a manner less refined.

'Who the —— does he think he is?' he muttered.

He loathed Merryvale's method of teaching English as much as he did his personality. To him, who used words rapturously and extravagantly, the fastidiousness of Merryvale was disgusting. He described him to himself as a jeweler sitting over a tray of semi-precious stones, picking them up one by one with a slender pair of tweezers, examining them on every side, in hopes of finding one to set in a ring, and always

giving up the quest. Olesen never weighed his words; he gathered them up by handfuls and poured them out exuberantly. Hence he swore that his poor Freshmen were being cramped, twisted, repressed, squeezed, desiccated, fossilized, frozen, and ruined by what he called this abominable beadwork.

But his oaths were all private and his criticisms internal, for he was sure that no other member of the faculty saw with his eyes. He put them all into the same boat with Merryvale — and he often wished the boat would be lost at sea. If only the others would wake up and behold what a monstrosity they were harboring, there might be some hope. Even the great Head was silent.

One day, to his surprise, Olesen saw a look of impatience flit across the well-trained face of one of his colleagues while Merryvale was inserting his careful dogma into the conversation at the Club. It lasted but a moment, like a very thin cloud passing swiftly across the sun; but it was enough to show him the beginning of a community of sentiment.

He took pains to make the acquaintance of this fellow sufferer, and within a month they had exchanged views on the subject of Merryvale.

'Of course, I don't approve of him,' Olesen was told; 'but we are helpless. He has the Head's approval. Since he's been here the work has become stiff and lifeless. Yet somehow he manages to have his way.'

'He's so damned sure of himself,' was Olesen's grumbling answer; 'we're too awkward.'

'Composition used to be fairly well liked by the students too, but now —'

Olesen had his private opinion about whether composition was ever liked by the students, but he held his peace.

'It's funny,' he sighed, 'that only we two should have discovered him.'

'Don't you fool yourself. Every one



of us has found him out. He's a fake, and we all know it.'

And sure enough they did. Olesen went out of his way to peer and probe. No detective was ever so zealous as he. And in the end he learned that every member of the department felt as he did — with the exception of the Head.

So he organized a rebellion against the Merryvale method. The students were to be taught ideas, not words; and Merryvale was to be asked to resign. The department grew almost excited about it. Like all educated men, they agreed on everything but the manner in which the rebellion was to be effected. The real point was not touched upon till Olesen asked them, with fire in his Norse eyes, whether they were going to be verbalized. The only question which then remained was whether the Head should know.

'It would worry him dreadfully,' said one man, who had a wife and four lanky adolescents.

'It's his job, after all,' growled Olesen.

'Still, he's fond of Merryvale.'

'How do we know?' asked a little voice in a corner.

They decided that they did n't. It goes without saying that, after that, nothing remained to be done except to bell the cat. And when the Senior Member refused, all refused with him.

'Oh, the devil!' said Olesen, 'I'll do it. I don't mind.'

With sighs of relief the petition was given into his care. It turned out to be a beautifully worded document, and it expounded an indictment which would have made the crimes of George the Third, as set forth in the Declaration of Independence, seem mere peccadilloes. It related as a sort of preamble a general philosophy of teaching English, which was broad enough to include everyone's opinion and vague enough to hurt no one's feelings. It then set

forth the peculiar sins of Charles Boynton Merryvale, one after another, and concluded with the pious wish that he would recognize his unimportance for the welfare of the department and, in short, get out.

Olesen was really happy when it was written; and although only a part of the department was present to sign, and that the younger part, he felt that he might submit the matter to the Head.

Poor Olesen!

The Head was seated in his famous armchair before his fire reading the *Nouveau Cuisinier Européen*, by Jules Breteuil, *ancien chef de cuisine*, when Olesen entered. If he knew the purpose of the call, he was determined not to show it, for he immediately began to talk.

'Olesen,' he said, putting his great hand on his subordinate's left shoulder and pushing him into a low chair from which it was next to impossible to arise without help, 'Olesen, you've come in the nick of time. I have just reached the paragraph on *marcassin rôti*. A *marcassin*, Olesen, is first cousin to our sucking pig — a sort of Thoreau among the edibles, living in the thickets, avoiding man, and always sneaking to the turnip-fields on moonlit nights when he wants something really good to eat. The *marcassin* is a delightful little beast; I have seen children playing with tame specimens in the village of Aillianville (Haute-Marne). It hurts one to kill him and eat him, much as it would hurt one to kill and eat a faun or a baby centaur; much as it would hurt one to attack any harmless animal, Olesen. Now the best manner, says Breteuil, of cooking the young *marcassin* is to get him while he is still at his mother's teat, to cut off his head, and wrap it in strong paper so that it may not lose its shape in the roasting; for, says our authority, "comme elle ne contient que peu de parties mangeables, elle n'a pas d'autre

destination que celle de donner à ce rôle une physionomie originale." In a like manner, my boy, we roast our enemies; we humans, torturing their bodies, but carefully preserving their heads, to set on pikes above our gates, that passers-by may see them and laugh. The weaker and sillier the adversary, the more careful we are to preserve the head; for we know that revenge from family or henchman is hardly likely. Did you ever cook a marcassin, Olesen?'

'No,' replied Olesen hoarsely, from the depths of his chair, feeling very hot from the fire and from rising shame.

'The art of cooking,' went on the Head mercilessly, 'is as delicate as that of miniature-painting and yet as strong as sculpture. But of all modes of cooking, roasting is the most primitive and, in its modern survivals, an inspiration toward atavism and barbarism. We should never roast. It is to cooking what obscenity is to humor, what the comic valentine is to satire. How much finer is this recipe, how much more advanced, than that to which we have just referred. "The ham of a wild boar," — I quote again from Breteuil, — "even when it comes from an animal killed in the height of the season, and hence is very fat, ought always to be garnished, row upon row, with bits of bacon of medium size, strongly seasoned with salt and pepper. The ham is then left in a bath highly charged with salt, bay leaves, thyme, sage, pepper-corns, and slices of large onions. Twice, or even thrice, ought the ham to be returned to this bath. Then, removing it, dry it well, sew it in white linen, and put it in the braising-pot with the bath in which it has been soaking, adding three or four carrots, as many onions stuck with cloves, two or three bay leaves," — O Delphic Apollo! — "a bouquet of herbs, and as much white wine of Graves, of Barsac, or of Sauterne if you choose, as will cover it com-

pletely." There, my lad, is the proper discipline for the human spirit. No mere application of coals to the quivering flesh, but baths of herbs and of wine, — *vin ordinaire* would have been better than those given by Breteuil, — and the tender solicitude of an artist for his work. Olesen, could our relations with men we dislike be as thoughtful and as humane as those of Jules Breteuil with foods, a happier civilization would be ours — a civilization where the comic spirit might prevail, wearing a sprig of thyme in his button-hole, where Savagery with bloody jaws would be exiled from the society of mortals to that purely allegorical realm where he belongs.'

Olesen put his two hands on the arms of his low chair and raised himself from its depths. He was blushing furiously and trying to control it.

The Head put his hand once more on his shoulder and steered him to the door.

'Good-bye,' he said, 'the next time you call I'll tell you how Breteuil describes a menu for thirty-six covers. Promise me that you have abandoned roasts forever.'

'Forever,' groaned Olesen in dejection. 'Good-bye, sir.'

The Head went back to his cookbook well satisfied with himself, singing in his nautical bass, —

'Sammy Smith would eat and drink  
From morning unto night;  
He filled his mouth so full of meat,  
It was a shameful sight.

'Sometimes he gave a book or toy  
For apple, cake, or plum;  
And grudged if any other boy  
Should taste a single crumb.'

But Olesen had no heart to sing. For the life of him he could not tell just what wrong he had been guilty of; but he felt that the Head, at any rate, knew, and the fact that the Head was disappointed in him, if he actually was

disappointed in him, hurt him terribly.

'No,' he said to himself, 'I have certainly not been roasted; I've been first browned on both sides with a little onion and fat, and left to simmer. — And as for Merryvale, he can go to the devil.'

And it is reported that he dropped the petition down the nearest sewer when no one was looking, and walked on, feeling like Christian after he had lost his burden.

Meanwhile Merryvale, happily unconscious of all this, was living his life out serenely and lecturing to his three sections of English I on sound-shiftings. He apparently knew nothing of the conspiracy against him; indeed, it would have been hard for him to believe that any of his colleagues had impudence enough to try to oust him. He knew, of course, that everyone was plotting to steal his ideas, his method, but never his job.

And yet one wonders that he was so fortified by his wall of egoism that he suspected nothing, even when the Head began to recommend him for new positions, ranging from Williamstown to Pomona. Not a vacancy arose but the Head put him down to fill it. But Merryvale's reply to these invitations, in tones as dutiful and as chilling as a martyr's, protested that high salary, elevated position, or increased power,

should not divert him from paying the debt that he owed to Winsodemia, where his method was first appreciated.

'In worldly things,' he said a little sadly, 'I am ill rewarded; but, oh, the richness of the prize in knowing that I have fulfilled my obligations to you.'

He looked gratefully at the Head.

The Head said, 'Hum,' and went away.

At the very end of the summer vacation came an offer from a Californian institution, which paid very well although it was not well known.

The Head wired Merryvale: —

'Appointment as Professor of English X—— College four thousand yearly chance for missionary work do not lose this opportunity for the Merryvale System.'

It did the work.

For the answer was not slow in coming. X—— College was soon possessed of a problem of its own. No one at Winsodemia dared breathe until the missionary was actually on his way. Then Olesen received a short note from the Head.

'Le repas est terminé; on achève le dessert; on attend le café. C'est à ce moment qu'il faut faire circuler le champagne mousseux et le vin d'Arbois. — BRETEUIL, p. 707.'

He felt much happier.

## CELLAR-HOLES

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

### I

Does anyone beside myself, I wonder, collect cellar-holes? You might suppose they would be a rather difficult thing to collect — outside of the battle region of France; but they are not, in my part of the world, at any rate. They might be somewhat cumbersome to assemble in one place, and somewhat crumbly also; but why should a collection be assembled in one place? Why not leave each choice piece in its original setting, and visit it from time to time as the mood invites? That is what I do with my cellar-holes. More than two hundred miles separate the northern and southern specimens, though the bulk of the collection is scattered in a portion of one county in my native state. I could visit nearly all of them in a day, if the roads were good. But the roads are not good; some, indeed, are as overgrown with verdure as the cellar-holes themselves, and can be negotiated only on foot. That assures me a privacy, however, which quite justifies my assumption of ownership.

I call them my cellar-holes because I alone visit them and treasure them and muse over their story when I know it, — which is not often, — or invent a story for them otherwise; an even more delightful occupation. Let other men rave of their first folios, their banister-back chairs, their Wedgwood urns, their Renaissance chests; give me my cellar-holes, bramble-edged and full of crumbling brick and rotten wood,

melancholy reminders, at the front of some ancient clearing by the forgotten road, of a vanished race, an altered civilization, lovely with fireweed, home now of a woodchuck, silent and wistful in face of the reinvading forest.

Would you like to visit some of my collection with me? You would, I am sure, if you were here on a glorious summer day, when the lazy cumuli pile into Himalayan summits against the blue, and the sunshine pours like a golden flood let loose down our lush green valley, between the long ranges of brooding hills; or, still more, if you were here when autumn has stung the air and touched the swamps with red, the mountain woods with brown and gold. It is not in a museum, under a filtered light, that my collection is displayed, but in the wide and windy open, where trees bow and toss, or the soft surges of the summer breeze roll across the feathery grass of abandoned clearings. So, if you are ready, let us go first to the House of the Pink Lustre Tea-set.

We climb a long hill to reach it, out of the valley town with its industries, its shops, its movie theatre, six miles or more into the hills, where we reach another town, older than that in the valley but scarce a tenth its size and hushed with the sleep of forgetfulness. Not far beyond this village, where the ancient houses regard each other somnolently and with the indifference of the very aged across an elm-hung green,

we shall have to abandon our car, and resort to a method of locomotion to which the modern man is becoming painfully unaccustomed: we shall have to walk. There is still climbing to be done, also, though you might suppose we had already reached the top of the world. But in a few moments I shall tell you to look back, and you will see the Catskills huddled against the far horizon, lifting their patient domes above the haze that forever hangs about their feet.

Our path now takes us past a pond in the woods, through a grove of smooth gray beeches, through hemlocks and pines, and presently emerges into what was once a road. You will know it was a road because through the trees on either side — which meet overhead — run two bounding walls of mossy stones, piled once with care and precision, but now falling here and there into fern-tangled heaps. We will now follow this road, wherever it takes us — over a crest, down into a swampy hollow where the alders meet to form a barrier that we have to lift up with our hands, up a crest again, and suddenly into a partial clearing, where sugar-maples sentinel the way in regular formation — a sure sign to the collector to look for a cellar-hole.

Nor is it hard to find. The old house was close to the road. A step from that huge marble door-stone, between the twin lilac trees, and the dwellers touched hands with the passer-by. The marble door-stone is still in place, but there is no door. The whole front wall, one of the side walls, and the entire rear, lie rotting with the roof in the cellar-hole, and a sturdy young poplar is growing up through the kitchen. But the huge central chimney stands, as high up, almost, as the vanished second story; and on its two sides, and at the rear, we can still see the marble-backed fireplaces which

heated the dwelling. That in the west front room — quite evidently the living-room — still has clinging around it the gray, weathered mantel-frame, with a bit of the hand-wrought moulding yet in place. A portion of the west wall of this room still stands, also, with its two moulded window-caps: and where the corner of the room was, one side backed to the remnant of wall, one side backed to vacancy and an exploring bittersweet vine, rises in forlorn dignity an elaborate corner cupboard! It is a lovely, soft, furry gray from its weathering. The lower doors have dropped into the cellar. The moulded cornice and cap have almost disintegrated. But the fluted pilasters at the sides are still erect, still beautiful in their grace of line and dignity of proportion — a bit of Colonial architectural craftsmanship rising like a strange flower here in the silent wilderness. There are four gracefully recurving and swelling shelves in the upper part of the cupboard, beneath the rotted scallop-shell. On one a squirrel has left a litter of hazel-nut shells. And now do you see why I call this my House of the Pink Lustre Tea-set?

From that great fireplace, almost a century and a half ago, the firelight danced, and glinted on the china in the white corner cupboard. Then this road we have come upon was a highway between two towns which were the most prosperous in all our county. Far from being poverty-stricken wilderness pioneers, the men and women who built and adorned this house were successful farmers, who knew the virtue of fine woodwork, solid furniture, handsome china. Successful? Did they and their neighbors not lend the money which built the first church and town house in what is now our largest city? And at a comfortable rate of interest, you may be sure! Past their door

rode these same neighbors to church and market. At night, at the sound of a horse's hoofs down the road, the door was thrown open, no doubt, and friend or traveler saw a red-gold rectangle of firelight stream out through the dark; and, as he drew near and looked within, caught the warm glint of the pink lustre tea-set, ranged in the corner cupboard. In the great fireplace at the back of that chimney the kettles hung, the baker stood, the porridge was warm on the trivet. It may be that into this same rectangle of light, one night in 1775, too excited to notice the glint on the lustre, rode the messenger who shouted the news of Lexington. I like to think that he passed at night, leaving excitement behind him, and perhaps the figure of a man taking down his gun from the mantel.

It has been fifteen years now since that road was used by anyone but the deer. It has been many more since anyone lived in the house. That is a long time, under the battering of our winter storms, the attack of our tree-seeds and trailers and brambles. I have poked and poked amid the rotting débris in the cellar-hole for some tiniest fragment of the pink lustre, but none have I found. Probably it was carefully packed and moved away, long, long ago. Yet sometimes, when the afternoon sun comes flickering in through the great decaying maples and warms the soft gray of the old corner cupboard to a faded gold, I think I see the teapot glisten.

## II

While we are in this particular section of the hill-country, perhaps you will not mind a tramp of ten or fifteen miles, to see the Hole of the House of God and the House of the Secret Vault.

Following the abandoned road we are already upon, we shall come in time into a road that is not abandoned — though, were you in a car, especially if it were your own car, you might think that it ought to be. This road takes us to the ancient village green of what was once our most prosperous town. It crests the world, at an altitude of 1700 feet, and the very dirt of the highway has followed the inhabitants down into the valley, leaving a long stretch of naked rock to mark the road. In this village were once, a century ago, four stores, three churches, and a town hall. At least, so I am told by the ancient gazetteers. I have discovered one of the stores, now occupied by hay, and the cellar-hole of the last church to remain standing. The rest are quite gone. Of the fine Colonial dwellings, two are evidently used at times as summer homes. One is the residence of a family of Polish Jews. The rest are abandoned and falling into desolate decay. Between two of them — one, no doubt, formerly the parsonage — a flight of marble steps leads up to a broad door-stone, and you step from that — into the cellar-hole of the church. This edifice burned not many years ago, and thoroughly, so there is no pile of rotting timbers in the hole; only pink fireweed and a few charred beams.

You look across the cavity and the clearings behind it, — now growing up to weeds and scrub birch, — over mile after mile of rolling hills and shadowed ravines, country almost as forlorn as this in the immediate neighborhood — all because Stevenson invented the locomotive, and this country is seventeen miles from the nearest railroad. A fine and sturdy civilization came up here and conquered these hill-tops, bringing the graces of architecture, the strength and sanctions of religion. And now they have gone back again,

like a wave that rises only to recede. Their cellar-holes are their monuments. I have often been moved to preach from those marble steps, with the fireweed for congregation; but the inhabitant of the village, coming into his front yard with the dog, invariably discouraged me with his suspicious glances. When he, too, becomes discouraged and moves away, I shall have the village quite to myself.

I could take you to the House of the Secret Vault by several roads, each worse than the other, and more beautiful with meadow rue, with cardinal flowers, with fringed gentian, with boneset and asters and goldenrod in season, and none without its cellar-holes. But let us consider that we have arrived, a little footsore and weary and hot, and sink down for a moment in the shade of the dooryard maple, amid the riot of day-lily leaves, to look at the graceful Colonial door-frame and the palladian window above. Yes, I have deceived you — this is not a cellar-hole — not yet. The house still stands, after a fashion, though you wonder how it manages it. The only cellar-hole is that of the barn, almost swallowed up by the forest, across the dim remnants of a road. But the interest of the old dwelling must be my excuse. It was quite evidently a fine house, even for its day, here in a hill-top farming country, many, many miles from any city or even any considerable town. Its architecture indicates that it was probably not built till after the Revolution: the details are too refined and delicate. Yet it is erected around a huge central chimney, not of brick but of field stone, which is, of course, the secret of how the house can remain standing with one side wall gone, a gaping hole in the roof, and half the sills rotted quite away.

It took me some time to discover a

path to the attic. I felt like the explorer of some new Alpine peak. Entering the front door, we can get up the first flight of stairs in comparative safety; but the attic stairs are at the rear, and to reach them it is necessary to creep around the outside of a chamber, hanging on by the window-sills, and then walking the one (relatively) sound beam which leads to the attic stairway.

The floor of the attic is wet and mouldy, but tolerably sound. It is made of wide boards, and in lifting the loose end of one of them, beside the chimney, to see how thick it was (it was a two-inch plank, no less!), I discovered the Secret Vault. Beneath the board, I saw that the chimney flared out nearly two feet. As there was no fireplace in the room below to account for this flare, and no apparent need of such a buttress, I investigated further. A large, flat stone forming the top incline of the buttress yielded to my tugging, lifted up, and disclosed a vault, about eighteen inches in diameter, and running down to the floor of the second story below. It was not a smoke-house, for there was no flue at top or bottom. It could hardly have been used for drying purposes, for the inner wall of the chimney was too thick to let much heat through, at this height from the fires. Inside it were a few iron hooks, however, as if to hang things upon. I went back into the room beneath. There was no inlet from there, and no indication that any such vault was concealed in the chimney. It could be discovered only by lifting a board in the attic, and prying off an innocent-appearing stone, which might easily have been made to look secure with a bit of mortar dust.

I have tried in vain to find the true history of this house, preferring in so curious a matter the facts to any fiction. Its secret seems long ago to have

been lost. No one knows about the secret vault. None, indeed, had ever seen or heard of such a contrivance anywhere. Perhaps the inhabitants of this house kept their secret so well that it was never known. Valuables in this stone receptacle would have been quite as secure from fire as in any safe manufactured in those early days; and certainly no burglar could have got to them without arousing the family, even had he discovered the hiding-place. As a specimen of Yankee ingenuity, this vault is unique in my experience. Is n't it worth a walk up the winding old road, through the weed-grown clearings and the invading woods, where the gentians grow almost in the wheel-ruts and a brook comes down to tinkle a welcome?

### III

That will be all of my collection we shall see this day, for we are yet a good eight miles from the spot where we left our car, and four from any spot where our car could have been driven with safety to meet us. To-morrow, however, let us go to the House where the Little Poets Looked Down on the Valley World.

Again we leave a pleasant village on the plain and climb steadily for six miles, rising more than a thousand feet, through a water-worn gorge in the abrupt and heavily wooded mountainside, with the tumbling brook ever beside us, now far below the road and lifting up its voice from the shadows of the hemlocks, now almost laving the wheel-ruts. Halfway up, a spring gushes from a bank, amid a bed of maiden-hair, and a mossy hollowed log conducts its water into a yet mossier wooden trough. Just as the road at last breaks over the final 'thank-you-marm,' and enters on an upland plateau quite invisible from the valley, you will note again the tell-tale formal

planting of aged maples by the wayside, and the no less tell-tale banks of day-lily spears. There is an old orchard here, too, across the road, in what was once a clearing, the poor, neglected trees still struggling bravely to renew their life in a wilderness of suckers from the base of the dead branches.

Just back of the largest maples, where the day lilies mass in profusion, is the cellar-hole. An entire colony of young trees has started up in the bottom. No trace of woodwork is left. The house has all gone back to compost, save the foundation stones. Yet here, and not so long ago, either, as time runs, books were once written — books of poetry by two little girls, which were published by a famous firm in New York and read by all our parents. The little girls knew little of life; they wrote about the flowers, the trees, the coming of spring, of summer, the first reds of autumn, the first winter storms. Standing here on their doorstep, beneath the maples, they looked back down the deep ravine, — more easily than we can do to-day, for the clearing was larger, — and saw life, not only as something adult and beyond their experience, but as something far away and far below, something lived under a faint haze down there on the valley floor. You will find a hint of this now and again in their poems, as always you will find the suggestion of their mother's presence behind them, their mother who loved flowers and whose hands, no doubt, set out the first clumps of these day lilies which have now preëmpted a whole section of the roadside. I dug a clump of them up one spring, and transplanted it into my garden, in remembrance of that strange flowering of the arts on the bleak hilltop a generation ago. I call them my literary lilies. The lilies and the cellar-hole are all that is left of Sky Farm.



The House of the Little Old Lady in Trousers is not on the mountain. It is on a hill, to be sure, but a foot-hill rolling up from the valley floor, where it looks across two miles of fertile fields to the great, wooded rampart of our dominating summit. This was a fine house once, as you can see by the front wall, which is all that is left standing. No shell struck this dwelling, no bomb descended through the roof, but only the slow, relentless bombardment of the storms. Four-square, with fluted door-posts, elaborately moulded cornice, fine and dignified proportions, the old house was a monument to some carpenter-builder of the 1790's or thereabouts, and, no doubt, the pride of its owner's heart. Now all but the gray ruin of one wall lies heaped in the cellar-hole, and out behind, in the last remnants of an outhouse, the Old Lady in Trousers keeps her cow, living herself in a shanty down the road, though this be her ancestral mansion. The reason? Ah, there are many; but chief, no doubt, the lure of the cities. A few generations of the best blood drawn off, weariness, laziness, shiftlessness left behind, slow poverty and no repairs, and the little old lady at last, with her high, screaming voice, her harmless eccentricities of dress, finds grazing for her cow in the ancient garden and kindlings in her best parlor. It is said that two corner cupboards went down in the crash when the roof caved in. I have more than once attempted to delve their shattered fragments out; but the old lady is spry in her trousers, and so far I have always been driven off, much to my chagrin, for I do not relish sharing proprietorship in my cellar-holes.

It is but a step — two or three miles — to the last treasure I shall show you, the House of the Old Man who Forgot his Kettle. We walk straight across country to the state highway at the

foot of the mountain wall, and turn, apparently, up the drive to an expensive and expansive summer estate. But in reality this is an old town road, though nobody uses it but the owners of the estate. As soon as we have passed the house, the road becomes a dim track through the woods, headed straight for the mountain cliffs, and soon begins to climb sharply, used, apparently, in spring by a snow-water brook. After half a mile or so, it comes into one of those tell-tale clearings on a bit of shelf, with ancient pear and apple trees instead of maples, and in the door-yard in summer a great creamy snowdrift of spiræa — a spiræa which comes up annually from the roots, its foliage resembling the shoots of raspberries, and which has here persisted and taken exclusive possession of a considerable area. The road goes on up the mountain, ultimately reaching the summit plateau a thousand feet above. In the brave days of old, such a road evidently held no terrors; but it was long since abandoned for an easier way, and, when it passed, the day of this farm which clung beside it passed, also. The last dweller here was an old man. He moved at length down to his son's house in the valley, and the forest settled to its work of closing in upon his clearings, the storms to their work of reducing his dwelling to its original soil — not to dust, but rich brown humus, out of which the new timber is already springing.

But your true collector of cellar-holes must, of course, always rummage; who knows what he may turn up? Once I walked around the rim of a cellar-hole where the house had recently burned, and picked up nearly all the hand-wrought shutter hinges, in good condition, where they had dropped out of the burning walls. Here at the old man's house, naturally, I dug up at once a great clump of the spiræa, and

then went foraging further. There was nothing in the cellar-hole but the rusted remnants of a sheet-iron stove. But behind the house a dim path persisted, and led to a little spring hole against the mountain wall, and beside it the stoned entrance to a root cellar, dug into the bank. This entrance had once been equipped with a door. The door now lay on the ground, overgrown with Virginia creeper and blackberry vines. Poking the vines aside, I saw with delight the ancient arrow-pointed strap hinges still clinging to the rotted wood. They lifted easily off. Then I went inside the now roofless cellar. The walls were damp and green. It was quite empty, I thought. But I poked a pile of rubbish on the floor, and the pile gave forth a sound. Lo, beneath it was an iron pot, a round, three-footed pot, the very pot to hang on a crane, the very pot that once hung on a crane! That it would hold water was evident from the fact that it was holding water. The old man had forgotten it. I blessed his memory, and his cellar-hole, as I went back down the brook-washed road, laden with pot and hinges and spiræa. As I left, the shadow of the mountain wall had dusked the clearing, and the hermits were beginning to sing. But out over the valley to the east the sunlight was still at golden ebb.

Do you find the collecting of cellar-holes a melancholy occupation? I cannot find it so. Some of them, to be sure, represent a beauty of craftsmanship that it is sad to think of as destroyed. But for the most part they represent, after all, a pioneering into high, stubborn country that was not, in the long run, adapted for farming and the graces of community life, but for forests and ranges. The inevitable readjustment of society has left them stranded and abandoned. But they are brave, brambled records of the pioneers who bred us — tough men who could swing an axe, hew a beam, yet hold a chisel delicately and forge a hinge into a thing of beauty; tough women, too, who had no furnaces in their cellars, but who stood lustre tea-sets proudly in graceful, pillared cupboards, and planted lilies by the door, and taught their daughters to lisp in numbers. Indeed, there are many things less stimulating to collect than Yankee cellar-holes — such as postage-stamps, for instance; and in no other museum than mine will you hear the hermit thrushes sing, and the whispering of the summer wind in the ancient, guardian maples, and the tinkle of the spring as it runs away down the mountain — to store the reservoirs on the plain for us moderns who have resigned ourselves to easier lowland ways.

# WHAT DO COLLEGE STUDENTS KNOW?

BY PAUL V. WEST

WHAT do college students know? It may be considered the worst kind of skepticism for one to intimate that these representatives of the coming generation, — coming so closely that they step on the heels of us older ones and imperiously demand that we either run or get out of the way of those who can run, — that these may not know it all. But there has been a growing feeling among many of my profession, whose duty and pleasure it is to guide the young idea through detailed mysteries of mazy subjects, that there are gaps, sometimes very large and ominous gaps, in their body of things known — gaps which suggest the possibility and need of further accretions. For a few of us, at least, this feeling has been transmuted into positive conviction.

An information test recently given to a good-sized representative college group, chosen at random from among the different classes and sexes, revealed such interesting facts regarding the content of their minds as to stimulate some concern on the part of their instructors, and, in the case of a few at least, to suggest a problem as well as insinuate a doubt — a most wholesome attitude on the part of instructors, by the way. Here is what was discovered, in part.

Simple biological facts that are supposed to be in common knowledge and parlance are outside the mental realm of many of the college students, or are confused within it. Four per cent of them would be willing to ask a dairyman if his cows are Leghorns. And

when we discover that six per cent do not know what an artichoke is, while six more assert it to be a fish, three a lizard, and one, no doubt thinking of the strangling powers (choke) of a boa constrictor, claims it as denoting a snake, we cannot but wonder in what world these sixteen per cent received their information — or lack of it. But we receive a real shock when we discover that a chameleon is voted a member of the bird, insect, and fish families by twenty-three per cent, four per cent, and four per cent of the group, respectively; while another thirteen per cent give up the problem of classification as a thing impossible; so that one can safely say that only a little over one half of the number really know that a chameleon is a reptile that changes its color but not its genus. Thirty per cent do not know the location of the thyroid gland, and either refuse to detail their ignorance concretely, or place it indiscriminately in the shoulder, head, or abdomen, that handy receptacle for all physiological *x*'s and *y*'s. One daring soul even had the audacity to state that rubber is made of hides.

Geography does not make any better showing; in fact, even a lower grade of recognition is here exhibited. It need not affect the world's happiness greatly if a certain third of our student body would take a liner for China if their destination were Tokio, for the name of this Oriental city does sound Chinesey, and it is a personal matter, anyway; and, besides, this method of instruction would be effective and according to

sound pedagogical principles. But it would be a decided affront to some of our time-honored American institutions if they should learn that out of one hundred students who wish to attend Yale University, four would have to look in the atlas to know what part of the world they were bound for, while six would purchase railway fares for Ithaca, and thirty-six would proceed blithely on their way to Cambridge. But once arrived in New England, two of them would be forced to the discovery that Boston is not a city of Maine, and one would find, not without surprise, that Massachusetts, instead of Connecticut, claims the honor of harboring 'the Hub.' Such are the educational possibilities of travel. Our Tokio-bound friends would in the same manner perhaps encounter a *bona-fide* Korean in the course of their Oriental travels, and henceforth be led to classify him as a biped of the *genus homo* rather than a quadruped of some mysterious creation.

History might also benefit from such a migration of college students. In the course of their wanderings through the sacred land of our colonial forbears, it is to be hoped that some proud citizen, or some less loquacious though equally proud statue, would inform some fourteen per cent of them that the battle of Lexington was fought, not in 1620, or in 1864, nay, not even in 1812, as they would ordinarily assert, but in 1775; for many a student now alive scarcely remembers that day and year. Very modern history, *à la* the newspaper, needs some stress also among the nineteen per cent who do not know that Bulgaria was an ally of Germany in the Big War.

Literature evidently has something to answer for in the way it has treated our students. It has jealously laid claim to Darwin as a literary master instead of a scientist in the minds of thir-

teen per cent, while another fifteen per cent would take from John Wesley his laurels in the field of religion and transfer them to literature. We ought not to blame too harshly that ten per cent who give Poe the credit for writing *The Scarlet Letter*, or the four who attribute it to Kipling; for, after all, the title is suggestive of the temper of either rather than of a mild man like Hawthorne. Fifty-eight out of a hundred students do not read periodicals and newspapers enough to know Arthur Brisbane as a journalist, some forty-three preferring to classify him as a comic artist, actor, or athlete.

When college students do not recognize the names or places of production of commonly advertised commodities, such as shoes, automobiles, tobaccos, typewriters, movie actresses, and the like, it is of concern chiefly to the advertising manager whose business it is to get such information across; but as a matter of protection to the repute of the few great ones of our generation, why not periodically lead the college student through art galleries, chambers of state, and halls of fame, so that none of them would be unfamiliar, say, with the name and work of Rodin, rather than have fifty-eight per cent classify him as a painter, composer, or poet?

Why not diamonds born in the bosom of the oyster? Why not, indeed? It would be a far more poetic genesis than in the depths of a dirty dugout at Kimberley, at least, in the thought of one. And, after all, does one need to know where the pretties come from, in order to own them and enjoy them?

What do college students know? Which query we may counter with another — what should they know? We surely cannot expect any one student, let alone all, to have every possible item of information detailed and indexed in his frontal lobe for ready reference. We

should not be perceptibly saddened if one of our most brilliant seniors should fail in one point, or even in ten points, in an exhaustive examination on the contents of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. We are constantly giving information tests in our daily work, and are gladly surprised, indeed, if even seventy to ninety per cent of the news notes of our particular fields remain after repeated reiteration as a part of the learner's mental pabulum, even through the periodic ordeal of examination week.

All knowledge is rather relative, it is true; and what may be considered essential for one generation is apt to be eliminated by the next in favor of a totally new body of information. But we are disappointed and mystified when we discover that our group has no clear hold upon points of information which we feel should be common to all; we do not like the insinuation that this high-class body of real or prospective citizens is not, after all, representative of even the average well-informed mass of our citizenship, from which they come and with which they will have to do. These young folk have spent, on an average, over twelve years in public schools before coming to our halls, and in that time have managed to devour much public money, have worn many hours away, have exhausted the rich patience of administrators, and have made heavy draughts on instructional energy. When they enter college life, these same individuals are generally regarded as the cream of the public-school group, which has struggled through all molecular interferences and against the force of gravitation until it has risen to

the top; it is useless to pursue the analogy further.

Anyway, we have good-naturedly taken the general mental content of our Freshmen for granted, have assumed that they have been taught, at least, to keep in touch with life and become acquainted with the free facts that float so familiarly on its surface, as well as with those that have been formally presented in classrooms. And it is always a shock for us to realize that quite a large percentage of those who enter and pursue college courses have learned neither the one nor the other. A chief difficulty just now is undoubtedly this: there is no body of material which is recognized as essential for everyone to know, and undoubtedly there was never a time when such a confused mass of information was available.

Students repeatedly excuse their deficiency in current knowledge by the statement: 'Our college work keeps us so busy that we have no time to read the newspapers and magazines.' Which naturally suggests a greater emphasis on the college responsibility of keeping the student interest in such phases of information thoroughly aroused. These older boys and girls are for the most part quite as human as the rest of us, and so manage to give attention enough to matters of primary interest. Students are being taught to answer quite glibly academic questions of a decidedly erudite character, while at the same time they are losing contact with the vital world about them. Seriously, we ought to know to what an extent this condition exists, and meet the issue sanely and efficiently.

## CONCERNING BROWNIE

BY NANCY BYRD TURNER

LET scoffers doubt it if they will —  
Too real a little chap he moved,  
And ran and romped, and wagged and loved,  
Not to be somewhere still.  
Granted he did not have a soul,  
There's surely some reward of merit  
For having such a trustful spirit,  
A friendship so heart-whole.

Of course he could not hope for heaven,  
— He might not look on seraphim, —  
But, somehow, I believe there's given  
A place his Maker meant for him;  
That if we saw with clearer eyes,  
And deeper mysteries had learned,  
His small brown form might be discerned  
Safe in some humble paradise.

Perched, cheerful, in a cozy niche  
(Most like his cherished window-seat,  
Cushioned and comforting) from which  
He gazes on the pleasant street,  
A wise and watchful wrinkle wearing  
While all the old-time folk go post;  
And pricks a prideful ear, at last,  
And, all ecstatic, sets about  
A celebrating tail — keen hearing  
The fall of dear familiar feet.

I cannot find it in my creed,  
Yet very plain it seems to me  
That, off, away at topmost speed,  
Afire with hospitality,  
He deems himself, and is, indeed,  
The little dog he used to be.

# THE FALSE PRIDE OF JAPAN

BY JAMES D. PHELAN

## I

ANYONE who has read Lothrop Stoddard and Madison Grant, whose books graphically describe 'the rising tide of color,' and who show historically the constant pressure of Asiatic populations upon Caucasian civilization, must regard the Japanese question in a much broader, more humanitarian and patriotic light than does your contributor, Henry W. Kinney, in the December *Atlantic*. Mr. Kinney feels qualified, by virtue of his former residence and activities in the Hawaiian Islands, to pronounce the serious judgment, — by implication, at any rate, — that Asiatics are not harmful to American communities and are potentially assimilable, both by intermarriage and by education, with the Caucasian race; and that the process of Americanization will be only a matter of time.

Mr. Kinney says that the objections to the Japanese are twofold: 'one based on purely economic grounds and the other, on the belief that he [the Japanese] is not, because of racial and national characteristics, capable of absorbing American ideals and standards.' He adds: "An ideal opportunity for investigation is, however, afforded by the Territory of Hawaii, where the various races live side by side.' He practically rests his case upon Hawaii, because he says that 'if a group of any race or nationality cannot in Hawaii demonstrate its capacity for American citizenship, its case may well be considered hopeless.'

In 1916, I visited the Hawaiian Islands and had some opportunities for study and observation. I have supplemented my information by intimate conversations with representative citizens of Hawaii, who have visited Washington and have expressed themselves in hearings before the committees of Congress. One gentleman, in whose judgment I have great confidence and who has had abundant opportunities for observation, told me that, when Mr. Kinney left Hawaii for Japan, there was apparently no 'Japanese question' in Hawaii. There is one now, and it is not complicated with the ownership of land, as in California. The Japanese question in Hawaii grows out of the preponderance of this nationality in the Islands, not out of their absorption of the soil. The Japanese in Hawaii form approximately 44 per cent of the population, and they are increasing so rapidly that, within a short time, citizens of Japanese parentage will be in a position to control the electorate. They take citizenship under the Federal Constitution. Whether such a condition is to be viewed with alarm would seem, in Mr. Kinney's opinion, to depend upon whether these Japanese-American citizens are being assimilated and are growing up with traditional American ideals.

The Japanese began migrating to Hawaii in 1885. During all this time Hawaii has maintained a compulsory school-system modeled upon the American system. If there is any evidence of

the Japanese having become Americanized, it is yet to be discovered. They do not associate with white people to any extent, nor do the white people show any disposition to associate with them.

Even where Japanese children have been brought up under American influences and have been educated in American schools and colleges, there is no close association between them.

Some of the factors against the Americanization of the Japanese — if such a thing is possible under any conditions — have been the maintenance, by the Japanese, of their own schools and the support of religious organizations and Japanese vernacular newspapers. These schools, newspapers, and churches have exercised a most potent influence upon the Japanese, and they have always taught, written, and preached loyalty to Japan and reverence to her institutions and culture. All Japanese children attend the Japanese language-schools, which are conducted by Japanese teachers sent out from Japan. It is true that the legislature of Hawaii recently undertook partially to control these schools; but it failed. No legislation can control the teachings in the Japanese Buddhist churches. It is well known that the bishops of the Buddhist churches, or missions, are the personal representatives of the head priests of different sects in Japan. The Hongwanji Head Priest is a member of the Japanese royal family, and wields great power. The Hongwanji mission in Hawaii exercises a commanding influence upon the Japanese there; and it is said that the bishop is quite as important, in his own way, as the Japanese consul. It would be puerile to assert that the Hongwanji mission, or any other Buddhist institution in Hawaii, would teach anything but loyalty to Japan.

Mr. Kinney says that, while the past offers no evidence that the Japanese is assimilable through intermarriage, it

offers no evidence that he is not, and the question can be answered only by the future. How many years does Mr. Kinney think necessary to prove that the Japanese are not assimilable through intermarriage, or education? Since 1885, the Japanese have been coming to Hawaii in large numbers. It is hardly accurate to say, as he does, that a great proportion of them are plantation laborers. There are about 120,000 Japanese in Hawaii, not half of whom work on plantations or in the skilled or semi-skilled occupations. The others are engaged in all lines of business. And yet, how many marriages have there been between the Japanese and other races? It is safe to say that they can be counted on the fingers of both hands.

As to his statement that other races in Hawaii — notably the Portuguese — have not intermarried, the fact is that the Portuguese men and women have intermarried with every other nationality in Hawaii, with the exception of the Japanese and Chinese. As a matter of fact, Japanese men prefer women of their own race, and particularly those brought up in Japan, where a married woman has few rights of her own and where divorces may be granted almost for the asking. Japanese girls born in Hawaii complain bitterly that Japanese men send to Japan for their brides. Rather than marry a girl brought up with the possible taint of Americanism, the men prefer to take their brides unseen and unknown, but with the realization that they will be purely Japanese, and that they will be content to occupy the very subordinate position of a Japanese wife in her native country.

If other proof or evidence is needed that the Japanese in Hawaii have not become assimilated or Americanized, it is necessary only to refer to the reports of the United States Department of Labor since 1901. The Department is required to make periodical investiga-



tions and reports concerning the commercial, industrial, social, and educational conditions of the labor classes in Hawaii. The first of these was made in 1901; and this and subsequent ones have nearly all been made by a man who is known throughout the United States as an economist and a skilled investigator, and who, because of residence in Hawaii for an extended period, was well qualified for the work.

In 1901 the report says:—

The Japanese, with his inherited reverence for the authority of his government, is not a free agent in the social or industrial world, and does not sever himself from the influence of his native rulers when he passes beyond the sphere of their political control. . . . Aside from their religion, patriotism alone is a potent influence in keeping the Japanese loyal to their own national institutions. They coöperate and make considerable sacrifices to maintain schools where their children can be taught in their mother-tongue, in accordance with the customs and beliefs of Japan. . . . European immigrants are assimilated into this American life as readily as in any other part of the Union.

Up to the present time the Asiatic has had only an economic value in the social equation. . . . In some respects they [the Japanese] might make desirable citizens, as they readily adopt occidental habits; but they do not amalgamate with Caucasians and are intensely alien in their sympathies, religions and customs.

In 1906, the report says:—

There is no indication as yet that they [the Japanese] will amalgamate with Caucasians. In religion as well as in race they will differ totally and permanently from ourselves and retain their kinship with another country.

And in 1916:—

They [the Japanese] maintain their national characteristics and allegiance very stubbornly, and transmit them to their children born in Hawaii. Their Americanization is as yet on the surface, and it has not touched their hearts.

With regard to Mr. Kinney's comparison of the morals of the Japanese with those of the people of the United States, somewhat to the disadvantage of the latter, this much should be said. Whether Japanese suffer in comparison with whites in point of morals depends entirely upon whether you are considering the subject from the standpoint of occidental or oriental standards.

Among the Japanese, the girl is taught that obedience and loyalty, not chastity, are the supreme virtues, which must be preserved at the sacrifice of all other and lesser virtues. She is trained to believe that, for the good of the father or husband, she must be willing to meet any danger or endure any dishonor. Nothing belonging to her is of any importance compared with the good of her husband, her family, or her country. Japanese public opinion does not look upon professional prostitution with the repugnance that it inspires in Christian countries. The reason lies very largely in the fact that these women are seldom free agents, many of them being sold in childhood into this form of slavery. It is not by virtue of any Japanese influence that the condition of these people has been somewhat ameliorated; but it came about through the agitation of a Christian organization—the Salvation Army; and a law was passed making it less difficult for them to free themselves. Concubinage also is common in Japan.

The Yoshiwara and the concubinage systems may be highly moral in the eyes of Japanese. In whatever light we may view them, they certainly offer a sufficient explanation of the non-existence of marriages of Anglo-Saxon women with Japanese men. What American girl would tolerate the bringing into her household of concubines, or face the possibility of her child being sold into slavery at the instance of the male parent. Yet such things happen.

Mr. Kinney asks, and then answers,

the question: 'How deep does Americanization of Hawaiian-born American citizens of Japanese parentage go? This question was largely answered by the response made by them during the war, when they eagerly sought to enlist, and when the number of those who waived exemption was, I believe, greater than that of citizens of American parentage. . . . There can be little doubt that, while there may be exceptions, the American citizens of Japanese birth are and will be loyal.'

That his statements are entirely unfounded can be shown from the records of the Selective Service Draft. The Japanese-American citizens had their option of enlisting or being drafted, as in the case of all other citizens. Before the draft they had the opportunity of joining the National Guard of Hawaii, which had more members in proportion to the population of that territory than the Guard of any American state; and it is well known that the number of Japanese in the National Guard was less than 25 per cent of the number of Filipinos, and the total of Filipinos in the Territory did not exceed 20,000. As to the waiving of the alienage exemption, the records of the Selective Service Draft completely refute Mr. Kinney's statement, and show that the Japanese did not to any considerable extent waive their exemption.

During the recent strike of Japanese plantation laborers, which the sugar-planters of Hawaii and public opinion there branded as national or racial, the newspapers in Honolulu carried many stories of the speeches and statements made by Japanese leaders who were men of education and intelligence. Some of them were American citizens by virtue of their birth. One of the editorials in the leading newspaper in Honolulu said:—

But as for those, the great majority, of Japanese who think they can come to an

American territory and do as they please, flout American Institutions, show disrespect to the American flag, insolently affront the American citizenry, and make a mockery of the ideals and standards of life that we cherish, we have no patience with them. We have been entirely too tolerant of them, and as a result they have come to think we are afraid of them.

We are not afraid of them any more than the American Government is afraid of that of Japan. If they want to remain among us, it behooves them to respect, not only our laws, but our institutions and beliefs.

Honolulu citizens, during the recent strike, inserted in the Honolulu papers advertisements stating that among the methods adopted by the Japanese leaders to keep the strike alive were the following:—

The ostracism of Japanese who returned to work, and the publishing of their photographs and advertising their names here and in Japan. According to the advertisements these men will not be recognized hereafter as members of any social organization, and every member of the Japanese Federation is forbidden to have any relationship with them. Advertisements are printed in all the Japanese papers here, as well as in the laborer's home town in Japan. Inflammatory speeches made by the leaders. Wholesale condemnation of Americans and bitter denunciation of all things American. The older married men of the Japanese strikers have told the managers that it is the younger element of the Japanese—those born here into American citizenship—who are the most radical among the agitators.

The Honolulu papers during the crisis contained accounts of the speeches of some of the leaders, of which the following is an example. 'The Americans, in our eyes, are people of low and inferior sentiments. They are wild beasts, and we will show them that Japanism will always be successful in any attempt that we Japanese make.'

The recent occurrences in Hawaii have demonstrated beyond question that, when an appeal is made to the

Japanese national spirit, no influence that may be brought to bear will swerve a Japanese from the course which is dictated by his leaders.

This, substantially, is the view I get from an informed Hawaiian-American citizen.

Possibly there are American citizens of Japanese parentage living in Hawaii who are loyal to the United States, and would continue loyal in a dispute with Japan; but let us hope that the time may never come when their loyalty will be put to the test.

And, if we turn to the testimony given by the present Governor of the Territory, Honorable Charles J. McCarthy, by Senator Wise of the Territorial Legislature, Mr. Shingle, and others, at a hearing before the Committee on Immigration of the United States Senate, February 28, 1920, we shall find that my informant's words are corroborated and that the following astonishing facts are developed.

'The public schools of the Territory,' the Governor testified, 'where forty-five per cent of the children are Japanese, close at two o'clock; and then, at three o'clock, the students go back to the Japanese schools, where they remain until five o'clock. In the Japanese school-books, my understanding is that the Japanese Emperor is their God, and they look to the Emperor for everything — their loyalty, fealty, and patriotism are all owing to the Emperor; and they teach that in the higher-class textbooks.' He testified also that the teachers in the Japanese schools were brought from Japan; and, when a bill was introduced in the legislature to require them to speak, read, and write the English language and to be versed in American history and institutions, the Japanese effected the defeat of the measure, in one way or another. The Governor bore witness also to the fact that 'Japanese do not intermarry; they keep by them-

selves; they come Japanese, and might remain there a thousand years and still remain Japanese.'

And even Dr. Sidney L. Gulick, Japanese apologist, author of numerous books on the Japanese question, lecturer in the Imperial University of Japan, has frankly written to the same effect in his volume, *The American-Japanese Problem*, from which I quote the following: —

The mere fact, accordingly, of American birth, public-school education, and the requisite age should not be regarded as adequate qualification for the suffrage; for it is to be remembered that, during the entire period of schooling, not only have they been in Oriental homes, but the Japanese at heart have been diligently drilled in Japanese schools by Japanese teachers, many of whom have little acquaintance and no sympathy with American institutions or a Christian civilization.

If, as Asiatics, they maintain their traditional conception of God, nature, and man, of male and female, of husband and wife, of parent and child, of ruler and ruled, of the state and the individual, the permanent maintenance in Hawaii of American democracy, American homes, and American liberty is impossible.

Mr. Shingle, of Honolulu, who also testified at these hearings, quoted a statement of Judge William W. Morrow, of the United States Court of Appeals, in the *Constitutional Review* of January, 1920, to the effect that, 'in 1927, seven years hence, the majority of the voting population of the Territory of Hawaii will be children of Japanese, born in the Hawaiian Islands, since they became a part of the territory of the United States in the year 1900.'

It is a sad commentary upon the American occupation of Hawaii that, during that period, the Japanese were allowed to overrun a most fertile and productive territory of the United States, and that now this American outpost, the naval 'key of the Pacific,'

where twelve thousand of our own countrymen and a grateful and hospitable native population were enjoying the benefits of American institutions, will, as a measure of self-protection, be required to abandon the democratic form of government and all participation in the management of their own affairs and seek the protection of a commission form of government from Washington. Why? *Because the alternative is Japanese domination.*

According to the testimony, the birth-rate is extraordinary; and in the few years that the Japanese have been in Hawaii, there is a record of 19,889 births. Under the Federal Constitution, these children, when they become of age, may vote. Governor McCarthy expressed the opinion that the large number of Japanese qualified to vote refrain from voting under the direction of their own government. He says that something is holding them back, and that 'if they were all instructed to register and vote, we might be swamped.'

I then asked the Governor, when he was testifying: 'In view of the fact that in ten years the native-born Japanese, having the right to vote, would be able to control politically the legislature and the public offices of the Territory of Hawaii, would there, in your judgment, be any opposition on the part of the people of Hawaii, outside of the Japanese, to a commission form of government, to be established by the American Congress?'

To which the Governor replied: 'Well, I might say this much, that the people of Hawaii would object to a commission form of government if it were proposed at this time; but the people of Hawaii, according to the evidence produced here, have shown their patriotism, and as good Americans, — they are one-hundred-per-cent Americans, — if the time should come when it was seen that the Japanese, by voting,

would control conditions down there, the other people in Hawaii would be the first to ask Congress to give us a commission form of government, or any other kind of government that would maintain Americanism in Hawaii.'

Such is, therefore, the lesson of Hawaii. A democratic form of government is destroyed by the infiltration of an alien and unassimilable race. Tried out in practice, the other races do not amalgamate with the Japanese, who remain permanently foreign. If, as very rarely happens, they become intellectually assimilated, they are incapable of blending by intermarriage and helping to make a homogeneous population, without which there can be no equality, and hence no democracy. There would remain two classes, one antagonistic to the other, which would mean ultimately a conflict for supremacy; and 'a house divided against itself cannot stand.'

## II

California is the most exposed state on the Pacific Coast, and has had the greatest experience with Oriental immigration. She has on numerous occasions warned the nation of the danger. That state is not provincial. She is a microcosm of the Union. Settled from the beginning by men and women from all the states, she has rapidly developed and has attained a high position in culture and civilization. She can exhibit an unblemished record of devotion to American principles and ideals. She freely decided in 1850 to come into the Union as opposed to slavery, as the thirty-first State, when the national alignment was fifteen free and fifteen slave states. She stood for the Union. Her gold gave credit to the North; no inconsiderable factor in the success of the Union cause.

California ranked high, as well, in her proportionate contribution of soldiers

to the recent Great War. Her population has grown rapidly in recent years because of vast migrations from New York, Illinois, and Iowa, conspicuously; and she speaks to her sister states in no strange voice and is moved by no hidden or inexplicable motives. She is American from the head, bathed in sunshine, to the foot, planted in the soil, and passionately desires to remain so. Is not her judgment worth something? Within the last few months she has, by an initiative law, passed overwhelmingly by a direct vote of the people, decided to bar from the ownership of her agricultural lands all persons ineligible to citizenship; and, having heard that the Department of State was negotiating a treaty with Japan and giving ear to the Japanese proposal to invalidate the state law and confer civil rights on the one hundred thousand Japanese now in the state, the California Legislature solemnly, by unanimous vote, and pursuant to the provisions of the Constitution of the United States, memorialized Congress against the threatened invasion of her reserved rights.

Can the Federal government invalidate a land law — a matter of domestic policy, involving no international right — enacted by a state whose jurisdiction is unquestionable? That, the lawyers say is an open question, because a treaty becomes, when ratified, 'the supreme law of the land.' In other words, in order to maintain friendly relations with Japan and to encourage international commerce, the domestic jurisdiction of a state may be invaded, even though her vital interests are concerned, and state statutes may be set aside because they bear heavily on the nationals of a powerful government who desire to exploit the land.

What is California worth to the nation — a most productive and naturally attractive state, having an extensive coast-line on the greatest of the world's

oceans? What are Oregon and Washington worth? What Arizona, New Mexico, Texas, and Nevada?

The Japanese claim the right to expand. Seven hundred thousand is their yearly net increment, and they calmly assert, as a right, that anywhere in the world they may go, and that they must have an outlet. They express no consideration for other people; it is the survival of the fittest.

Only while we are fit, can we dispute that doctrine. To admit it would involve our destruction. Unrestrained, the Japanese in California can and will underlive and under-bid us, and acquire in time every acre of tillable land. They control one in eight now. But can we not, we are asked, assimilate a large portion of them, and so increase our own productive energies? To preserve our population is our one goal — not to increase production. Production will take care of itself.

Herbert Spencer was asked by a Japanese statesman, at a time when Japan — now only seventy years in the family of nations — was formulating her foreign policies, whether she should admit Europeans and attempt assimilation. His answer was an emphatic 'No.' I cannot refrain from quoting this letter in part, as it squarely meets the present American-Japanese situation. Japan accepted Spencer's advice, has grown in strength, industrially, and as a nation, and has preserved the purity of her race. She is as wise as a serpent and as gentle as a dove.

It seems to me [says Spencer] that the only forms of intercourse which you may with advantage permit are those which are indispensable for the exchange of commodities — importation and exportation of physical and mental products. No further privileges should be allowed to people of other races, and especially to people of the more powerful races, than is absolutely needful for the achievement of these ends. Appar-

ently you are proposing, by revision of the treaty with the powers of Europe and America, 'to open the whole Empire to foreigners and foreign capital.' I regret this as a fatal policy. If you wish to see what is likely to happen, study the history of India. Once let one of the more powerful races gain a *point d'appui*, and there will inevitably, in course of time, grow up an aggressive policy which will lead to collisions with the Japanese; these collisions will be represented as attacks by the Japanese which must be avenged, as the case may be; a portion of territory will be seized and required to be made over as a foreign settlement; and from this there will grow, eventually, subjugation of the entire Japanese Empire. I believe that you will have great difficulty in avoiding this fate in any case; but you will make the process easy if you allow of any privileges to foreigners beyond those which I have indicated. . . .

To your remaining question respecting the intermarriage of foreigners and Japanese which you say is 'now very much agitated among our scholars and politicians,' and which you say is 'one of the most difficult problems,' my reply is that, as rationally answered, there is no difficulty at all. It should be positively forbidden. It is not at root a question of social philosophy. It is at root a question of biology. There is abundant proof, alike furnished by the intermarriages of human races and by the interbreeding of animals, that when the varieties mingled diverge beyond a certain slight degree, the result is inevitably a bad one in the long run.

Japan since then has become a powerful nation and is growing greater in numbers and in efficiency in peace and war. The younger and ruder nations, we know from history, have been aggressive, and have finally subjugated the older ones, accustomed to ease and luxury. What nation in all the ages has been organized and effectively established as a world-power so quickly as Japan? Herbert Spencer's advice to America would logically be on the same lines, believing, as he did, in the biological impossibility of assimilation.

Darwin has observed, on the subject of mongrelization, that when widely divergent stocks are crossed there is a strong tendency to revert; the higher and more recently evolved characteristics vanish; and the primitive traits, not only physical, but mental and moral, come to the surface. Indeed, there is a saying in the darkest continents that 'God made the white man; God made the colored man; but the Devil made the half-caste.'

Agassiz wrote: 'Let anyone who doubts the evil of this mixture of races, and is inclined from mistaken philanthropy to break down all barriers between them, come to certain southern countries. . . . The amalgamation of races is rapidly effacing the best qualities of the white man, the negro, and the Indian, leaving a mongrel, nondescript type, deficient in physical and mental energy.'

A writer in the *New York Times* comments, that, as the Japanese is able to 'under-live' the American, so the Korean and the Chinese are able to 'under-live' the Japanese, and once made the attempt to do so. The question of miscegenation was relatively unimportant, the racial stocks being kindred; 'yet the Japanese passed exactly the same kind of laws to which they now object in California.' He sanely concludes that the relations between Japan and the United States are endangered, 'if we persist in regarding as a question of race-pride what in reality is a matter of biology.'

Echoing Japanese sentiment, Mr. Kinney imputes, not economic competition, but race-prejudice to Americans in their opposition to the Orientals. No one can deny the menace of competition within our own territory, demonstrated in California, to be destructive of the white worker and ultimately, uncontrolled, of white civilization and American institutions. But is not race repugnance — call it 'prejudice,' if you will

— based also on rational grounds? If, for whatever reason, there can be no assimilation between European stocks and Japanese strains, inevitably there will be racial class-divisions. Instead of one family, there will be two or three, trying to live in peace in the same house. It cannot be done. Each should live in a house of his own. St. Paul told the Athenians, that the Lord made the people of the Earth all of one blood, but 'determined the bounds of their habitation.' That is the inspired word.

There can be no homogeneity and no harmony where there is no assimilation. The temple of democracy rests on the foundations of equality, and equality can exist only where the power and right of intermarriage are confidently asserted and assured.

What Japan demands now is what nature and experience have denied — racial equality. But it is something which cannot be forced. Mr. Kinney, however, says that, especially since the 'insistence of the Japanese on free immigration . . . Japan, with the pride that is her predominant national characteristic, resents having her citizens discriminated against, and no amount of argument that such discrimination is economic, not racial, will satisfy her.'

The world knows that Japan made the demand of the League of Nations, when in conference in Paris, for 'racial equality,' and that it was denied by the non-concurrence of Great Britain, influenced by the unflinching stand of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa, and also by the United States. Racial equality, — the right of Japanese nationals to enjoy equal privileges with the nationals of every other country, — reduced to terms that may be understood, means that Japanese

may freely enter the United States, be naturalized and become citizens, enjoy the voting privilege, intermarry, and possess land. As our own people on the Pacific Coast would speedily, in these circumstances, be submerged or mongrelized, and driven off the soil, and as their legislative bodies would be captured without striking a blow, the proposal is preposterous. It then becomes a question of self-preservation — who shall survive?

Let us candidly, but sternly, say to Japan, now, before her armament grows more formidable, that it is fundamentally a race-question — for which we are not, however, responsible — that prevents intermingling, and — in a secondary sense — impossible economic competition.

Come what may, we will make our stand, like Sobieski at Vienna and Charles Martel at Tours, against 'the rising tide of color.' Whether we combine them as one argument, or consider them apart, I believe that, in the minds of all reasonable and unprejudiced men, sufficient grounds will be found to take heed of the warning of Hawaii and California, and preserve, uncontaminated, according to nature's laws, the white race — the white race, which has rescued the world from despotism and developed splendidly the arts and sciences, and served as a beacon-light to other lands. It certainly is entitled to the integrity and security of its own house. Free immigration is incompatible with free institutions, racial homogeneity, remunerative employment. America is the home of the new dispensation. Imitate it, duplicate it on your own soil, O Asia, but do not spoil it. It is our sacred obligation to save it. Perhaps it is even of some value to you.

*(This discussion will be continued in the next issue in a paper of divergent views. — THE EDITOR.)*

# HOW TO MEET THE HOUSING SITUATION

BY HENRY R. BRIGHAM

## I

IN most of the large cities and towns of this country to-day there is an acute shortage of houses, and the subject of relief of the shortage is one of general discussion, bringing forth large numbers of divergent views, with almost as many proposed measures of relief. The United States Housing Corporation encountered and studied all these problems, and the lessons it learned should at least be a guide in analyzing the situation and solving the problem so far as possible.

The building of housing accommodations by private enterprise was practically stopped by the war, and has not been resumed to any extent compared with the normal amount built annually before the war; so that the shortage exists, without any doubt. People are not necessarily homeless, but they are living in more crowded quarters than formerly, and they cannot get, as easily as before, the housing accommodations they desire at the prices they are willing to pay. Many have moved or are moving into smaller quarters or less desirable neighborhoods, in order to avoid paying increased rents; and others are striving to prevent the increase of rents by legislative or municipal regulation.

The result is a growing demand for more and better housing accommodations, accompanied by a surprising lack of understanding as to why the demand is not being met. In several states the situation is considered by many to constitute an emergency justifying the

use of public funds for building, either directly or by subsidy, and the radical regulation of rents, involving the police powers and the power of eminent domain. The housing problem, however, still remains unsolved, because the fundamental factors are not known to, or understood by, even many professional real-estate men.

Before the war, new houses were always being built fast enough to meet the demand; obsolete and dilapidated houses were steadily replaced by new; and, as a rule, the supply was so great that the actual net returns of landlords were very small. Builders made fair profits; but the profits of those who bought for investment generally came from the increasing values resulting from the growth of the communities rather than from high rents. Landlords were obliged to keep their properties in good repair and to keep their rents low in proportion to the value of the properties, because of the unrestricted competition. Nevertheless, even in those days, they were treated by tenants as legitimate objects of abuse, and were obliged to make alterations and repairs that the tenants themselves would not have made if they had owned the houses; and they were usually expected to give free rent for various periods to tenants who met with financial reverses.

All this naturally reacted on the tenants, keeping the cost of housing higher than it otherwise would have



been. The majority, however, particularly in cities, preferred to remain tenants rather than to own their own homes, knowing that they could get larger returns on their money from other forms of investment, and being willing to pay the additional cost of maintenance due to their own abuse or that of tenants in general, for the sake of being relieved of the responsibility of caring for the property, and for the privilege of being freer to move from place to place. In many cities, in fact, no attempts were made to make it possible for wage-earners to own their own homes by selling houses to them on easy monthly payments. Competition in building was always free, and the law of supply and demand worked so well, that the only housing problems before the war were those of improving the living conditions of the poorest class, who were unable to pay rentals yielding a reasonable return, and of making building and sanitary regulations to protect the health of the public. These regulations, when reasonable, were met by landlords without opposition; for wise landlords have always known that the best and most lasting results are obtained by keeping real estate in good condition. The housing problem as it exists to-day was inconceivable.

The situation has been completely changed by the war. The demand for new housing accommodations is now far in excess of the supply, it having been estimated that there is a shortage of at least one million dwellings, due to the stopping of the normal annual building. While this shortage has been rapidly growing, the costs of building have increased to from two to two and a half times what they were before the war, and, as the people are unwilling to pay these increased costs, little progress is being made toward meeting the demand. In other words, the demand is for new houses at the old or only slight-

ly increased prices, and it is impossible to meet it. People still balk at the increased cost of housing. The real trouble is that they have fought and have kept down the increase of rental and market values of improved real estate that legitimately reflect the rising costs of building; and until the factors affecting real-estate values are better understood, and the fair market value of real estate is allowed to draw nearer, in proper proportion, to reproduction costs, they will continue to refuse to pay the increased cost, and the shortage will continue to grow.

One argument that is frequently advanced to justify the fight against increased values and costs is that costs will and must come down, and that even such existing increases in real-estate values as have been allowed are inflated and will fall when costs fall. The increased costs are due to the increased costs of labor, materials, and money, and to the lack of adequate transportation facilities. There is little prospect that the wages of labor in the building trades will soon come down; but it is expected that the cost of labor will decrease somewhat because the men will be forced to return to their former standards of efficiency. When this occurs, and when transportation facilities are improved, it will be possible to produce materials more cheaply; but at the present time there are not enough finished materials or labor on hand to meet a return to former normal building conditions; and although prices may fall temporarily because of the present inaction, as soon as building does start, they will return to the present level, if not higher. The cost of money for mortgages is probably not coming down to the pre-war level while the housing shortage continues.

The longer the resumption of building is delayed, the greater will be the demand for labor and materials and

money when the boom begins, and this will naturally mean greater costs. Since any substantial sustained reduction in building costs or in real-estate values cannot therefore be expected — unless temporarily, as a result of a period of general depression or a panic — until the present housing shortage is largely eliminated, which cannot be for many years, some other solution than the reduction of costs must be found. The solution lies in a better knowledge of the elements entering into the fair market value of real estate, and in allowing values to rise so far that the cost of new building will no longer be the controlling element.

## II

There are so many elements entering into an estimate of real-estate values, and they are so interwoven, that they must all be considered together. The main general items are neighborhood, cost, style or condition of building, and demand. For a perfect job from the practical builder's point of view, they must all be in proper proportion and relation. For instance, as a general broad rule the value of land and utilities should be about twenty per cent of the total value of a house and lot. A wide variation from that would probably mean that the building was either too good or too poor for the neighborhood. One cannot build a residence in the centre of a business block in a large city, and sell the property for much more than the value of the land; nor can one expect to recover the cost of an expensive residence built on a small, cheap lot in an inaccessible or undesirable neighborhood.

The land value of residential property depends almost entirely on neighborhood: the nature of the neighboring buildings, the classes of people living or working in them, and the accessibility of points of interest, such as business

centres, factories, churches, schools, and places of amusement. In a city or town in which public utilities have been installed, the value of these utilities usually merges with the value of the land, and no distinction is made; but in considering the value of land that has not been improved by utilities, the accessibility to such utilities and the cost of extending them to the premises are very material considerations.

The greatest loss that the United States Housing Corporation sustained was where it had built a 'model town' outside the limits of the neighboring city. It could have built houses inside those limits, where utilities were already installed, much more quickly and more cheaply; for the cost of improved vacant lots in the city was less than that of the improved acreage plus the great cost of utilities. The attractiveness of the finished new town was not enough to offset the disadvantage of a long car-ride and to pay the increased cost of utilities. This is a point which deserves special consideration to-day in undertaking any new housing scheme. Taking advantage of the utilities already installed at pre-war cost will often mean a large saving in building cost.

Some of the other experiments that the Housing Corporation found expensive were — failing to recognize well-established local customs as to foundations, based on experience; building row-houses in communities accustomed only to single houses; building brick houses in a city where only cheap frame houses existed; and building two-story houses where one-story houses are more popular. Again, elaborate parks and planting were not always appreciated by the class of persons for whom the houses were built, and they caused in some places a heavy loss from a financial point of view. In short, with general costs so high, the appraisals showed that any deviation from the simplest,

most straightforward and economical architecture, or from the demands and customs of the place or neighborhood, affected the market values and helped to bring them down below cost. This does not mean that the essential standards of light, space, and sanitation should not be maintained, in any case. The one factor, however, that forced the Corporation to sell all its houses at a loss, in addition to the above losses, was that the real-estate values in the neighborhood had not risen in proportion to costs; and, as its building costs were less than they would be to-day, it was proved that homes cannot be built and sold to any large extent without loss, until values of old existing properties advance nearer to cost than they now are in most cities and towns.

The same considerations affect old properties and new alike, regardless of their cost. A house which, when it was built, might have been sold at a loss because not in proper proportion to the land value, may now be worth much more than cost because of changes in neighborhood, growth of the community, and improved utilities; or a house which, when built, was worth more than it cost on account of the demand, may now be worth much less than cost, even after due discount for depreciation, because of undesirable changes in neighborhood, the community having grown perhaps in a different direction. The old house also may be of little value because of lack of proper care, or need of substantial repairs, or depreciation; or even if maintained in good condition, it may be obsolete in type. Where bathrooms were once unknown, they are now necessities; and where one bathroom was once a luxury, two or more are now necessities. Electric lights, hard-wood floors, steam and hot-water heat, and vacuum cleaners are all moderately new requisites of residential properties, and their presence

or absence may be large factors in determining the market value of houses, depending largely on the class of people who want them.

The present reproduction costs should then be considered. The value of existing buildings should rise in proportion to the rise in cost of reproduction, allowance being made for all the items affecting values mentioned in the foregoing paragraph. Until the market values thus rise, no practical builder or investor can expect to sell a new house for enough above cost to yield him a fair profit; and, therefore, he will not build.

In trying to arrive at, or to test, a fair market value of either old or new property, it is often hard to determine the true extent of the demand, and a study of neighboring rental values may help. There may have been very few sales in recent times in the neighborhood, or sales may have been made under circumstances that would reflect neither the true sale-value nor the real demand. Rental values depend upon almost the same factors as sale-values; but where most of the houses in a neighborhood are rented, the rental values are often easier to ascertain.

### III

When buying or selling real estate for investment, it is most important to know what the class of people in the neighborhood can and will pay as rent. Formerly it was customary for wage-earners to pay fifteen to twenty per cent, or more, of their income for rent; and if they had continued to pay the same percentage as their wages increased during the war, the present housing shortage would probably be of less consequence. Owing to former competition in building, and to the possible profit from increasing land values due to growth of the community, the gross

annual rental has often been less than ten per cent of the value, yielding to the owner less than four per cent net. It is assumed now that an owner of real estate should be entitled to a net return of at least six per cent on his investment; and in order to obtain such a net return on residential property, it has been found that, generally speaking, the annual gross rental should be from twelve to thirteen per cent of the value of the property. Such annual gross rental covers the following items:—

	<i>Per cent</i>
Taxes and assessments . . . . .	1.5
Insurance . . . . .	.2
Maintenance . . . . .	1.5
Depreciation and obsolescence . . . . .	3.0
Vacancies, administration, and bad accounts . . . . .	1.0
Interest . . . . .	6.0
	<hr/> 18.2

These items vary largely according to local conditions and the quality of construction of the buildings; but it is very rarely possible to reduce the gross rental to less than twelve per cent of the value in order to give a net return of six per cent on the investment. Very often a gross rental of fifteen per cent would be perfectly reasonable. These percentages were confirmed as being generally applicable, by a study, made through questionnaires sent to realtors<sup>1</sup> all over the country by the United States Housing Corporation, as to actual returns being received. The same study showed that apartment houses should yield a gross rental of fifteen to twenty per cent or more on their value in order to yield the owner six per cent net on his investment, the amounts of the different items varying more largely on account of the differing services rendered, such as elevators, jan-

itor service, heat, water, and so forth. These percentages seem high to the average tenant, and they are the cause of much of the abuse of landlords; but the proof that they are not too high lies in the fact that a large majority of tenants who could afford to buy houses still remain tenants.

If a tenant is renting a house for twelve or thirteen per cent of its fair market value, and is not receiving more than six per cent on his investments, it is cheaper for him to buy than to rent, if he wishes a house for his own occupancy; for, as owner, he can save at least two per cent, by reducing the cost of maintenance as estimated above, through better personal care of the property, and by eliminating the allowances for vacancies, administration, and bad debts. On the other hand, if a tenant is renting a house for much less than ten per cent of cost, it is cheaper to rent than to buy. Rental values and their fair proportion to sale-values are, therefore, important matters to be considered by tenants who could buy, as well as by investors and builders. Residential property is more free than any other necessary of life from control by a monopoly or by market manipulation; and any person with a comparatively small capital can buy instead of rent, if he believes that rents are higher than they should be, in proportion to values.

#### IV

Speculation has always been the life of business development; and although we have always heard disparaging remarks against the 'speculative builder,' this country is indebted to him for the majority of the houses it has, and is largely dependent on him for more houses. When he has built cheap houses, it has been because people were unwilling to pay the price of better ones. He is entitled to profit by his foresight,

<sup>1</sup> 'Realtor' is a word coined by the National Association of Real-Estate Boards, to signify a member of this association. It is in general use throughout the profession.—THE AUTHOR.

industry, and skill, as well as is the manufacturer or banker. In the past, his profit, as a rule, has been due to his ability to tell just how, when, and where to build in order to get the best return, and to sell to the best advantage, and it has always been to his advantage to improve housing conditions. Much of the profit that has been made in real estate has been made in growing cities and towns where, owing to the growth in population, values increase more rapidly than costs. Likewise, vast sums of money have been lost by 'guessing' wrong as to how a city or town is going to develop, or by causing it to develop in an opposite direction by erecting the wrong kind of buildings. The demand was always great enough to assure the wise practical builder a fair profit. Now, however, the speculative builder is idle; for not only can he not be assured a fair profit on new houses, but the public has rebelled against the owners of real estate reaping further profits on the sale or rental of present houses, and is quick to denounce owners as 'profiteers,' and to demand legislation to prevent increases of rent and to deprive owners of real estate of the right to a fair profit accorded to owners of other investments, on the ground that housing is a matter of public welfare and a necessity of life.

The question then arises, 'What is profiteering in real estate?' Gaining excessive profits on luxuries, or by the purchase and sale of stocks and bonds, is apparently accepted as perfectly legitimate; whereas gaining large profits in the sale of food and clothing is often now considered a crime. In the latter case, however, there is usually an element of fraud involved, or a withholding from the market to increase demand. Food and clothing can be stored and kept out of use, and false markets can thus be created. It is very doubtful if it would be considered criminal

to raise commodity prices so that large profits would be reaped, if all stocks were put on the market and well distributed over the country and offered for sale at prices at which they were all readily salable. It would really stimulate greater production, which would cause lower prices.

A careful analysis will show real estate to be in this last category, in that all that is held for investment purposes is on the market for sale or for rent at prices that can usually be obtained, and it is well distributed over the country. It cannot be moved from place to place for the sake of getting the highest possible prices. Probably not more than a fraction of one per cent of habitable residential property is vacant or being withheld from use for the purpose of trying to reap excessive profits, either from rent or from sale. If the mere reaping of large profits due to increased values, without collusion or fraud, is criminal, or morally reprehensible, where can one draw the line between legitimate and illegitimate profits? Building costs having more than doubled in the last five years, would a man be guilty of profiteering if he sold a house for two or two and one-half times what it cost him to build five years ago; less perhaps ten to twenty-five per cent for depreciation, or if he raised the rent one hundred to one hundred and fifty per cent on the basis of the increased reproduction cost? Judging from the newspapers, recent legislation in different states, and general public opinion, he would be subject to severe criticism, if not legal restraint, and possibly to criminal prosecution, for an increase of more than twenty-five per cent a year even if it was the only increase in five years; and doubtless he would be condemned by many persons for a much smaller increase than that. His critics have not hesitated to sell their services or labor for all

the increases they could get; and labor is as much of a necessity as housing; but they are tenants, and, as such, see but one side of the housing question. They perhaps do not consider that the landlords may have been getting very low returns on their investments for many years, and often losing money; and that the large increases now might result in only a fair average of profit over a long term; and further, that the landlord does not profit to the full extent of the increases, since his taxes and costs of repairs have also increased very radically.

Nor do they consider that, by preventing the increase of sale and rental prices in proportion to the increased true market values, the building of new houses will be stopped, except by a few individuals to whom the cost of new houses may not be so material as it is to most people. Nor are individuals going to build many houses, when old houses in good condition can be bought for less than fifty per cent of the cost of new, or when the gross rentals of such old houses are only five or six per cent, or less, of the cost of new houses.

There is no doubt that radical rent legislation, such as that recently passed in New York, has directly caused a decrease in house-building. Until the sale-values of old houses have increased so as to make the extra cost of new houses so low that people will prefer to buy new houses at a cost allowing a small profit rather than to buy the old ones; and until rentals have increased so as to make it possible to rent new ones, in competition at rates allowing fair returns on investments as shown above, new houses will not be built to any extent by private enterprise. While this process of increase is going on, there may be some owners who charge rentals yielding even more than a fair return based on present real values; and they may be held guilty of profi-

teering, and may properly be curbed; but the surest curb in the end would be the action of the law of supply and demand, if given free rein as in past years.

When the rental and the sale-prices of real estate have been allowed to rise to a point more nearly approximating their true values, as above suggested, the services of various experts will be needed, to relieve the housing shortage as quickly as possible. The realtor, the engineer, the builder, and the architect are trained to watch the market, and to know just what kind of houses which can be built for what the people will pay, are most wanted, and where, when, and how they can best be built with the greatest economy, and with due regard for sanitation and for the best interests of the community. They should work together for the best and most economical result; for the least mistake in judgment will cause a loss, under existing conditions. Builder and realtor alike appreciate the material advantage of building houses that are pleasing architecturally and of having the surrounding grounds attractive; but one of the greatest dangers from a practical standpoint is that of spending more for artistic effect, both on buildings and grounds, than the people for whom the houses are built are willing to pay. The town-planner and landscape architect have large fields for service; but such service, at present, when applied to relieving the existing housing shortage, should be directed toward the best practical result with the least expense, rather than toward idealistic attempts to establish æsthetic improvements not appreciated by those for whom houses are built, and which cannot be turned to profitable account. The realtor and the speculative builder are the best judges of real-estate values and of what the people want, and their opinions should be given the controlling weight in solving the housing problems, the architects and town-planners

acting in advisory capacities. If the people will put their confidence in the experts best qualified to help them solve the problems of the existing housing shortage, they may have to pay more rent, but they will get the new and better housing accommodations that they desire, in the most economical and the quickest way.

## V

Chief among the many methods of obtaining relief, which have been proposed as short cuts to beating the law of supply and demand, is government or municipal aid, either in the form of building, giving subsidies, lending money, or in various forms of tax-exemption and coöperative building. No government or municipality can build any cheaper, better, or quicker, than private interests; and if conditions do not warrant building by private interests, government or municipal building would have to be done at the cost of the tax-payers. This is justifiable only in case of a great emergency, such as war, or a sudden disaster, causing people to be absolutely without shelter. The present housing shortage, which is a gradual growth of years, can hardly be called an emergency in the true sense of the word, since people are not without shelter.

It is a condition that should be remedied, but it is not such as to justify giving a comparatively small proportion of the population new houses at less than cost, the loss being borne by the tax-payers in general. Subsidies might cause less loss to the tax-payers, but they also would establish a policy of giving a limited number of individuals, who are not paupers, material advantages at the expense of the public; and they cannot be supported on any economical or just grounds. Governmental aid, either by building and selling at a loss or by giving subsidies,

savors of poor-relief and tends to demoralize character under existing conditions. The cost of the new houses has got to be met, and it should be met by those who can and will pay for them; and efforts should be made to encourage the return of capital to real-estate investments.

It has been repeatedly said that one cause of the failure to build to-day is the impossibility of getting money to finance the operation. It would be more correct to say that the public is not willing to pay the present cost of money. To be sure, the savings banks have not yet shown a willingness to recognize fully the increased values due to increased costs, and they still prefer to appraise properties and lend money on the basis of pre-war values. This makes it necessary to get larger second mortgages, for which the rates are very high; but the money can be secured by those willing to pay the price. Second-mortgage rates are high because of the risks involved and the great care that must be exercised in watching the investment. If the government should start to lend money on second mortgages, it should charge the current rates of interest; and as the overhead charges of government administration of such a business, conducted over the whole country, would be enormous, the public would gain nothing through such governmental aid.

The saving from the relief afforded by exemption of mortgages from federal taxation would be but a drop in the bucket. When conditions get a little better than they are now, it might accelerate building to a slight extent; but it could not possibly solve the present shortage problem, and it would be a very unsettling influence and a bad precedent so long as Federal income taxes are necessary. The value of the exemption of mortgages from local state taxation depends largely upon local tax

laws, and the question of the advisability of such exemption cannot be answered in general. In Massachusetts the income from mortgages on local real estate is already exempt from taxation. This seems a wise provision; it does not, however, seem to be stimulating building.

Exemption of new houses from local real-estate taxation is a much more serious matter, and is just as bad as governmental subsidies. The result is the same, for taxes are raised for services rendered to the community, as fire and police protection, care of the streets, and so forth, and every additional building increases the cost of such services; and if some houses are exempt from taxation, they are cared for at the expense of the others. The United States Housing Corporation's experience so strongly proved the unfairness of such a proposition that, when it could, it contracted with cities where it had houses exempt from taxation, to pay certain sums in lieu of taxes, and it arranged to transfer to the cities the title to real estate, on very small initial payments, so as to make the property subject to taxation at the earliest possible date. Government or municipal financial aid, in any form, will cost the public more in the end than meeting the proposition in a business way, and having the costs paid directly by those benefited.

Coöperative building of housing accommodations is perfectly proper, and is far better than any form of governmental or municipal aid; and in many places it has been, and is, possible to start building sooner in this way than in any other. Those who join in coöperative building plans have the satisfaction of feeling that speculative builders or landlords are not reaping excessive profits at their expense. The fact is, however, that they cannot build any cheaper than anyone else, and their overhead expenses will probably at

least equal the profits of professional builders. They may save by coöperative ownership to the same extent that one can save by owning his own home, as above shown.

Some cities have formed housing companies by popular subscription, for the purpose of building houses and selling them at cost. This is a good way of meeting the problem of the housing shortage if a city is able to form such a company; but here again, such a company cannot build any cheaper than the wise speculative builder; and the chances are that, until the situation is such as to induce him to build, the housing company will lose money.

In addition to doing all that is possible to have the true market and rental values of real estate acknowledged, the most feasible plan to stimulate building is to form companies to lend money on second mortgages, on very easy monthly payments, so as to assist the man with small capital who is willing to build at present costs. A man who can put up twenty, or even ten, per cent of the present cost, to build his own home, and can meet the monthly payments on account of principal and interest, is not apt to lose what he has invested unless he meets with some unforeseen financial reverse.

The chances are that a company organized for this purpose will lose little or nothing by foreclosures, if properly managed, and that, before the problem of foreclosure presents itself, enough will have been paid on account of principal, and values will have risen sufficiently, to protect the company from loss. The losses from second mortgages usually arise from poor judgment as to values and as to the character of the borrower. A company lending money on second mortgages must employ experts in real-estate values, and must choose its customers with skill, and be free to reject without prejudice any applicant. The



Federal government, or a municipality, would not be so free to exercise sound business judgments in these matters as would a private company, and their chances of loss would be much greater. If the citizens of any city to-day are willing to contribute to such a company, by way of investment, in order to help relieve the housing shortage, there is no better way to assist the man with small capital to build than by lending him more money than a savings or co-operative bank will lend him, and by advising him how and where he can build to the best advantage.

An objection that may be raised to the last-mentioned plan is that the men with a little capital can look out for themselves, but that houses are most badly needed for the wage-earner who is unable to buy. It is true that he is in many places living in poor and crowded quarters, and would be better able to earn his living if more pleasantly housed. The more houses, though, that are built, the more will be available for the wage-earner; and it is better that the burden of the present cost should first be borne by those best able and most willing to bear it. When real-estate values reach their true level, new houses will be built for the workingmen, and slum conditions can be abolished by public health regulations, as in past years. If, on the other hand, large manufacturers need more labor and are suffering from inadequate housing facilities, it may well pay them to build houses for such of their employees as need them. They cannot probably get an economic rental from them immediately, but they may be as profitable investments for them as additional factory buildings, and the sooner they build them the better, for sooner or later a building boom must come, and they may not be able then to get them built quickly enough.

The real solution of the problem of relieving the housing shortage, therefore, is to give free play again to the old law of supply and demand. This will mean readjusting family budgets, accepting the increased cost of housing, and planning one's expenses accordingly, possibly eliminating to some extent the additional luxuries one has been buying with one's increased earnings, and letting rent take its old percentage of one's income.

The public can stimulate and hasten new building by amending rent-legislation so that rentals and market values may be allowed to rise to their true level and in fairer proportion to the increased reproduction costs, and it can aid the railroads in getting better transportation facilities for building materials. It can improve and modernize its building laws. It can assist by stimulating in legitimate ways the production of raw materials, and can encourage the formation of housing companies and mortgage companies by private enterprise. A National Bureau of Real-Estate Research, to act as a clearing-house of building methods and standards and to advise the public as to the most advanced economical methods of building, might also be a most valuable aid. The one thing that must be done to prevent loss is to find out from those who know best when, where, and how to build, in order to provide what the people want and what they will pay for. No matter who builds, to build and sell houses without loss it must be shown that the prices are fair compared with the prices of neighboring properties, all things affecting values considered; and to sell them for investment purposes, it must be shown that rentals may be obtained that will give a fair return on investments. When that is made possible, the present housing shortage will soon be relieved.

# THE GREAT POLITICAL CRISIS IN EUROPE

BY GUGLIELMO FERRERO

## I

THE world has not yet taken account of the political results of the world-war, independently of the purpose and plans of the men who seemed to be guiding events. It still reasons as if we were living on the morrow of the Treaty of Utrecht. It has thus far seen, and still sees, only victors and vanquished, as if nothing more were involved than a transfer of power and prestige from certain powers to certain others. It has not yet discovered that in March, 1917, one of the two political principles upon which the whole structure of social order in Europe rested — the monarchical principle — received a first crushing blow in the Russian Revolution; that it received a second blow — a decisive and fatal one — in November, 1918, when the empires of the Hapsburgs and the Hohenzollerns collapsed. It does not suspect, even yet, that the downfall of the monarchical principle in Europe is of capital importance; that it marks the close of a political crisis that began two centuries ago; and that Europe is in danger of finding itself without any principle of authority whatsoever.

A rapid, searching glance at the chief events of the last two centuries may cast some light upon the dense shadows of the future that encompass us.

Christian Europe, emerging gradually from the ruins of ancient civilization, had found a solution of the political problem which, within the limits of the religious ideas then predominant, was almost complete. She had

attributed a consecrated character to all those governments, republican or monarchical, aristocratic or democratic, which were *legitimate*, that is, those that owed their origin to a lawful action of indisputable validity, or that had been legitimized by lapse of time.

Obedience to such governments was a duty imposed by God, whenever they did not demand something opposed to divine law. As for the mistakes and misdeeds of such legitimate governments — according to this theory, it would not do to attach too much importance to them, when they did not threaten to lead to general demoralization, because, the final goal of life being the moral and religious perfection of the individual, such perfection might be attained independently of the perfection of the government. The abuses perpetrated by governments injured those who perpetrated them much more than their victims: the latter incurred only material losses and sufferings, whereas the others burdened their consciences with a sin for which they would be called most severely to account.

This theory of government brought into accord the duty of the chiefs of the state to govern wisely, the right of the peoples to be governed wisely, and the necessity of a certain degree of tolerance of the mistakes and misdeeds of those in power. But, nearly perfect as it was, it could be maintained only within the limits of the religious ideas then predominant. It began to be under-

mined by the wave of incredulity that spread among the governing classes throughout Europe after the Thirty Years' War — a war which, by openly using Catholicism and Protestantism as weapons in a great political struggle, became the first great school of religious skepticism in Europe. The eighteenth century confronted it with the philosophical and rationalistic system that resulted in the French Revolution. Authority is a human thing: it has its source in the will of those who obey it and who, consequently, have the right to control it. Thus the real sovereign is the people; and the law, in order to do justice, can give expression only to the people's will.

It was a seductive theory, and it seduced the mind of an enlightened age, overflowing with confidence, but dissatisfied, for many reasons, with the régime to which it was subject, whose weakness and inertia, whose subjection to routine and respect for traditions and for vested rights it reprobated as tyranny.

## II

The French Revolution attempted to apply the new principle. But the obstacles to its application were not slow in making themselves manifest, as soon as theory was translated into action. What was the people? How was its real will to be recognized? Through what organs could it express itself? Everyone knows how the French Revolution twisted and turned in its attempts to answer these questions. One has only to follow the numerous constitutions that it manufactured within a few years, to realize how difficult was the application of the principle of popular sovereignty. Now it was universal suffrage, now double suffrage, and, again, a tax-payers' suffrage, which seemed to it the genuine expression of the people's will. And in the end that will became a

mere formality to legitimize a military dictatorship, set up by force and functioning with an authority far more nearly absolute than that of the monarchy.

But these gropings about are readily explained when we turn our attention to the new sovereign that was destined to take the place of the former ones. The people, whose will was supposed to be the governing power of the state, showed that it had very little will and no sort of idea of governing; sometimes, indeed, it exhibited an inclination to renounce its authority and to set up anew the powers it was to supersede. Could the new sovereign be left at liberty to abdicate? The whole French Revolution was at grips with that insoluble contradiction; for it was, at bottom, the struggle of a relatively small number of exceptional men, in the name of popular sovereignty, against the deep-rooted determination of the masses.

Thus all the systems of government based upon a principle so wavering and vague proved weak and unstable — even the military dictatorship, which was the final consummation of all the strivings of the Revolution. Sustained by its victories, it fell to pieces when victory deserted it. Shaken by a long succession of wars, agitated by the struggle between the two antagonistic principles, Europe thereupon made a mighty effort to reconcile them and to reestablish a durable condition of order.

This was the task of the Congress of Vienna and of the Holy Alliance. While the Congress discussed the reconstruction of Europe on the basis of the principle of legitimacy, that is to say, the recognition of time and the affection of the peoples as legitimate claims to sovereign power, the majority of the great states were of the opinion that it was necessary to strengthen the principle of legitimacy by the concession of representative institutions.

The legitimate dynasty was restored

in France with the Charter. The Emperor of Russia aspired to the rôle of protector of liberty. The King of Prussia, likewise, promised his people a constitution. The Austrian Empire alone among the great states remained true to the doctrine of absolutism. The other great monarchies leaned more or less resolutely toward an accommodation of the two political principles, based upon the subordination of the new principle to the older one. The monarchy would continue to be the sovereign principle of the state, and the representative institutions would function under its guidance. Peace would facilitate this accommodation. Revolutionary ideas, aided by war, had shaken the foundations of monarchical institutions. The Holy Alliance would be a sort of truce between the monarchies, so that their contentions might not make the work of revolution too easy.

But the attempt at an accommodation failed. In France the legitimate dynasty succeeded only by superhuman efforts in keeping the Chamber of Deputies in the subordinate position assigned to it by the Charter, although the Parliament was elected by a minority of wealthy men. The conflict between Crown and Parliament, between divine right and popular sovereignty, between the old aristocracy and the bourgeoisie, was endless, bitter, implacable. It contributed, by the apprehensions it aroused, to the victory, complete after 1821, of the absolutist party throughout Europe. Everywhere the ruling powers forgot to grant the promised constitutions — divine right triumphed. In due time this triumph of divine right throughout Europe reacted upon France, where the ultra-legitimist party, under Charles X, carried the day.

The legitimate dynasty was overthrown in France. The principle of popular sovereignty emerged victorious from a bloody struggle of three days'

duration, in July, 1830. But it dared not carry its triumph to the end, proclaim a republic, and crown the people as sovereign of the realm. Even Lafayette himself hesitated; and when, on July 31, the Duc d'Orléans appeared at the Hôtel de Ville to do homage in his person to the sovereign people, he displayed on the balcony a tricolored flag. A group of adroit parliamentarians, led by a banker, Laffitte, arranged a new accommodation between the two principles: the bourgeois monarchy, or, as Louis Philippe himself described it, a throne surrounded by representative institutions. The King acknowledged the people, and the Parliament representing it, as the source of his authority; the hereditary peerage was abolished; the right of suffrage was slightly widened, albeit still strictly limited to taxpayers. The people, which governed France, was represented by 200,000 electors.

But the new accommodation was hardly more successful than the earlier one. The contradiction between a suffrage based on payment of taxes and the doctrine of the will of the people could still be tolerated under the legitimate monarchy, which asserted itself to be the supreme authority and accorded to the will of the people only a subordinate rôle. But the bourgeois monarchy simply exercised an authority delegated by the people, and was subject to the people, which had created it by virtue of its will. Could a paltry minority of 200,000 electors be recognized as the sovereign people? It was between 1830 and 1848, and by reaction from this unholy contradiction, that the doctrine of universal suffrage came to be the almost mystical expression of popular sovereignty.

### III

The Revolution of 1848 was the great act of vengeance. France overthrew

the bourgeois monarchy and proclaimed the sovereignty of the people in a republic founded upon universal suffrage. Europe followed her example, rose almost as a whole against absolute monarchy, and demanded constitutions. The uprising was so powerful that all the monarchies except Russia were forced to yield to it — even Prussia and Austria. As in France, universal suffrage was declared to be the source of all authority, in lieu of God, in almost all the great states of Europe. But thereupon, on a larger scale, was repeated what had already happened less manifestly at the time of the Revolution: when the first enthusiasm had died down, universal suffrage hesitated to accept the supreme power; it distrusted its own strength; it looked about in quest of props, and finally turned to the old-time principle of authority, which it was to have supplanted, in order to cast the burden of responsibility upon it.

The National Assembly elected in France, in 1848, by universal suffrage was made up, as to one half, of partisans of the old monarchical régime; and the other half was divided between a large majority of improvised republicans and a small minority of sincere and fervent republicans. Its will was so confused and vague, its confidence in its own authority so feeble, its action so far from energetic, that great disorder spread over the whole of France. The Revolution soon found itself confronted by this paradoxical problem: Has universal suffrage, which happens to be the sovereign power, the right to renounce its supreme authority in favor of the old régime? In the bloody days of June, 1848, the extreme Left wing of the Republican party rose against the Assembly and universal suffrage, which it accused of betraying the Revolution! It was beaten; universal suffrage remained, in theory, the master of the State; but it grew feebler and feebler,

more and more discouraged, in face of the increasing internal and external difficulties, down to the day when, being called upon to elect a president of the Republic, it chose Louis Napoleon, nephew of the great Emperor; that is to say, it assumed the chapeau and sword of the first Napoleon, to give itself the bearing of a genuine sovereign. From that day the fate of the Republic was sealed: universal suffrage was ere long to serve no other end than to legitimize a military monarchy established by a *coup d'état* on the prestige of a name.

The same drama was enacted, more rapidly and under simpler forms, in Germany. What did the Parliament of Frankfort look about for, almost as soon as it had been chosen by universal suffrage? An emperor for all Germany! It had no other ambition than to replace the Pope of the Middle Ages by a modern emperor. It addressed itself to the Emperor of Austria, to the Archduke John, to the King of Prussia; and when it found that all its appeals were fruitless, it allowed itself to be dissolved without much resistance, as if it had nothing further to do.

Thus the Revolution of '48 came to naught on all sides. Popular sovereignty endured but an instant. Timid and distrustful constitutions, which made representative institutions subordinate to the monarchical power, as in the Charter of Louis XVIII — these were all that was left in those countries where absolutism did not succeed, as it did in Austria, in withdrawing all the concessions made. The check was so complete that democratic parties and democratic doctrines were disheartened by it for three generations.

But the victorious principle — divine right — was no less weakened by its victory, than the vanquished principle by its defeat: that is the tragic contradiction of 1848, which is the key to the whole history of Europe down to the

world-war. The victorious principle was weakened, not only by the concessions it was forced to make before the menace of revolution, and by the parliamentary institutions established after 1848 by almost all the great states, but also by the discords that grew up between the great and small monarchies.

The Revolution of '48, although it did not uproot monarchy from European soil, did shatter the Holy Alliance — the truce between the monarchies. France, under the rule of Napoleon's nephew, could no longer form a part of a system which was organized against the new Emperor's family. The King of Sardinia, first of all, had had the courage in 1848 to tear up the treaties of 1815 by declaring war against the Austrian Empire. The Parliament of Frankfort, even if it had not found an emperor, had succeeded in sowing distrust and suspicion between Prussia and Austria by offering its crown to the King of Prussia. The Crimean War was destined soon to embroil the Hapsburgs and the Romanoffs for all time. The concord between the three great Northern courts, which was, in the plan of the Holy Alliance, the foundation of monarchical power in Europe, was shattered forever; Europe was, as it were, abandoned to herself, in a condition of uneasy confusion, full of discords.

Victor Emmanuel II and Cavour were the first to take advantage of this confusion, or of these discords. By making the most of the jealousy and suspicion that the reëstablishment of the Empire in France had aroused between that power and Austria, they succeeded in drawing Napoleon III into a war against the Empire of the Hapsburgs. By waving the banner of liberalism and constitutionalism, they succeeded, after Solferino, in stirring up a movement of wide extent throughout the Italian peninsula, which enabled them to unite it into a single state.

But events in Italy would not of themselves have sufficed to draw Europe forth from her state of uncertainty, had not Piedmont opened the road for Prussia. By a stroke of extraordinary audacity, Bismarck succeeded in putting an end to the uncertain situation created throughout Europe by the Revolution of '48, to the profit of Germany and the monarchical principle. Taking advantage of the discord that the Revolution of '48, the Crimean War, the Italian War, and the Polish Revolution had sown between Austria and Russia, between Russia and France, and between France and England; making use of the reorganized Prussian army and of the revolutionary doctrine of universal suffrage, he succeeded, against the wishes of the Prussian Parliament, in whipping Austria, and in founding the North German Confederation under the hegemony of Prussia; he hurled the Confederation against France, and founded the German Empire, under a monarch by divine right and with a Parliament chosen by universal suffrage.

#### IV

Bismarck seems, then, to have solved the problem that Louis XVIII and Charles X had been unable to solve: to cause the monarchical principle and the democratic principle to collaborate by subordinating the last-named to the first. For forty-four years Germany carried out successfully the political system that had brought about the downfall of the legitimate dynasty in France, in 1830. That is why the War of 1870 appeared to the conservative parties of the entire world as the vengeance of monarchy on the Revolution of '48 — the impressive triumph of the monarchical principle. For forty-four years thereafter that principle seemed to strengthen its position to such a degree, that it ceased to fear many democratic

doctrines and institutions hitherto regarded as incompatible with monarchical government. Parliamentary institutions came to be almost universal, — Russia alone held out until 1905, — and the basis of the electorates became broader and broader. Even Austria finally adopted universal suffrage.

Republican ideas lost ground more and more; France found herself isolated, in a political point of view; and although she succeeded, by dint of persistent and continuous efforts, in setting up a republic based on universal suffrage and public opinion, she was left alone among the Great Powers of Europe. Thus an attitude of serious distrust encompassed her. It was no longer doubtful that she could carry on her audacious plan in comparative tranquillity, because she profited by the solidly established general good order all over Europe, assured by the restored power of the monarchies. The monarchical principle seemed to have won a definitive victory in the great struggle with democratic doctrines that began in 1789.

But this, again, was a delusion. The accord between the three great Northern courts, — Berlin, St. Petersburg, and Vienna, — the foundation of the supremacy of the monarchical principle, was shattered forever. All of Bismarck's efforts to reestablish it came to naught. Russia, in the end, formed an alliance with France. Armies raised by conscription, a dangerous gift of the revolution to the monarchies, sprang up everywhere, especially in Germany and Russia. The prestige of the monarchical principle was augmented by these new armies of Xerxes, commanded by so many kings and emperors; but no one suspected that too great power may become more dangerous than weakness.

Finally, the monarchical system in Europe rested entirely on the hegemony of Germany; and that hegemony could be maintained in the long run only by

proving that the strength that had established it was as preponderant as it had been in 1870, or even more so. Sooner or later the day must inevitably come when Germany would offer that proof to the world.

That day arrived! Germany and Austria attacked Russia with the immense armies that conscription and the development of manufacturing had enabled them to organize. Thence sprang into being a limitless war, in which Germany and Austria destroyed Russia, and in destroying her, committed suicide. The Russian Revolution, by force of example, and by the void that it left on the flank of the Central Empires; the limitless war, by the ghastly exhaustion of all the energies of both countries, brought about the German Revolution and the Austrian Revolution. The downfall of the Hapsburgs and the Hohenzollerns, following that of the Romanoffs, marked the final overthrow of the monarchical principle — that is to say, of the principle of authority that held sway over the greater part of Europe.

## V

So it is that, in the early years of the twentieth century, Europe finds herself in the situation of the Roman Empire at the opening of the third century — between two equally helpless principles of authority; that it is to say, without any principle of government whatsoever. The great conflict between the democratic and monarchical principles, begun in 1789, seems to have come to an end with the destruction of the two adversaries. The monarchical principle is dead. Already shaken to its foundations by incredulity, by rationalism, by the doctrine of equality, and by the wars and revolutions of a century, it was completely uprooted by the world-war. There are still thrones in Europe here and there, like cliffs rising above the

deluge; but those who occupy them are not kings — they are shades. Europe may still witness some partial restorations; but they will be no more than political expedients and combinations; and they will last as long as such combinations usually last. Respect, admiration, the almost religious confidence in the principle, are dead for years to come. The catastrophe that killed them was awful beyond words.

But the contrary principle, the one that should have reaped the benefit of the destruction of the other — is it in a position to take that other's place? We may well doubt it. There are in Western civilization three governments that rest really and exclusively on the principle of popular sovereignty: Switzerland, France, and the United States.

Not only is Switzerland a small country, but, as in all small countries, the political conditions there are quite exceptional, so that it can serve as an example only to a very limited extent. The United States has proved that even a vast continent can be governed by democratic institutions; but she has proved it in America, and America is not Europe. France is a great European state governed by the democracy. But she succeeded in setting up democratic institutions only by a persistent and sometimes terrible struggle, which lasted more than a century, amid a stable and tranquil Europe, and by sacrificing to that supreme object many valuable advantages and many interests.

Nothing of the sort is found in any of the countries that set up hastily improvised republics in 1917 and 1918. From day to day these countries have adopted institutions, which they had hitherto regarded with contempt, based upon principles that have been discredited in their eyes since 1848 by the force of events and by adroit propaganda. What faith can they have in these principles? A democratic repub-

lic is to these peoples simply an improvisation of despair, the only alternative being a dictatorship of brute force.

Russia proves this. The democratic republic lasted only eight months — from March to November, 1917. In November the sovereign people, after a very brief reign, was dispossessed by the dictatorship of the Communist party, or, to speak more accurately, of the small oligarchy that rules that party. One of its earliest exploits was to dissolve the Constituent Assembly; after which it began a relentless campaign against the democratic principles of the West, opposing the bourgeois ideology of democracy with the doctrine of the dictatorship of the proletariat, which is simply an anticipatory justification of a régime of absolutism.

In Hungary the republic soon fell before the dictatorship of the proletariat; and this in turn fell before a military dictatorship, which is still in control.

In Germany the republic is struggling painfully, in utter helplessness, between two extreme factions of the opposition, which are attacking it with ever-increasing vehemence from both Right and Left.

In the other republics of recent formation, there is the same uncertainty. At the same time, confusion and disorder are gaining ground in the monarchies that are still resisting by endeavoring to resemble republics as closely as possible: Italy, Roumania, Serbia.

Such seems to be the greatest peril that threatens Western civilization to-day. Excepting France and Switzerland, Continental Europe no longer has a clear vision of how it can and should govern itself. It no longer believes in any universally respected principle of authority; and in the dire uncertainty in which it is enveloped, it allows itself to be seduced easily by revolutionary frenzies, and to be drawn into crazy adventures. The world-war has caused



the ruin of many things; but how little all the others count in comparison with the destruction of all principles of authority! If Europe had governments of some strength and of recognized authority, the work of reconstruction would be easily and quickly done, with the tremendous resources that Western civilization has at its disposal. But, ruined by the war, sunk in profound destitution, at grips with all sorts of difficulties — political, economic, military, diplomatic — caused by the war, and without governments capable of governing, the larger part of Europe may well be involved in a long period of anarchy. What would happen then, the history of the third and fourth centuries enables us to divine. The principle of authority is the master-key of all civilizations; when political systems disintegrate into anarchy, civilization rapidly disintegrates in its turn.

That is why I have recalled to the memory of my contemporaries at tedious length this tragic page of ancient history. Three countries are to-day in a relatively better condition: the United States, Great Britain, and France. They have won the war, although at fearful cost; they are richer than the others; and they have governments that continue to function amid the general anarchy. France seems especially favored, from this standpoint. She is preparing to reap the fruit of her century-long travail; for she has the good fortune to find herself with a democratic government, which is 'carrying on' at this extraordinary epoch, when democratic government is the only possible one outside of dictatorship and tyranny.

But for this very reason, these countries should employ their wealth, their strength, and the comparative good order they enjoy, in assisting the other countries to reconstruct upon the only possible foundations their states and their wealth. Let them not allow them-

selves to be seduced, by the illusion of power, into isolating themselves in the rising flood of anarchy! This anarchy may well result in a general disruption of civilization in two thirds of Europe, and it will not be long before they will be swallowed up in the immense void. Europe will be saved, or will perish, as a whole.

The peril is the greater for all, because the triumph of anarchy would be, in certain aspects, much more dangerous in our epoch than in the third century. In the third century the State and civilization became disorganized in the bosom of two religious faiths, — Paganism and Christianity, — which imposed bounds upon intellectual and moral, and indirectly upon political, anarchy. In those days every man had at least a certain number of ideas and principles which would remain immovable in his mind though the whole universe should crumble.

The political anarchy that the downfall of all principles of authority may let loose upon Europe to-day would be added to the most complete intellectual anarchy that Europe has ever known. Each faction, or group, which, in the revulsions of this anarchy, should possess itself of supreme power for a single day, would consider itself entitled to reconstruct the whole world on new principles: the state, morals, æsthetics, the family, and property! Imagine the utter confusion that would result from such performances! Russia shows us what it would be.

It would be wise to regard the events that have kept Russia in a turmoil for three years past from this point of view. They would perhaps suggest to a civilization full of illusions concerning its strength and its solidity what the consequences may be of the destruction of a principle of authority in an age in which there has ceased to be any intellectual discipline.

## THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

### OLD SCHOOL-BOOKS

ARE you a frequenter of attics? Do you believe in them as I do? That they are full of Romance and Adventure, and that distant and ever-changing horizon of Hope? Of course, there are some that are so swept and garnished and bereft of all the old charm that makes an attic an attic, that Memory has abandoned them; but that is not the sort of attic I mean. My Attic — I capitalize it, for it is symbolic — is like one I saw the other afternoon; swept and garnished, it is true, for my friend keeps it with a symmetrical New England conscience, but still full of the old things that helped make the daily happiness of the house a hundred years ago: fan-back Windsors and rush-bottom chairs, blue scrolled Bennington crocks and jugs; the tall, fluted posts of a canopy bed tucked away under the eaves; faded daguerreotypes, old flax-wheels, and piles of books! I know of nothing pleasanter than to sit on an accommodating hair trunk, when a winter-wind is abroad and the snow sifts lightly against the narrow panes — to sit there, warm and contented, and look at yellowing old pages with their engaging woodcuts and their formal, slanting long *f*.

These were old school-books, and old school-books are one of my enthusiasms, eternally fascinating to me, for they so reveal the past. Reveal it unconsciously, but with such a flavor, such a passion for imparting knowledge, that they make our present textbooks seem just a little anæmic. Grammars and composition-books have suffered least of all our manuals; naturally, you

do not expect them to reach the high excellence of the incomparable Minscheu, dowered in his cradle with wit and philosophy, and able to make real people talk real talk; old Minscheu who describes his work as 'Pleasant and Delightful Dialogues in Spanish and English, Profitable to the Reader and Not Unpleasant to Any Other Person.' But, even in comparison, it is not distasteful to me to read of the present-day Madame S——, who so divertingly goes her chatty way across the ocean and through Europe, accompanied by an obliging courier and an indulgent spouse. For here is Imagination, and Imagination, I am sure, lies at the basis of most good teaching. However, she and all her gorgeous doings cannot compare with a beguiling book of my early childhood, bound in green and very unpretentious. My mother had owned it before me, and it had no intended relation to my destined education. But I claimed it for my own, and I loved to lie on the floor, and read (in English, of course) about *Le Jardin*, *La Promenade*, *Le Déjeuner*, and the rest. The vicarious joys of *Les Étrennes* — ah, that happy child who received them! — will glisten forever in my memory, I know; and, oh, those lovely ladies in billowing crinolines, who swept through garden-walks going to some Arabian Night's feast, asking on their way such meticulous questions about each flower! To my seven-year-old mind French seemed a delightful study; and, consequently, I have a picture of the Third Empire that I shall never lose.

And the older these books get, the more real they get. Beside me is a little worn book bound in brown leather;

a late seventeenth-century Latin grammar, it purports to be. Actually, it is a record of the life of the times: of the belles who went to the playhouse and the beaux who went to ogle them; of swords and periwigs; of larks bought at the market-place; and of the boys at Bury School, diligent or lazy, rejoicing at a holiday or at the prospect of a fire in the schoolroom, 'for, in truth, 't is very cold,' or riding up with their masters to matriculate at Cambridge. The man who wrote it was evidently an Oranger *enragé*, for the book was published in those troublous last days of William and Mary, and every now and then came phrases like this: 'Knives confer with Knives when they are about a plot against the King'; 'They that design the destruction of the King, first detract from his Honour and his Wisdom in governing the Commonwealth.' Think of a book to-day so taking us into its confidence!

But geographies have lost infinitely more. My children, I think, like geography as a study well enough; still, I think also that there are very few far horizons for them; little, as they survey mankind from China to Peru, of the silken sails and sendal ropes that so enchanted even my youth. For I was brought up on Warren's *Common School Geography*, — a fact which definitely dates my age, — and, to this day, its pictures delight me: those curling, coiling serpents, the crouching jaguars and playful monkeys (all in one illustration, with flamingoes and alligators thrown in for make-weight); that nonchalant traveler intrepidly strapped to an Indian's back, and thus daring the perils of the Andes; the elephant-hunt and the Bedouin encampment still combine to give me that thrill of distant, long-ago lands where lived the 'Anthropopagi and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders.' And the further back you go, the better the

illustrations get — more of the wondering quality.

But of all textbooks old arithmetics are the most engaging. I have nothing to say for the one of the days of my youth, the *Franklin Written Arithmetic*, — another milestone, — for it was incomparably dull and stupid, and so, to be honest, was I. But take any eighteenth-century arithmetic, and you will find it delightful reading. In a tattered and torn old volume I even discovered a page of 'Pleasing and Diverting Questions,' including 'St. Ives,' 'The Fox, the Goose and the Bag of Corn,' and the 'Three Jealous Husbands.' Schoolmasters then taught subtraction historically: 'King Charles the Martyr was beheaded in 1648; how many years is it since?' 'General Washington was born in the year 1732; what is his age in 1806?' And what hardship could there be in making out miniature bills concerning pieces of tammy and Persian and blue shaloon? Or in solving a question that begins, 'A laceman well versed in numbers agreed with a gentleman to sell him twenty-two yards of rich gold brocaded lace.' Immediately *The Tale of the Tailor of Gloucester* comes to my mind, that cherished book the Littlest Daughter and I read before bedtime, beside a flickering fire: 'All day long while the light lasted he sewed and snipped, piecing out his satin and pompadour and lutestring; stuffs had strange names and were very expensive in the days of the Tailor of Gloucester.'

And, on these yellowed pages, England is still the old, rural England, the England that eighteenth-century Squire Western loved and enjoyed, that twentieth-century Squire Clinton loved and regretted. Fancy doing sums like this: 'Good-morrow, good fellow with your 20 geese'; or beginning, 'A young man coming into a garden saith, "Bless you all, you 10 fair maids,"' and, —

If 20 dogs for 30 groats  
 Go 40 weeks to grass;  
 How many hounds for 60 crowns  
 May winter in that place?

Ah, Art was long, but Time was long then, too; people put the same quality into their teaching — into their textbooks, at least — as into making their furniture, into working their samplers, into all their craftsmanship. They took their theme, and, like very loving Cyranos, embroidered it. Witness the following problem: 'A merchant having a soft young man to his son, covetous enough, but scarce able to keep a shop-book, was minded to purchase for him some considerable lands in the country; and bid him inquire out some handsome estate that would be sold, and he would buy it for him. The young man, overjoyed at the news, runs to an inn, where he heard divers country gentlemen lodged, and in all haste, asked them if any one of them would sell their estates? Most of them were very angry, and near beating of him; but one of them being a facetious gentleman, resolved to put a trick upon him; and told him, that he had a neat hall, with a goodly park and manor on the bank of a pleasant river, and a great number of sufficient tenants; all of which, with the royalty of a fair, market-town, and patronage of a parish-church, belonging thereto, should be his, upon condition that he would lay down one penny on the threshold of the porch-door belonging to the hall, twopence at the next door, fourpence at the third door, and so on; doubling till he had gone through all the doors, which were 64 in all. "I will have it," saith the young man, "and here is a piece in earnest"; and in all haste tells his father what a purchase he has made, wishing him to give him an hundred pounds, for that, he thought, could not but abundantly satisfy. "Thou calf," quoth his father, "the King of Spain's revenues would not pay what thou hast promised,

if they were sold at twenty years' value; much less can my estate, for it will not bring thee past the 24th threshold. The best is, the gentleman knows thee not; but I will warrant he is making merry with a fool's earnest." Now I desire to know what the sum laid down on the 24th threshold was, and what the whole would come to?'

The familiar theme of geometric progression, you see, but what magnificent embroidery! It must have been an idle lad indeed who would not mind his book, and do such cloth-of-gold sums.

So is n't it possible to get imagination, and, consequently, interest, once more into our textbooks? Or am I, do you suppose, only snared in the Past's magic web? Will someone, a hundred years from now, let us say, searching for romantic happenings in a discarded *Franklin Written Arithmetic*, run across these gilded items of my own childhood? 'A farmer sold his eggs at an average of 23½ cents a dozen' (I am writing in mid-winter!); or, 'I exchanged 42 tubs of butter at 21½ cents a pound —' It may be that the magic distance of Time will still lend enchantment to the view!

#### FROM A SISTER OF MARTHA

No, I do not believe that Martha's troubles arise from fear. There may be many of her sisters who are restrained by fear from trying new ways of living. But there are also many of us who, though ready to dare much, can find no time for the attempt: we are bound by the clock, by inevitable need of hours for sleep and food, the ordering of our households, the care of our children, the entertainment of our families and friends. And while, in many homes, it may be possible to systematize all the activities of life so that Martha has certain hours free to use as she sees fit, they are so limited in number, and so liable to curtailment because of unfore-

seen emergencies in the family life, that they are of little practical value.

My situation is typical of that of most of my friends. Only in minor details does it vary from thousands of cases in America. Those thousands, you may object, are, after all, a small fraction of the population and not of vital importance. But they represent a potential energy that is being ignored and lost as surely as electrical power is lost in undeveloped water-falls.

Here is my case. I went to school from the time I was ten until I was graduated from college at twenty-two. During that time I was either in coeducational schools, working directly with boys, or in the girls' college of a great university, working under the same professors who gave courses for men. My training was in most respects identical with that of the men I knew. During this time I went to dances and theatres, took a great interest in athletics, and spent the summers in the country with my family, including a brother. While I doubtless viewed things from a 'feminine' standpoint, most of my interests were the same as those of my brother and his friends.

I had been taught that marriage offered the probable and most desirable future for me. My mother doubtless had a feminine desire to see her daughter attractive and popular. My father, though he wanted me to be capable of taking care of myself, was not averse to seeing my future assured. The theory I gathered from study in zoölogy and sociology led to the conclusion that marriage and reproduction were the logical culmination of life. I was a perfectly normal sort of girl. So that there was never any question in my mind as to the desirability of marriage.

When I left college, I started out to get a little practical experience in the world before I 'settled down.' I began in a clerical position, from which I was

advanced rather rapidly to statistical work of great interest and of considerable responsibility. I worked hard, with a perfectly honest enthusiasm for the work, and I took due satisfaction in the monthly check that rewarded my efforts. I matched my wits against those of the men and women among whom I worked. I was not doing original, creative work; I was doing work that was laid out for me to do; but I was doing it rapidly and well—and I loved it.

During the first year of my married life my husband was in the army; I continued my office-work, and we did light housekeeping in a tiny apartment. When he went back to his civilian position, I dropped my outside work and set up housekeeping in earnest. I know how, and I find it easy to run our establishment comfortably and well. We have many friends, a comfortable income, everything to make us happy.

And yet my mind will reach and grope for something more. My theories have not changed, but my needs have become more apparent. I am not particularly regretful of the salary I used to draw. Neither do I begrudge any time or effort I may devote to bringing up children, for I thoroughly believe that anything else I might do would be futile and insignificant compared to my achievement if I shall succeed in bringing up a fine family.

But I cannot help questioning—what of me? I am twenty-seven. By the time I am forty, I shall have had ample opportunity to bear my children and start them on their way. After they are in school, they are out of my life for certain hours of every day. Must I look forward to filling those hours with dish-washing and cooking and darning stockings? Must my mind, which has been productive in the past, give up all hope of the future? Will my added years mean only a rusty slowness of brain, a loss of technical

skill, an 'out-of-dateness' that will be a permanent handicap. It seems as if those years of maturity and experience should add to my ultimate intrinsic value rather than detract from it. A man of forty is approaching the height of his business power. Shall I, at forty, be of no possible use to business, industry, or education? If I am willing to give my youth to building up the race, has the race no use for my middle age?

I have been trained for two ends, one social and physiological, the other professional and mental. It seems to me that I ought to be able to accomplish both ends, not simultaneously, but one after the other. It is wasteful to let the professional training, ability, and experience be definitely discarded because I am facing the other duties first. I could not let them wait. One must bear children when one is young. Having done so surely need not preclude using one's mental powers for commercial or educational ends when one is older.

It is absurd to say that it is sex fear that holds us back. It is inherent sex loyalty that is urging me on to my duty as it lies clearly before me. But beyond that duty stretch years when I shall have free hours, which might be used. All I ask is the hope for work for those hours. My husband will share my interest in the family, the responsibility of feeding and training it, without giving up his work. I admit that the situation demands my time at home now. But I can give it gladly, if I have ahead of me the assurance of future opportunity for my work.

I am not crying for the moon. I am not begging jewels and servants and luxury — only the opportunity to do the things I have learned to do well, and to earn the just reward for doing them. I do not want a future of bridge-playing and miscellaneous committee meetings. I want to concentrate my effort and get into the fight. I have

learned the thrill of competition. You take it away from me forever. Open a door at the other end of this phase of my life, and show me something beyond the round of petty duties that hems me in. Give me a future to look forward to, and I will cease to sit waiting for that 'car that is indefinitely late and whose destination is unknown.'

#### A PORTRAIT

'My idea of life,' said my friend S——, 'would be to have a nice lawn running down to the water, several deck-chairs, plenty of tobacco, and three or four of us to sit there all day long and listen to B—— talk.'

I suppose that B—— — I wish I could name him, but it would be an indecency to do so, for part of his charm is his complete unconsciousness of the affection, and even adoration, of the little group of younger men who call themselves his 'fans' — I suppose that B——'s talk is as nearly Johnsonian in virtue and pungency as any spoken wisdom now hearable in this country. To know him is, in the absolute truth of that enduring phrase, a liberal education. To his simplicity, his valorous militancy for truth, he joins the mind of a great scholar, the placable spirit of an eager child.

I said 'Johnsonian' — yet even in the great Doctor as we have him recorded there was a certain truculence and vehemence that are a little foreign to B——'s habit. Fearless champion as he is, there is always a gentleness about him. Even when his voice deepens and he is well launched on a long argument, he is never brutally dogmatic, never cruelly discourteous.

The beauty of B——'s talk, the quality that would make it a delight to listen to him all a summer afternoon, is that he gives, unconsciously, a perfect exhibition of a perfect process, a great

mind in motion. His mind is too full, too crowded, too ratiocinative, for easy and frugal utterance. Sometimes, unless one is an acute listener, he is almost incoherent in his zeal to express all the phases and facets of the thought that flashes upon him. And yet, if one could (unknown to him) have a stenographer behind the arras to take it all down, so that his argument could be analyzed at leisure, it would show its anatomical knitting and structure. Do you remember how Burke's speech on Conciliation was parsed and subheaded in the preface to the school-texts? Just so, in I and II and III, A, B, and C, ( $\alpha$ ), ( $\beta$ ), and ( $\gamma$ ), i, ii, and iii, we could articulate the strict and bony logic that vertebrates B——'s talk. Reservations, exceptions, qualifications, parentheses, sub-clauses, and humorous paraphrases swim upon him as he goes, and he deals with each as it comes. Sometimes, one thinks, he has lost the spine of the discourse, is mazed in a ganglion of nerves and sinews. But no! give him time, and back he comes to the marrow of his theme!

What a happiness this is to listen to — he (bless his heart) now and then apologizing for his copiousness, little dreaming that we are all better men for hearing him; that his great gray head and clear kindly eye ('His mild and magnificent eye': whose is that phrase?) are to us a symbol of Socratic virtue and power; that there is not one of us who, after an hour or so with him, does not depart with private resolutions of honor, and fidelity to wisdom. How he irrigates his subject, whatever it is.

I'll tell when time hurries withal! It is when B—— sits down at a corner table of some chop-house, and (the rest of us seeing to it that the meal gets ordered, and now and then saying something about the food so that he will remember to eat) we marvel to watch the glow and business of a mind so great paired with a heart so simple.

'My idea is this,' he says, 'subject to an exception which I will state in a moment.' Taking up his exception, he makes it so lucid, so pregnant, so comprehensive, so irresistible, that it seems to us the whole and satisfying dogma; and then, suddenly turning it inside-outward, he reveals the seams, and we remember that it was only a trifling nexus in the rational series. He returns to his main thesis, and other counterpoising arguments occur to him. He outlines them, with delicious *Æsopian* sagacity. 'Of course this analysis is only quantitative, not qualitative,' he says. 'But I will now restate my position with all the necessary reservations, and we'll see if it will hold water.'

We smile, and look at each other slyly, in the sheer happiness of enjoying a perfect work of art. He must be a mere quintain, a poor lifeless block, who does not revel in such an exhibition, where those two rare qualities of mind — honesty and agility — are locked in one.

Of course, — it is hardly necessary to say, — we do not always agree with everything he says. But we could not disagree with *him*; for we see that his broad, shrewd, troubled spirit could take no other view, arising out of the very multitude and swarm and pressure of his thought. Those who plod diligently and narrowly along a country lane may sometimes reach the destination less fatigued than the more conscientious and passionate traveler who quarters the fields and beats the bounds, intent to leave no covert unscrutinized. But in him we see, and love, and revere, something rare and precious, not often found in our present way of life; in matters concerning the happiness of others, a devoted spirit of unrivaled wisdom; in those pertaining to himself, a child's unblemished innocence. The perplexities of others are his daily study; his own pleasures, a constant surprise.

## THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Henri Frédéric Amiel, a Swiss scholar and poet, was for many years a professor at the Academy of Geneva. Parts of his *Journal Intime* which to 'sick souls' means so much, were published in 1882, just after his death, and were translated into English. John Sheridan Zelic, the discoverer and translator of these letters of wise and sympathetic counsel, is pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Troy, N.Y. L. Adams Beck, English traveler and scholar, deeply versed in the lore of the Orient, has fortunately become a familiar contributor to the *Atlantic*. William Beebe is still pursuing his observations at the New York Zoölogical Society's Tropical Research Station at Kartabo, British Guiana.

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Christina Krysto, born in Russia, sends from California this romantic chapter of family history. Jean Kenyon Mackenzie, born a poet, became a missionary, and, more recently, the happy chronicler of her father's life, under the title of *The Fortunate Youth*. Edward Yeomans is a Chicago manufacturer who has given much thought to educational problems. The *Atlantic Monthly Press* is to issue this spring a volume of his inspiring messages to teachers. Howard Snyder, Northern-born, and for many years a planter in Mississippi, continues his series of pictures of the plantation negro as seen with his own eyes. Marion Pugh Read sends us this story from Lynn, Mass.

The incident at the funeral meeting [she writes] was an actual one. The boy, who had been a ne'er-do-well, was killed accidentally, and the funeral was preached while I was there. According to their absolutely rigid belief, there was no alternative but that he had gone 'straight to Hell'; and if, even so, not all those mountain preachers would have been so relentless, the one this day did not flinch from what seemed to him an opportunity to drive his lesson home.

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Florence Converse is a member of the *Atlantic's* staff. Alida Chanler was in charge of the Radio School at the Walter

Read Hospital for some time during the war. George M. Stratton, Professor of Psychology at the University of California since 1908, has been president of the American Psychological Association, and is advisory editor of the *Psychological Review*. Grace E. Polk is probation officer of the Juvenile Court at Minneapolis.

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Alice Brown, novelist, essayist, poet, and playwright, was a life-long friend of Miss Guiney, who died last year in Oxford, and whose name the *Atlantic* loves dearly to recall. George Boas, of the English Department of the University of California finds in his own experience the material for the stories he is kind enough to send to the *Atlantic*. Walter Prichard Eaton, student of the drama and of nature, lives in Sheffield, Massachusetts. Paul V. West is Assistant Professor of English at the University of Wisconsin. Nancy Byrd Turner, a Virginian writer of both prose and verse, chiefly for children, has been for several years editor of the 'Children's Page' of the *Youth's Companion*.

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James D. Phelan, for six years past United States Senator from California, was formerly Mayor of San Francisco. Henry R. Brigham, a Boston attorney, gained great experience during the war as counsel for the United States Housing Corporation. Guglielmo Ferrero, the Italian historian of Rome, and penetrating student of contemporary politics, is a not infrequent contributor of ours.

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The *Atlantic* believes in informed debate, but seldom finds altercation of value. We are sorry, then, for the widespread discussion of a paragraph in Mr. Booth's recent paper, 'The Wild West,' which, in telling the story of an Easterner earning a rough living by casual labor, referred, incidentally,



to the tragedy of Centralia. The principal reference is as follows:—

It has not been disproved that the I.W.W. Hall which was the scene of bloodshed had twice before been raided by the respectable faction, and that no defense had been made by the pariahs; that this third raid, on Armistice Day, 1919, was expected by the I.W.W., and that they had asked for police protection. None was given—with what result the world knows.

Of this paragraph the *Centralia Chronicle* has this to say:—

The *Atlantic Monthly* has admitted to its usually authentic columns this damnable statement, assuming that it was true. It is a contemptible lie, with certain facts perverted beyond any semblance of truth. The good people of Centralia have a just grievance against the *Atlantic Monthly*. It is due for this usually conservative magazine to investigate the facts and make an abject apology to, not only the citizens of this peaceful little city, but to the ex-service men who were marching in that peace parade totally oblivious of the red-handed conspiracy that had been planned to start an industrial revolution in this locality.

The following letter represents as well as any we have received the *gravamen* of the charge against Mr. Booth.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY  
SIR,—

On behalf of the people of the State of Washington and particularly on behalf of the ex-service men of this State, we are writing to make formal protest against the serious and unwarranted charges on the character of Washington's ex-service men contained in an article entitled: 'The Wild West,' by Mr. Edward Townsend Booth, and which appeared in the December issue of the *Atlantic*.

Such reflections on the patriotism and loyalty of so large a part of our population cannot go unchallenged.

The article in question contains this statement, among others:—

'It is a notable fact that a large percentage of the men who are floating in the West this season saw service in the American Expeditionary Force. These men are usually the "reddest" of all and the most inclined to violence.'

We are at a loss to understand what basis of fact can substantiate such an accusation. During the recent world conflict, Washington sent 63,775 of her sons to the colors, and of this number 30,126 are to-day enrolled in the American Legion. We indignantly deny the charge or the insinuation that these men are 'the "reddest" of all and the most inclined to violence.'

The splendid respect for law and order shown by the Legionnaires of Centralia at the time of the Armistice Day Massacre in 1919, gives the lie to such an accusation. Probably no finer example can be produced by any state in the Union. With

real provocation for far more drastic action, but because they stand first and foremost for law and order, the Centralia Legionnaires took the assassins who had poured their murderous fire into the ranks of the parading veterans—took these assassins red-handed, with their guns still smoking, and marched them to the city jail. There the ex-service men stood guard until the arrival of the State Militia on the following day. Order was maintained in Centralia by former service men—by those who are 'the "reddest" of all,' according to Mr. Booth; but that such is the case is proved by the statement of the commanding officer of the State Militia on his arrival in Centralia.

In simple justice to the men the State of Washington sent to the colors during the World War, we challenge the statement by Mr. Booth that there were ex-service men on both sides, trained in the violence attendant upon present-day warfare. The impression given by that statement is distinctly contrary to the facts.

On the one side were the members of the American Legion, parading without arms, in celebration of the signing of the Armistice. On the other side were representatives of the worst elements in Washington's population. Only two of them were ex-service men. Neither of those two served with the American Expeditionary Force, and neither was in the army for any length of time. One was an I.W.W. organizer when he was drafted, and his short time in uniform did not at all alter his character. Another was imprisoned for evading the draft, and broke jail. Still another of the Centralia I.W.W. murderers was arrested for seditious utterances during the war. Yet another had been tried two years before, as one of the ring-leaders in the Everett massacre. These instances illustrate the type of men who planned and executed that monstrous ambushade on Armistice Day.

Mr. Booth's references to Centralia are references likely to be made by one who has read all the I.W.W. propaganda on the subject and has not attempted to seek out the truth for himself.

The trial of the I.W.W. at Montesano consumed seven weeks and resulted in seven of the defendants being found guilty of murder. The entire Centralia Tragedy was given a thorough airing during those seven weeks—and there stands the verdict. The records of that trial are open, and anyone may read the testimony of both sides. These facts stand out unmistakably clear, and the records of the trial support them:—

The I.W.W. expected a raid on their Hall. For days they had been told by one of their members—an agitator from California who had only recently arrived in Centralia—that the real object of the Armistice Day parade was to raid the I.W.W. Hall. As a result, the I.W.W. came to town on Armistice Day heavily armed with rifles and revolvers, and stationed themselves in the upper rooms of three hotels on the line of march and on a hillside overlooking the route of the parade. They were to begin firing on a pre-arranged signal; this despite the fact that one of their members came to the I.W.W. Hall immediately before the parade and told them

that all talk of a raid was false. Not a man in the entire parade was armed. Some of the parading Legionnaires were marking time and others were closing ranks, when the I.W.W. opened fire. Three members of the Centralia Post of the American Legion, including the Post Commander and one ex-service man who was not a member of the Legion, but who was participating in the parade, were killed. Not one of the four was killed within fifty feet of the I.W.W. Hall, which Mr. Booth claims was raided. The above facts were proved conclusively at the trial, and the records are open to any investigator.

The statement by Mr. Booth that the I.W.W. requested police protection in vain is unqualifiedly false, and is typical of the sort of propaganda being spread about the country by the I.W.W., in an attempt to make martyrs of the convicted assassins.

In the light of Mr. Booth's article, we feel it is our bounden and urgent duty to formally protest to you against the serious reflections that have been cast by the article on the State of Washington, and its people; and to protest as well against an increasingly noticeable tendency on the part of Eastern publications, to publish articles purporting to be serious reviews of economic, social, and political conditions in the Pacific Northwest but whose authors, either through inability or bias, or for other reasons, fail to verify their statements and assertions from authentic and readily accessible sources.

We ask, therefore, that you give space in the next issue of the *Atlantic Monthly* to this communication, in correction of the false impressions created and conveyed by Mr. Booth's article. Simple justice to the ex-service men of the State of Washington demands that you do so.

LOUIS F. HART  
Governor of the State of Washington

THOS. N. SWALE  
Commander, The American Legion  
Department of Washington

We are not given to sympathy with the I.W.W., nor, on the other hand, do we think it fair to hold up Mr. Booth either as a 'Red,' or as wilfully inaccurate. In considering the facts, the reader must realize that the I.W.W. headquarters, formerly in another house in the same city, had been raided in 1917; sworn testimony was introduced at the trial, and that testimony corroborated,

to the effect [we quote from the American Legion's own account] that they informed Centralia authorities of their belief that a raid was to take place on Armistice Day, and that they asked protection without any definite action being taken to afford it. Circulars were distributed, testified Smith, appealing to the citizens of Centralia. Believing that lawful protection would not be given them, in the event a raid was held, the I.W.W. secretary said that the resolution to arm themselves sprang into being and effect.

Certainly, this gives some color of truth to Mr. Booth's statements. Further, although Governor Hart states correctly that the trial resulted in seven of the defendants being found guilty of murder, it is accurate to add that these men were found guilty of murder in the second degree, which, after the illogical custom of American juries, shows a disposition to shirk the responsibility of an irrevocable decision. Finally (we have already continued this discussion at considerable length), mention must be made of the fact that on the night of the fight, the prison of Centralia was forced open, and one of the I.W.W. prisoners taken out by a crowd of 'unknown avengers' (we quote again from an official account by the Legion), and hanged.

In this whole matter the *Atlantic* declines to be on the defensive. We are in entire sympathy with law and order. We regard with horror such awful occurrences as took place at Centralia. Each and all of the condemned men were probably guilty of bloodshed. But we should be false to the basic principles of this magazine were we to admit that the Centralia tragedy was not indicative of social disease far more serious than our critics seem to imply, and not to be eradicated by the imprisonment, or even the execution, of seven very undesirable citizens.

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A word for the etymological this, from the editor of the *Buffalo Medical Journal*.

EDITOR ATLANTIC MONTHLY

DEAR SIR, —

I have noted your use of the word *thigmataxis* in a recent issue. While it would be tetrerythism on my part to pose as a Greek scholar, it occurs to me that the word should be *thigmatotaxis*, and that, instead of being used in the simple sense employed, it should be reserved for the systematic arrangement of philanthropic drives.

Very truly yours,

A. L. BENEDICT.

Curiously enough, the thigmatotaxically inclined can learn more of this subject by referring to the paragraph beginning at the foot of page 310 of this issue.

\* \* \*

It is worth remarking how completely the critics of Mr. S. Miles Bouton's paper in the January *Atlantic* differ among themselves.

He paints the Swedes all wrong, writes one. They are not worth painting, writes another. Others content themselves with saying that criticism of the U.S.A. is unpatriotic — rather a broad statement at a time when the U.S.A. is changing before our eyes.

A Congregationalist pastor sends this suggestive letter.

DEAR EDITOR, —

To those of us who cherish the idea of this country being a 'melting-pot,' such a paper as S. Miles Bouton presents in 'What Is the Reason?' in the January *Atlantic* causes at first a flush of shame. But then we remember two facts which bring us comfort.

First: it is surely true that the intoxication of war in these past six years has given us all a severe headache. It is no wonder that many of these foreign-born peoples have chafed under the restrictions necessarily imposed. Now they seek relief in the dreamland of their youth.

Second: I recall the statement of a Swedish pastor in our neighboring city of Worcester, who claimed that in five years the vast majority of the Scandinavians now returning to their native countries will have returned to this country, disappointed in the home land, awakened to the opportunities and privileges that this land offers.

A concrete example of this truth has been evidenced here in our little town this past month. As soon as the war ended, our Italian fruit-dealer sold out and left for 'sunny Italy.' He has just returned. He says that Italy is not the same. He looked back to the Italy of his boyhood through the rosy eyes of remembrance. He went back to see it through the eyes of practical experience with American customs and privileges. He has come back to S — to live out the rest of his life. The United States, after all, is a good country.

Let us not be swept off our feet by the backwash of the war. In due time the question, 'What is the reason?' will answer itself.

Sincerely,

ROBERT G. ARMSTRONG.

Another reader, whose profession gives him opportunities to generalize far more usefully than most of us, writes as follows:

TOLEDO, OHIO, 3 Jan., 1921.

EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC

DEAR SIR, —

This afternoon I bought a copy of the current issue of the *Atlantic* in the railroad station at Detroit, and read with much interest the article 'What Is the Reason?' by Mr. Bouton. Then having still to wait for my train, I looked at a display of Michigan crops, with advertising recounting the advantages of a farm in Michigan. Among the advertising cards under the glass of the counter was one which read: —

### TRUE PATRIOTISM

*True patriotism is to love, honor and obey your master.*

*If you don't, someone else will, and you'll be sent to jail.*

MICHIGAN.

I do not know whether the master referred to was Ford or Newberry. But I do know that this sort of thing, of which one finds a good deal in various places and which passes for one-hundred-per-cent Americanism, is one of the reasons. I am not a 'new American,' — my line goes back to 1636 in America, — but I am no 'one-hundred-per-cent American'; and many of us are still enough of New Englanders to have a certain hesitation about loving, honoring, or obeying a master.

Very truly,

HENRY M. BOWDEN.

Our own feeling is that the Reason which Mr. Bouton seeks is complex. That America is still the land of infinite opportunity is part and parcel of the *Atlantic's* inmost convictions. Here still dwells Hope. But, conscious of the privileges we ourselves enjoy, we Americans are too prone to consider immigrants who have followed our blazed trail as, in a very crass sense, the scum of the earth. Wops and Squareheads, Frogs and Dagoes, they are to many of us; and all that such a nomenclature connotes enters into our attitude toward them. There is no space here to do more than make the blunt point; but is not this, in part, the Reason?

\* \* \*

Miss Keeler 'having fun with her mind' has provided many readers with brand-new forms of solitaire. Witness many letters from strangers, and this paragraph from one of her own.

What amuses me most is that, when I was writing that article, I tried to draw out my friends as to how they had fun with their minds, and could n't, one of them; and now they all write me at length how they do it. Some are jolly enough. Miss L — tying a big magnet to a string, walking about the lawn to retrieve shingle-nails from the repaired roof, and when she got tired of walking, sitting on her verandah and casting out her line! Four pounds of nails, too!

\* \* \*

Bookstore gossip is good gossip. Here we set down the authentic record of a library conversation overheard by a chance buyer.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Since you seem to be interested in the subject of bookselling just now, perhaps this dialogue,

overheard at Christmas in a leading book-store in one of the largest cities of the country, may throw some light on your problem.

*Lady.* — May I have 'The Dolly Dialogues,' please?

*Junior sales-clerk* (to senior sales-clerk). — There's a party here wants some dialogues.

*Senior sales-clerk.* — Well, tell 'em we've got nothing outside of Landor's *Imaginary Conversations*.

If the bookselling business were to devote as much thought and time to the training of its salesmen as do many other lines of business, perhaps people might be more tempted to buy books.

Sincerely,

H. W. YOKALL.

\*\*\*

Lovers of all the 'beasties' will care for this letter.

CHICAGO, December 31, 1920.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

May I enter a word of appreciation of Robert M. Gay's very wise question in the January *Atlantic* concerning the identity of pigs and people?

It has long been part of my creed (usually ridiculed) that, if man practised his acts of faith and obeyed as truly his laws as all animals do theirs, man would be a more admirable and less pitiable object.

Living as I do 'cooped up' in one rather large room, for which I pay a weekly sum to the woman who owns it, the aching of my heart for *any* sort of an animal is unassuaged. So I content myself with petting stray dogs, picking up (much to the horror of most of my friends) occasional flea-bitten cats, and gazing for hours in the windows of all animal stores. In time I become reduced to a chattering state of imbecility that attracts the attention of *sans* passers-by. Because talking to a puppy through a half-inch of plate-glass is, of course, evidence of insanity.

And, contrariwise, I can't agree with Professor Gay that *all* animals are prospective friends, any more than are all people. Nothing disturbs my peace of mind and ruffles my beatific disposition more than a hen, — any hen, — especially a hen that sings, with eyes half shut, on a warm, enervating afternoon in sunny summer.

As for slimy pets: I've kept lizards and found them somewhat satisfactory, except that with five, no matter how often you name them, you can't tell them apart. I've been able to tell one set of two from another set of two, and the fifth from all four, but I never *could* separate the twos.

Turtles, especially small ones, do very well. They have distinctly varied dispositions, manners — even morals and habits. I had two at one time, each about the size of a silver dollar. Their names were Joe and Laura (after a lost love and a hated rival), and I must admit that, in spite of all my plans and biased notions, Laura *did* prove up the better of the two. Joe was sullen, sluggish, and vindictive, while Laura had the pleasant

manners and unholy calm of a high-born lady. They were great friends of mine until they developed a softening of the shell, so that I was forced to consign them to the freer waters of a near-by park lagoon.

There was once a man — a Norwegian farmer-friend of mine — who had a pig. It followed him like Mary's lamb. Well, one day — but that's another story.

Sincerely,

ELEANOR B. ATKINSON.

\*\*\*

A cheery friend of the *Atlantic* sends us a sheet of 'Songs of Rejoicing for Women to Hum round the Home.'

How fresh and bright this world of ours! What music greets the ear! what color the eye! Every girl a hummer in every humming home!

\*\*\*

To many readers of the *Atlantic* who, in response to our urgent appeal for starving China, have responded with a generosity for which we are lastingly grateful, we owe a word of explanation. The record of America in the Orient as the disinterested friend of China carries with it a plain duty common to all of us; but the *Atlantic* feels a peculiar responsibility in this crisis, because the President, in his appeal for 15,000,000 starving Chinese, has requested both Mr. MacGregor Jenkins, publisher of the *Atlantic*, and the editor, to serve on the New England committee. We can offer absolute assurance of the economy with which collections are made. We can also guarantee that moneys sent through the *Atlantic* office will, within a fortnight's time, be converted into actual food in the hands of the very capable American relief committee in the stricken districts. The advertising pages of this issue carry a story on this topic which everybody ought to read.

Rev. Theodore R. Ludlow, who writes the interesting pages following on 'Famine Days in China,' was formerly Assistant Professor of Political Science at Austin College, Texas, and for five years was Professor of Political Science at Boone University.

During the war he worked with the Chinese Labor Battalion of the American Expeditionary Force in France, and has recently become Rector of St. Paul's Church in Newton Highlands, Mass.



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# DODGE BROTHERS

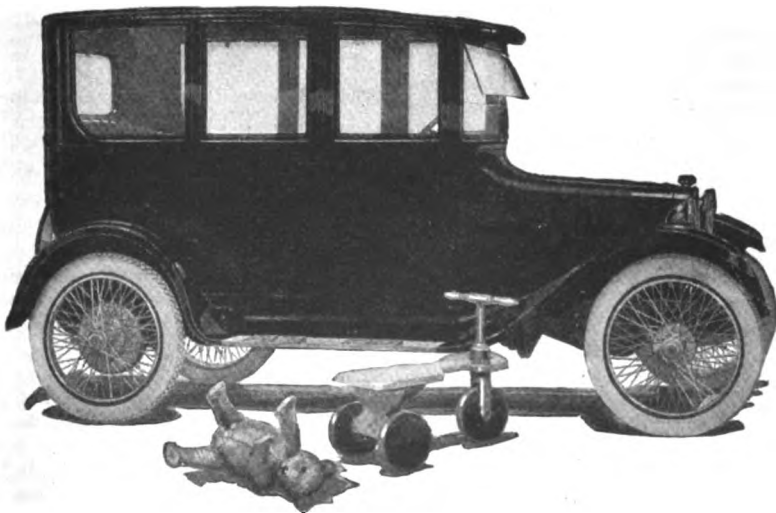
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# THE ATLANTIC'S BOOKSHELF

These reviews of recent books of unusual value are based upon lists furnished through the courteous coöperation of such trained judges as the following: American Library Association Book List, Wisconsin Free Library Commission, and the staffs of the public libraries in Springfield (Massachusetts), Newark, Cleveland, Kansas City, and St. Louis.

**The Peace Negotiations: a Personal Narrative,** by Robert Lansing. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co. 1921. 8vo, pp. vi+328. \$3.00.

'Now it can be told.' So thinks the late Secretary of State as he hurries to join the ranks of those who, for personal or partisan reasons, seek to belittle America's part in the war and the peace. His book is not a history of the peace negotiations, but a recital of his personal differences with President Wilson. In Mr. Lansing's case the provocation was great, because of the unfortunate manner in which he was asked to resign; but he has placed the satisfaction of a personal grievance above his plain duty to his country. He speaks of 'the conduct of Mr. Bullitt, who had held a responsible position with the American Commission at Paris, in voluntarily repeating a conversation which was from its nature highly confidential'; but it does not seem to occur to the author that he is doing the same thing, voluntarily repeating highly confidential conversations with the President. Mr. Bullitt, likewise, was out of office when he volunteered to violate confidences. If it be urged that Mr. Lansing has the right some day to publish his story, now is surely not the time, while the Treaty and Covenant, with his own signature on them, are still matters of international as well as domestic discussion, and while American policy in relation to them remains undefined. Intent on justifying himself, he forgets all international considerations.

The obligation laid on retired officials in such matters has been admirably expressed by Mr. Lansing's father-in-law, the late John W. Foster, in his book on *The Foundations of Diplomacy*: 'It has been well said that a diplomatist, who necessarily assumes confidential relations to his government, is not at liberty to dissolve that confidential connection for his own vindication. . . . There is no doubt that such conduct is immoral in political ethics and to be severely condemned.'

If Mr. Lansing's volume does not reveal him as a large man, neither does it make him out a great secretary. Great secretaries play the game or resign. Whether he or the President was right in specific matters, is a question that time alone can decide. The principal points of difference are stated to be: the President's going to Paris; the nature of the League and the inclusion of the Covenant in the Treaty; the guaranty treaty with France; the lack of a definite programme for the American Commissioners; 'secret diplomacy'; and Shantung. If the President had followed his Secretary's advice by staying in Washington, Mr. Lansing would have been head of the American delegation, and on his own showing this would have created an impossible situation. Not only

was he opposed to self-determination, but his idea of a League of Nations centred about a court with no 'teeth' in it or other means of enforcing peace, so that he was unfitted from the start to work for the kind of a league which the President desired, and consequently unwilling to make any of the compromises which the President made in order to secure it. It was inevitable that he should early drop out of the discussions at Paris, and should dislike the Treaty at the end. How little he understands the real difficulties of the negotiations or the amount of preliminary work required is seen in his naïve belief that, if only his ideas of procedure had been accepted, adequate preliminary treaties could have been signed within a few weeks, covering all territorial questions, as well as the fundamental problem of reparation, which is still unsettled. Mr. Lansing believes honestly that his advice should have been taken. Another alternative would have been to leave him at home.

There remains the delicate question of truth. Have we the whole truth in this 'personal narrative,' or must we await something fuller and more impersonal? Besides various memoranda, Mr. Lansing prints a few extracts from his diary. We need the whole diary, and more, in order to judge the fundamental questions, why and when the Secretary lost the President's confidence. Did Mr. Lansing ever offer his resignation before it was called for? Until all the facts on this point are before us, we are left wondering whether the Secretary's resignation ought not to have been offered and promptly accepted before the President sailed for France. C. H. H.

**The Mirrors of Downing Street: Some Political Reflections, by A Gentleman with a Duster.** New York: G. Putnam's Sons. 1921. 8vo, xii+171 pp. Portraits. \$2.50.

HERE is a series of critical and biographical analyses, set down with a devastating candor never exceeded in the literature of European politics. One after another, thirteen contemporary figures, who have attained distinction in British public life, — among them Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Arthur Balfour, Lord Haldane, Lord Kitchener, Mr. Asquith, and Mr. Winston Churchill: names which, to the general reader, suggest not so much persons as personalities reflected from public mirrors, — pass the ordeal of a gentleman with 'a duster of honest cotton in his hand,' and an ideal of political honor in his heart. Now it is the dust of popular illusion that is sent a-flying; now the subtle, discoloring stain born of the mirrored character's own self-illusion; now it is the distorting webs of legend that are ruthlessly torn away.



# What Really Happened at Paris

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FIFTH AVENUE AT 48TH



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Yet the book is in no sense a pillorying of the great; no vulgar dish of *exposé*. The analyses of character are done with the delicacy of an etching.

The author of the sketches declares that he prefers to remain anonymous. It is not difficult to see, however, that he is one who had intimate political and social association with the public men of whom he treats; that he is a gentleman, in the English sense of this variable word; and that he owes a certain classic nicety of tone and manner to a thorough training in ancient literatures, the Greek, in particular. His politics, so far as one may judge, appear to be those of a University Liberal, who is wisely content to let the new appear as the slow, patiently nurtured fruit of the great tree of time and tradition.

The reader passes from Mr. Lloyd George, who, 'if he had been able to keep the wings of youth, might have been almost the greatest man of British history,' to Mr. Arthur Balfour, resembling a 'lofty spire' in the fact that his loftiness 'dwindles away to a point which affords no foothold for the sons of man. One may look up to him now and again; but a constant regard would be rewarded by nothing more serviceable to the admirer than a stiff neck.' As for the Kitchener Legend, it dissolves in this anonymous light like a rather unpleasant bit of snow carried on the boot-heels of Demos into Clio's drawing-room.

In the sketch of Lord Haldane, however, it is difficult not to feel that personal friendship and esteem have caused the duster-wielding arm to forget a little of its cunning. Were it not for this very evident loyalty, the presentation of Lord Haldane as the man who saved civilization, and whose little British expeditionary force 'saved France from an overwhelming and almost immediate destruction,' might be resented.

This earnest, courageous, and readable book is well worth the while of anyone interested either in English public life or in the veritable characters of those who have shaped to-day's unquiet world.

H. B.

**The New Jerusalem, by G. K. Chesterton.**  
New York: George H. Doran Company. 1921.  
8vo, x+307 pp. \$3.00.

THIS is the book of a traveler who visited Palestine and ruminated as he went. The reader finds himself asking why a book on so fascinating a topic, by so lively a writer, should be dull, as this book unmistakably is.

The answer apparently is to be found in the fact that the traveler *ruminated as he went*. If he had stood still, he might have finished the argument; or if he had stopped thinking, he might have arrived somewhere and taken the reader with him. As it is, he does neither. We catch fleeting glimpses of battlemented walls, of a striped landscape, of a snow-storm, of a pageant of colors, creeds, and races; but before the picture is formed, it fades into a symbol or a text, and Mr. Chesterton is launched upon his argument.

Needless to say, there are brilliant passages, such, for example, as the description of Godfrey

de Bouillon's scaling of the walls of Jerusalem in the First Crusade. There are flights of wit and fancy, such as only Mr. Chesterton has the talent and the courage to perpetrate. He takes his essential self and his lamp-post with him where he goes; and the reader delights in meeting and recognizing him at every turn. But as a newspaper correspondent following an itinerary, he is not free. The compromise between the rôles of sight-seer and of prophet is not a happy one.

He brings us, for example, to the steep slopes verging on the Dead Sea, which we approach in 'a little rocking Ford car.' But just as we hope to catch a glimpse of that natural wonder, the author is reminded of the miracle of the swine, who rushed down a 'steep place' into the sea. That reminds him of the controversy over miracles between Huxley and Gladstone, which leads to a general review of the modern revival of supernaturalism. And so we never reach the Dead Sea. The argument is very illuminating, but it bores us because we had our minds prepared for something else.

This revival of supernaturalism is one of the main themes of the book, on its philosophical side. The author uses the ancient method of the obscurantist, which is to exploit and aggravate the dissensions and mutations of science. He points to Einstein and Freud, to multiple personality, psychical research, and the election theory, as evidence that the traditional scientific orthodoxy is breaking down. It is the old erroneous and vicious idea on which was based the war of science and religion in the last century: the idea that the change and growth of science are signs of weakness, and that religion can hope thus to prevail over her enemy.

Mr. Chesterton's own philosophical creed, as set forth in the present book, consists of obscurantism and supernaturalism as aforesaid, of mediævalism, of nationalism, and of the gospel of work. He feels the present age to signify the total failure of capitalism, and of all its remedies. The only hope of getting on the right track is to go back to the thirteenth century, and there resume again that age of chivalry which the failure of the Crusades made abortive. The only redeeming features of the present age are love of country and love of manual labor.

The under-side of these latter tenets is anti-Semitism, the Jew being unpatriotic and disinclined to become a peasant. Mr. Chesterton would therefore encourage him to go to Palestine, or 'enclave' him at home.

As for Mr. Chesterton himself, it must be hoped, for his salvation, that his travels East and West will not denationalize him, for it is already too late to hope that he will become a peasant.

R. B. P.

**Russia in the Shadows, by H. G. Wells.** New York. George H. Doran Co. 1921. 12mo, viii+179 pp. Illustrated. \$1.50.

MR. WELLS has written the kind of a book on Russia that his readers might predict, — a book

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A very interesting announcement of Borzoi Books to be published this Spring is ready and will be sent without charge, on request.

of sweep, vivid portrayal, suggestive analysis, sympathetic interpretation, and independent judgment, — wherein he uses Russia's condition as a flail for joyous, vigorous, and impartial idol-smashing in the temples both of the Bolsheviks and of their opponents. It is a little book, a sort of travel letter, already familiar to many Americans through its serial publication in our press. The volume adds nothing to the newspaper articles but a permanent form and some very interesting photographs — the best selected that have reached us from 'Russia in the Shadows.'

Concretely, the book is a record of fifteen days spent in Petrograd and Moscow last mid-autumn, part of the time as a guest of Maxim Gorky. It is a very vital picture of conditions and persons in those stricken cities. It is almost entirely an account of contacts with people of the intellectual and ruling classes, not of meetings with peasants and workers, who are dismissed rather cavalierly — and, the writer thinks, unjustly — as unpromising and unconscious clay. Mr. Wells did not see the villages; of these he speaks from hearsay. He triangulates a country covering half of two continents from the short base-line connecting its capitals. He does not profess to do more. As in his *Outline of History*, he summarizes boldly from secondary sources.

Therefore we face at once the question, not of the accuracy of Mr. Wells's facts, — they carry the conviction of well-reported personal experiences, — but of the adequacy of his facts to support such final and comprehensive judgments. In a way he does not lack due modesty of opinion. He is not so dogmatic as far less competent observers. But he approaches his problem with a definite and decidedly critical attitude toward existing social institutions, and with a breezy philosophy of history, for which he is disposed to make Russia's chaos a Q.E.D.

Perhaps the book is all the better for that. It certainly throws strong flash-lights into Russia's intimidating shadows. It does not make us shudder, but it makes us think. It tends to dissipate the ogre myth of Bolshevism; the question is, may it not substitute for that an apocalyptic myth? To Mr. Wells, Russia's agony is the logical — also the artistic — sequel of centuries of social and political error. His moral indictment does not run against the Bolsheviks, but against the kind of people who mostly read his books.

This is very helpful in a way, and it gives a purpose to writing that might otherwise drift into mere sensation. There are two reasons for studying Russia to-day: to apply its lessons to our own affairs, and to discover how we can answer most effectively that country's call for help. In respect to the latter, Mr. Wells believes that, unless Russia is aided by her fellow nations, — and he sees most hope in America, — within a year, 'the final collapse of all that remains of modern civilization throughout what was formerly the Russian Empire' will occur and that, 'both eastward and westward other great regions may, one after the other, tumble into the great hole in civilization

thus created. Possibly all modern civilization may tumble in.' V. S. C.

**Hungry Hearts**, by Anzia Yezierska. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1920. 8vo, vi+298 pp. \$1.80.

A STRIKING group of stories, teeming with the unquenchable desire of the Jewish race for social betterment and spiritual improvement, has been collected under the title of *Hungry Hearts*. Its author, Anzia Yezierska, writes whereof she knows, from personal experience of the East Side of New York and of work in its sweat-shops. Her nationality, her passionate sympathy, and her understanding humor give her words authority, and the spiritual hunger of the Polish and Russian Jews who come to this promised land either to find or to miss what their ardent souls crave, is poignantly portrayed.

In most cases the too idealistic immigrants drink of the bitter cup of disillusion, instead of the living waters of love, learning, and enlightenment with which their vivid imaginations had pictured the land of their dreams to be flowing. It is natural that, for the most part, these newly arrived girls and women, as pictured by this writer of their own race, should be possessed by an almost unbelievable ideality. Their response to all the finer feelings, to affection, to beauty, and above all to learning, puts them on a plane so high above the sordid surroundings of their daily task that at moments it seems as if Miss Yezierska must idealize the immigrants even as they have idealized the imagined America toward which their burning gaze has been turned.

But when we read 'The Fat of the Land,' perhaps the most artistically complete story of the collection, and 'The Lost Beautifulness,' we realize that the fiercer and more unlovely qualities of the disillusioned seekers for liberty are depicted as unflinchingly as are their burning hopes and faiths. These girls with the 'hungry hearts,' and the 'wings,' and the burning wish for 'beautifulness' should suggest to us more practical and materially minded Americans, that the only way to help these people, so richly endowed with the powers of helping us with spiritual wealth undreamed of in our philosophy, is by personal understanding and individual interpretation. So-called 'charity' is to them an affront, — perhaps some of its manifestations are slightly caricatured in Miss Yezierska's pages, — but to the friendly hand or the understanding word these responsive people reach out their starved souls with pitiful avidity.

So vital is the problem confronting America in her treatment of alien races seeking amalgamation on the unpromising soil of her city slums, that we welcome any word, whether of fact or fiction, which throws a ray of light into the darkness ahead; and these truthful little pictures show us anew, not only that we can learn from our new citizens quite as much as we can teach them, but that what we can learn is of a fineness and spirituality which we should receive in all

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## THE ATLANTIC'S BOOKSHELF

humility. It is not only wise men who come out of the East — it is also wisdom-seeking women, and girls with high visions and ardent dreams.

P. S.

**The Sisters-in-Law**, by Gertrude Atherton.  
New York: [Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1921.  
12mo, pp. 341. Cloth, \$2.00; Paper, \$1.50.

MRS. ATHERTON is again on her native heath of California in *The Sisters-in-Law*. Moreover, it is California raised to its highest power, with the earthquake and the subsequent fire and the world-war in the foreground, and a background of truly Californian class-distinctions, with their rivalries and envyings, and a special type of Socialism, promising a general leveling down of social grades, and a glorious avenging of social slights and condescensions by means of taxes and confiscations.

The book opens with the earthquake. It is a tribute to the tacit agreement into which all Californians have entered, that one page is given to a description of the earthquake, — which everyone not of California eagerly desires to have described at length, — and some sixty pages to the fire, though fires have been worn threadbare by novelists in want of sensation. No true citizen of San Francisco wastes words on his earthquake. Anybody may be the victim of a fire; but there appears to be a sort of personal responsibility for an earthquake, which no one cares to assume.

The love story involves four persons: Mortimer Dwight and his sister Gora — of good family in New York but of no social importance in San Francisco; Alexina Groome, aristocrat of the aristocrats in San Francisco; and a young Englishman, Gathbroke, with whom both Gora and Alexina are eventually in love. On her way to her grand passion, Alex is misled by a brief infatuation for Mortimer Dwight, who has good looks and a light foot in the dance. Alex marries him before she discovers that her heart has been given to the Englishman. Naturally, things go wrong with the marriage. Her husband proves a failure in business, and incidentally steals his wife's and sister's money in a vain attempt to save his tottering credit. His guilt is discovered by the victims, but by no one else, so he escapes punishment. Meanwhile, Alexina's passion for Gathbroke grows apace, fed only on fancy and some meagre memories.

The war carries both women to France as nurses. Gora is always a little vague beside the impulsive, achieving Alexina. It is not surprising to the reader that, though Gora nursed the wounded hero, it is to Alexina that he turns on his recovery. The Armistice finds Gathbroke taking possession of the heart that has long been his. It is a curious comment on twentieth-century romance, that it apparently suffers no soil from

the chance that it cannot come to fruition until the heroine has secured a divorce from her dull husband. The author does not even trouble to tell us what is to be the ground of the divorce. However, we must suppose that the late-united lovers will live happy ever after.

The novel has many pages of brilliant and entertaining writing, and some keen analysis of human weakness and folly. Perhaps this very surface brilliancy accounts for the lack of vitality in the characters. We have no tears for their sorrows, and their joys leave us a little cold. By the same token, one is not deeply moved because the two rival ladies are connected with each other by the bloodless tie uniting sisters-in-law.

H. E. H.

**The Story of Dr. Doolittle**, told by Hugh Lofting. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1920. 12mo, x+180 pp. Illustrated by the Author. \$2.25.

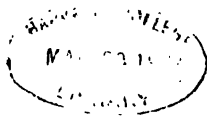
THE 'children in years and children in heart,' to whom Mr. Lofting dedicates his biography of the Animals' Own Doctor, will delight in every page of this demurely twinkling little book; but their pleasure will be tempered with regret that other great lovers of animals do not share Doctor Dolittle's linguistic gifts. What a help to William Beebe in Kartabo, if the good doctor were at his ear to interpret the arms-manual of the warrior ants, or elusive Guinevere's little language! The modest physician would doubtless give the credit of his achievement to Polynesia, the polyglot parrot, who showed him the clue to animal language, and kindly sat on the kitchen table all one rainy afternoon, dictating bird words to him; but the talent of Doctor Dolittle is patent to everyone who reads his adventures.

It was the Cat's-meat-Man who persuaded him to give up his human practice; and the early chapters of the story relate the doctor's vicissitudes with his animal clientèle. The crisis came when his sister refused to have the crocodile round. It ate the linoleum and, 'It's a nasty thing to find under the bed,' said Miss Dolittle. Most of us would agree with her; indeed, championing the crocodile had well nigh cost our quixotic hero his living, when there came the Message from Africa. This is the doctor's Great Opportunity, and the rest of the book tells how he rose to it. There is an inimitable drawing, by Mr. Lofting, of the doctor's Red Cross hut in Africa, with monkeys coming in endless procession out of the dim perspective, to be vaccinated.

The gravity of Mr. Lofting's fun is one of its charms. The pictures and the print vie with each other in solemn absurdities; and every farcical episode illuminates the devoted doctor's simple and robust personality.

F. C.

In response to requests from many librarians, the reviews printed each month in this department of the magazine will be reprinted separately in pamphlet form. Copies may be had by any librarian, without charge, on application to the Atlantic Monthly, 8 Arlington St., Boston.



# THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

APRIL, 1921

## THE FUTURE OF MR. LLOYD GEORGE

BY E. T. RAYMOND

### I

It is just over fifteen years since Mr. Lloyd George accepted his first post as a minister of the British Crown. Since then he has been continuously in office; during nearly thirteen years he has supported the most onerous responsibilities; he has again and again emerged with increased prestige from bogs and sloughs that would have engulfed any politician less agile; finally, as the only possible choice, he was called by acclamation to a position in which he has for four years maintained a despotic, almost personal rule.

In one sense he may be described as the Ararat that still testifies to the existence of a submerged world. Of the chiefs of state who waged war and made peace, he alone remains erect. Clemenceau's name has an old-fashioned sound; still less readily does the once familiar 'Père la Victoire' come to the lips. One can scarcely remember the Italian statesman who held Mr. Lloyd George's condoling hand after Caporetto and grasped it in congratulation at Versailles. President Wilson has fallen. The names of Michaelis, Hertling, and Kühlmann are recalled with difficulty. But the Nemesis that has waited on

so many men apparently strong in the trust of autocrats or the confidence of peoples has either forgotten Mr. Lloyd George, or has been appeased by his modesty, or — perhaps only waits to deliver the most artistic of all its strokes.

On the face of things, one would say that the British Prime Minister has indeed discovered the knack of averting the jealousy of the gods. His prestige is, to all appearances, higher to-day than it was a twelvemonth ago. There has necessarily been some declension from the enthusiasm of the Armistice days; it was not in human nature that that fever of worship should endure in its full intensity. But the Prime Minister's prestige is still such, that any attack on him recoils on the assailant; and for the most part those who would most willingly wound are most afraid to strike. Not since the time of the elder Pitt has opposition been so easily cowed by mere gesture; a scornful inflexion of the Prime Minister cannot be rendered in Hansard, but counts as much as the most laborious dialectic. For months Mr. Lloyd George has been under no necessity to argue: at most, he has had only to declaim; at least,

only to shrug his shoulders. In effect, his whole attitude can be expressed in one sentence: 'After all, who won the war?' The words are not always spoken. But they are always implied; and so far they have never failed of their effect. The walls of the Jericho of Parliamentary Opposition fall at the first sound of the Prime Minister's trumpet, and Mr. Lloyd George — convinced that in this regard only what he does himself will be well done — is mainly his own trumpeter.

Undoubtedly this quite innocent and even attractive capacity of self-appreciation in public is a source of considerable strength to Mr. Lloyd George. To the very genuine capacity of this remarkable man, I am by no means blind: he is without doubt the most considerable force in English politics since Gladstone. He has quite extraordinary courage, an amazing faculty of getting to the point, a great talent for choosing efficient instruments — even against his personal taste and his personal liking — when his heart is really set on any particular matter and his reputation is involved. His mere dexterity, whether in managing small or large bodies of men, is amazing. His grip of essentials is such that it largely compensates for a sloppiness in detail that would be fatal to any other practitioner of his method. It is his way to forget to answer the most important letters; and one example of this habit (which I am not at liberty to adduce) would astonish even those who are most accustomed to the lax habits of men dealing with great affairs. Half the misunderstandings, domestic and international, which arise from time to time are due rather to this carelessness than to any deeper cause.

But if Mr. Lloyd George does make many mistakes, he enjoys marvelous luck in escaping their consequences, and shows almost miraculous skill in put-

ting them right. If we think of genius as a divine power of guessing, there can be no doubt concerning his genius for politics. On the large things, he never seems to think or inquire, and he always seems to know. He is the precise opposite of President Wilson, whom a foreigner pictures as carefully and almost prayerfully considering every side of a question, and then — on his own typewriter — reducing his views to precise literary expression. Such a man absorbs and digests facts as one absorbs and digests a physical meal; the process is gradual, and even then the final result may be dyspepsia. With Mr. Lloyd George's mind the process is quite sudden: one moment there is vacuum, the next, fullness of conviction. He is not conscious of the thing as having sides, and he has no views about it, but merely a certainty; that certainty he jerkily conveys to somebody whom he thinks he can trust, to work out the details, — typewriting included, — and then he puts the matter clean out of his head until trouble again reminds him of it. Thanks to this habit, and to his immense reserve of nervous energy, he is probably, in spite of his immense burdens, the least overworked and least worried minister of Europe.

But these qualities, great as they are, would not alone suffice to maintain his prestige with the public. On that side he is helped by a curious insensitiveness. It is not exactly want of dignity: on occasion, he can speak and act with a sort of severe and statuesque magnanimity that the great aristocrats of the eighteenth century would hardly have deemed inadequate. But, like the Tudors, — who also were Welsh, — he has the knack, so to speak, of vaulting off his throne, having a bout of fisticuffs with an inferior, and vaulting back again, without serious loss of prestige. Henry VIII wrestled with a butcher; Elizabeth often boxed the ears of her



maids of honor, and sometimes of her nobles; neither compromised princeliness in doing so. A similar want of reserve is indulged, with similar immunity, by Mr. Lloyd George, and he even derives, as the Tudors did, a specific political advantage from it.

Mr. Asquith fell, no doubt, partly from his own weakness; but his fall was certainly accelerated by the attacks of Lord Northcliffe's newspapers. On the one side, there was a chorus of cleverly manipulated depreciation, in every key and *genre*, from the organ-notes of the *Times* to the syncopated shrillness of the cheaper dailies and weeklies. Every hour of the day, — week after week, month after month, — the attack was maintained, with all the art of a supreme genius in the manipulation of public opinion. On the other side, was dignified and even wooden silence. Mr. Asquith, with Peel and Gladstone in his mind's eye, winced, but did not retort: he rashly deemed it beneath him to take cognizance of a thing not less obvious than Niagara, and (for one in his position) not less dangerous.

Mr. Lloyd George, more alive to actuality, took care not to make the same mistake when his own time came. When he in turn was galled by the same converging fire, he let no question of the dignity of a minister of the Crown qualify the sting and destructive force of his repartee. He treated Lord Northcliffe exactly as he used to treat an impudent back-bencher, or a truculent Opposition leader, or the late German Emperor. With a sort of gay ferocity, he aimed straight at the weak point in his opponent's harness, got in his weapon, and turned it round with cruel glee.

'Lord Northcliffe says this and that. Why does he say this and that? Of course, everybody knows that it was because —' And here followed exactly the last thing the great journalist would like to have the public know. For Lord

Northcliffe, while contemptuous of what he calls 'newspaper shrapnel,' — the kind of criticism that has only a general objective, — is easily terrorized by fire that is carefully aimed and threatens to let daylight into his own dugouts. He has never quite recovered from the Prime Minister's perfectly undignified and very effective *riposte*. The press campaign goes on, of course, and more bitterly than ever. But while lofty silence would have given it authority, familiar and bantering speech certainly impaired its moral value. By treating the matter in the spirit of a personal vendetta, Mr. Lloyd George has succeeded in getting it largely recognized as such.

This freedom from restraint is, I repeat, a great source of strength to Mr. Lloyd George. It makes people think twice before they cross him. The knowledge that no consideration will count with him when his back is to the wall; that he will fight, not only with blade and fist, but with feet and nails, if necessary, undoubtedly crows much opposition that might otherwise declare itself, and accounts largely for the singular deadness that has fallen on British politics. It is in this deadness that the only real interest of the present situation resides. For the deadness is so complete, that only one of two things is possible: there must be either decay or resurrection; and the blend of certainty and uncertainty is, at least, piquant.

## II

After a full meal of the British Constitution and of the British party organizations, Mr. Lloyd George shows a certain tendency to somnolence. It is true that he can never doze like another: with him repose merely means an accentuated jerkiness, action at rather longer intervals and with less certain direction; by his bedside, as by

Mr. Pecksniff's, there must always be a little table with a pencil and a notebook, handy for jotting down any constructive inspiration which may occur to him in the watches of the night. No colleague is safe from the chance of being asked, like Mr. Pecksniff's pupil, what is his notion of a (political) grammar school, or of being entreated, like Mrs. Todgers, to declare his views on the subject of a (political) wooden leg.

Nevertheless, there are signs of a slowing down, even though they may superficially seem rather to indicate a speeding up. For four years, and in a more marked degree for two years, Mr. Lloyd George has resembled one of those Japanese acrobats who balance a family and the furniture of a small flat while standing on one hand. So long as he is fresh, the acrobat seldom changes hands; as he grows stale, the shifts become more frequent. For a long time Mr. George stood on the Liberal hand mainly; then he rested himself on the Tory hand; latterly, he has changed from one hand to another with bewildering suddenness and rapidity. And really the whole interest of British politics—apart from incidentals of the moment—is in the question how he will arrive, as sooner or later he must, at stable equilibrium. Some convulsion there must be before that happens, however cunning the performer; the question is, what form it will take, and whether the performer, at the end, will be on top—or elsewhere.

On general principles Mr. Lloyd George would no doubt prefer to settle down on a basis mainly Liberal. Apart from any higher considerations, it is easier for him to think in what he would call 'democratic' terms. He is in no sense what he loves to call himself—'a child of the people': his origin is purely middle class. But he has known poverty and the proud man's contumely; for years he was a rebel against things

as they are; and one is always conscious of a certain strain when he talks in the formulæ of Toryism. It is rather a difficulty of imagination than an abhorrence of dogma. I doubt very much whether the Prime Minister has ever thought deeply enough on any subject to acquire the dignity of the true dogmatist; the whole sap of his mind is toward action, and he is never less impressive than in seeking to justify logically even those decisions on which he is practically most right. However, if he has not thought deeply, he has always felt and spoken in a certain way; and it is not easy to acquire another habit in late middle age.

But besides the fact that he has been used to a tone inappropriate to a Tory leader, and may well think it a nuisance to acquire a new accent, he has, I think, always in mind the fate of Joseph Chamberlain, who missed the greatest by indentifying himself with a party with which he had little temperamental sympathy. That fate Mr. Lloyd George will certainly avoid if he can, and his resolution to this effect explains, I believe, much in his recent tactics of alternately raising and depressing hopes that he has decided to throw in his lot with Conservatism. If he is forced to accept the leadership of the Tories, then, I think, he will do his best to break down or dilute the spirit of Toryism, to 'pasteurize,' so to speak, the pure milk of the Conservative word.

The facts, however, are awkward for him. His own Liberal followers are rather a feeble folk, destined to be absorbed in one party or the other. They are represented by a singularly insignificant press. They have no leaders of character or ability. What is genuinely sturdy in Liberalism is undoubtedly anti-Coalition; though, like Miss Arabella Allen, it best knows what it does not like, and has for the moment no positive love. For, whatever Mr.

Asquith's merits, he does not shine as a 'daring leader in extremity.' He has always been used to a comfortable political bed; things have come to him rather easily; his fibre has grown a little relaxed by too much deference and self-indulgence; and he rather resembles the old French commander who chose his positions as much with a view to the dainties of the season as to military advantages. Such a man may, by his experience and technical command, inspire confidence at the head of a well-fed, well-disciplined, numerous army; he does not raise the spirits of a routed remnant shivering in sodden trenches on short rations.

So for the moment true Liberalism is dormant, sick, and listless, like a patient who has been under chloroform. It will, I think, revive, but not without some powerful moral tonic; and I see none among the Liberal politicians dismissed two years ago who could administer medicine of the required potency. They include some excellent men of business, some skilled debaters, some shrewd judges of a situation, but they are all made too much in Mr. Asquith's image: they lack the sort of power that makes a small company formidable. Conservatism may do without enthusiasm; a Liberal army must have its dancing dervishes as well as its masters of manoeuvres; and the most fatal mistake of Mr. Asquith was that he allowed Mr. Lloyd George to remain the sole provider of spiritual munitions to his host.

But though there is no great enthusiasm for the Asquith leadership, there is positive and increasing dislike and distrust of the Coalition; and though it is just possible that Mr. Lloyd George may, by some miracle of manipulation, detach the Asquithians and reunite the Liberal Party, the indications are as little promising as they can well be.

But if the Lloyd George party is to

be mainly Conservative, there still remain some extremely difficult problems for him to face. He has won the Conservative leaders; he has not won the Conservative Party. It acquiesces sulkily in its leaders' advice, but always with a reservation. In fact, the sole unifying influence is fear. The Tory Party hates the great taxation incident on 'social reform.' It detests social reform for its own sake. It dislikes the new-fangled and very expensive ideas about education. The interference with land, and with the general liberty of a man to 'do what he likes with his own,' are abhorrent to it. But for the present it can always be cowed by a reference to 'Bolshevism.' The government, indeed, is rather like a whip-top, and the whip that keeps it going is the Labor Whip; when Labor remains 'moderate' for long together, the top begins to wobble; when the Labor 'extremists' gain control, the top reverts to the perfect vertical. England is determined that, whatever happens, there shall be no Russian experiments; and so long as any serious danger can be apprehended from the Labor side, the Conservatives will use Mr. Lloyd George, even if they must allow themselves in time to be used by him. But they do not love him, and he has shown, so far, little of that special talent which enabled Disraeli, starting as the rather despised lackey of the squires, to become their master and idol.

It is quite possible, however, that this failure is in no way due to a lack of tact or perception. It is at least equally tenable that Mr. Lloyd George intends to act the part of that very intelligent insect which (I believe) is known to entomologists as the ichneumon fly. This interesting little beast lays its eggs in the body of the caterpillar of another species. As its larva can exist only on living tissue, it is necessary to sting the caterpillar victim into a state of paralysis, meanwhile avoiding any fatal injury.

Such an experiment Mr. Lloyd George may well be contemplating with regard to the *corpus vile* of British Toryism; and it must be said that, if such should be his design, the circumstances are entirely favorable. For, while the Cabinet is predominantly Conservative, — for nobody would now class the one able ex-Liberal minister, Mr. Churchill, as other than Conservative, — its Conservatism is of that special type which would hardly have been recognized as authentically Conservative twenty years ago. It is plutocratic, dividend-subsisting, landless, urban, and even somewhat suburban.

Mr. Balfour, though an aristocrat, is mercantile on the paternal side, is a Scot, and, in the main, a townsman; he is not, after all, a typical Tory; and his every taste — his golf, his music, his Burne-Jones pictures, his philosophy, his blue-and-white china — proclaims him a very different being from the plain Tory of the shires, who rides, shoots, and thinks straight. Mr. Bonar Law, who drinks hot milk, clips his words in the Glasgow fashion, foregathers with Lord Beaverbrook, and cherishes in his modest house at Kensington a cast-iron statue of Robert Burns, — with a big ridge running down the nose, — is still less the English Tory; what of him is not Scottish is Canadian. Mr. Austen Chamberlain, uninspired and uninspiring, with some parts but no magnitude, is quite urban. That brilliant gamin, Lord Birkenhead, who has made his own kind of success of the Lord Chancellorship, comes immediately from the Temple, and ultimately from a Liverpool middle-class family. Lord Curzon, though of old descent, is much of a cosmopolitan and little of a squire. The only true squire in the Cabinet is Mr. Walter Long, whose ruddy cheeks advertise the health and breeziness of the chalk hills; but Mr. Long is old, ordinary, fully aware on which side

his bread is buttered, and far too cautious to take any decisive line of his own. Over thirty years in departments accustoms a man to most kinds of political bedfellows; and Mr. Long is not the less inclined to doze because he may disapprove of some of his company.

Proceeding to a detailed examination of the social standing of Mr. Lloyd George's Ministry, we find four peers of new creation — Lord Curzon (as regards his senior title), Lord Milner, Lord Lee of Fareham, and Lord Birkenhead; two untitled landowners — Mr. Balfour and Mr. Long; the grandson of a duke — Mr. Churchill. This short list includes all who can be called, by any stretch of language, aristocratical; the rest of the Cabinet belong to trade or to the professions, and are mostly rather below than above the average social level of their callings. There is no single great nobleman of the true territorial type: Lord Curzon, though savoring of the grandee a league off, is not a great landowner; Lord Milner's domain is a barn-like place just off the road, near Canterbury; Lord Birkenhead, with his passion for hunting, remains a true cockney; Lord Lee, who has, with a very noble self-sacrifice, divested himself, for the sake of English prime ministers, of his beautiful Chequers estate, began life as a subaltern, with little more than his pay. 'The Dukes,' against whom Mr. Lloyd George fulminated only ten years ago, have disappeared from the political landscape; and among those who have succeeded them, not one out of five bears a name that was known thirty years ago. To estimate the extent of the change, it is necessary only to compare the present Cabinet with a few of the recent and fairly recent past. Disraeli's most famous government included three dukes, a marquess, three earls, and the heir of a duke. Gladstone's 1886 government, even after the Home-Rule secession,

could boast five great nobles. Fifteen years ago the radical Campbell-Bannerman allotted five posts to indubitable patricians of ample territorial possessions; and the tradition, in weakened form, persisted under Mr. Asquith.

This decrease in aristocratic representation is, of course, partly attributable to the general decline of the aristocratic caste. For a good many years the owners of static wealth have fallen behind the great commercial magnates, whose means are constantly on the increase. They were liberal enough, or foolish enough, — the selection of the word depends on the point of view, — to admit mere wealth to their circle; and from the moment of that decision, they were doomed to take, with nominal precedence, a substantially secondary place. Society at once caught its tone from the new rather than the old rich; and the representative of the old order whom one occasionally meets at a 'smart' affair is generally a rather submissive person, acutely conscious of his position. 'The Dukes,' in fact, have suffered an astonishing social eclipse.

But this fact alone would not explain the strange disappearance of political talent from the landed and historic families. The truth would seem to be that political ambition is lacking, probably because the rewards of politics have shrunk, while their interest has greatly decreased. The pay of an under-secretary is derisory; and the subjects uppermost — questions of wages, trade-unions, social reform, and economics generally — are not calculated to intrigue young politicians. The cadets of noble houses find too little fun and too much work in the Lower House; and there is really no great point in trying to be anything in the Upper House, since for thirty years or more there has been no reality in the debates of that Chamber. Those debates are often admirable enough on a show night; but

they are for show, and for show only; no vote is ever affected by them, and a career cannot be founded on mere parade-ground service. Thus the spirited young aristocrat of the period is much more likely to go in for lion-hunting if he is rich, or for selling motor-cars if he is poor, than to apprentice himself to the declining political trade.

So it happens that, although the Tory Party is still considerably the strongest in England, the real heart of it is practically unrepresented in the government. It is still less represented in a House of Commons consisting mainly of war parvenus. It will readily be seen that such a position makes it comparatively easy for Mr. Lloyd George, if he wishes, to manipulate Toryism to his own purposes. He is quite as necessary to the present Tory leaders as they can be to him; they know perfectly well that, if a split came, and the party at large had its say without let or hindrance, they would be discarded as traitors to the true 'backwoodsman' faith. Mr. Balfour has already been condemned; Mr. Churchill, once hated as a renegade, is only distrusted the more for his reconversion; Mr. Bonar Law already can never see two or three gathered together in one place without suspecting a new mutiny; Lord Curzon has never been popular. These men are, therefore, tied to Mr. Lloyd George so long as he wants to keep them; with them goes command of the Tory machine, and through it the Prime Minister can largely influence the character of the party in the House of Commons. Whether that influence can be held to account for the fact that almost every Tory candidate now belongs to urban plutocracy or its vassal connections, must be a matter of conjecture. But the fact is certain, and it is one of truly immense import.

Two great powers in England are now virtually excluded from Parlia-

mentary influence. One is labor, whether of hand or brain; the other is land. A certain type of Radical did represent labor in general, and possibly rather better than the trade-union member himself, who thinks solely in terms of trade-unionism. It is precisely this type of Radical that is now barred entrance by the Coalition. A certain type of Tory did represent the interest of land in general, if he also represented the landlord in particular. It is precisely this type of Tory that the Coalition rules out. The one predominant and vastly over-represented type is the not specially scrupulous man of new wealth; the present House of Commons is the richest and least intellectually distinguished in history.

It is these facts which lead me to suggest that changes must come before long, and that they can take no form but decay or resurrection. Many

thinkers — they include Mr. Belloc and Mr. G. K. Chesterton — are honestly convinced that the British parliamentary system, which has endured in substantially the same form for two centuries and a half, is doomed. Personally, I would venture prediction no further than to say that, if Mr. Lloyd George is not mistaken, it is not likely to burst the cerements in which it is industriously wrapped. Certainly the changes of the last four years amount, collectively, to a revolution not less decisive — and not much more offensive — than that achieved by Augustus. If nothing happens, the new order will consolidate and the old order will die. Still, many live men have been treated as dead, and have none the less disappointed their heirs. Perhaps, after all, the British Constitution and party system will prove another Athelstan of Coningsburgh.

## A PORTION OF THE DIURNAL OF MRS ELIZ<sup>TH</sup> PEPYS

BY E. BARRINGTON

*2d May.* — Sam<sup>l</sup> now in great honor at the Navy Office, whereat my heart do rejoyce, and the less for the havings, which do daily increase, than that I would willingly see him worshipfully received, the which indeede his hard work do plentifully deserve, he sparing himself in nothing for the advancing of his busyness. And I do reason with myselfe that though he have faults many and great (which God knowes is true) yet he do come up in the world and our gettings are very good and do daily increase. How they go I know

not, for that little and grudging is spent on my clothes, and though Sam<sup>l</sup> goes very noble still it is not possible but much is saved, though he do lament himself in very high wordes of our spendthrift way of life and small saving. But of this more anon.

Up and dressed a pease pudding with boyled rabbets and bacon to dinner for want of a cook-mayde, Sarah leaving us at dawn, and he loving it mightily. The which he should not have this day but that I have a month's mind to a slashte wastcote which hitherto he hath

soured upon. This done, a brave dish of cream in the which he takes great delight, and so seeing him in Tune I to lament the ill wear of my velvet wastcote as desiring a Better, whereon he soured. We jangling mightily on this I did object his new jackanapes coat with silver buttons, but to no purpose. He reading in the *Passionate Pilgrim* which he do of all things love. But angry to prayers and to Bed.

But it is observable that this day I discover Sam<sup>l</sup> in the keeping of a Journal and very secret in this, and come at it I will, he being much abroad on his occasions the while I sit at home.

3d. — This day awakes Sam<sup>l</sup> in a musty humor as much over-served with meat and Drink, and in great discontent calling me do bid me rise and fetch his Pills that olde Mother Wigsworth did give him at Brampton. I merry and named him the *Passionate Pilgrim* from his love to these, whereupon he flings the Pills in my face and all scattered, Deb grudging to gather them it being Lord's Day. So I to church, leaving him singing and playing 'Beauty, Retire' to his Viall, a song not worthy to be sung on a holy Day however he do conceit his skill therein. His brown beauty Mrs Lethulier in the pew against us and I do perceive her turn her Eye to see if Sam<sup>l</sup> do come after. She very brave in hanging sleeves, yet an ill-lookt jade if one do but consider, but with the seeking Eye that men look to, and Sam<sup>l</sup> in especial. Fried Loyne of mutton to dinner, and Sam<sup>l</sup> his head akeing I did sit beside him discoursing of the new hangings for the small closet, wherein great pleasure for it will be most neat and fine. And great content have we in such discourse and in our house and the good we are come to.

4th. — This day do Sam<sup>l</sup> speak handsomely enough of his humor yesterday, charging it upon the Rabbits, and so I left it. And strange it is how when he

do so repent my heart do take part with him though I would better renounce him awhile to learn him manners. So he to the Exchange and buy me a piece of Paragon to a pettycote, and though it be not what I would have of my own choosing yet I do receive it with many goodde words as hoping all will yet be as I desire. So to sup on a good dish of beef *à la mode*, and he well content, it appearing he have this day bestowed upon himself at the Exchange a good Theorbo, four Bookes, and a payre of Globes, talking very high how these be for my instruction rather than his own liking. The which I receive smyling, but do think — Lord! what fools men be that will have a woman so lightly deceived, fine wordes buttering no pars-nips. Sure they be but Children when all said and done, and their Innocency in this a pleasant thing to see.

Comes Mr Collins with his new Wife, a pretty well-shaped Woman with black hayre and Eyes, and she, much cried up for her skill on the Theorbo, do after play a Lesson upon it, but very ill, and pretty to see Sam<sup>l</sup> that was hoping great things (loving musique) in pain and grief to hear her mean false playing and yet making fine wordes of it to please her, and, they gone, do call her slut and baggage and I know not what all. So to prayers and bed.

5th. — Sam<sup>l</sup> this day reading over his vows not to drink strong waters or wines nor yet go to the play for two weekes. But I do ask myself (though not Sam<sup>l</sup>) whether these vows be convenient. For I do surely think he do it only because it is the greater pleasure to drink and see the play it being thus forbid. And in Sam<sup>l</sup> it is to be noted and methinks in other Men also that they do suck more pleasure from a thing forbidden and hard to come at than from the same thing when comely and convenient to be done in the sight of all. This day, he being with his Lord-

ship, I to gain a sight of his Journal, he carelessly leaving it about, but took nothing by my pains, it being writ in secret writing; which do plainly show it to be what he would be shamed if known. Whereas mine owne is voide of all offence, and I do lay it under the smocks in the great armoire only because it is not seemly that Sam<sup>l</sup> should know my thoughts, I having to deal with him as best I may.

*Mem.* To ask of Mrs Jemimah Crosby if her father, being a scrivener, knoweth and can instruct in secret writings.

Sam<sup>l</sup> home late this day, and the supper, a calve's head, very good, with a noble Barell of oysters, he bringing with him Mr S. Lucy, and so supt very merry, and after in the garden, Sam<sup>l</sup> to play on his flageolet, it being full moon. So to bed, omitting prayers. A pleasant day and content together.

6th. — This day, seeing Mrs Jemimah Crosby, I to ask her earnestly if her father the scrivener do teach the secret writing, and she replying that so it was, I after the mayde's cleaning the house, do forth and to his lodging behind Paternoster Row, he being a worthy olde Gentleman with a long white bearde, very reverend. I enjoining him to be secret, which he the more willingly promised that I have obliged him and Mrs Jem. with codiniac and quince marmalett of my own making, do tell him how my father (which is unknown to him) have documents and papers which he would willingly decipher but for his bad Eyes. Wherein God forgive me, for his eyes are the best Part of him. Olde Mr Crosby thereon urgent that my father entrust him with the worke, but I sticking at the expense, no more said. So I to show him a line of Dots and hooks which I did copy from Sam<sup>l</sup> his Journal, and he reading it with ease, what should it prove to be but this. 'Took occasion to fall out with my wife very highly about her ribbands

being ill matcht and of two colors, and to very high words, so that I did call her Beaste.'

So finding all as I thought and it being very needful that I should know Sam<sup>l</sup> his thoughts (and indeed he is very simple to write them unless he think he have a fool to his wife) I do covenant with the olde Gentleman for Lessons which are dear enough, but to be paid from the housekeeping, and indeed the better that Sam<sup>l</sup> should live plaine awhile in consideration of his ailing. So home in good time, and do find Sam<sup>l</sup> and our she-cousin Scott very merry with capping of Epitaphs and sayings, wherein I also delighte. A very merry witty woman and harmlesse. Suppt on a Westfalia Ham and so with prayers content to bed.

7th. — This day Sam<sup>l</sup> returning from the Office takes me to a fine collacion at Hamling's house, wherein the fine silver set forth upon the table do give us great pleasure, but I a little shamed because the ladies so brave, Mrs Hamling very Rich in an embroidered suit, and Mrs Pegg Penn in flowered sattin, which God knows she do not become, and heads set out with the new French frizzle. I very plain in my olde black silk new laced all over with black silk gimp, Sam<sup>l</sup> declaring I am very pretty in this, but I trust him not herein; he willing to save his Purse. One passage of Sam<sup>l</sup> kissing the little black beauty, Mrs Deakin, that he do call his Morena, displeased me, she being known for a frolicsome jade. He later singing, 'Gaze not on Swans,' and 'Goe and be Hanged — that's Good-bye,' all did applaud, and great mirth. It was observable that Captain Wade, kissing me on parting, did a little detain my Hand, and for this Sam<sup>l</sup> did so betwit and becall me, returning in the Coach, that I pretended sleep, which did put him in a great discontent and so angry and without Prayers to bed. Yet sure this shows



his good liking to me, and I think his heart sound, though he do Friske as I would he did not.

8th. — This day hear that my Lady Sandwich is Delivered of a young Lady and all well. Sam<sup>l</sup> thinking (on some jest of my Lord's) to stand Godfather and give the name — though how to call the Babe for him I see not — do at once provide silver Spoons and a Porringer. Which, seeing he is not yet bidden, doth I confesse, appear exceeding foolish and like a man that hath more silly pride than sense, the rather that I lack a French mantle that he hath promist but not performed. But I say nothing, according to the olde wise saw of Goody Gorum, —

'Nothing say,  
But take your way.'

He this day in his new Cote of the fashion and half cloth stockings going to give my Lord joy, do indeed seem very brave and noble, and hath a neat legg, and it pleases me to see him go as he should for he is a personable man when well set out. And if he did but consider how it is to his honor that his Wife should go as fine as he I could the more rejoice therein, but it is not so, and great dishonor it is to him to consider how this quarter he hath spent fifty pounds on his clothes and but twelve on me, a thing not fit to be said of him.

10th. — This day Sam<sup>l</sup> refuses me the French mantle as beyond his Purse, but offers a payre of gloves — I refusing this. Slipt out for Lesson, olde Mr Crosby being a worthy and patient teacher, but it is a science very hard to be come at, and I weary enough in the learning of it, though indeed it be so needful. Still, some progress, and he saying merrily I would be at some mischief in this, with love Letters or such Toys, do make me to blush so as I never did but when Sam<sup>l</sup> was courting me. Yet no guilty deed, but what is very fitting for a woman. Was instant

with the olde Gentleman that he should speake of my Lessons to none, the more so, (I did say) that my father would not have these papers known to any, great matters hanging on it. Which indeed is true though not as he takes it.

So I home and with Sam<sup>l</sup> to the Play, where my Lady Castlemaine, which indeed is a great Beauty, nor can I deny it, but sure it is not hard to be a beauty in Clothes and jewels that do dazzle the Eyes of all that Gaze upon her. But, Lord! to see how bold and unmannerly in staring upon strangers and the men on the stage, and in fine do not please me with her Freedoms. This Sam<sup>l</sup> disputing very hotly after we had supt upon a Jowl of Salmon, I to speake my mind, asking if he would have his Wife casting oranges to the actors and blowing Kisses all about the house, and he not knowing what to answer, I do say, 'Then prayse it not in others, for, if you will have me a bold Slut, no doubt but I will do my endeavours to please you,' and so whiskte off, he sitting astonied. And strange how men will like in others what in their own Wives they love not but fear.

14th. — This day I by my Lady's desire to see the young Lady which is a fine Babe and like to do well. But no word of Sam<sup>l</sup> to stand Godfather, and Sir J. Minnes and Lrd Brouncker spoke of, which is no more than I thought, but will make Sam<sup>l</sup> madd with his spoones. But no loss herein if it do make him more biddable in women's matters. Her La<sup>ship</sup> observing that my Lutestring suit is well worn and do me no credit, I did adventure to beseech her that she would break a word with Sam<sup>l</sup> on his next waiting upon her that he would give me a Gown of Moyre which is now all the fashion, and this, with many good words she promist very lovingly, desiring that I would come in a weeks time to learn how she hath sped. So I home in good Tune as know-

ing he oweth his duty to my Lord and Lady and will be said by her. In come fayre Mrs Margaret Wight to sup on a dish of Eggs and butter of Sparagus that Sam<sup>l</sup> hath ate with my Lord Carlingford and do highly commend. And indeed it is rare meat. After, we dancing and very merry with Mrs Margaret, and she gone, I take occasion to tell Sam<sup>l</sup> of the Godfathers like to stand for the young Lady. Whereat he in a great Tosse, but I willing to smoothe all betwixt him and my Lady do tell him the honorable words she have spoke of him to myself and others, the more especially of his Velvet suit with scarlet ribands. The which pleasing him we fall to discourse of what to do with the Spoons and Porringer, resolving the spoons do go to Betty Michell where certayne it is I do stand Godmother, and the Porringer to Mrs Lane, whose name I know not but will come at shortly, and he do cry her up for a sober and God-fearing woman. So pleasantly to bed and good frends.

16th. — This day comes my new cook-Mayd, Jane Gentleman, and heaven send she prove worthy of her name, for I am drove almost madd with mayds that are not mayds but Sluts and know not diligence nor cleanliness, to their own undoing and mine. And strange it is to consider how in the olden days before my mother and Grandmother (who suffered great horroures from the like) the mayds were a peaceable and diligent folk, going about their busyness to the great content of all housewives. But now it is not so. And it is only two days sennight that I coming suddenly in did find Sarah with my new silk Hood upon her Frowsey head and Will discoursing with her and thrumming upon Sam<sup>l</sup> his viallin. Whereat I did catch her a sound souse of the Ear, but she never a whit the better of it and answering me so sawcily that we parted on it, Sam<sup>l</sup> upholding

me in this, though it be hard enough to fill her place the wench being a good Cooke-mayde, though sluttish.

20th. — Sam<sup>l</sup> to visit my Lady, who receives him with great content and satisfaction, though she railed bitterly at my Lord that is so taken up with his pleasures and amusements that he goeth not to Court as he should, and she fears will be passed over and forgot for others that keep more stir. Requiring Sam<sup>l</sup> that he would deal plainly with my Lord on this, making known to him that his Reputacion do hereby decay. But this methinks is a delicate matter, and I do counsel Sam<sup>l</sup> that he put not his finger between the Bark and the Tree, lest it come by a shrewd squeeze, but let rather my Lady deal with her Lord as a Wife should do. But he would not harken, whereby I foresees trouble.

He then, pulling out of his pocket a little Packett, do say pleasantly, 'What my Deare, shall you and I never go a-fairing again? What think you I have here? And how many Kisses will you bid me for a sight?' Much merriment and pleasure from this, he holding it high, and I leaping for it like a Dogg. At the last he opens it, and lo a fine Lace of the new fashion for my bosom, and I do well perceive that my Lady hath been at him, and am well content I did break the matter to her, though an honest gown had been more to my Purpose. Yet well begun is half done. Though but half, as Sam<sup>l</sup> shall find.

Our she-cousin Scott did visit me this day with sore complaints of her husband's humors and constant drizzling, which is more than a woman can or ought to bear. Therefore I should remember that with Sam<sup>l</sup> it is not so, but a spurt or flame of anger when he will be very high with me, yet quickly snufft out and friends again. And generally, it is noticeable, with some little gift for peacemaking, so that I have more than

once of set purpose Baited him to this end. Yet not often. Considering therefore the husbands I do know, I think Sam<sup>l</sup> no worse a bargain than any and better than some but shall be better assured in this when I shall come at his Journal. My seventh lesson today in the secret writing, and progress made, but it do make my head ake extremely and were it not needful would not continue on therein. Comes this day my old Mayd Gosnell that Sam<sup>l</sup> and I do call our Marmotte, she telling me that Jane my mayde is naught and she hath herself seen her abroad in light company. Yet cooking as she cooks Sam<sup>l</sup> sticks on this and bids me wink my eyes and observe nothing; such like are men!

21st. — This day Sam<sup>l</sup> his feast for the recovery of his ailment which he do always solemnly keep with great store of meat and Drink and company. And this is a great day with him and a troublous one with me, and to the Mayds also such as would madd a Saint. Yet all said and done a noble Dinner, enough and to spare, being a dish of Marrowbones, a legg of Mutton, a loin of Veal, a dish of fowl, being three Pullets and 24 Larks all in a great dish, a Tart, a neat's tongue, a dish of anchovies, a dish of Prawns and cheese. His company seven men (Captain Fenner and both Sir Williams among them) and seven women and all reasonable merry. But I beseeching Sam<sup>l</sup> privately to eat and Drink sparingly for the pain in his toe, he do so becall me that it was ten to an Ace that I did hurle the Spit and the birds withal into the fire. Yet knowing he would pay dear next day, I said the less and so continued on, bidding him take his own way and pay for his liking. But indeed great company and the Dinner well cooked and served and they did drink my health on it. Also the house very handsome with Plate displayed and fires where the Company did sit. And the greatness of

living we are come to did make Mrs Pierce's Mouth to water though she in her flowered Lutestring and liking well of it. So she green and yellow with spite as I did well perceive. Great Musique after, with 'Great, good and just' and Sam<sup>l</sup> at the top of his Tune, and so to cards and wine. Weary to bed, Sam<sup>l</sup> starting up in the night with Nightmare not knowing what he did, and did so shreeke and cry that the Mayds in affright did run in, and the Watchmen called to know was any poor Soul murdered within. But this no more than my Expectation, and so quietly to sleep.

22d. — This day a noble gift of Plate being two Candelsticks and a dish from Capt. Salmon, he looking for favor from Sam<sup>l</sup> concerning the Henrietta shippe that he would have on next going to Sea. Which do plainly prove to what honor and advancement we are come to be so courted, and do gladde his heart and mine. Sat long discoursing of this, and, turning the case, what should fall out but a ring set with an Orient perle for me, which as not expecting I received with great good will. Sam<sup>l</sup> to the office and I to my lesson wherein very diligent and commended of old Mr. Crosby, and indeed I am come already to the reading of many wordes, yet not glibly. So home, but Sam<sup>l</sup> coming home and I combing his hayre he did say, 'Who do I meet this day in Broade Street but olde Crosby, Mrs Jem's father, that I did think long dead and buried, not having seen him this year and more, and so to talk with him.'

And, Lord! to see how I did redden, my heart so beating in my bosom as I could have thought it would choak me, and do even sweat in the writing of it. For sure it might well be the olde Gentleman would think Sam<sup>l</sup> did know all my father's business and speak thereon. But I could not speak and my hand shaken so in the Combing that I did

drop the comb. And he continuing, 'So I asked him how he did and he answered "bravely," and more I would have said for it is a worthy man, but little Mrs Deakin passing, that I do call my Morena, I would not be seen talking to one so scurvily clad, and so incontinently left him standing and hasted away.'

So it passed, nor did I ask him if he hasted after his Morena, for heaven be thank't that she did pass by, though I thought not to live to say it. But I will take order with olde Mr Crosby, for old men be tattlers more than any woman or is convenient. And so a great escape.

So Sam<sup>l</sup> carries me to the Paynter where he sits for his face and very like it is, yet do not please him, he thinking it do make his Eyes too small and ill-favored, but I not so, and Lord! to see him sit Smirking upon Mr Savile since Mrs Knipp hath commended his Smyle! But Mr Savile the Paynter seeing me did speak in very handsome language, telling Sam<sup>l</sup> he hath a Beauty to his wife worthy that her picture should be with the Court Ladies' pictures, and much more fine things, harping on the same string, whereto Sam<sup>l</sup> made answer that he would consider of it. But to see the Vanity of men, when all the world knows that the sight of a pretty Woman's face is worth all the men that ever were or will be! So I sat devising how to set myself off if this should be, and did like well of my Cardinal sattin suit with a chapeau de poil tied beneath my chin. Or it may be, perles in my hayre, and to borrow my Lady's if so she will. Fritters for supper, the best I ever did eat, Sam<sup>l</sup> confirming me in this, and he discoursing very high of the corruption of the times, and no regard to clean living in court or city, and glad I am that thus he thinks, and do hope he acts answerably, as he should.

27th. — This day, by long promise, Sam<sup>l</sup> do carry me to White Hall to see the Queen in her presence Chamber

playing at Cards with her ladies, and the people looking and crowding upon them. He commending Mrs Stewart for a great Beauty and so indeede she is, and one I do not weary in looking on, and do far outshine my Lady Castlemaine as I well perceive His Maj<sup>ty</sup> do also thinke. Her Maj<sup>ty</sup> appearing very comely in a Gown of silver lace, but Lord! how no one takes heed of her when my Lady Castlemaine is by, which is a great dishonor to a sweete Lady in her owne Court, and I am much mistook if Her Maj<sup>ty</sup> be not the best Lady of them all, and that not saying much! But strange to see how beauty sways all and how Sam<sup>l</sup> do uphold my Lady Castlemaine in all things. Captain Holmes accosted us and very fine in his gold laced suit, and it is noticeable that Sam<sup>l</sup> troubled in mind because he well knows that Captain H—— hath called me for a Toast and the greatest Beauty in Town. And this Sam<sup>l</sup> likes well of for his own Pride, yet not for me to know. So saying we must return in Haste, he would bid adieu to the Captain, but he followed and escorted me very gallant to the Coche, hat under his arm, and so kissed my hand at parting not once but twice. Now I know well to make Captain Holmes or any other Captain keepe his Distance, but Sam<sup>l</sup>, thinking all one as himself, in a sadd musty humor, and yet would not come forth with what ailed him. So I do Debate with myself if it be not well he should see that Men of court and Fashion do judge me worth a thought. And I think it be, and so I do learn my Part.

In comes Mrs Knipp to play and sing. Very witty and pleasant doubtlesse, and they very merry. I with Jane, contriving my olde pettycote with a broad blacke lace at the foot to hide the wear. But indeede I begin to be full of thoughts considering if I do well in going to Brampton, when Sam<sup>l</sup> alone in

Towne do friske and please himself as he will, Jane confirming me in this. He home with Knipp, returning in a great Tosse because I did not bid her to sup with us, and do pull his supper all about the floor, a good hasht hen as ever a man did eat, when he should the rather soberly thank heaven for meat and appetite. But sorry later, there being nought else but sops and wine. And so, good friends and to bed, the Storms coming and going, but I think he do love me at heart, and indeede I do love him well.

28th. — Lord's Day. To church at St Olave's where a poor dull sermon from a bawling Scotman, and Sam<sup>l</sup> to sleep, a thing unseemly in the Church, but I awake and did fix in my mind the pattern of my Lady Batten's Hood, the which I would not ask of her for that we do of late a little make ourselves strange to her and her family, but the less matter because I now have it in my Eye. Mrs Lethulier masqued, which methought a strange thing to be seen at Worshipp, though the great Ladies do now carry their masques to the Play that none may see them Blush, or rather, as Sam<sup>l</sup> do say, that none may see they cannot blush if they would. And indeed all the Men do now complain that the Beauties hide their faces.

*Mem.* To Buy a masque in Pater-noster Row when I do go to Mr Crosby. This night to bed in the little green chamber — the Chymney sweepers in our own.

1st June. — To my Lady this day and do give her my thankfull gratitude for that she hath spoke with Sam<sup>l</sup> concerning my poore clothes, telling her of the Lace he did give, she pishing and pshawing it for a meane gift, remembering the money that do pass through his hands whereof my Lord hath informed her. Comes Sam<sup>l</sup> later to carry me home and my Lady speaking with him of my Lady Jem's marriage with young

Mr Carteret do say he is so abasht and so little coming forward with his courtship that it do much discomfort poor Lady Jem as not knowing what he would be at. So my Lady beseecht Sam<sup>l</sup> that he would instruct him how to court a lady, he otherwise doing very well, and a worthy Gentleman and one my Lady Jem could like of if not so shamefaced. Sam<sup>l</sup> simpring upon this, as who should say 'None better,' do make us merry, seeing him already conning over what manner of Speeches and approaches will grace the Gentleman, but I do know him well able in such matters. And indeed in all.

2d July. — Lesson and do now begin well to read. Bought masque of the Toy woman, in the Row, she saying, 'Lord! is this the fayre Mrs Pepys, wife to Mr Sam<sup>l</sup> Pepys, that is known for a great man to be? Sure Madam was well pleased with the French mantle that he did buy for her a sennight come Saturday?' So seeing she was a little ugly talking woman I did sound her on this, for it vexed me cruelly since he hath sent it to another. And for all, I do and will believe it is but sporting and jesting, which if I did not, God help us all! So sadly and soberly home, but yet said nothing. Pray God all be well.

24th July. — For many days have I not writ, for at the last I did come to read what I would, and though not all, for some is in Greeke or I know not what, yet what I did read hath broke my heart. His Mrs Lane that he did prayse for a God-fearing woman, his Deb — but what do I say? — sure he hath not a heart but a stone. So I telling him certayne things of my knowledge (and yet not how I did know them) he in great fear and terrour and as I thought unlike a man of Courage. Which did shame me for him that I could scarce bring myself to look in his face and see him thus, remembering his

high carriage that I did use to see in him. And times there were when I would the rather he did Brazen it out, it seeming so poor a thing to see him so low, and times again when in Madness I would have taken a knife to him, but he did pull it away with weeping Teares and promise of amendment. But how to trust him or any I cannot tell. And I have bid Will Hewer (Sam<sup>l</sup> humbly agreeing thereto) that he continue with his master and oversee him in all his walks abroad, doing me to wit where he goeth. Yet, how to trust Will — for sure all men are alike and will give the other countenance in Deceit. So what way to surety, for if a man regard not his wife where shall she look for good. And truly I do believe that in such Trafficking men do chip and whittle away their heart till none be left and they cannot love if they would, and no anchorage in so rotten a Holding ground. And thus have I learned that a woman may be young and yet aweary of life, which I did not think to be true.

Sometimes I would I had not read, and again I would know more and run

the knife yet deeper in my heart, and in that curst book never will I read again, and even in the writing of this well do I know I cannot forbear to read, and so Teares my drink and all my content gone. But let me remember there was here and there a word where he hath writ tenderly of his poor Wife, and when I did see him weep my heart did pity him. But what hope or help, for a Jar mended may hold water, but yet the Cracks remain, and the worth gone for ever and a Day.

Well, God mend all, and yet I think He cannot. But in this Booke of mine will I never write more, for the mirth and the little Frets that I did think so great alike do pierce my heart to read. So farewell, my Booke, that was a good friend in sunshine but an ill friend in storm, for I am done with thee and with many things more this day.

And so to the work that must be done and the day that must be lived though Brows ake and heart break.

*(Elizabeth Pepys died at the age of twenty-nine.)*

## WHAT THE WAR DID TO THE DICTIONARY

BY SIMEON STRUNSKY

THE war's demands upon the energies of mankind were not so overwhelming that a good many people everywhere did not find time, in the midst of the battle, to speculate concerning what the world would look like after the war. I say, people found time. It would be truer to say that they made time. One way to win escape from the agonizing

actuality was to wonder about what it would all lead to. People reached out for the far-off interest of an ocean of tears. Some of us were content with nothing less than a vision of what 'the world' would be after the war. Others were satisfied with the future of Democracy, of Labor, of Woman, and so on down the list, to what the war would

do for literature in general, for fiction in particular, for aseptic surgery, for wireless, for coöperative housekeeping, for American trade in South America, for university professors, for defective children, for the servant problem.

The war is over, and prophecy concerning its effects has made way for appraisal. The accounts are being balanced. The literature dealing with the war's effects upon the world and its component parts, from Democracy to household help, is increasingly plentiful and, on the whole, useful. It serves a double purpose. It is valuable as a positive contribution to our knowledge of what the world does look like to-day. In the second place, by making possible a comparison between things as they are and things as we expected them to be, it supplies a test of man's talent for prophecy under exceptional stimulation. Checking up pre-war forecasts by post-war facts is obviously something of an inquiry into the operations of the human mind.

Common to nearly all forecasts of the new era was the belief that out of the war would emerge an intensified reality in thought and in speech. What else could be the result of the bitter reality that had come upon mankind? The war was a four-years' test of men, institutions, creeds, and words. Its hot breath was bound to destroy the cobwebs of illusion, the superstitions, the shoddy thoughts and tinsel formulas by which men managed to live in normal times. From the spectacle of nations and social institutions in collapse, men would turn to a searching inquiry into the reality of institutions. From a discredited leadership would arise a challenge to the reality of established conceptions concerning masters and men. And from the primitive fact of the trenches would come a ruthless skepticism as to the ultimate meaning of words.

If any single prophecy could be put

forward with confidence, it was this: that men coming back from the trenches would be mercilessly insistent on stripping language of its peace-time superficialities, and upon reducing words to the hard kernel of fact. It seemed inconceivable that men should continue to play with words after a war in which so many men had died for so many formulas. Of the new order, it should no longer be said that men lived, not by bread alone, but also by catchwords.

That prediction has not been justified. We have come out of the war apparently as susceptible as ever to the free and easy play of the catchword and the pat phrase. So far as the passion for reality in speech is concerned, the war has been fought in vain. Numerous slogans and forms have perished, no doubt, but their place has been filled by the mobilization of a new meretricious vocabulary. Not more than three words of to-day are needed to serve as a test of what the war has not done to make words real. These three words are — Publicity, Propaganda, Liberalism.

#### PUBLICITY

The word was not born with the war. We had been using it a good many years before 1914, in connection with our own problems in progressive Democracy. We had applied publicity to our nominations for public office, by substituting the primary for the convention. We applied it to campaign expenses. We compelled newspapers to publish their circulation figures and the names of their editors, owners, and bondholders. We forced a semi-publicity upon corporations, in the form of reports to a government agency.

The result has been neither failure nor overwhelming success. Bosses still manage to work behind closed doors. Corporations avail themselves of the services of legal experts in protective

obscuratation. There are ways of contributing to your candidate's campaign fund beyond the niggardly maximum fixed by law. Nevertheless, we cling, and rightly, to our faith in publicity as one of the safeguards of a democratic system. It does not cure everything from ague to zymosis, but it helps measurably in a sufficient number of cases.

The war conferred on publicity an enormous vogue. The reason, of course, was secret diplomacy. The evil that secret diplomacy had wrought, publicity was to cure. What secret diplomacy had made possible, publicity was to make impossible. In reaction from a scheme of things under which treaties were made and kept hidden by chancelleries, and wars were made by cabals, there was henceforth to function in the sphere of international affairs the rule of open debate and public bargaining. To this ideal, I imagine, right-thinking men still subscribe.

But how much publicity? Common sense rejects the demand for a hundred-per-cent publicity in international affairs, such as never has been attained and never will be attained as long as men are men. Woodrow Wilson's sin against one-hundred-per-cent publicity is one of the principal counts in the radical indictments against him. The open covenants openly arrived at have been meat alike for the impassioned revolutionary and for the calloused newspaper-man; of whom the latter, at least, ought to know better.

In what relation of life do people ever give public utterance to all that is in their hearts and minds? The argument is elementary and commonplace; but this is just the point: that men emerging from the bitterly hard facts of a war do have to be reminded of the elementary and commonplace. Where is the patriotic society, Elks' Lodge, Dorcas meeting, church conference, labor-union, revolutionary council, parents' associa-

tion, or parliamentary assembly, that does not go into 'executive session' in emergency, and particularly when it wants to get things done?

Take as non-imperialistic a group as you can think of — a union of coal-miners demanding more wages with which to buy more food. The wage-demands are made in open convention, but it is safe to assume that the schedules were approved in 'executive session.' When President Wilson calls upon the United Mine Workers of America to abide by his wage-awards, President Lewis of the Mine Workers and his associates meet in private. Is it because Mr. Lewis is a Koltchakist, and the Secretary-Treasurer of the United Mine Workers is an emissary of international capital? Or is it because the situation calls for a heart-to-heart talk between officials and delegates, which it is for the best interest of the miners that the coal-operators shall not overhear? It is not inconceivable that Mr. Lewis told his men that the President's award must be accepted because there were so many thousand miners eager to go back to work, and the prolongation of the strike would disrupt the union. It is not inconceivable that Secretary-Treasurer Green reminded his associates that, 'between ourselves,' the miners ought to have dug more coal than they did. Such confessions are not shouted into the public ear.

Criticism has not exacted the same publicity from the miners' union that it demanded from the Peace Conference at Versailles; yet the reasons that held for a limited publicity among miners at Indianapolis were valid to a greater degree at Versailles. What did Premier Orlando tell the Council of Four in private? It is a fairly safe bet that he told them that, if Italy did not get what she wanted, Italy would go to the devil — and with a very large measure of truth. Italy was bankrupt, and seeth-



ing with revolt, and generally unhappy; but it was not for the interests of peace that Germany should be informed of the fact in open forum, let alone the sheer impossibility of Orlando, or any spokesman for any country, bringing himself to say such things in the open.

No; with regard to the Peace Conference, the war did not teach us respect for hard facts. We did not say: 'Come now; there is a war to be settled and a world to be reorganized. The work must not be done in a corner. But how much publicity can we reasonably ask for; how much can we hope reasonably to obtain; and how much do we really need? This is no time for ear-tickling catchwords about one-hundred-per-cent publicity. It is a time for realities.' People did not say that. The temptation to sneer at open covenants openly arrived at was too strong. So outraged idealism sneered, and the diplomats did not give a hang, and the world knew pretty well what was going on at Paris.

These lines are written during the first days of the meeting of the Assembly of the League of Nations at Geneva. The Assembly has just voted down Lord Robert Cecil's motion for full publicity in the proceedings of the select committees of the League. Why? Is it because the League is imperialist at heart? or is it because a committee of delegates from forty-two nations, in public debate, would never get anywhere? We will put the case bluntly. A secret committee, in which every man can get off what is on his chest, is better than a full-dress public debate for the benefit of the reporters; after which a few men will get together in a corner and settle things. I am writing on the day after Mr. Barnes, the British Labor delegate to the Assembly of the League, has spoken out in favor of admitting Germany into the League. So has the delegate from Argentina. In favor of Germany's coming in are Switzerland

and the other neutrals. Yet neither England nor Argentina nor Switzerland will propose in so many words that Germany be admitted. Why? Because they know that France is hostile to the idea. But why not speak out, nevertheless, seeing that everybody is in on the secret? Because there is all the difference in the world between saying, 'I think Germany ought to be admitted,' and saying, 'I move that Germany be admitted.' One is a criticism of France, the other is a challenge to France. If England refused to go further than criticism, it was because she did not want to precipitate a crisis. Publicity did not enter into the situation. The matter had publicity enough.

The crimes of the old order against publicity as practiced in Western Europe are regularly contrasted with the new order in Russia. The Bolsheviks gave the secret treaties to the world. They speak to the nations by wireless. They practise one-hundred-per-cent publicity. Always? Not always. There was a peace conference between Soviets and Poles at Riga, in October. Among those present was the correspondent of one of our weekly periodicals, which has been foremost in denouncing secret diplomacy, foremost in its demands for one-hundred-per-cent publicity. And this is what the special correspondent wrote to his paper: —

Now, however, after this last conference, the patient took a turn for the better. Joffe and Dombaki met privately, where Perle, Barliczki, and Grabaki could n't mess into matters. In short, secret diplomacy was inaugurated. And, by the way, right here, although it may be to my disadvantage as a pressman, I must state quite frankly that no peace negotiation is possible except in secret. The open sessions of the Riga conference showed that. The formal interchange of speeches through interpreters, often about matters which could be arranged in a minute's private conversation, the inability to be frank and let the other fellow know what

one really wanted because the Argus-eyed one was hovering about to make a scandal — these things proved themselves insuperable obstacles to making peace and gave the mischief-makers like Grabaski endless opportunity for obstruction. But when Joffe and Dombaski began to talk privately, things looked up.

#### PROPAGANDA

When your opponent is more reticent than he should be, he sins against publicity. When he is more voluble than he should be, he sins by propaganda. To say propaganda is to pronounce condemnation. Propaganda has become synonymous with lies.

Yet the word has a high origin. One of the great organizations of the Roman Catholic Church is the Congregation de Propaganda Fide — for the dissemination of the true faith. Before the war, propaganda was the preachment of a doctrine or a system. The word was most frequently applied, perhaps, to the preachment of revolutionary doctrine. When people spoke of revolutionary propaganda against the Tsar, they meant a far from ignoble thing. The word had its terrific connotation with the militant Anarchists. Their 'propaganda of the deed' meant bombs; not a pleasing mode of persuasion, but certainly not a lie. A very hard fact to refute, a bomb.

In the war everybody used propaganda and, I suppose, everybody in varying degree misused it, in the sense of suppressing truth or putting forth lies. Personally, I see no compelling reason why a war that made use of chlorine gas should abstain from using lies to promote the sole purpose of war, which is to defeat the enemy. At the same time, it is far from the fact that all war propaganda was lies. The point is obvious and needs no stressing. Belgium, for instance, had sufficient material on which to base a truthful

propaganda against her invaders. At the present writing, Vienna has enough genuine material on which to base her propaganda of hunger.

Propaganda passed out of the war and into peace in this distorted form. It remained the common term for sinister falsehood and for bitter truth. As a result, truth has been the sufferer. The truth, when told with a purpose, is rejected as propaganda. Yet that is not the worst of it. The mischief is that propaganda is in the same breath described as a lie and as possessing terrific efficacy. In other words, 'propaganda,' as it is bandied about to-day, is a slur and a sneer against the human intelligence. It calls up the picture of an irresistible, malignant force preying upon a helpless and stupid humanity. It is for anyone to publish the lie, and the world must swallow it. Only I do not for a moment believe that this is so. I have greater faith in the common man's immunity against lies, in his common sense, in his knowledge of the world he lives in — and in his sense of humor. Propaganda has been vastly overestimated, frequently in its scope, always in its effectiveness. Propaganda did not play the part in the war which is so unquestioningly assigned to it.

The fortunes of the war were not shaped by the propaganda of words but by the propaganda of events. Allies were won and lost, not by words, but by battles. The morale of armies was cemented or shattered, not by words, but by cannon. The morale of nations was maintained, not by words, but by victory or the hope of victory, and was undermined, not by words, but by defeat or the imminence of defeat. It was the German plaint that British propaganda brought America into the war on the side of the Allies. That is rubbish. Even if we put aside the causes, lying deep in our national history, that would inevitably have brought us into

the war against Germany, what British propaganda was needed to sway America after the invasion of Belgium, after the Lusitania, after the U-boat warfare? It was not German propaganda that held us back from the war for two and a half years, but, again, the facts of our own national life. Propaganda may have raised a bit of a flurry here or there, but, on the whole, propaganda of the word was a cork bobbing along on the great tide of fact.

Those who sorrow over Woodrow Wilson's betrayal of the liberal cause have been in the habit of reminding Mr. Wilson that it was he who, by propaganda (in the original honorable sense), broke down the resistance of the German people and the German army. They describe Mr. Wilson's great war-speeches as so much high explosive flung over the German trenches into the ranks of the Germans at home. Yet the simple truth is that not Mr. Wilson's words defeated the German army, but Foch's guns and Pershing's doughboys. Neither do I believe that Lenin's propaganda undermined the morale of the German troops on the Eastern front; but, again, Foch and Pershing. For more than a year the German troops on the Eastern front stood looking on while Russia was in revolution. For nearly half a year they stood exposed to Lenin's propaganda by fraternization. Yet when the German troops were transported to the Western front, they retained sufficient morale to smash the Allied line in the early spring of 1918. And up to July 18, when the French-Americans broke the German line between Soissons and the Marne, the German soldiers and people were impervious to propaganda, whether Wilson's or Lenin's. The Germans were not defeated because they grew suddenly susceptible to propaganda. They grew susceptible to propaganda because they were defeated.

It was not the preachment of the word that carried Bolshevism into Central Europe after the Armistice, but the impulse of events. What I wrote for the *Atlantic Monthly* from Paris nearly two years ago has been proved true. Defeated nations have succumbed to Bolshevism, or hovered on the brink of Bolshevism. Victorious nations have escaped it entirely, or cast it off easily. To the extent that Bolshevik ideas have won a certain amount of sympathy and hearing in the United States, the thing has not been brought about by the propaganda of words, but, to a very considerable degree, precisely by the discomfiture of a propaganda of words. American sympathy for the Soviets has been largely a reaction from the anti-Bolshevist propaganda on which this country was gratuitously fed from official sources. The anti-Soviet propaganda of Mr. Creel, Mr. Burleson, and Mr. Mitchell Palmer made a harvest — for Lenin.

But, in the main, such pro-Bolshevist sympathy as exists in America to-day is due neither to Mr. Creel's anti-Bolshevist propaganda nor to direct pro-Bolshevist propaganda. Not words, but facts, have counted. Primarily, it has been the simple fact that the Lenin régime, whose early demise we all predicted, has maintained itself. As the Soviet armies continued to beat off one White attack after another, there arose in this country something of the admiration that always goes out to the victor. It has been a manifestation of the band-wagon spirit implanted in the heart of man. The real Bolshevik propaganda has come, not from Lenin's oratory and Moscow's wireless arguments on Socialism, but from the Red Guards and from Moscow's wireless bulletins of victory.

So here again, in exaggerated emphasis on the efficacy of propaganda, we have come out of the war with a new

catchword. Instead of bringing back a sharper insight into the facts that make for social disorganization and for Bolshevism, or into the facts that made for America's going into the war on the side of the Allies, or into the facts that have gone to the shaping of a hundred problems of the war and the peace, we have come out with a new formula, with a belief in the magic properties of a new word, Propaganda.

This new catchword works for muddled thinking and for a denial of human dignity. You deny the sound instincts and the intelligence of the common man when you represent him as being moved, not by what he sincerely feels or by what he understands, but, like a gaping yokel, by an incantation of words. Under the theory of propaganda, all the people are being fooled all the time. They went to war in 1917 because they were fooled by somebody's propaganda — England's or Mr. Wilson's. The kept out of war until 1917 because they were fooled into indifference by Bernstorff's propaganda. They sympathize with Ireland because De Valera fools them. They resent Sinn Fein because Dublin Castle fools them. Under this hypothesis, men cease to be human beings with a fair amount of knowledge, of common sense, of conscious motive, of loves and hates, of national feeling, of class-feeling, of religious feeling. They become a flight of shuttlecocks, driven back and forth from propaganda to propaganda. Which is mischievous nonsense.

#### LIBERALISM

The Liberal, as we knew him before the war, was the middle-of-the-road man. The Liberal temper was the half-a-loaf temper. In the spectrum of political parties or social philosophies, reading from right to left, the scale ran thus: Conservatism, Liberalism, Radi-

calism, Revolutionism. To-day Liberal has lost its native meaning, having been partitioned, like Poland, by its neighbors to right and left. The Conservative is now rather fond of describing himself as liberal with a small l. The radical and revolutionist have blended into 'Liberalism' with a capital. We do not usually go to newspaper headlines for precision of statement, but there is really a great deal of truth in the headlines that speak of the arrest or deportation, indiscriminately, of 'Liberals,' 'Radicals,' and 'Reds.' Three words formerly denoting gradations in the methodology of social progress — the cautious reformer, Liberal; the root-and-branch reformer, but still reformer, Radical; and the overturner, Revolutionist — are now all in verbal coalition, 'Liberals.'

Now the odd thing is that the name of 'Liberal' should have been appropriated by radical and revolutionist, who yield to no one in their contempt for what the old Liberalism stood for. The Liberal is, historically, the man of timid advances and ready compromises. He is content with much less than half-a-loaf; he will take half of that half, if he can do no better. He insists on knowing where he is going, by contrast with the true radical, who gives himself confidently to the rush of events. If we wish to be quite harsh, we may describe the old-style Liberal as the liniment vender and poulticer of society, of some use for temporary aches and small bruises, but ridiculously inept in dealing with major diseases. We might go further, and deny to Liberalism any positive influence of its own in social evolution. Liberalism is simply the resultant of two opposite forces, of reaction and revolution. When men have grown weary of Toryism, and have found out to their cost that a lurch to revolution is worse, they seek refuge and rest, for a while, in Liberalism. A

philosophy of normal times and dormant passions, a philosophy of sedatives and hypodermics — thus an enemy might describe historic Liberalism, with a fair amount of justice.

But however humble, however inconsequential a thing Liberalism might be, it is at least entitled to its identity. Reformism, after all, is not dead. There are still middle-of-the-road men and half-loafers, and where are they to go, now that their name has been expropriated by the Radicals and the Revolutionists? Take the case of the Versailles Treaty. If the old usage still obtained, the Conservative would be he who regards the treaty as perfect, where it was not too easy on Germany. The Liberal would say that the treaty was not perfect, but should be accepted as the best obtainable. The Radical would reject the treaty. But the 'Liberal' of to-day damns the treaty beyond redemption. To him Versailles is a hideous blunder, a thing worse than the war that it brought to an end.

Now, with regard to Versailles, the old-style Liberalism deplores, but does not reject, the human circumstances under which the treaty was framed. It wastes no time in bemoaning the fact that nations were not more just, or statesmen more generous, than they proved to be. But not so the 'Liberal' of to-day. His point of view has been perfectly stated by John M. Keynes (whom a whole conference of diplomats could not bamboozle) in the course of a review of Bernard M. Baruch's story of the Peace Conference. It is Mr. Baruch's argument that the treaty was the best document that could be written in the Paris of early 1919. Whereupon Mr. Keynes declares: 'I concede that, the President being what he was, and the Allied leaders being what they were, then, in the situation described, the result could not have been otherwise.'

That is the new Liberalism. It dwells

with Maud Muller in the might-have-been.

Old-style Liberalism will not wring its hands over the fact that Mr. Wilson was Mr. Wilson, and that Clemenceau, Lloyd George, and Orlando were Clemenceau, Lloyd George, and Orlando. And one of the reasons why the old-style Liberalism will not repine overmuch is that it has asked itself whether any conceivable American president and any conceivable combination of Allied statesmen would have made any difference. President Smith, with Premiers Dupont, Wilkins-Churchill, and Trentini, would have produced very much the same peace.

In Mr. Baruch's book we find one hitherto unwritten chapter of the Peace Conference, which serves admirably to bring out the distinction between the old Liberalism and the new. Among the reparations for civilian damage imposed upon Germany are the costs of Allied pensions and separation allowances. Now, the expert in international finance and in international law might form his opinion of the justice of such a demand upon the basis of his own knowledge and convictions. The plain man, to whom pensions, separation allowances, and civilian damage are all a mystery, would reason, I imagine, as follows. If pensions and separation allowances were imposed upon Germany by the bitter-end element in the Conference, then the demand was unjustified. If the claim for pensions and allowances was urged by the Liberal statesmen among the Allies, then the demand was justified. The plain man is bound to argue that the decent man does the decent thing.

As a matter of fact, our American experts were opposed to making Germany pay for separation allowances and pensions. They put up a hard fight. But, says Mr. Keynes, summarizing Mr. Baruch, 'The Council of Four were

eventually persuaded that an argument could be produced plausible enough to save the face of honor.' This argument was set forth in a secret memorandum, prepared — by whom? By Jan Smuts. And who is Jan Smuts? He is, in the 'Liberal' conception, the one surviving idealist of the Conference. Smuts is the statesman who is also a poet and a prophet. Smuts was the real author of the Covenant of the League. He was the agent despatched by the Conference to use persuasion with the Bolsheviks in Hungary. He was sent to Germany on a placatory mission. Long after 'Liberals' had lost faith in Wilson, they held fast to Smuts. Yet it now turns out that Smuts was the man who persuaded the wavering Lloyd George to impose those pension and separation costs upon Germany!

Does this destroy Smuts in the eyes of the old-style Liberals? It does not. I have said it before. If this young, generous-hearted, broad-visioned statesman argued for pensions and separation allowances, then old-style Liberals believe the thing was probably right. Or, if it was a mistake, it was certainly not a crime. Does the new 'Liberal' acknowledge that Smuts makes a difference? The answer is, No. I suppose Mr. Keynes would say that, Smuts being what he was, the pensions and allowances had to be exacted. He still reserves the right to reject a treaty not framed by seraphim and cherubim.

How the old-style Liberal mind reacted to the question of secret diplomacy *versus* open diplomacy at Paris, I have sufficiently indicated above in my paragraphs on Publicity. It is enough to recall the point there made regarding the contrast drawn by the 'Liberals' between secrecy at Paris and publicity at Moscow, and what happened to the contrast at Riga. The Liberalism that keeps its feet on the ground is certainly not the 'Liberalism' that has clamored

for a publicity that we know in our hearts cannot be had, and never will be had, in the management of public affairs above the level of the town-meeting. The Liberalism that historically stands for fair play is not the 'Liberalism' that will denounce in Clemenceau what it approves in Lenin; that turns heterodoxy into orthodoxy when it is my doxy.

Take the question of France. If Liberalism means anything, it means the readiness to put yourself in the other man's place. But it has been the chief occupation of American and British 'Liberalism' since the Armistice to pursue with regard to France a policy of spleen and growl that betrays an utter incapacity or unwillingness to see the other man's side. American 'Liberals,' for instance, have rejected Article X, or have justified America's rejection of Article X, on the ground that Article X involves risks for America. But they have never been able to understand why France should not take risks. British 'Liberalism,' speaking through so able a representative as the *Manchester Guardian*, has lashed out repeatedly against French imperialism, against France as the enemy of peace, against France the mad-struck nation, which refuses to see that the only course for her is a splendid gesture of generosity toward the beaten enemy.

But when it comes to Britain's own problems, the *Guardian* is not so ready for the gesture of noble confidence. The *Guardian* wants self-government for Ireland, but insists that England, for her own safety, cannot grant independence to the Irish. The *Guardian* sympathizes with native aspirations in India — up to a reasonable limit; and with the aspirations of the Egyptian people — up to a reasonable limit. To the *Guardian* the safety of the British Isles is the axiom from which all argument must start — and properly so.

But it will not, seemingly, understand that to the French people the safety of France is also a question about which there can be no arguing. Upon the errors of French policy in Europe, the *Guardian* pronounces clear-cut judgment. With regard to British policy, it regrets, and deplores, and finds that certain things are greatly to be desired, and earnestly to be hoped.

With all sympathy and all understanding for France, it is impossible to overlook her mistakes, her wrong-headedness, perhaps her wickedness; but 'Liberalism' has brought to the task neither sympathy nor understanding. If the nations, according to Mr. Wilson, have broken down on the acid test of Russia, 'Liberalism' has made a sad failure on the acid test of France. I will not deny that this anger against France arises from the failure of a great hope. No doubt there would be a new spirit abroad in the world if France, after the victory, had said to Germany, 'I forgive and forget. We have both suffered. *Embrassons!*' If France has failed to subscribe to the Sermon on the Mount, it is perhaps right for the enthusiast, the dreamer, the millennial prophet, to turn upon her in wrathful pain; but surely it is not for Liberalism to strike the outraged attitude. For Liberalism is precisely the temper that makes allowances for unregenerate human nature.

The attitude of 'Liberalism' toward France has been its attitude toward the peace as a whole. It has been an attitude of impossibilism. 'Liberalism' has attacked the peace from the standpoint of ultimates. It has grown waspish with the peacemakers, because they were only men, instead of being the ideal statesmen who exist so much more fre-

quently in the 'Liberal' publications than in life. 'Liberalism' has worked hard to kill the League, and has thus shown that it has no right to the name it has appropriated (quite in the spirit of Clemenceau). There is no time here and no need to discuss the League. It is enough to point out that 'Liberal' opinion now scoffs at an ideal which has drawn to itself the generous impulses of countless millions the world over; which has taken on the rudiments, at least, of that Parliament of Man of which the ages have dreamed; which has brought questions like disarmament and a world-court into the world-forum; which is, in short, the embodiment of the Liberal spirit in the sense of being a step forward and upward — a timid step, no doubt, and pitifully short of the bold flight that the hope of Armistice Day envisaged; yet a step forward. In the League the world has set up an ideal, and the 'Liberals' have jeered at it.

There has been no attempt or desire here to exalt the old Liberalism as an outlook and a policy. This is only a plea for correct definitions. I freely admit that the doctrine of the half-loaf is a timid thing compared with the wide sweep of the revolutionist vision. Still, that is what we have hitherto meant by Liberalism, and there is little good, there is mischief, in the confusion of names. There must still be in the world several hundred million people who are willing to take the world as the war and the peace have left it, and to do their best with it; people who, if you will, are ready to potter around in a good cause. But there is no name left for them. The radicals and revolutionists have run away with it. The champions of open diplomacy are masquerading in somebody else's clothes.

# THE ILLUMINED MOMENT

BY T. WALTER GILKYSON

## I

A BLUE ray from an arc lamp shot through the window. There was a sudden flood of livid light in the compartment, and the girl's face was touched for an instant with a gray, unearthly pallor. The train groaned and clattered and lurched over a multitude of switches, and through a maze of shifting lamps that played in smothered gleams of light upon the black outlines of the tracks about us. We were passing through the yards that lie south of Lyons.

The girl pressed her slim figure a little closer to the window. A wavering circle of yellow light from the ceiling lamp moved with monotonous irregularity above her head, blurring her face for an instant in shadow, and as suddenly revealing it in all its delicate firmness of outline. The dark eyes fixed on the cushion beside me were intent, with the palpitating, hovering intentness of the wings of a moth that has just alighted. There was nothing self-conscious or expectant in the steady gaze; only a deep, restrained, and self-sufficient brooding.

She had got on at Lyons, and I had returned, after the train started, to what I thought was my reserved compartment, to find her seated at the window. I confess that I was not sorry. It was four hours to Arles, and the light was bad for reading. Besides, she had, I felt, the delightful compelling flavor of the unusual. It had been a long time since I had felt any flavor of the unusual — not since the turbulent, exciting days

of the Armistice. Now, more than a year later, it was a France thoroughly bereft of the unusual that I was finding in my capacity of sober business man.

The girl closed her eyes and folded her hands in her lap. There was a weary droop to her mouth; the look of brooding intentness had gone from her face. In its impassive, almost reluctant youth, it seemed strangely old, as if in some subtle way age had breathed upon it without touching the outline.

'Born in the end of life' — the words echoed through my mind in the cheerful, vibrant tones of Jimmie Foster. In the old careless days he had made that generalization of the girls one met in France — made it after a fourteen-day leave which had evidently been starred with more than one untalked-of adventure.

I felt as if the wayward and debonair Jimmie had suddenly entered the compartment. I suppose it was the night journey — we had taken so many together in the days of the war, and talked to so many strange and untoward people. And then, I was going to see him at Arles; him and his wife, above all things! He had written me rather plaintively from Marseilles that Jane had insisted on going to Arles — said she was entitled to a wedding-trip through the Pyrenees before they went back. Jane at Arles explained the plaintive note that Jimmie had evidently overlooked. I could hear her nervous, shallow laugh, and the quick splutter of her precipitate



response to what someone else thought was beautiful, sounding in all its futility against the great arches of the Arena.

No one had quite understood why Jimmie had married Jane. Malicious persons said that architecture after the war could n't afford any man the living Jane did. Jimmie's friends said he should have settled down long ago. At any rate, he had married her, and there they were, at Arles.

I turned toward the window; the darkness outside seemed desolate, empty—a black void streaked with the ghostlike glimmer of falling snow. We were at full speed, and the wheels beat with devouring remorselessness against the rails, casting them behind with a monotonous implacability, as if they were but passing moments in the flight of time. My thoughts wandered to the year that had gone by, the year of excitement, of hardships, of dreams and high endeavor. It gleamed against the shrouded bosom of the past, a tissue shot with strange lights, deep glowing with alluring color. France—struggling, battling France—had seemed a place of mystery then, a place of mystery and of strange disordered beauty. Now it seemed dark and empty as the night about us.

I put my foot on the floor and straightened up. Such ideas were all rot. Anyhow, Jimmie and I would soon be together, talk things over, cheer each other up. The thought of Mrs. Jimmie dashed me for a moment. And then, without warning, like the breath of some forgotten perfume, a sense of the old joy of living stole over me. I looked up; the eyes of the girl were fixed upon me, and there was a faint, almost interested smile on her face.

'You go to Arles?' she said in French. Her voice had the remote hidden quality of the wood thrush, something of its sudden lift and sustained resignation.

I answered that I was going there, and asked if she were, too.

She nodded, her gaze fixed upon me with an air of detached interest that was by no means flattering.

'You are American, are you not?'

The corners of her mouth drooped slightly, as if brushed by the shadow of some mocking spirit; she leaned her head back and looked at me through slightly narrowed lids.

I assured her, emphatically, that I was.

She laughed—an odd laugh, with a note in it as of the breaking of something fragile. She swept her hands with a sudden impish gesture across her forehead and through the dark hair that lay against the cushion.

'You enjoyed the late war, I suppose?' There was not a trace of irony in her tone; she looked at me with an air of candid inquiry.

I puzzled for a moment and then said I had been in France for a year.

'First Division?' she asked quickly; and when I said 'no,' she turned toward the window as if the conversation had ceased to interest her.

The foot that just touched the floor swayed back and forth restlessly; once or twice I thought I noticed a swift movement of her shoulders against the cushions; but her face seemed as passive and remote as its own reflection in the glass. I felt as if there were something unreal about her: she was like the echo, the story of an adventure, with all its haunting, far-away sense of emotion, and all its ghostlike conviction of unreality—a part of the dim, snow-starred night, the rush of wheels through the darkness, and the rich, vivid imaginings of the past. And then what a curious question to put to a man—'I suppose you enjoyed the late war?'

'You know Lyons?' Her voice sounded from the corner with a certain level detachment.

I answered quickly in the negative, and sat waiting.

'I was there last year, the month of December,' she said. For a moment the noises of the train rushed through our expectant silence, and then, with a little tilt of her head against the gray cushions, she went on: 'It is very dull now in France, is it not? But Americans—do they ever find things dull?'

I admitted that at times they did.

'None that I have ever seen,' she replied. 'But then I have only known one.'

'What was his name?' I asked, a little abruptly in my curiosity, and feeling that perhaps it was not a wise question.

'You would n't know him,' she answered.

For a moment we looked at each other, measuring, appraising, divining, and then her face softened.

'You remember Paris in Armistice days?' she said. There was a supple stretch to her body and the suggestion of an upward lift to her arms as she leaned forward. 'Paris in Armistice days—the lights in the street, the beautiful white buildings again, the crowds sweeping by in sudden waves of laughter, and the thick warm scent of the cafés, that stifles you and makes your heart jump!' She trembled slightly, as if from the poignancy of the recollection, and leaned back against the cushions. 'Americans live so hard, don't they?' Her gaze was remote, impersonal, and yet strangely appealing.

I nodded, without speaking.

'You see,' she said, leaning forward and looking at me intently, 'he was so much a part of it all; he seemed to catch all the joy, and vividness, and color, and then give it out unconsciously. He was so much, so intensely alive. That was it—he was so alive!' She fixed her glance on the wall above me, and one of her slim hands moved slowly

over the other. 'Yes,' she said, after a moment, 'you don't absorb what you like, you Americans. You tear it to pieces like eager children, and then look for more. It's stimulating, at any rate.'

She laughed, and again I caught the faint trembling note in her laughter.

'You see,' she continued, 'it was so terrible at Lyons. I was working in the station; I was there three years, day and night, and I got so tired. It was trains and soldiers going and coming all the time. It was desolate and gray and without end. I thought it would go on forever.'

She turned her face toward the window, and I listened for a moment to the remorseless beat of the wheels in the black void about us.

'Then the Americans came, and one of them talked to me, and after the Armistice he came back. He was just starting on leave. You Americans, you make so much noise when you're happy, don't you?'

A bubbling, childlike note broke for an instant into the calm level of her voice.

I shook my head and waited, afraid by a word to destroy the slender cobweb that had stretched between us.

'I think it was really the way he laughed that made me go with him,' she said with a flash of self-amusement. 'I felt more alive when I heard him laugh. There was something warm and sparkling about it. Some people are like that, are n't they?'

'Yes,' I said, 'they are'; and a vision of the snug, low-lit room at Escargots, and our nightly table, with its vivid youthful faces shining above the amber twinkle of the glasses, blotted out for a moment the little figure against the gray cushions. 'Yes, some people are like that,' I thought; but just why, I did not venture to tell her; indeed, I am not sure that I wholly knew.

'We went to Bordeaux after Paris.' Her eyes were vague and elusive now,

and her relaxed body swayed slightly to the motion of the train. 'We were tired, and he wanted to go away. He said we needed the mountains after Paris. He always knew just what he needed. He often told me how important it was to be very sure of what you needed, and then get it. He needed beautiful things most of all, I think.' She looked at me without a hint of self-consciousness. 'He was always talking about beauty and always looking for it, and yet he seemed to have found more than anyone I ever knew. That night going to Bordeaux he told me about all the wonderful things he had ever seen. I can remember as if it was — now.' She sought the darkness for a moment and the beat of the wheels, inevitable and persistent, leaped suddenly into the silence. 'Do you have a feeling in trains,' she said, 'a feeling of going on and on forever? I had that with him; I felt as if all the wonderful things he was telling me, and all the wonderful things we were going to do, would go on forever.'

She looked gravely at me as if to test my response. I had nothing adequate to say — the sheer, revealing honesty of the girl was quite beyond words. I only waited, every instinct of sympathy alive, to draw some new revelation from those extraordinary lips.

'Do you know the Pyrenees and the Provence country? We went to Luz and Gavarnie and the Pass of Roland.' Her voice lingered on the words for a moment. 'It was like a picture, all day long. The little steep-roofed houses, and the men and women working in the fields, and the far white peaks that shone so warmly in the sun. I could have stayed there with him forever.' She looked directly at me, her gaze as clear and unfathomable as the waters of some mountain pool. 'Oh, well,' she said, with a return of her self-amusement, 'nothing really lasts, does it?'

'Nothing?' I questioned.

She turned her face to the window without answering.

After a moment I broke the silence; I simply could not help it. 'Did you go to Arles?' I said.

'Yes,' she answered, without turning from the window, 'we went to Arles, and then' — she paused — 'I went back to Lyons alone.'

A swift attack of the brakes shook the carriage into a series of little jumps. A row of lights stretched out across the darkness, fixed and unwavering above their reflection in the water below. Beyond, other lights shone, high up against the massed obscurity of the horizon.

'Sur le pont d'Avignon,  
L'on y danse, l'on y danse' —

The refrain of the ancient song came softly under her breath, a ghostly whisper from the past. She leaned back and looked at me like a weary child. 'I'm going to sleep,' she said, turning her face against the cushions. 'Please wake me at Arles.'

## II

The sunlight was just touching the broad hat of Mistral when I emerged from the Hôtel du Nord into the square. There was a pleasant hint of early morning scrubbing in the air, and the chairs of the restaurant lay in supine preparation for the bath. The *cochers* cocked a friendly eye at the white expanse of their victorias; the market women, passing with leisured preoccupation, smiled quite frankly; altogether I felt enveloped and sustained by a comfortable air of unhurried routine. The haunting personality of the night before seemed shadowy and unreal before the simple solid facts of daily life. I wondered vaguely, as I looked at the cheerful houses across the square, what had become of my lady of the train. She had refused to give me her name, and had disappeared with a great

bearded man; who enveloped her with an enthusiasm the exact quality of which I was unable to detect.

Disregarding Jimmie's wife, I had beaten upon his door a few moments before, and had been told not to eat my breakfast for five minutes. The door had not been opened, possibly for domestic reasons, and the usual high note of enthusiasm in Jimmie's voice had seemed a little subdued. The impression lay like a tiny speck upon my sense of the clear brightness of the morning. Jimmie married might be very different from Jimmie single — probably would be, I thought, rather absently noting the lovely profile of an Arlésienne who was passing just in front of me.

I heard a quick, light step behind me, and Jimmie and I were face to face.

'You old scout!' he said; 'I'm mighty glad to see you! What are you doing, knocking about France this way, anyhow? Come over here and tell me all about it.'

He led the way to some chairs that had not yet suffered their morning bath.

We sat for an instant in the silence that succeeds a hearty greeting. Then I remembered Jane. I pulled myself together, rose, and lurdled her nicely. My congratulatory phrases had a warmth in them drawn from sources of deception that I did not know I possessed. Jimmie was all that could be desired: his voice had just the right accent of sober pride, and his words were brief and hesitating, as if revealing depths that could be reached only with difficulty. And as he talked, his gray eyes were fixed, in the eager gaze I knew so well, on the cluster of roofs that splashed a warm red against the fair morning sky, and his nostrils twitched as if he were smelling the sunshine.

'God, what color!' he exclaimed, breaking impetuously from the middle of a sentence and plunging his face forward as if to drink it in.

There was a commotion amongst the somnolent *cochers*, a general shifting of posture and sprucing up. Evidently something was happening at the hotel. The broad, expansive figure of Jane appeared in the doorway, and bore slowly down upon us. Jimmie leaped from his immersion; his startled look turned immediately to one of bland quiescence. I saw Jane's pink face shining above the wattles of her chin with a diffused, rather aimless delight. We shook hands, and I experienced my accustomed shock in striking so suddenly the bottom of her pale, shallow, close-set eyes.

'Is n't it just lovely that we should all meet in this idyllic spot?' she said, beaming vaguely at me. 'Jimmie has been so anxious to see you — a kindred spirit in the appreciation of the arts, you know'; and she sighed herself softly to the end of the sentence.

I murmured something that I hoped was appropriate, and Jimmie suggested that we go in to breakfast.

It was a long breakfast, rather tiresome, and pervaded by a certain sense of stoppage in the conversation. We were always coming up short and beginning over again with enthusiasm. I felt a certain weariness; the keen pleasure I expected had somehow evaporated. I knew I was doomed to watch Jimmie and Jane, to observe, to probe into, and above all to feel, the ceaseless action and reaction of their two personalities. And hot little egos seemed so futile in the presence of the clear beauty that lay around us. In the last twenty-four hours I had had enough of the dark mists of analysis and vicarious introspection. Too much of the human soul was not pleasant. I wanted to eat my food and enjoy it, and to talk to Jimmie about pleasant, wholesome physical things. There was so much of beauty in Arles; things that had been built and dreamed over in the past by — hot little egos like our own, I suppose.

Once out in the sunlit square I felt better, and so apparently did Jimmie. He beat Jane on the shoulder, shook himself, and remarked that, after all, it was good to be alive.

'Look at the old poet Mistral, with a slouch hat on like a Confederate officer!' he said, pointing at the statue; 'he knew it — he knew it! He lived a dozen lives, Jane, did you know that?'

'Ah,' breathed Jane, 'how wonderful!' Her fat face fairly exuded appreciation. 'I remember a Swami once, at Mrs. Hildreth's; he said we could grasp all consciousness and pass into the illimitable beyond, if we only chose. Is n't theosophy wonderful!'

Her eyes swam, and she sighed heavily at the statue. There was a moment's silence, and then Jimmie suggested that we might as well walk a bit.

The pleasant preoccupation of watching faces, and especially the faces of the Midi, lifted the slight shadow that had fallen upon us. Everyone who passed seemed so delightfully and so leisurely engaged in the cheerful process of living. Jimmie's eyes were a study, now alive with a stealthy ardency, now far away, reflective, as if lost in speculation. His comments were vivid, illuminating, shooting like rockers from the absorbed contemplation into which he had plunged; and his lean, nervous hands moved restlessly, as if to seize some fleeting impression, some hint of strangeness or beauty.

We passed an open doorway; within, the outlines of a Greek column stood with poised serenity against the sky, and from the adjoining wall a gargoye looked down, distorted in all the turbid agony of mediævalism.

'Marvelous city!' cried Jimmie. 'Can you beat that for contrast? Look at it, Jane; see how it stands out in that extraordinary sunlight!'

'Ah, yes,' echoed Jane; 'extraordinary sunlight, extraordinary sunlight!'

Is n't it just perfect — so adorable, sitting there all by itself! And think how lucky we are to be here!' — She spoke in a tone of benediction. — 'I suppose it is probably snowing or raining in Philadelphia.'

It was Jane who did most of the talking for the next five minutes, Jimmie surrendering to the conversation only when necessary. It was a way he had of his own, that of stepping quite out of the picture, leaving a vacantly amiable countenance to deceive the unwary.

Just how far his present companion was unwary, I did not know. As her conversation grew in volume, there was a suspicion of insistence in her voice, a hint that she too felt that her thoughts had some claim to attention. She even fluttered now and then, like a large soft bird about to become petulant. The idea crossed my mind that upon occasion she might act with considerable clumsiness.

Jimmie, however, seemed quite unconscious of any such possibilities. It was only when we reached the Musée that he came to; and then, quite abruptly, 'Now,' he said, seizing Jane by the arm, 'we'll go in and visit the Venus of Arles.'

Jane ascended the steps with a lumpy sedateness, her broad, yellow-plaided back seeming a little formidable as it passed into the suave interior of the Musée. She blinked for a moment at the young woman at the door, and then walked immediately to the centre of the room. Her eyes went from object to object, as if bewildered by the variety of shapes.

'How *many* things there are here, and all *so* different!' she said. 'How versatile the ancients were! Jimmie!' — her fat hand waved commandingly — 'show me these things. I want to understand them in all their inwardness.'

For her own sake I could have taken

her neck below the fluff of yellow hair and wrung it sharply.

Jimmie walked straight to the statue of the Arlésienne Venus. 'Look at that for a moment, Jane,' he said gently. 'You don't really need to look at anything else. — Do you?' And he turned with a quick smile to me.

I nodded, and for a moment we stood in silence before the statue.

The young woman attendant moved within the range of our vision. A decidedly human appreciation replaced the look of awe and reverence on Jimmie's face. The statue, somewhat less perfect, yet somewhat more seductive, had come to life. I realized that I had not noticed sufficiently that young woman at the door. Jane evidently had not noticed her at all. In fact, Jane was busy just then thumbing the pages of her Baedeker.

'Now,' she announced, 'I think we ought to read about the Venus of Arles. It releases the spirit so to read about these things.'

She turned her plump face toward me. It was slightly disheveled; evidently she was in hot pursuit of an emotion. Jimmie was far off, lost in contemplation of the resemblance between the past and the present. I doubt if he even heard Jane. She waited an instant for his response, waited until she caught sight of the human recipient of his divided attention. Then she shut the book with a little snap.

'You should at least listen to me, Jimmie,' she said, and marched toward the door.

I broke the embarrassing pause on the steps by suggesting that we go to the Arena.

'No,' said Jimmie shortly, 'let's not go to the Arena; let's go to the river.'

I knew what Jimmie really thought of the Arena, but it was no time to ask questions. I started them down the steps without delay. There was some-

thing ominous about Jane's silence. A brisk walk on the streets would do her good. As for Jimmie, he always had been able to take care of himself. How far his ability would continue in the future, was a thought I gave myself to with considerable interest as we walked to the bridge.

We leaned over the balustrade, absorbed for a moment by the unceasing flow of green, sunlit water that hurried on its way to the Mediterranean. The mistral blew down the valley, fresh and insistent, like a draught from some gigantic door that had been left open. It fretted the pale green of the water with tiny ridges that shone with the color of steel in the sunlight. Above us the sky was a radiant, translucent blue, shot with faint vaporous mists floating high up in the eye of the sun. There was a tenseness, an eagerness, in sky and wind and water; it whipped the nerves and drove the imagination into extraordinary antics. I could feel Jimmie respond to it, feel the lift of his spirit as he leaned out over the balustrade, hat off, his face set keen against the wind.

'Jolly old world,' he said. 'Goes on and on — always new — carries you along somehow, does n't it?' He turned to me. Jane edged a little closer. 'If you could only get hold of it, just for a minute — the strange passing beauty that mocks you — laughs right at you. You think you have it, and it's gone.' He leaned out again, and the wind caught his words and blew them back to us in sudden eddies of sound. 'We've all tried; men have tried for a thousand years, and it escapes, elusive, imperishable — unspeakably precious. Romanticism!' He laughed. 'Yet the Greeks understood, and they were n't Romantic. And the French — they get it somehow. Fine sense of form and clear thinking, I suppose — eh?' Jane was looking eagerly at him, but he seemed oblivious of her. 'I tell you, old

man,' and he slapped the balustrade, 'we've got a lot to learn. We're like those old Roman Johnnies that came floating down from Avignon to the cemetery over there.' He pointed to the Alyscamp, which lay shrouded in cypresses, its tombs a dazzling white through the green foliage. 'They brought their burial money in their dead hands, paid their way through with good honest money, even unto death; and then some esurient Greek stole it, and sat in the shadow of the Arena, looking lazily upon life and feeling that it was good. Oh, my boy, we miss it all, — we miss it all, — and we have n't long to live, either!' His gaze sought the green, sparkling water that was slipping away beneath us, and then came back to me. 'I suppose I'm simply a rank hedonist,' he said in a matter-of-fact voice.

'What is a hedonist, Jimmie?' said Jane.

There was something disturbing in her voice; I wondered what was coming next.

'My dear,' said Jimmie, patting her hand absently, 'you would n't understand, and I won't try to explain it to you.'

'Why would n't I understand?' she insisted.

'Oh, I don't know,' said Jimmie carelessly, his eyes fixed on the dazzling line that marked the bend in the river. 'Because you're you, I suppose.'

Her pink face darkened and her hands fluttered a little.

'I understand a lot more than you think I do,' she said. 'You talk too much anyway, and you never listen to me. Come on back to the hotel; I'm tired.'

Jimmie and I spent the afternoon together, Jane having retired to her room immediately after lunch. Jimmie was morose; we had very little exercise and many moody sessions on the sidewalk

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B

cafés. To his credit, he kept what he thought to himself, only allowing it to escape in a fine drizzle of pessimistic philosophy. He dwelt long and lovingly on our year in France, the wild irresponsibility of it, and the glamour of its incessant variety. It was as if its ghost had come back to haunt him, so ceaselessly did he turn the details over and over. Bit by bit he traveled through its history, down to the days of the Armistice.

And then I dropped a question, let it roll unobtrusively into the conversation: 'You were here on leave, were n't you, Jim?'

He looked straight at me. 'Yes, I was,' he said. 'That leave, my boy, was — an illumined moment.'

It was an unappeased Jane and a sullen Jimmie who sat down to dinner. The drawn curtains, the soft light of the rose-colored candles shining on the white linen and polished silver, the deft, friendly touch of the waiter, all the pleasant intimate surroundings of a French dinner, seemed garish and unreal in the atmosphere of bitterness that enveloped our table. Whence the lightning would strike, I did not know. My curiosity was gone; I had only a desire to get out of Arles as quickly as possible.

The waiter, with soft apology, presented the bill to Jimmie. Jane took it quickly out of his hands.

'Charge it to my account, room 19,' she said in barbarous French.

Jimmie's face was scarlet, but he laughed cheerfully. 'Do you insist on paying it, Jane dear?'

'Yes,' she said, 'I do. And will you order tickets for Paris? We're going up to-morrow. You can have them charged, too.'

### III

The moonlight lay in cool splashes on the roofs of the houses, and the town

was settling into the reposeful calm of night. Our steps echoed emptily upon the pavement; there was only a passing figure in the square, and the café had put up its shutters.

Jimmie was silent. He had not said a word since we had left Jane seated at the table. He turned at the corner in an opposite direction from the railway station.

'I have a great desire,' he said slowly, 'to see the Arena. Do you mind? We can' — he gulped painfully — 'let the tickets go for the time being.'

The street lay before us, a black trench between two rows of moonlit roofs. The freshness of the air was vaguely disquieting; the night seemed to stir about us like the unfolding of some deep-petaled flower. Two women passed. I caught for an instant the glimmer of their faces turned toward us, a sleeve brushed my arm, and an odor of perfume drifted out into the night. I looked at Jimmie. His gaze was fixed on the courtyard just beyond, a courtyard where the moonlight fell in clear, unbroken radiance on the fragments of two columns, ancient, immutable, absorbing and reflecting an unchanging and eternal beauty.

The Church of Saint Trophine loomed ahead, massive, forbidding, crowned with silver light. The shadows of the arched doorway lay like grim lines of pain on the graven surface; they frowned upon us in all the agony of souls in self-inflicted torture.

Jimmie shivered a little. 'I wonder what it all means,' he said. 'It's a part, though, is n't it, of something? Something I can never quite understand. Form, of course, I understand that — but the spirit of it; no, I don't get it. Do you?'

He peered wistfully at me out of the darkness.

A shaft of ruddy light stained the pavement at our feet. The shutters of

a little café were open; its intimate interior turned an unconscious, friendly eye upon us. A swarthy, black-bearded man threw back his head and laughed; the woman by him seized the cards out of his hand, and the echo of their laughter floated out, muffled, rich with a note of deep contentment. From above came the sound of a voice singing a Spanish song, the melancholy, long withdrawing notes passing with poignant futility into the peace of the impalpable night.

We walked in silence to the end of the street. The walls of the Arena stood before us, black as the shadow of poised wings in the moonlight. Above, on the stones that seemed to meet the sky, the light lay in still pools caught from a flood that gleamed with radiant tranquillity beyond the enclosing darkness.

Jimmie drew a deep breath. 'If people were only like that!' he said. 'What restless, searching creatures we are, are n't we? We flow in an eternal flux about the white hidden face of truth, and now and then it's revealed to us in rare glimpses like this, caught and put down in some great work of art or some great act. And then the current washes us away, to grope about like weary swimmers lost in a sea of illusions. Lord!' — he shook his head like a dog emerging from water — 'I'm getting decadent; come on.'

There was a knowing smile on the face of the old concierge as he swung the gate out for us and pocketed our franc. He grunted quite familiarly at Jimmie, who scarcely noticed him. Standing against the gate with his grizzled head on one side, he peered after us, a bit of cheerful, curious humanity, at the entrance to antiquity.

The great circles of stone rose about us, empty, expectant, as if awaiting some ghostly pageant. Above, in the dim arches, the night wind murmured



in hushed whispers; there was no sound save that of our footsteps echoing through the moonlit well of the Arena. We walked toward the Saracenic tower, a black square on the topmost circle. Jimmie climbed the first stone of the ascent, and then faced me.

'My boy,' he said, 'don't ever' — He stopped for a moment and looked across the moonlit space. — 'There's something you can lose, and don't you forget it makes a difference. I thought it did n't, but it does. I was here before, and — I don't like it.' His face had the look of one who sees for the first time the vision of something irretrievably lost. 'Hell of an old world, of our own making, is n't it? Why have the gods afflicted me?'

He smiled, and a little twist caught the corners of his mouth.

Slowly we climbed toward the topmost circle of stone. The moonlight fell in slanting beams down the rows of staring seats, our shadows lengthened and shortened in strange gyrations behind us. We seemed the actors in some ancient tragedy, mouthing bits of humanity before the sardonic face of the Arena. The great stones above the arches lay like folded hands, impassive, pitiless, in the white light that fell upon them.

We stood at the top, breathing heavily. For a moment we looked down. Then Jimmie walked to a stone that lay breast-high above us, its surface emerging from the shadow of the tower. He climbed upon it, and as he did so a figure slipped from the darkness and moved toward him.

Jimmie stood as if frozen. He passed his hand slowly over his forehead.

'Madeleine, is that you?' he said, in a voice that trembled slightly.

She looked at him without a tremor, her body tense and her eyes filled with wonderment.

'You have come back?' she said.

He walked toward her, and then stopped, as if checked by an invisible barrier.

'I cannot believe it.' His voice was almost a whisper. 'It is too strange that it should be you. O Madeleine, tell me, why did you come here?'

She looked gravely at him, seeming to draw slowly from some deep source of composure.

'I did not think we should meet,' she answered. 'I did not know you were in France. You have never written to me — not a word.'

He hesitated, as if struggling against some dim bewilderment. His arms moved forward, and then dropped.

'You can't understand — I don't, myself. I wanted to write, but it was so far away, so different. I was in another world; and now, with you here, it all comes back to me overwhelmingly.'

His outstretched hands tried to convey his meaning, but she did not move.

'Had you forgotten that you were ever in Arles?' she said quietly.

'No,' he cried, 'I had not!'

'Ah, yes, you had forgotten,' she answered. 'You remember now, and you think you remembered always, but I know it is not true; you had forgotten. You had finished with Arles, and it had gone from your mind. Is it so beautiful then, in America, and so interesting?'

Her words fell with delicate precision, like arrows finely barbed.

Jimmie quivered; once again his arms moved forward, reached out, and dropped.

'Oh,' — he spoke as if in agony, — 'you don't understand, Madeleine, you don't understand! I feel shaken — clear out of myself. Things change, and then, suddenly, they change back. I had forgotten what you were like, and now —'

He shut his lips tight and clinched his hands.

She came closer to him; there was an appeal in her gesture, and yet she seemed as remote and inaccessible as some returned spirit.

'There is magic in the Arena,' she said; 'it calls up the beauty of the past, and then, on nights like this, it gives it forth to trouble us with visions. It was just a year ago that we were standing here together, and you said that. You see, I remember everything.' Her slim body and dark head swayed slightly forward, as if bending to the force of some poignant memory. 'We had so much together, did n't we? — Paris, and the Pyrenees, and this! And after, I had Lyons again.' Her head drooped for a moment; she threw it back, and her eyes sought his face with a swift, controlled eagerness. 'And you — what did you have? Adventure, excitement, and the never-ending quest for beauty? Without that you could n't live, is it not true? And yet, with all the world before you, you come back to Arles! Tell me,' she demanded fiercely, 'why did you come?'

Without answering, he threw his arms about her.

She drew her head away and looked steadily at him.

'Why did you come back?' she said.

He made no answer; his arms only closed tighter. She laid an elbow against his breast and kept herself clear of his grasp.

'You never wrote, not one word. I did n't even know where you were; I wrote you, oh, so many letters!' Her voice faltered a little. 'Have you never thought about me at all until to-night?'

Jimmie buried his head on her shoulder. She smoothed the thick hair that lay against her dress. Her touch had in it something inexpressibly old and full of wisdom.

'You are not happy, are you?' she said, bending her face over until her lips touched his hair.

He was silent, and she looked out over the still beauty of the Arena, as if seeking the answer to her question.

'You are married?' she said, in an even voice.

Jimmie raised his head. 'Yes.'

She stood motionless as marble, the firm lines of her face drawn with delicate distinctness in the moonlight. 'And is she in Arles?' she asked gently.

Jimmie nodded.

'Oh, poor boy!' Her voice broke into a ripple of laughter. 'Why did you bring her to Arles?'

Jimmie seized her with an overpowering grip; her face fell back like a flower caught in a sweeping torrent; he moved toward the edge of the Arena as if driven by an insane desire, and for an instant they swayed perilously on the brink. Then he dropped his arms, and she leaned against him a little unsteadily.

'Will you go with me?' he said.

She stepped back. 'And to-morrow?' Her voice was the level voice I had heard on the train. 'What about to-morrow?'

Jimmie stretched out his hands impetuously, as if to sweep away all obstacles.

'Let to-morrow go; why think about it now! For God's sake! Madeleine!'

She looked at him for a moment, her calm scrutiny seeming to come from that deep hidden source of wisdom and composure. Her face, so sensitive, so full of sadness and undaunted resolution, brought back old memories of her countrymen in bitter days of trial.

'No,' she said, 'it is impossible. It is always dream with you; but we are very old, we French, we do not hesitate to look upon the truth. You and I have had our moment, and we can never recapture it. I know, oh, I know so much more than you. You are young and you dream, and you cannot see the truth. You are always changing,

and absorbing, and passing on to new things. It is the youth of a young race, and mine is old, and wise, and deep in loyalties. No, it is impossible.'

She slipped back into the shadow of

the tower, and her whispered good-bye sounded with piteous finality across the still, moonlit stones. Jimmie turned away, and climbed slowly down to where I was standing.

## ADVENTURE

BY GRACE FALLOW NORTON

O Possible and Probable,  
Fell jailers of my mind,  
I had a way of leaping once  
And leaving you behind.

I had a way of soaring once  
Off in a maze of blue,  
Tempting Unbelievable  
Until it happened true.

But now they 've taken Beautiful  
And measured her a gown.  
Beautiful, my Beautiful,  
Come, storm through the town,

Naked on a smoking steed,  
While I cry your name,  
And old cringing Credible  
Dies of rage and shame!

## THE LASTING THINGS

BY FRANCES LESTER WARNER

WE may be very progressive, but we do like our own ways. Between the ages of twenty and sixty our dread of getting into a rut has power to keep us uneasy; but, even during those critical years, our own ways hardly seem to us like ruts. A rut is generally a groove made by the wheels of others. We are glad to think that the paths we have blazed are a little aside from the main-traveled road.

Traced through a life-time, traced through the generations, these private ways of ours would be found to mark the regions where individuality is most pronounced, where the historical background is most charming, where we have the most memorable encounters with our friends.

They mark, also, the regions where we form the most memorable customs with our relatives. In a family made up of resourceful people, with ways that sometimes coincide and sometimes intersect, the chances for comradeship and the chances for collision are about even. From the resulting combination of accepted and contested modes of procedure, the permanent family tradition is made up.

The most distinctive customs in household life are likely to gather around very simple things, such as the material equipment which the family has in common, especially four great subjects for debate: furniture, personal property, the automobile, and the food-supply. Nobody deliberately sets out to establish individual customs in connection with these things; but years afterward the acci-

dental associations come to have a striking significance.

Furniture, for example, is a matter of genuine idealism with most householders. We intend to accumulate only things worth owning — the fine, durable things that can be handed down with unimpaired dignity through the generations. With adequate funds and trained judgment, this ideal can be approached. But when the average family is developing within financial limitations, certain articles of furniture that are not representative are bound to creep in. And if this goes on through a period of years, the final accumulation is not homogeneous.

In the most comfortable of homes, therefore, we find things in which nobody takes much artistic pride. As 'period furniture' these pieces are not a success, for they are not purely of any recognized type, not even early- or mid-Victorian. If anything, they are early McKinley or mid-Ulysses Grant. In spite of excellent reasons for keeping these objects, the owners are quite aware of the inharmonious note. Those members of the family who, like Mrs. Gummidge, *feel* it more than the rest, are continually suggesting new locations for the offending articles, manœuvring to get them into inconspicuous positions. But you cannot hope to obscure such things entirely. The more you try to suppress them, the more they prey upon the mind. Some profounder, more penetrating Freud ought to investigate the effect of suppressed furniture upon the inner life of the home.

People who find themselves in possession of such things have a baffled feeling. Their ideals were dignified, but their success was uneven. Yet, if they wait long enough, they will find that it is not exclusively the old mahogany that is carefully cherished by the younger generation. The memory of the stuffed sofa over the back of which we fished for trout, and of the unsteady little pine tea-table where we used to find the cooky-pail, can assume a value in our later thought quite equal to that of the ancestral highboy.

A famous logician has said that furniture is divided into two classes: furniture made to hold people, and furniture made to hold things. But within these two great logical divisions there is a peculiar extra class — furniture made to hold memories. Leaving out of the account such poetic examples as the trundle-bed and the settle by the fire, we can all of us think of articles that have formed, not only the social centre of the group, but also the centre of discussion.

In one household, this kind of furniture is represented by a chair where the lower part is stationary and the upper part rocks. Everyone knows this kind of chair — the kind where the top has a curved solid-wood foundation that rocks on a stationary base, the whole thing held together by springs, if I make myself clear. The English language is curiously inadequate to a description of this chair. But the man who owns one knows that, as you seat yourself in it, you are likely to take a backward swoop, very startling indeed if you are new to the manner. Since the foundation is firm, you do not really fall; you simply go through the preliminaries without the crash.

Suppose that, for some unaccountable reason, this happens to be somebody's favorite chair — what can you do about it? The sensitive members

of the family, deploring, not only its manners, but the way it is upholstered, do their best to retire it to a cranny. But since, when it rocks backward, it blemishes the wall behind it and bumps annoyingly, the comfort-loving classes keep dragging it out again as fast as it is set away. This breeds dissension. And any inanimate object that can outride the gales of household strife is perfectly sure of an eternal place in our memories. Whether we attacked it or defended it, we remember it.

An entirely different variety of hotly discussed furniture is the sort not ugly in itself, but by nature untidy. Some pieces of furniture seem made to hold more things than others. There are tables that are positive magnets. They attract the entire deposit of the day. You may put such a table in perfect order in the morning, and by night it will be completely hidden beneath an accumulation of newspapers, notions, and small wares. In the same way, certain backs of chairs form natural hanging-places for caps and book-straps and shopping-bags. 'Have you looked on the back of the Morris chair?' — 'Have you looked on the hall table?' Magnetic furniture governs not only the domestic trade-routes and thoroughfares and the line of traffic from room to room: it governs also the line of argument when things are lost and not found.

Sometimes it is not a single bit of furniture, but a whole room, that must be suppressed. In one house, this room is the 'plaything-closet'; in another, it is the 'cubby-hole' — a cache for rubber overshoes, dry-mops, and hockey-sticks; in another, it is the boys' room, a sort of Tramps' Paradise, where the boys keep their dynamo and all their odds and ends. The doors of such places have a universal tendency to stand ajar. As you ring the doorbell of certain pleasant homes, you hear the careful closing of doors before your ring is

answered. I like to think that this is the gentle shutting of plaything-closets and cubby-holes.

Of course, there are houses where there is no imperfection — no suppressed furniture, no plaything-closet, no paradise. But they are comparatively few.

A family's treatment of personal property is another famous starting-place for distinctive traditions. Every family has to build up a code, for example, about what shall and what shall not go to the rummage sale. The laws that govern the borrowing of supplies, tools, thimbles, and costume from one's kin are enforced in most households by an amateur detective system of no small talent.

And customs arise also out of the respect due to people's eccentricities in the use of their own rooms. Kindly men who are otherwise tractable about the house turn dangerous on the subject of their study-table. The lady of the house is supposed to leave that spot alone, and yet at the same time to be able to produce on application the *Outlook* of the week before last. Women who dust skillfully learn to handle such stage-properties with amazing success. But occasionally the most experienced will blunder.

A certain small boy once gave out simple orders that nobody was to touch his box of matches or go anywhere near the Bible on his dressing-table. His mother understood about the Bible. Her little son, she knew, was not devout, but he was a man of his word, and he had promised to read the Bible every day for a year. The thing that she wondered about was the match-box. There was an electric light beside his desk, and the matches at the bedside seemed superfluous. Therefore, when she dusted, she left the matches sometimes in one place and sometimes in another, not at all appreciating his rage when he could

not find them. But one night, as she went past his room, she saw the flare of a match in the dark. She paused, fascinated, and looked in. There he sat in bed, Bible in one hand, match in the other, reading while the match held out to burn. It is astonishing what an amount of Holy Writ you can absorb before the flame creeps quite up to your thumb. He explained somewhat impatiently that he had to turn out his desk-light before he could raise the curtains and open the windows, did n't he? and he had to read the Bible, did n't he, after he was in bed?

Most persons have these little ways with their own possessions — ways that they cannot defend and will not reform. But there is no other department of household life in which tradition becomes so suddenly Chinese as it does in an automobile.

The automobile is so new that one does not naturally think of tradition in connection with it; but when you are in an automobile, you can establish a custom in a twinkling. There is no other setting where peculiarities, either of the group or of the individual, so promptly crystallize into something invariable.

Every family, for instance, quickly establishes well-defined relations between the driver and the group. People on the back seat of a touring-car are tempted to shout directions to the driver, especially if he is a member of the clan. This would be well enough if the directions were always succinct, sensible, final, and from one person. But when several of the party lean forward and halloo conflicting suggestions against the wind, the fibre of the family tie is tested.

Drivers react to this according to their temperament and training. The highly disciplined son or brother responds like a sensitive instrument. He swerves the car lightly hither and yon

at the cross-roads, turning an impossible corner when a shout from the rear demands it, and instantly making another swoop in the opposite direction when the order is countermanded. By the curve of the car he accurately registers the caprice of the tonneau. Many sons and brothers can make a car cut a perfect figure eight to order without accident, but few can do it without remark.

A very different type of young man goes to the other extreme, and pays no attention at all to anyone who tries to alter his plans or to regulate his speed. Bracing resolute shoulders, he spins along, deaf to the cries of his passengers.

And there is now and then a driver, perhaps the father of the family, who, instead of being merely obedient or disobedient, is diplomatic. If there is an argument as to route, he stops the car, leans a kindly arm along the back of the seat, and turns around to talk things over. He does not start again until a satisfactory group-decision has been reached. This saves wear and tear on the car.

With the automobile, too, comes the question whether or not to put up the curtains when it begins to rain — a subject too painful for more than mention here. And you can take the complete measure of a family's growth in grace when it comes time to select a spot by the roadside where they can all agree to eat the picnic lunch. All hands on the lookout, they skim along the country road, everybody pointing out perfect spots, which somebody else vetoes on account of mosquitoes, or cows, or poison ivy. That family is fortunate that has already settled upon ideal picnic grounds on every highway — places where they always stop for luncheon without debate.

We like to have traditional places and unchanging rites and ceremonies in connection with our food-supply. The

charm of a picnic is in its informality, but also in its conformity with the recognized rites and ceremonies of the picnic. A picnic that tries to be a course dinner is interesting as a feat of special ingenuity, but out of place under the trees. We want even our basket-luncheon to live up to what we expect of the proper picnic tradition.

The most interesting example of the way in which traditions gather around the most informal of meals is the Sunday-night supper. This is the most flexible of all national events. There is no social code to govern it. Each family celebrates it in its own way. Yet nearly everybody has definite ideas as to how this meal should be managed. Some families, like the Children of Israel, eat standing. This saves dishes. In other homes, Sunday night is the favorite time for guests, and the meal is more or less elaborate. Some people have brown bread and milk for supper, some have popcorn and cocoa, some have Welsh rarebit. Then there is the great school of foraging, the teachings of which permit every man to raid the larder for what he wants. The maid is out, and it is the open season for hunting in the refrigerator.

In homes where this last practice is in vogue, the supper-hour is variable. Some time after dark, the family, two or three at a time, begin to drift toward the kitchen. Somebody opens the refrigerator door and goes down on one knee for a survey. The others gather behind him and look over his shoulder at the rows of dishes sitting in the arctic twilight of the shelves. Then one dish after another is called for and handed out, as each announces his choice. Everything is open for selection, except one.

And here is the moment for an almost national debate, carried on perennially, with one side always winning. Shall or shall not the Sunday chicken be

eaten cold on Sunday night? Every housewife in the land upholds the negative: resolved, that it shall not. There it is, the chicken, in plain sight, delectable. To-morrow it will be only our Monday dinner. To-night is its perfect moment. But in most homes, the tradition is inflexible, though upheld by only one single personality. Except for a criminal morsel or two snatched under cover of the excitement, the chicken remains undiminished. On this one point, the mildest lady in the land stands firm.

But the most significant phase of the Sunday-night supper will vary with individual experience. Sometimes a prosaic moment is most memorable, as it is in one home where the true spirit of the occasion is always most charming when the time comes for washing the dishes.

The whole household on this one night joins in the process. The son of the family, who normally sojourns very little in kitchens, is provided with a tea-towel, and stands immovable, polishing conscientiously. He is not a rapid worker, but he is very thorough. Conversation flourishes as he vigorously rubs a single bread-and-butter plate endlessly round and round. He thinks of a dish-towel, not merely as an instrument for drying moisture, but as a sort of buffer. Still, it is something to have him there, though he does monopolize a dry towel that might otherwise be put to use. His sisters dart about, snatching cups and plates from under his elbow at the right, drying them as they make the *détour* around him, and depositing them at his left.

Meanwhile his father — also conversational — leans against one of the doors of the china-closet, choosing by instinct the door that bars the way to the place where the next pile of plates must go. Requested to move, he springs aside with alacrity, and with unerring intuition takes up a new position against the

shelf that is the destination of the incoming glasses.

Just why it should be so thrilling, on this one night in the week, to have two gentlemen of doubtful serviceableness in the kitchen, is a question that might be puzzling to explain in terms. But it is nevertheless one of the great settled questions of that home.

No matter how commonplace the origin, any simple, unvarying custom, followed for a long time, gathers power to stir the imagination. Thus the little ways of the household, insignificant and even annoying at the moment, become later something more than a series of trivialities. This is particularly true of the things that older people do with children. There are men and women who are artists in this matter of establishing beautiful customs that children love and always remember.

A certain astute business man, who is not generally known as an artist, has this knack with his children. His wife, whose gifts are more along the disciplinary lines, says that, when her headstrong sons and daughters were small, she and her husband were like the Law and the Gospel. She was the Law, and he was the Gospel. He was the one who established, for example, a good-night custom that involved a plate of apples, a sharp knife, and a book. His children are all grown up now; but one winter evening, when they were at home for vacation, they invited a little party of guests into the house after a long ride.

We found the hostess seated at the table, a tray piled with apples before her, and over by the fireplace her husband, waiting with a book. We all sat down round the table, as her children had done ever since they could remember, and she pared the apples, cutting them into quarters, and giving us each one quarter at a time as it came our turn.



Meanwhile, the father read aloud a selection from Rostand. The mellow blend of Rostand and the Baldwin apples, the pleasure of hearing the reading and of watching the skillful hands at work, and of waiting our turn for our slice of apple — all this was delightful in itself. But there was, besides, a rich sense of the recurrent spirit of the moment kept over so many years unspoiled. There was something very fine and durable about it. We instantly recognize the authentic tradition when we see it.

Such early customs have a curious way of assuming symbolic value in our maturer thought. They are reassuring in moments of insecurity — a steadying element. If it is true that an unfortunate event or terror in childhood can make so deep an impression as later to undermine the mental health, surely it is not making too extravagant a claim to suggest that an exquisite or humorous or gracious moment may serve later as a powerful force for sanity.

Each of us will recall such early significant moments from our own experience. One of my own most perfect childhood memories concerns my visits to my grandmother, when she invited me to stay for supper, and my grandfather walked home with me after dark.

All along the way, he used to point out our two shadows on the pavement, as we passed the street-lights one by one. We watched the way the shadows were very short directly below the lamp, and how they lengthened until they were just our height, — his more than twice as tall as mine, — and how they finally grew so long that their tops were almost out of sight. The object was to find the point where the shadows were exactly as tall as ourselves. When we came to the darkest part of the street, where our shadows were lost in the hedges, we used to stop and find the North Star over a pointed tree near my own home.

That was always the way we made the journey from his home to mine, until he thought that I was too old to care to have him show me stars and shadows any more. But for me, as long as I live, the North Star will shine over that particular tree. And I shall always keep the memory of that funny little shadow that used to be mine, clear-cut with the light behind it — and beside it, hand in hand with it, that dear characteristic shadow that never falls now on any road in the world.

We make something that lasts a good while when we make a custom.

# A CONSCIENCE FOR THE WORLD

## THE LEAGUE PROBLEM RESTATED

BY SISLEY HUDDLESTON

### I

PLUNGING right into the heart of the matter, I ask myself, after looking on at the Geneva experiment in internationalism: Is the League — or the Association of Nations envisaged by a certain school of American thought — to be merely another instrument of diplomacy? or is it to be a Super-State? or is it to be a free assembly of peoples expressing, not so much the realities of practical politics as the high ideals which should animate humanity? My carefully considered judgment of Geneva is that at present the League is only a diplomatic manoeuvring ground, in which wheel and intrigue, in strategic formation, the representatives of the foreign offices of the world — or, rather, of a definite portion of the world, which seeks to present itself as a solid *bloc* before another portion of the world, while the component members at the same time aim at the triumph of their own particularist policies as against the policies of their fellow members.

The League is conceived sincerely enough by some of the delegates, who were actually chosen by their respective governments to go to Geneva; but the majority of delegates were only the tools of the statesmen at home, who are necessarily preoccupied rather with immediate national concerns than with the principles of good world-government, and are anxious above all, in letting

live the League, that the League shall not run counter to their projects or the traditions of their country. There were certainly other delegates, and perhaps their number was not insignificant, who had not framed any general notion of what the League is or may be, of what the League may or may not do.

Now, I trust that I shall not be considered presumptuous if I attempt — especially at this moment, when America is considering again what place she shall take in the mondial scheme of things — to define the League. There have been earlier attempts to define it, but they have been made in the air. No one had previously seen the League at work. It had, before the gathering at Geneva at the end of last year, no local habitation; if it had a name, it had no shape. It existed only on paper. It existed, if you like, in embryo: the Council had carried on *tant bien que mal*; but the Council was, quite plainly, simply another Council of Ambassadors. The Council was composed of emissaries of the governments which were at that moment engaged in a diplomatic struggle. It was hardly an innovation: we have certainly seen diplomatic conclaves *ad nauseam* during the past few years. It could scarcely be expected to accomplish anything, since it was dependent in every sense on Downing Street and the Quai d'Orsay — an em-

anation of the Supreme Council, subordinate to the Supreme Council, and fatally marked by its lack of daring, its desire to move on collateral lines with the recognized authorities.

How, indeed, could it be otherwise, even though there were on the Council of the League men of distinction, who have devoted their political lives to the promotion of the theory that principles might advantageously be introduced into the relations of nation with nation? I am not decrying the Council; but the pre-Assembly Council must be taken for what it was. For what it was, — a strictly supervised body never moving outside the orbit of the wishes of the Great Powers, — it did creditable work. But the League had not really come into being: there was no authority of any kind given to the Council except the authority which it drew directly from the interested directors of diplomatic affairs.

It was the Assembly that had to decide what the League should be. Was it to be the Super-State, so much dreaded by superheated imaginations? The notion is preposterous in the present stage of progress, although, doubtless, there will be a real Super-State, when there shall be the United States of Europe as there are the United States of America, and when they shall have coalesced into one great organization of mankind known as the United States of the World. This is, indeed, the ultimate step in government. Without arguing that there is any law of progress, it is a fact that, from the wild lawlessness of the individual savage, to the associations of the family, of the clan, of the tribe, of the nation, of nations, there has been this gradual tendency to regulate common relations of fraternity on an ever broader basis, to unite for general purposes, to merge private irresponsibility in responsible coöperation for the greatest good of the mass.

There should be reached at long last an epoch when there will be a Super-State, when all peoples will be content to be under one supreme government, without therefore sacrificing their own separate existence as national entities.

But we are far from that; the dream, or nightmare, as the adversaries of unity and also of unison would have us believe, is yet within the ivory gates.<sup>1</sup> There could be no question of a league that should impose its fiat on cabinets and presidents and kings. Obvious as this is, it is necessary to emphasize the point, since there are ardent but misguided advocates of the League who profess themselves disappointed because the League cannot enforce its conclusions on France, England, America — not even on the Poles or the Kemalists or the citizens of Fiume.

That is not a reasonable conception of the League. What I believe to be such a reasonable conception, which should satisfy the most advanced spirits and yet not provoke the opposition even of the foreign offices and the state departments, is that in which the League will remain a platonic body with spiritual powers, and in which, nevertheless, it will be completely independent of diplomatists and of diplomatic influences; in which it will be elevated above considerations of expediency, removed from the realm of the arbitrary, pursuing its deliberations in the calmer atmosphere of philosophic reflection, guided, not by the instructions of the governments, but by the principles of humanity.

## II

There are, then, I think, three conceptions of a league, which are far removed from each other and which have yet become confused. From what I saw of the proceedings at Geneva, I am con-

<sup>1</sup> Current efforts to overcome religious dissension offer a curious parallel.—THE EDITOR.

vinced that the countries which have adhered to the League have not clearly separated one conception from another. Hence arise misunderstandings of the most unfortunate kind. It is, I am persuaded, in consequence of this attempt to combine three sorts of leagues in one — an impossible Trinity — that America has held aloof. America is not hostile to the League; America does not understand the League. For that matter, neither do the adherent countries; but by an accident of politics they find themselves perplexed inside the League instead of being perplexed outside the League. It is strange that, after so much talk about it and about, we have not clarified our ideas. What is it that we want from the League? How should it operate? At Geneva we saw a hotch-potch of incompatible conceits. The result was crazier than any quilt made by our grandmothers, idealism alternating with realism, politics clashing with principles, nationalism criss-crossing with internationalism.

The prevailing impression left on my mind, however, in spite of a great deal of good-will, in spite of an obvious attempt on the part of many delegates, at moments on the part of all the delegates, to take detached views, was the diplomatic character of the first Geneva Assembly. Now I see in this an immense danger. The trail of diplomacy was over it all. Let me defend myself in advance from any charge of pouring undeserved scorn on diplomacy or on diplomatists. I respect both the institution and its agents. Diplomacy is a *métier* like any other: it is no more to be denounced out of hand than is journalism. But it has its place, and its place is not, in my opinion, in the League. The League should be the corrective to diplomacy, the antidote of diplomacy. Let me recall again the famous saying of Cavour, the creator of modern Italy: 'If we had done for ourselves what we

have done for Italy, we should have been great rascals.'

Cavour was a great statesman; he was a great man. But political morality is not, and never has been, — it probably never will be, — on as high a level as private morality. It cannot be judged by the same standards — though why it should not be so judged, it would not be easy to analyze. Certainly the consequences of *a*-morality in politics are disastrous: they may ruin great nations and bring unspeakable misery to millions. What statescraft without a conscience has done during the last decade constitutes an appalling lesson — which, however, will not be heeded. The conventions of diplomacy are too deeply rooted. The amazing woes of the Napoleonic era did not persuade the world that righteousness is better than might. Metternich, who dominated the Continent in a different way after Napoleon, is the perfect type of intriguer, who by dark combinations and occult schemes pursued his policy of repression for many years, holding Europe in twilight. Neither he nor Bismarck, the man of blood and iron, can be criticized on the ground of immediate failure; and we have always taken it for granted that the end justifies the means in diplomacy, even though the means increases immeasurably the sum of human sufferings.

It is clear that, from another and a higher standpoint, even national unity and national aggrandizement are too dearly bought at the price of multitudinous murder and universal unhappiness, and that in the long run the reliance on force fails. It failed for Germany: success attained by unscrupulous exercise of power must sooner or later be followed by a crash. Empire after empire has trodden the dusty road of destruction, because there has never been lasting triumph for brute force or subtle dealings. If Germany

alone of modern nations (with the possible exception of Japan, who has observed that the West respects only weight of arms) has boldly proclaimed without hypocrisy the gospel of strength, and has found that strength breaking under her, countless examples of the baneful effects of a more carefully disguised employment of strength, which has equally brought countries to perdition, could be cited. Undoubtedly the diplomatists, and behind them the militarists, have nothing to boast about. But it is not necessary to condemn them utterly, for the purpose of my thesis. Accept them as necessary in this imperfect world; assume that our customary national methods are justified. It still remains true that the League is not wanted, — it is not wanted by men of good-will, at any rate, — if it is only another vehicle for the manifestations of the politicians. They have plenty of ways of operating, and certainly it is not by multiplying these ways that we change anything. If the League is to be only the appanage of the foreign offices, it is a delusion and a snare, and the sooner it is scrapped, the better.

I hope I shall be excused for insisting again and again on this point. It has, in my opinion, inexplicably escaped attention, and yet it is the most important thing to say about the League, that at present it is an annex of Whitehall and the Quai d'Orsay. It is not democratic: it is diplomatic. It is fatally the instrument of the same people who have brought us to our present pass. Let the diplomatists continue to act on their plane, but let us put the League on an entirely different plane.

### III

Before I elaborate my view on the true functions of the League, let me show briefly how the foreign offices

really controlled the Geneva Assembly. Everything, of course, depends upon the choice of delegates, and there was conspicuously demonstrated, in the choice of almost every one of the delegates of the twoscore-odd nations, the belief that here was a new diplomatic organ, on which only diplomatists and statesmen more or less connected with the foreign offices would be of service. It is only necessary to run down the list of names: you will find ambassadors, you will find ex-foreign secretaries, you will find former prime ministers, you will find all sorts of functionaries who belong more or less to the governmental machine, and who are not selected as citizens of the world, exponents of the League idea, but as specialists in foreign politics who thoroughly understand the point of view of their own governments.

It would have been a miracle had any decision of first-rate importance come out of such a gathering. How could it? It seems to me that already the League has been side-tracked, and that the majority of the delegates, consciously or unconsciously, went rather in the capacity of watchdogs, to prevent anything being done, than as apostles of progress. Now the difference that should exist between a leaguer and an ambassador is such that it cannot possibly be bridged. 'My country, right or wrong' is the very proper device of the ambassador; whereas, the leaguer should be concerned only with right. Utopian as this may sound, can anybody explain what is the purpose, what can be the benefit of a league of ambassadors? Governments do not lack facilities for getting in touch with each other. The moment the representatives consented to go to Geneva with instructions in their pockets, the League of Nations, as a league of nations, was dead.

And yet so widespread was the mistake about the character of the League,

which is nothing if it is not free from governmental interference, if it is a mere packed jury, that French writers like Pertinax, expressing the view of the Quai d'Orsay, declared that it may be an admirable instrument for enforcing the Versailles Treaty — a purely anti-German institution. Even M. Poincaré, the ex-President of the French Republic, complained that France and England had not in a preliminary meeting come to a clear accord on all subjects which were likely to arise in the Assembly. There was a bitter campaign in the French press against M. Léon Bourgeois, the veteran advocate of the League, because he declined to have his hands tied. What! cried the shocked Quai d'Orsay; why even the highest Ambassadors carry out an imperative mandate! In England Lord Robert Cecil is certainly the chief author of the Covenant; and yet, because he was not precisely suitable in an ambassadorial rôle, he was not accepted as a British representative. Independence is indispensable if the Assembly is to mean anything, and yet everywhere the independence of delegates was curtailed. What was encouraged were private bargains in the lobbies, intrigues in the hotels of Geneva, groupings of delegates to carry or reject or whittle down proposals.

I think that no one will deny that the regard for national policies at Geneva hampered the whole proceedings, made them largely nugatory. No matter what question came up of which the common people of the world looked anxiously for a happy solution, some diplomatic interest was involved and compelled its virtual shelving. I declare my undiminished faith in the future of the League; but I am bound, as one who has written much and whole-heartedly in favor of the League from the earliest days, to confess that Geneva was disappointing, and that, unless the concep-

tion I am now trying to crystallize prevails, not much can be hoped for many years.

There came into collision the policies of the foreign offices with regard to Russia, with regard to Germany, with regard to Poland, Lithuania, Middle Europe, the Near East. A typical instance was the Armenian discussion, in which M. Viviani was clever enough to espouse rather belatedly the cause of the oppressed people, because it gave an opportunity of pressing the French case for recognition of the Turkish rebel, Mustapha Kemal Pasha, and negotiations with him; while Mr. Balfour was forced to appear opposed to Armenian well-being because the price was the sacrifice of the British anti-Kemal policy. To go into the ramifications of the Franco-British Eastern dispute would be a long and superfluous business: it is sufficient to observe that even a humanitarian problem like that of the Armenian massacres was complicated, under the present constitution of the League, by these petty parochial policies.

Again, how could representatives of the foreign offices of the Great Powers, who are wedded to the old methods of diplomacy, fail to combat the obligatory clauses of the scheme for the erection of an International Court of Justice? Could they consent to have their country dragged, at the instance of a smaller power, before a tribunal whose findings they would be pledged to accept, however strong is their navy, however big is their army? All authorities on jurisprudence agree that, unless recourse to the Court is compulsory, cobwebs will seal its doors. It is possible that upon the excellent plan of a court accepted at Geneva something immense may be built; but an essential condition of success is the universal recognition of the jurisdiction of the Court in all litigation between governments. While the

Assembly is composed of diplomatists, instead of men totally detached from the immediate wisdom of cabinets, such recognition will not even be recommended. There is a rule that on all questions except questions of procedure, unanimity shall be obtained, — in my opinion a pernicious doctrine, which in itself must emasculate any worthy proposal, — and it is therefore obvious that the temporary ambassadors at Geneva can always, at the behest of foreign offices, block a vital motion or wring the heart out of it.

#### IV

Take any question you please: you will find the same nebulous result springing from the same method of representation. There is no need to argue about the desirability of the League's universality. That is a principle that must be conceded. But while members of the League are held in leash by their governments, and those governments, for perfectly natural and (from a national standpoint) sound reasons, have a grudge against other governments, universality will never be attained. The result will be the division of the world into two camps, and the League, which depends upon its moral authority and its prestige from Pole to Pole, will be flouted.

So it is with disarmament. The nations are piling up arms as never before. Newspaper headings startle one every day — or rather are losing their power to startle. 'Japan Preparing for the Struggle'; 'America's Naval Race with Britain'; and so forth. If there was one subject upon which it might have been expected that the League would speak out clear and strong at Geneva, it was disarmament. It is disarmament or — Armageddon! *Eh bien*, so poisonous was the influence of the foreign offices, that not even the pious expression of a wistful hope was heard

at Geneva. The most that could be done was to make a recommendation that the war budgets for the next two years should not exceed the war budget for this year; and against this innocuous resolution, timidly suggesting the *status quo* for a limited period, seven nations, including France, Poland, Rumania, Greece, and three South American states, voted. Can it be believed that free men, having regard to the interests of humanity and not to the policy of their naval departments and foreign offices, would have done no more? I think the League of Foreign Offices stands utterly condemned. Once more I deprecate any condemnation of the foreign offices as such; but the League ought to be fearless, and approach problems from another angle.

I am tempted, too, to deal with the farcical fiction of so-called mandates to protect and to govern countries of various degrees of civilization. The conditions of the mandates are the secret of the Council of the League — a close corporation; and although feeble protests were uttered by the Assembly, it acquiesced in this utter perversion of the spirit of the Covenant, which was designed by Mr. Wilson to do away with the old methods of colonization, and not to perpetuate them under cover of self-given mandates.

But I will refrain from a discussion that would take me from my point — my point that a radical reform of the system of delegation to the League is the first thing on which all well-wishers of the League in Europe and America must insist. How can this change be brought about? Such changes as were proposed were all set aside, and will continue to be set aside unless America comes to the rescue, or until a change in spirit is previously accomplished. That can be only by the pressure of public opinion; and that is precisely why I am concentrating on this desperate defect

of the League, and am endeavoring to sweep away the mischievous false conceptions of its character and functions, and to establish what I believe to be the sole conception that is of value. Not a Super-State; not a League of governments; only a League of peoples can be of avail, if MAN is ever, in Rossetti's phrase, to cease to be parceled out in MEN, and the earth not to fall asunder, being old.

## V

The Assembly of the League should, I believe, after carefully observing the beginnings of this huge experiment in internationalism, be nothing more and nothing less than a conscience for the world. It should be composed of men and women entirely detached from their governments, and not preoccupied with diplomacy, freely enunciating the great principles which should rule mankind, careless of the practical consequences of their pronouncements, solicitous only of their truth and honesty. They should not attempt for a moment to square the realities of an imperfect world with their ideals. That is a task that should be left to others — the foreign offices, whose rôle they are neither to duplicate nor to understudy. How they should be elected, and the guarantees that should be given that they will remain unfettered by considerations of conflicting narrow national policies, is a problem that presents difficulties, but it is not insurmountable. Even the same personnel that was at Geneva would have voted very differently had the members definitely understood that in no sense were they emissaries of a nation, but missionaries of humanity. Almost any group of intelligent men without a diplomatic bias would fulfil all the conditions which I demand and which I think the times demand, provided they follow the dictates of their own conscience; it is this consensus of con-

sciences that becomes the conscience of the world.

It should not be objected that this is in the clouds. Words are, in some sense, deeds; and it is better to have a genuine ringing declaration about armaments from the representatives of the majority of nations, — a declaration which in itself has no imperative force, which in no way commits any country or seeks to impose itself upon the governments, — than to have a fumbling attempt to shirk this great question because of a fear that one's country will be compromised if anything vivid is said. The futility of leaving problems alone is lamentable. Nothing good can be spoken of the methods of the first Assembly. No advance whatsoever has been made. But drop the pretense that the Cavour of the world are bound by the Geneva utterances, and let those utterances, in consequence, be fearless, and I am persuaded that those apparently empty phrases will not evaporate into the air. On the contrary, they will fly like winged seeds, falling on fruitful ground, blossoming in unexpected places, filling the earth with their shade and their fragrance. It is the idea that the League can assert its authority, and that its decisions are pledges imposed upon the peoples, which results in cautiousness and sterility. It is the disannexation of principle from practice, of the ideal from the real, which will result in a surprising fertility.

This is the reply to those who advocate or dread the Super-State. Nothing has done so much harm as this confusion, which would assimilate the League with a Super-State. Even though the Super-State does not exist in any form, the states fear the assumption by the League of overlordship prerogatives and powers, and accordingly do their best to make it ineffective, by controlling it, by crabbing it, and by using it as a deliberative diplomatic corps. If



the states were wise, they would try to make the League an entire separately and distinctive organism, in no way attached to them, not moving in the same sphere. There is no reason to be afraid of a universal body viewing problems from a different angle, on a higher plane, since its conclusions are only an expression of the general sense of the world. Those responsible for the destinies of states would indeed be helped by the existence of such a guiding light in the firmament. They would doubtless continue very largely in the old stumbling paths; but now and again this voice would reach them as the voice of mankind. They would be enabled to disarm, for example, as they dare not now disarm, were Geneva to cry aloud, and insistently, that disarmament should be undertaken.

Moreover, the League can only, as it were, be useful in at once stimulating and announcing public opinion. Any other weapons are vain. There were studied by the Assembly all the arms that might be employed. There are some leaguers who are so far from this conception of a world-conscience that they ask for an international army. If we had only an international army, they say plaintively, we could regulate the affairs of the universe in a trice. The cause of all their failures is explained by their lack of physical force. Always the belief in coercion! If it is not Rome with her legions preserving order in Europe, it is the Holy Roman Empire; it is Germany, by tremendous armies, spreading her Kultur; it is even the victorious Allies, dreaming of hegemony by hordes in the cause of civilization. The League, pitifully misguided, thinks of preserving peace by making war. There are to be heterogeneous divisions, to which the commands are to be given by a battalion of interpreters. There is to be a headquarters staff kept busy planning campaigns.

Other leaguers, more modest, ask for an international police force — that is to say, small companies of soldiers, detachments sent by all the members of the League to any part of the unpacified world. This is certainly more sensible: the police troops would serve, not as a force in themselves, but as an advertisement of the force that is latent in the League, just as the policeman in Piccadilly or in Fifth Avenue does not really rely upon his truncheon, but upon the unseen and relatively inexhaustible power of the State.

But there still persists in all this the notion of the Super-State, called upon to govern the globe. The League, in my opinion, can do no such thing, and is not likely to get an army of any kind that could be used against its own members, or even against its non-members.

Precisely the same objection is to be made against the economic weapon with which we have been hypnotized. At Geneva the possibilities of the blockade, the boycott, and the rest of it, against culprit and recalcitrant nations, was examined, and the best that could be done was to resolve that the League should call the attention of the members to any breach of international law that could properly be punished by economic encirclement, and leave it to the members to act, or not to act, as they should think fit. They would, of course, think fit, or not think fit, precisely as it suited their national policy. The revolt against the Super-State was seen at every turn. The truth is that the League has no method of enforcing its decisions; and the sooner this is recognized, the better. There will then be a chance that the decisions will be bold, instead of betraying a pusillanimity that has lost the League many friends.

If it can get away from all these secondary considerations and, like a veritable conscience, seek no compromises, no false interpretations, no opportunist

solutions, no arbitrary measures, no subservient policy, it will be respected and will thus be truly strong. It is strict adherence to principles that will make the only appeal to public opinion. Public opinion — that is its vehicle of action; though it has not to care about action. It will set in motion countless wheels, and they will turn and turn until the very governments, the foreign offices, are turning as the League turns. What at first sight may seem to be the most ineffective system of a League is infinitely the most effective. Super-States will not work; new diplomatic conclaves are a mockery; it is a conscience for the world that is wanted.

If the Assembly has nothing to do with national conveniences, its *raison d'être* disappearing if it studies national conveniences and even national possibilities; if the Assembly must detach itself from the foreign offices and, unmoved by threats, uncajoled by promises, untouched by intrigues, enunciate the plain principles of international conduct, understood of all men, though ill-defined, the Court, in much the same

way, must be impartial, judging according to law. The Assembly is a conscience; the Court is a code.

A conscience and a code — principles and jurisprudence — equity and justice — these are the pillars of the League. With them firmly planted in their place, it will be a veritable Temple of Humanity.

It is to be hoped that, when America comes to pronounce upon what has been done, she will insist upon the plan I have here indicated, which is the only practicable plan; which has none of the objections that are often urged; which obliges no nation to undertake a responsibility that it is not willing to assume; which asks for no blind obedience; which cannot be suspected of diplomatic designs; which is not a hot-bed of intrigue; which yet must inevitably, however slowly, however gradually, bring the conduct of the World into consonance with law and conscience. Once established, there is no shorn Samson who would lay destructive hands on these twin pillars upon which will ultimately rest an ordered universe.

## THE REASON: A REPLY

BY DONALD GREY BARNHOUSE

ON two occasions in the last two years I have met on Continental trains an unknown man whose conversation has furnished nourishing food for reflection concerning the answer to the question asked by a contributor in the January *Atlantic*.

The first was in November, 1919,

when, at Leipzig, I entered a compartment of the semi-weekly train from Berlin to Vienna. It was after midnight, and as I climbed past a tangle of legs in the half-light, a fellow voyager swore softly in broken English. The fact that he swore in English on being suddenly disturbed awakened my interest, and

made me realize that he had possibly spent some time in England or America. The fact that he swore at all changed possibility to probability that his so-journer had been American. I was right.

I dumped my bags in the rack and took the vacant space next him, pulling from my coat a three-year-old copy of the *Atlantic* that I had salvaged from a Leipzig bookstore where I had inquired for magazines. The unknown eyed the magazine a moment, asked me if I were an American, and burst into an invective against America, her citizens, and her institutions. He seemed to take his tune from his American passport, to which he pointed almost wildly, accompanying himself at shorter and shorter intervals with crooning curses that ultimately drowned out the tune. When he had subsided to occasional rumbles, I disregarded my fears that he might be a deported Red with a bomb in his pocket, and sought to find the reason for his negative Chauvinism.

As with Mr. Bouton's 'dozens,' it developed that 'America is all right except for the people who run it.' The next afternoon, when we passed the customs officials at Passau, I saw that he had no bombs, but a collection of long green-and-yellow engravings of our presidents, among which Washington, Lincoln, and Jackson were conspicuous by their absence, Cleveland was a rarity, and the more select brethren were assembled in crowds.

Oh, yes, he had done pretty well in America; had been there eighteen years, and had saved a reasonable pile, he told me with a pride that was anything but modest. He had been an agent for a well-known automobile of the better type in a small city of the Middle West.

He wished me luck quite genially at Vienna, and was not above riding with me, at his own invitation, to my hotel. I did not worry about the expense.

The thirty crowns that I paid the ill-clad driver had cost me but eight cents. I was glad that my dollars were American. My notes dismiss him with the phrase: 'Man in my compartment returning to Budapest from America. Had the biggest grouch against the U.S. I have ever seen. Wonder if he'll sing the same tune after he's starved a year.'

Ten days ago I was again returning from Germany, and in the station at Brussels I ran into him. He did not recognize me as soon as I did him, probably because I have no wien like his. But he suddenly became enthusiastic. He remembered. He was on his way to Antwerp to sail for America. 'Going back to God's country,' he was. And if he ever got by the Statue of Liberty, he would never look her in the face again. He was 'through with these damned countries.' He was going 'back where a man with brains had a chance.'

Last April I sat alone in the salon of the Rijks Museum at Amsterdam, where Rembrandt's Night Watch hangs in solitary glory. I had carried the one chair in the room to the point where I could get the best light on the picture. After some time, I heard a footstep, and a very charming young lady came in. She walked to the other side of the room, and sat on one of the benches where the light was bad; but it seemed obvious that she wanted to come to my side of the room, where the angle of vision would be better. She hesitated for an instant, and I rose and offered her my chair, giving simply the usual Dutch salutation, '*Als U belieft*' (If you please).

She looked at me a second and said in perfect English, 'Thank you. You are an American.'

There seemed to be no interrogation, and I thought that perhaps she had seen my pointed shoes. Over here, if you want to be sure of all the Amer-

icans in the crowd, 'By their feet ye shall know them.'

I must admit that I was in no wise tempted to deny my nationality; in fact, I hastened to admit it. She had been in America for seven years, had graduated from college, and had worked as librarian in a small town. After discussing Rembrandt a bit, and incidentally learning a point or two about him that my 'History of Art 401' had neglected, I took my courage in my hands and asked her to tea.

During the hour in which we sat at the Amstel, she told me that she was going back to the States as soon as possible. Reasons: no public libraries to speak of; no good magazines (and few bad ones). Above all, women in Europe treated like property. I said good-bye to my delightful *inconnue*, with the unexpressed thought that it was good for America that she was returning.

In the *rapide* from Paris to the Mediterranean, two months ago, I ran across another case. A young Frenchman was in my compartment. Passing through a town where there had been a serious wreck a day or two before, we got to discussing the accident and drifted into conversation on other subjects. I discovered that he spoke English and had been in Detroit for several years, employed as a technical draughtsman. He had come back to France in 1916, and had served through the war. He was on his way to Marseilles, to sail for America. He loved France and had almost died for her, but he was going to make application for citizenship papers in America. The reason: his father and grandfather before him had been *des simples ouvriers* (simple workmen), and he had gone to America with an uncle, and was getting ahead in his trade, and had a future. A man who had to work in the day-time could go to night school, and be taught any subjects he wished.

In Belgium I have had four unsolicited illustrations of the same eager desire to return to America that is manifested by Europeans who have returned to their native land for a visit, or for good.

A mining foreman from western Pennsylvania was returning because he found living conditions *épouvantable* (frightful) after the things that he and his family had begun to accept as necessary to decent living. He is the father of four boys, and he wanted them to have an American education. Here a miner's children cannot afford to go to the higher schools.

A baron, who has a Philadelphia wife, looked at me in amazement when I happened to ask him one evening at a dinner-party if he were going to remain here or return to America. Although he is not an American citizen and will not become one, he replied that he had decided to spend the rest of his life in America. 'Do you realize,' he said to me in comparing cities, 'that there is no sewerage system in Antwerp, which is the first port of the Continent; nor in all Belgium for that matter, except in Brussels?'

Two men came to me in Brussels and asked me to give them a letter to our consul, in order that they might return to America. They were from the same town, and both had spent several years in America, one as a glass-blower and the other in a Wilkesbarre lace-factory. They were returning because workmen had so many rights in America that they did not have here in Belgium. The cost of living was higher, they knew; but in the long run it was the same, because wages were higher and living conditions a thousand times better.

Last summer in England I took a circuitous route from the Lakes to London, in order to visit friends in Sheffield.

On the platform, while waiting for a train that was overdue, I saw a man whom I took to be a very well-dressed workman, about fifty years of age. He was a member of the Fraternal Order of the Pointed Shoes, and I asked him if he was an American.

'Yes,' he replied; and then continued, with a Yorkshire accent, to tell me that he lived in Trenton and worked in the potteries there. He was a naturalized American citizen and was going back the next month.

'You like it better than here?' I asked.

'Oh, much!' he replied. He went on to say that in America a man might do the humblest work, and yet he would n't be considered a 'rum.' He had a boy and a girl. The girl was a stenographer and was earning a good salary. The boy was going to enter college soon.

Then, like the other family men I had encountered, he spoke of the better living conditions. 'And things are cleaner to live,' was his comment.

This morning's *London Times* (January 5) has an interesting side-light on this aspect of the question. 'Milk Purity, America's Lead,' is the heading. And the *Times* lends a half a column to the propaganda in favor of pure milk and of having it in bottles!

These eight examples are not selected from a list. They are my all, so far as I can remember. They are accurate representations of the sentiment of these people. They were all enthusiastic about it. I cannot help wondering if they will not be joined by some of the two hundred pessimists interviewed by the *Atlantic* contributor. At least, I

should like to have a string on the seventeen-year-old American who speaks no Norwegian, to see how soon he will leave his parents, to return to the land where children have a real childhood, and where young people, irrespective of birth, grow up to a real opportunity.

The other morning I passed a group of Polish peasants, huddled together, with their luggage marked, '3d class — Southampton-New York — Disinfected.' There were dirty men and dirtier women, crying babies and sticky children. All day, and for several days, I thought, not of them, but of a brilliant president of a Western college. He gave an inspiring address at a Student Volunteer convention that I attended. As he spoke, we could see Ellis Island, and groups of such peasants as these arriving, but from Bohemia. One of them especially stood out from the crowd by wealth of description. All his belongings were tied in a very small bundle and were slung across his back. I wondered what climax the orator was going to achieve, as he paused for an instant before his hushed audience. And then, 'I was in the loins of that man, my father.'

As long as America can do this, there is no need for worry. And as usual, a few members of the American colony will gather together in any foreign capital and discuss the relative merits of Ryle, Wisconsin, and Manchester, Iowa, while the supercilious Californian from Watsonville will state that the *Register* has announced that more apples were shipped from that one town in the last year than from any four states in the Union put together.

# THE COURIER OF SPRING

BY CARY GAMBLE LOWNDES

IN the latter part of February, I become restless. The days drag, and work is more than usually tiresome. A longing tugs and strains. A call comes. From marshland, bay, and creek, it loudly summons. The longing is inherited from our ancestors, the Britons. Autumn was not the only hunting-season of those skin-clad warriors. Spring, also, summoned to a threefold harvest. Then the brown bears, stirring from a four-months' lethargy, roused and came, grumbling, from their musky caverns; the red deer were less wary; over-night, the deserted marshes roared with wild-fowl; the tidal rivers boiled with fishes. All was fighting, mating, eating, and being eaten. It was a time of fatness again, after the winter's dearth.

The longing becomes stronger, especially, when I see the first robins, strange and shy, on the new-burned fields. That pungent, woodsy scent of the leaf-burning! Why do not men distil it for the exiles, in the city?

One morning, on the way to the railroad station, I hear wild geese honking. Rabbit-tracks, on the sandy roadside, look suspiciously crowded. Paired crows, stalking on barren hill-tops, evince symptoms of unbecoming levity — one might call it flirting. Sparrows, reckless of flood and man, tenant the spouting gutter. Spring? Not yet. Next day, everything is glazed with sleet, ribbed in ice; then snow on top of all. The plumbing goes on a strike; one washes in a tin bucket, backed against an icy radiator. The fires re-

spond only to coaxing and kerosene. The negro servants, looking numb and ashy, drift in, about half-past eight, kick mounds of snow from burlap-bound feet, remove their wraps, and condescend to sit down to their breakfast in the kitchen. The early robins, now tame and wretched, hug the holly bush, by the dining-room window. The mockingbird, guardian of the portals, returns to winter quarters in the porch wistaria. Jays and cardinals feed at the kitchen door. Chickadees try to enter the house. The wild geese return to the South. Feeling my way from tree to tree, in blinding snow-swirls, I spend half an hour going half a mile, and, reaching the station, spend half a day waiting for non-existent trains. Then comes a loosening. The wind puffs, gusting from the east. In the night, the thunder rumbles in the hills. The rain comes down. Away goes the hated ice.

Then comes a morning when the alarm-clock rings at five. I rise, dress by candle-light, start a spirit-lamp, boil some tea and make toast, pull on my boots, and take my gun from its case. I handle it lovingly. As soon as I have left the house, I begin aiming at imaginary snipe. It is warm and still. It is raining, but not hard.

On the way, across the great river-viaduct, I stop to watch the yellow floods roaring seaward, sending before them logs and harried cross-ties. They bound and dive, tossing endwise, like porpoises strayed from the ocean reaches. Busy waves, sent shoreward as sappers, are toiling at undermining

the huge slabs of discolored ice,— old Winter's visiting-cards,— which so long have lain, announcing his cumulative visits. Good work! There goes a rusty mountain of them, all at once, crumpling and rumbling into the triumphant torrent. In the lowlands, all a-steam, thin fog-smoke shrouds the sloppy desolation.

Better go back. What sport is here, struggling, knee-deep, in mud? Go back? No. Yonder is the willow, marking a little marsh. And there's a flock of bluebirds—a gentle, gracious swarm. In the rain, they flit lightly from the fence-posts earthward. One is singing. That means nothing. They are sometimes absent-minded in January. But that cheery, persistent little sound, which the rising breeze checks and turns on, as if in sport: 'Krex-kex-kex-kex! Krex-kex-kex-kex!'—an æolian 'hylaphone,' albeit somewhat rusty. Has spring really come? They are called Spring's harbingers—the hylas, hidden, past finding out, in the withered sedges of the shallow pond. But they are absent-minded, too, sometimes, on warm days of December.

I approach the marsh. From the top twig of the willow, comes a trill, a fluty 'Onk-a-lee! Onk-a-lee! Onk-a-lee!' Downward, in halting, ecstatic flight, floats a marsh-blackbird. He, too, knows the little marsh, and has picked it out for his start in housekeeping—that is, if she'll have him. She has n't made up her capricious mind yet. But he has made up his mind. Insane with the fire of love, he sings, unseeing, unregarding. Nothing exists but the One. That muddy, rubber-coated thing with the gun? Oh, it's not there at all! Down he comes, glittering, his breast puffed, tail spread, and scarlet epaulets

quivering, and alights beside the drab-gowned coquette, who is pecking so enthusiastically at a pebble. One would think that she had found something particularly good to eat, and was wondering why the handsome idiot, in the stunning dress-coat, was making all the fuss. There! Too ardent. She's flown away. Gallant, red-winged beauty, you wear your heart on your sleeve. Try flying away yourself. She will break her frantic wing-tips following.

At my tread, the hylas stop. The blackbirds fly up the meadow. I see, among the cat-tails, the sullen gleam of lingering ice, and the faint awakening of green along the sodden margin. There are the pale spear-points of the splatter-docks, piercing the mould.

Mark! A lift of curving wings across the pond. A snipe—the Courier of Spring! He lighted beside that alder-clump. Steady. Why does my heart beat fast and my face grow red? Closer, now Careful. Don't dare miss. 'Scaip! Scaip!' Off he darts. Confound it! He kept behind the alders, and I could n't shoot. Hear those derisive 'Scaips!' high in the sky. Whirling round and round the horizon, he melts from sight, bound, apparently, for the Mexican Gulf. But while I am 'cussing,' he darts from directly overhead, and, with a flash of gray-speckled feathers and a flick of sharp wings, he checks his plunge, drops his legs, and pitches, almost at my feet. Up he whirls. 'Bang!' Got him, that time, for all his twistings. There he lies, floating in the little pond, neck curved, wings outstretched, and saucy fan-tail spread.

What are rain, mud, and five miles, with heels rubbed raw by heavy boots? It is Spring. And the first shot of the year.

# JUVENILE COURT SKETCHES

BY GRACE E. POLK

## III. THE FORGER

It was spring, one of those gusty March days whose blasts, reminiscent of winter, are succeeded by a mood so soft and wooing that the senses ache with the swift prescience of growing things. It was the sort of day that sends young lambs on shaky legs cavorting over the meadows, and lures young boys out of their white beds, to sleep in the open fields or any chicken-coop or ash-barrel. Such a boy now walked along the street peddling hand-bills.

He was fourteen, and since his mother died the year before, he had supported himself. Since, to do this, he must elude the truant officers, he had become crafty. And since he had twice been caught by them, and had gone without eating for two days before he discovered that he could quite easily run away from school and lose himself in the city, he had also become bitter. But he was neither crafty nor bitter as he walked along, sniffing the spring, and shivering when the bitterer gusts smote his small person.

So, with his eyes upon nothing at all, but alert as a young fox's, he perceived in the gutter a stamped envelope, saw that it was addressed, and picked it up. Without examining it, he thrust it quickly into his pocket, and then, with our ancient instinct for an alibi, he began whistling jauntily, peddling his bills, meanwhile, with an almost ferocious exactness. Two blocks away he halted before an alley and looked quickly up and down: then scurried along it and

dodged into a doorway. Jerking the envelope from his pocket he tore it open. A check for seventy-five dollars, drawn to Peter Googan, confronted him.

The boy knew perfectly well what he had found. The year before, in school, he had himself written dozens of checks, all the way from twenty-five cents to a million and a half dollars; and this stupendous capital, enough to float the war, with careless abandon he had passed around to his companions, receiving I.O.U.'s in juvenile penmanship and strictly legal phraseology.

But this check was different. He stared at it. It meant real money — seventy-five real dollars. The gust died down; the thrill of spring swept over him. He snatched off his hat and threw it into a puddle. Then he leaned up against the brick wall, and across the back of the check he wrote 'Peter Googan.' He wrote it quickly and neatly.

The need of an accomplice now became immediate and imperative. Another boy came up the alley. He was picking up cigarette stubs, examining them with minute interest, and stuffing part of them into his pocket.

'Swiggey, come here.'

Swiggey came, with the ready obedience that ten accords to fourteen.

'Take this to John's grocery and get it cashed and bring me the money.'

'Where did you get it?' asked Swiggey suspiciously.

'He gave it to me: he owes my father money.'



'Why don't you do it yourself, then?'

'I got those bills to peddle. Can't you see for yourself? Ah, gwan, Swiggey. I'll give you a dollar, if you will.'

'Give me half,' said Swiggey.

Without a word the young forger doubled up his fist and brought it up swiftly toward Swiggey's jaw. But Swiggey's jaw was no longer where it had been. Swiggey ducked under the oncoming fist, gave a couple of leaps, and stood on the opposite side of the alley, poised like Hermes, for immediate flight, if caution dictated.

But Swiggey was in no danger. With a look of scorn that was meant to annihilate him altogether, the young forger folded up the check and put it into his own pocket. Then he picked up his hand-bills and walked leisurely out of the alley, whistling as he went. Swiggey waited until he had turned the corner, then stuffed his last cigarette stub into his blouse and trotted after him.

Once more on the street, the boy again began to distribute the bills, this time, very honorably, one to a doorway. In this way, he worked his way for two blocks, until he stood before a grocery. He lifted up a basket of potatoes; with a sudden quick movement of his foot, he kicked off another basket, threw his handbills into it, and replaced the basket of potatoes. A man passing by smiled at the small cheat, and the boy smiled back, the guileless smile of childhood. Then he went into the store.

There was a crowd inside and no one paid any attention to him. But the Fabian policy had long been his. He inspected the apples, the various kinds of jawbreakers, also the cigarettes, with interest.

Presently a clerk came up to him.

He held out the check. 'I want to pay Peter Googan's bill.'

The clerk eyed him sharply.

He smiled his frank smile. 'How much is Peter Googan's bill?' he asked.

'How much did he tell you?' said the clerk, inspecting the check.

'He said you'd know,' said the boy.

The clerk consulted the books, then handed the boy forty dollars.

The boy received the money and turned to confront Swiggey. Swiggey's face wore a grin, and Swiggey's hand was out. A boy or a dog always knows his friend. The boy knew that his eyes looked into the eyes of an enemy, and a cunning one.

'If you snitch, I'll kill you,' he said.

'I've got a gun and I'll kill you dead.'

It was a threat for the waste places, but not for a crowded store. Swiggey's hand shut tight on the forger's blouse.

'Dibs,' he said.

The other boy twisted his hand loose and brushed past him.

'He stole it,' Swiggey shrieked. 'I seen him put the writing on it: I seen him. Up Mack's alley, by the pool-room. I seen him do it.'

But the accused was gone. A survey of the street revealed no scurrying boy.

An hour later a policeman walked down to the front row of a movie house and touched a boy on the shoulder. Bill Hart was just leaping the chasm on his sported pinto. The boy did not move. The policeman took hold of his arm and shook him.

He looked up. 'I ain't done nothing.' Then, behind the burly form he saw the grinning face of Swiggey. 'I'll kill you, you dirty little snitcher,' he said. And the sleepy afternoon audience was given a mild diversion, not noted on the programme, as two small boys and a policeman climbed the aisle.

Outside Swiggey watched the two go up the street toward the courthouse. As they disappeared, from the pocket of his blouse he drew a handfull of stubs, selected the longest, and lit it. And now, he too, become a culprit, became suddenly fugitive and dived into an alley.

## RECREATION

BY EDWARD YEOMANS

It would be a blessed relief to drop all talk of school for a while, — we will admit that, — and that is what we will do. After all, schools should not become obsessions. If we had sense enough, we could get on very well without them. They are not essentials. Something happened to make them seem so. It was a man with a book. He 'put it over' the man who had no book. He made him believe that you could not be wise and happy unless you knew what was in his book. He persuaded the man with no book, but with plenty of brains and knowledge of his craft, to hire him to teach. He talked to him about religion and a great many things that were exceedingly interesting, and he finally got himself entrusted with the instruction of his children. And now the man who knows all about books, and is called a 'professional' man, who gives his directions for doing things in a very autocratic way, is much more honored than the man who knows about materials and tools, who is a craftsman. Esau has sold his birthright to Jacob.

But do not let us deceive ourselves for a single minute. The craftsman is likely to be the better man. The fact that fame remembers him with no familiar name must not deceive anybody. And the reason why he is likely to be a better man, is that he is closer to nature. He is sure to be a better man if he can do one thing, namely, interpret his work in terms of spirit; or, in other words, have the right idea about himself, his life, and his creations. There, he sometimes needs the man with the

book, but not always. Now, when it comes to craftsmanship, as between the book-man and the hand-man, both of whom you say are craftsmen after all, listen to this statement of Stevenson's: 'If any of us folk who write about things could attain to the dignity of those who *do* them, we would indeed be worth consideration.'

It's the man who uses his whole battery of power, not just his head, who is the integral man, the man on his feet with the currents of the Earth's life charging him — not insulated, but a conductor.

From a book by an Englishman named Tomlinson, — a most observant person with wonderful moods and a great gift for scooping up right words out of the sea of words (and there they flip and hiss like a great catch of silver shad in a seine), — I take this, because it bears on this question of craft and manhood:—

'There is an old fellow I met in this village who will take the ruins of a forest, take pine-boles, metal cordage, and canvas, and without plans, but from the ideal in his eye, build you the kind of lithe and dainty schooner that, with the cadences of her sheer and moulding and the soaring of her masts, would keep you by her side all day in harbor; build you the kind of girded, braced, and immaculate vessels, sound at every point, tuned and sweet to a precision that in a violin would make a musician flush with inspiration; a ship to ride, lissom and light, the uplifted Western ocean, and to resist the violence of

vaulting seas and the drive of hurricane. She will ride out of the storm afterwards, none to applaud her, over the mobile hills, traveling express, the rags of her sails triumphant pennants in the gale, the beaten seas pouring from her deck.

'He, that modest old man, can create such a being as that; and I have heard visitors to this village, leisured and cultured folk, talk down to the old fellow who can think out a vessel like that after supper and go out after breakfast to direct the laying of her keel — talk down to him, kindly enough, of course, and smilingly, as a "working-man."'

Recreation is largely an adult word. They — the grown-ups — need recreation, and in general need it very badly, because they have allowed the processes of civilization to tear down a great many fine things which they had given to them as children, among them the capacity for pure play. Some of this loss is inevitable. When you once discover what degree of tragedy goes with human affairs, you cannot have that perfect abandon which you had at fourteen to twenty, and especially earlier.

But a good deal has been lost through carelessness only. For it was assuredly careless to allow anybody to rob us in broad daylight of one of the most precious of our endowments — the capacity for play, for idleness, for vegetation. And yet these assiduous taskmasters, shouting all kinds of catch-penny slogans, have done it. They have got us so bewildered with the music in their bandwagon and the antics of their menagerie, that we actually don't know what to do with any time left over after they have taken their huge slice, but continue to follow the parade and indulge in their peanuts. Look at the boulevards, the theatres, the summer gardens, the automobiles, the motor-boats, the moving pictures, the victrolas, the Sunday newspapers, the popular magazines.

It would seem that one of the most essential of the lessons of life is this — what to do with leisure time so that it shall always be recreative; so that it shall always renew a right spirit within you. As a matter of fact, if our work was the work most suited to us; if we expressed ourselves very directly in our work and if we did not have too much of it; if we did not violate the dignity and the beauty of it by doing too much in order to secure larger rewards and a quicker recognition; if it was not so much competitive work and was more coöperative and intensely friendly and exhilarating; then recreation would only be a different kind of work. And that is what it is at its best; and yet there is a place for quiescence, for passivity, and a most important place.

If you have had the good fortune to read Hudson's book, *Far Away and Long Ago*, you may remember one chapter in which he tells how, at a certain time of his life down there in the great plains of the Argentine, he began to go off by himself, on a pony or afoot, into the vast loneliness of that land. He was a boy, as I remember it, about twelve years of age, and these experiences, surrounded by the silence and beauty of the land and sky, by the subtle influence of the things that grew there and that moved mysteriously there through the grass and tall reeds, were very profound experiences, which eventually worked a kind of magic on him, by the force of which he became part of all he saw. Both the huge things and the little things took him into their confidence, and made him their familiar friend and close associate. Something took place within him which he calls by the name of 'animism' — a certain polarity of the mind not only, but of the very blood-corpuscles, so that he felt himself initiated into a kind of society, — the society of the inarticulate earth, — and changed in a peculiar manner,

differentiated from his family and friends by a transfusion of blood, and thereafter immune from the fevers and obsessions of those who are confined to human society.

You may say that Hudson was of a peculiar temperament, and that very few would react to environment as he did. But the fact is that, at a certain age, perhaps adolescence, every child has this peculiar affinity, — this ability to become one with nature, — and very few indeed find the opportunity to indulge it. It takes time and it takes detachment, a certain solitariness, repeated expeditions alone; but once it has worked its beneficent charm, that person knows that he has established an intimacy with the most permanent source of strength and happiness — his own Mother Nature, draped in those astonishing garments, the Earth, the Sea, the Sky. Thereafter, however submerged he may be in the pursuit of a livelihood and a career, he is perfectly aware that this intimacy is his meat and drink; and at every opportunity, when he can escape, you will find him in remote places renewing his youth, recreating himself, recovering that deliberation and poise and serenity and robusticity and resourcefulness, that clarity of vision and inevitability of action that characterize his associates in the wilderness.

Recreation that does not include this experience may still be called by that name, but does not extend to the roots of a man's or a woman's nature; and, unless as boy or girl this baptism has been administered, it never will.

Therefore we advocate a sufficient amount of quiet detached life for children: not enough to induce anti-social traits, and produce peculiarities which they themselves will afterwards regret; but certainly enough to enable them to see more and more clearly that their kinship extends to the whole universe

of life, and that the part that cannot speak and reason is forever correcting the errors of the part that can, healing its diseases, forgiving its iniquities, satisfying its mouth with good things.

There is that much to be said, then, for passivity, and much more could be said. When it comes to activities, the one most closely allied with the passivity mentioned is that of the naturalist. So far as enjoying life is concerned, I contend that the naturalist has got the best of it on every count. And if that is really so, why should we not have some share in his happiness? In the article on natural history, a plan for securing these blessings of the naturalist, by those who are not to be professionals in that subject, has been discussed, and also some emphasis put upon the fact that the place allowed for that subject in school curricula, and the people entrusted with it, are wholly inadequate. The only way most of us will ever catch the spell of this subject is by association with one who is a naturalist, and who has the art of transmitting his enthusiasm as well as his gifts of observation.

If children could spend a suitable part of their vacations with such a person, you would have a type of recreation that could hardly be improved upon. I suppose that one of the most beneficial things that could possibly happen to city-bred or country-bred boys or girls would be to spend a summer with an Indian, and get some realization of the fact that their own life is one of blindness, deafness, and helplessness. That they depend almost entirely upon assistance from others, and can do little or nothing for themselves. That their resources, when tested by the forces of nature in uninhabited places, are exhausted in a few minutes, and their instincts always misleading and fatal. That it is quite as desirable to know how to take care of one's self under adverse physical conditions as it

is to know banking or law; and that the honors in this world belong to the banker, the lawyer, and the business man, only because they keep closely within a very small area of human experience.

The same might be said of other crafts than woodcraft. Take sailing for instance. *Captains Courageous* is a good book; so is *Two Years before the Mast*; so is *The Cruise of the Cachalot*. In all of these a boy is shown being instructed in the ancient and very honorable art of handling sailing vessels under all conditions. And whether he can become an artist in that department or not, the process of learning it is one of the most important things that can happen to him, for it involves several very fundamental experiences. First is his association with the sea, and with winds, tides, and weather in general. It is necessary to say that the motor-boat is a means whereby the whole significance of the experience is lost. A motor-boat for boys and girls is a complete evasion of the opportunity the sea offers for constructive recreation. But when you introduce a boy — and I include girls as equally interested and able — to a sail-boat, you do him a great service. First, because the elements, winds, and water, are exceedingly important things to get on some kind of terms with — to recognize their humors, their playfulness and their rage, and the premonitions of each. Second, because the tradition of the sail is an old and very fascinating one, and the more you know of it, the more the construction and the performance of ships get into your essential interests, the more likely you are to respect every thing whose usefulness has made it beautiful — which grew in beauty as it grew in serviceability.

The very breath of romance, the presence of the Northmen and the Iberian trader, down through the whole vivid story of hulls and canvas, spars and rigging, is in every little boat bob-

bing at its mooring, with the same salt sea tugging at it and the same old winds tapping its halyards against the mast.

If it has a cabin and can be used for living, then the sense of adventure is complete, even though the voyages are in land-locked bays.

Once you begin to spend nights aboard, you get a better sense of the proportion that really exists between the human and the un-human: how insignificant the former is, compared with the latter; and how dependent a man is upon some kind of shell into which he can creep out of the austerity and chill of the night sky, light his lamp and his stove, and finally sleep, while the dark tides flow beneath him and his boat swings to her cable.

We were anchored one night in a small harbor on the New England coast, and the two boys and I rowed over to a schooner anchored nearby. Hailed by a man aboard, they climbed over her side and went below at his invitation. What led up to the conversation in that cabin, I do not know; but when they came back after an hour or more, they breathlessly told me the things that he recounted to them, the things that made him the man he was — old in years and in knowledge of the sea and ships.

I could imagine the scene in that cabin under the yellow lamp: two boys with bare feet sitting on the locker, and the old shell-back smoking and calmly reciting a little of his vast store of experiences as a Gloucesterman — on the Newfoundland banks; off the coast of Greenland in Baffin Bay; of carrying sail in midwinter gales; of lying at anchor in mountainous seas and a week of blind fog; of picking up lost dories and frozen men; of the run for home with the fleet, with no reefs, in a forty-knot wind — until his son died in the cabin on his last voyage, and the old man quit.

Here was oral tradition in full blast.

Here was the thing that puts more color and more flavor into the eyes and ears, the veins and arteries of boys, than years of school, and leaves permanent tracks on their souls, like the tracks of a prehistoric animal on an ancient shore. When you can get a man like this to talk to your boys or girls, — and that is something you can rarely arrange; it has to come by the Grace of God, — you have done more to adjust their compasses and correct their chronometers than any single thing you can mention.

It is clean, it is fine, it is adventurous and involves the endurance of bitter hardship, and it is unconscious of anything extraordinary: it is just a simple tale of a very simple life, unrecognized and soon extinguished. Some sense of values must register permanently as between this kind of man and the soft kind — the indoor man; and a certain relish for the asperities that make small comforts peculiarly grateful and always sufficient, without desire for those gross and upholstered accessories with which the successful man seems determined to suffocate himself and his family.

And then! 'Who hath smelt wood-smoke at twilight?' — having come down the little stream, through the great expanse of northern wilds, with his canoe, as one of the parti-colored autumn leaves floating with him; with his trout-rod and his camera, his duffle-bag and kit and little silk tent. That evening he camps — he and his boy or girl, perhaps — under a group of golden poplars that make a sanctuary, a hymn, and a benediction.

The chipmunk flashes across the boulder, the chickadee calls with his three exquisite notes, the great wood-pecker hammers, the loon laughs from a lake, 'dark brown flows the river, golden is the sand.'

You take your children into such partnership, on journeys of this sort, as

circumstances will allow. You will not have the same sort of experience that you have alone or with a man or two; but you will be fulfilling some of your obligations as a father, and will be making school less necessary; and the less necessary you can make school, the better.

But of all recreation for children, if the word is applicable at all to such newly created beings, the farm is the best, because the farm is the most real, and perhaps also the most practicable. The greatest good fortune that I can wish for any family is to have the kind of grandfather our family had.

He lived on a farm in the lovely country of Maryland near the Susquehanna, and that stream gleamed in the distance with its bright lure, as it flowed through the hills. Every year we escaped for a month — only a month — from the dusty and warm confinement of a New York suburb, and by a breathless progress on trains, through fields of wheat and corn, butterflies and singing grasshoppers, through hot and ugly towns, across shining rivers, we arrived at Paradise — at the delectable land of cows, calves, chickens, pigs, horses, oxen, mules, negroes, brooks, spring-houses, apple-orchards — all in a setting of woods and meadows, filled with the odor of mint and the notes of meadow larks. It was an enchanted land. To arrive was to fulfill every extravagant desire. To leave was to enter the Valley of the Shadow of commonplace routine.

While there, we breathed the very wholesomest air, mental, physical, spiritual. To wake in the morning and, instead of the strident cries of the 'Micks,' as we called them, the drone of the hand-organ and the jingle and rattle of the horse-car, to hear the farm sounds, the far-away calls to horses, the long complaint of calves, the mixed staccato of chickens, ducks, and turkeys,

the songs of birds, the mourning dove — to wake in the morning was a daily re-creation.

Breakfast in the old low-ceilinged dining-room, prayers in the cool sitting-room, with the old man reading, 'Lord, Thou hast been our Dwelling Place in all generations'; and then the long, delicious day among all the farm activities, until the scented, velvet-blue night was framed in our bedroom windows. If you have n't a grandfather with a farm, can you possibly adopt one who will let you interfere with all his employments, who will be as happy to see you each year as you are to see him and his house? No, you cannot. A grandfather like this cannot be manufactured out of nothing. He must always be a part of destiny, a gift out of the millions of years of earth's experience, an incomparable gift to children. What shall we do for lack of these grandfathers; Lord, to whom shall we go?

So much for the out-of-door things. Of course, we have barely touched the subject; but there is no room in this paper to go beyond the area of suggestion.

When you come to indoor recreations, there is a most alluring range of choice, toward which children should be definitely moving; so that, combining out-door things with indoor, they may eventually come into the inheritance of the man who needs not seek good fortune because he continually possesses it.

There is music, and there are books. And now you add to music and books some of these extraordinary experiences with your hands, — some working in wood, in clay, in iron, with a proper place to work in, a place apart, — and another breach is made in the wall of circumstance through which you escape into the enchanted land.

You know, in spite of all romantic argument, the soul is quite unmixable, and its health seems to depend on con-

siderable periods of uninterrupted detachment from all human society.

Then, if it has some of the characteristics of a planet, and not exclusively those of a toy balloon, it begins quietly to turn on its axis and to take on some of the deep and strange colors of its immortality, as it floats in infinite space on an orbit which, one day, will return it, no more to be blown about by gusts of passion and of doubt as it tugs at its thread.

Under the title 'recreation,' as applied to schools, one would naturally think that athletics was to be the subject discussed.

But this is not a conventional paper; and the recreations I mention are recreations that reach down into the recesses of human life, and are as necessary for the teachers as for the children.

School and college athletics are good-enough things, but have no value comparable with these recreative things I have mentioned. Nevertheless, they have their place as part of the training of Youth for whatever race is set before it. The American and English people, with their sense of 'the game,' get a relish out of life that is obtained by the gameless nations at a cost of cleanness and health which is evident.

The game is a great feature in morale and, to a certain extent, in ethics. But the tendency to surrender too much to group-loyalty, and to idolize victory and aggressiveness generally, is always present and often overshadowing. The defects of the strong Rooseveltian type become sufficiently apparent, together with its virtues. People 'determined to win' are hardly more wholesome than people unable to win, because in winning they usually lose more than they gain, both for themselves and for their contemporaries. They lose their souls, their critical judgment, their open mind, their generous heart, and they make

it seem that you can afford to lose these things if you win by doing so. A game that involves a real antipathy for an opponent is not a good game. It is the forerunner of the business game, and

the business game easily becomes the war game — the game of those who sit in the seat of the scorner, who stand in the way of sinners, who walk in the counsel of the ungodly.

## A PRAYER OF THANKSGIVING

*(For the Soul of an Eccentric Man)*

BY FLORA SHUFELT RIVOLA

LORD of the understanding heart,  
Who gave him ways that made him queer  
To all his kind, save me, who lived quite near;  
Who for some hidden reason set apart  
This man for whom I pray,  
Draw near to-day,  
As he lies lingering by the Styx' lone bank;  
Draw near, and let my glad tears thank  
You for the soul of an eccentric man  
Who opened gates to me; who, stronger than  
Myself, drew me, despite myself, to his own plane —  
A plane too high for hurts from those to whom  
He seemed so queer, a plane so wide!  
Lord, these are thankful tears that I have stood beside  
This man who led my soul from room to room  
Of wonder-living in Love's realm, who made  
My woman's fearful soul so unafraid  
That, see! I smile through tears, Lord, even as he waits  
At Death's now opening gates!



# SOME REFLECTIONS ON THE IDEOGRAM

BY JOHN COLE McKIM

## I

THE Chinese ideogram is the written language of the three neighboring lands, China, Korea, and Japan. It is, in a strict sense, the only written language now in use in the civilized world. In Europe and America we use phonetic symbols to indite the spoken language. The ideogram has no phonetic value, and may be read out quite arbitrarily in the spoken language of any country. The *spoken* languages of China and Japan differ far more widely than do those of England and France; but their written languages are practically identical, and the ideogram can be studied by an American (just as Indian hieroglyphics are studied) without reference to any spoken language but his own. This is obviously impossible in the case of European languages, since the letters of the alphabet represent, not ideas, but sounds.

Historically, as is well known, the Chinese ideogram is a development and conventionalization of the hieroglyphic. But a knowledge of this fact is of no assistance whatever in the study of the characters, except in so far as it adds to the interest of a certain type of student to trace the hieroglyphic origin of ideograms *already learned*. For the purpose of acquiring the language one must be prepared to acquire knowledge of a vast number of apparently arbitrary and exceedingly complicated symbols.

Japanese children are taught the characters without any reference to their origin. Many of them are entirely

ignorant of it, and hear of it for the first time from foreigners. The Japanese child learns the ideogram by rote. His school readers are just as profusely illustrated as those in use among us; for the character is never thought of as a picture, and the illustrations are as necessary as with us to lend interest to the text. To read his newspaper with even tolerable intelligence, he must learn, not only some two thousand characters, but a large number of meanings which attach themselves to certain combinations of ideograms. These are hardly to be guessed. For instance, the characters which, taken separately, indicate *man*, *mutual*, *see*, *mean*, when written together in this sequence, *fortune-telling by physiognomy*!

The obvious effect of all this is to give a marked visualistic turn to Japanese psychology. Handwriting, which is with us a matter of minor concern, is in Japan a fine art. It has often seemed a puzzle to the Occidental that so progressive a people should attach an apparently disproportionate value to chirography. In the early days of her foreign intercourse, the people of Japan were almost equally at loss to understand the place that oratory has occupied in our civilization. The psychological effect of ideographic writing explains these and other things that puzzle the foreign tourist.

In the Far East, chirography occupies a position not unlike that of eloquence in the West. 'Amplificare rem

ornando,' wrote Cicero, 'est summa laus eloquentiæ.' To the Japanese, the graceful presentation and arrangement of those symbols which, without the suggestion of sound, at once inform his mind with ordered ideas, afford a keen æsthetic pleasure. And so, although under the conditions of modern life, speechmaking has its place in the Japanese cosmos, the orator must bear the ideogram in mind, and his style will differ widely from that of ordinary conversation. For just as Europeans tend to auralize what they read, the children of the ideogram visualize what they hear.

Nowhere is this distinction more apparent than in ideas concerning poetry. Japanese poetry, lacking both rhyme and rhythm, seems to the European to be no poetry at all. For his poetry is a sort of song. It is his ear that is delighted, and the writing of verse is but a means of conveying this delight to scattered multitudes. But the poetry of the ideogram is not, primarily, sound at all. It is the graceful presentation of ideas through the eye. To appreciate it, one must know and see the ideogram. If a truly poetic idea be involved, a paraphrase in good English verse may be effected. There are those, of course, who go into raptures over bald translations of Japanese poems. Such persons are generally *poseurs*.

The same is usually true of those Europeans who claim to discern any great charm or beauty in Japanese music. Japanese music is, indeed, a more or less developed art. It is not quite the simple and obvious thing that many think it. It has its literature. But — and when we consider the effect which, for centuries, the use of the ideogram has had upon the Japanese psychology, it is not surprising — it is, judged by Western standards, incomparably crude and harsh. That many of the Japanese themselves recognize this fact is fre-

quently indicated. I have yet to see the Japanese village school that has not its little organ. Usually it is the only musical instrument on view. Generally, the village schoolteacher has much — painfully much — to learn about the organ; but its very presence symbolizes the fact that, in at least one of the fine arts, and that the one that is primarily auricular, the Japanese are looking to the West for help and inspiration.

So, too, in her spoken language, Japan has been enriched by the introduction of many Western words. But in the matter of writing she still clings to the ideogram. The abandonment of this system and the substitution of our own Roman alphabet has had its advocates: Count Okuma, twice prime minister, is said to be one of them; but the ideogram holds practically the whole field against all rivals.

The sentimental grounds for the retention of the ideogram not only rest on the strong psychological bias with which centuries of its use could not fail to inform a people, but are fortified by circumstances of which it is easy for Americans to underestimate the influence. The situation is not analogous to that which the advocates of 'fonetik speling' are trying to create. On the practical side, the advantages proffered by the proponents of change in our orthography are offset by the losses which such a change would involve, and the sentimental argument is all against the change. It is significant that the proposal gets its best hearing, not in England, but in America, where there is a large unassimilated foreign element, to whom the history and traditions of our language suggest little of value. In Japan, however, the practical arguments in favor of the adoption of the Roman alphabet are exceedingly strong, sentiment is enlisted on both sides, and delay is due to the vastness of the change suggested rather than to any

weakness in the arguments by which it is urged. The changes urged by our 'fonetik' brethren are insignificant by comparison; and if we have not adopted them, it is principally because there is no prevailing reason why we should do so. Our whole controversy with them relates to a proposed different use of our present alphabet in writing what is — practically — the spoken language; while the movement in Japan is directed to the introduction of an entirely new system of writing, which will involve the scrapping of a large portion of her ancient literature and a tremendous change in the psychological bias of her people.

Nevertheless, without underestimating the tremendous difficulties that lie in the way, we cannot doubt that the nation which, without changing its written language, superimposed upon it, a thousand years ago, the fully developed ideogram of a then foreign civilization, is fully capable of adopting the phonetic symbols of a civilization into which it has already largely entered, for the purpose of making its ancient and proper tongue the language of its literature. It will be seen from what has just been written, that sentiment is enlisted in favor of the change as well as against it, and that it may yet be the mission of some native Petrarch or Chaucer to be the father of a genuinely Japanese literature.

As if in retaliation for this claim for a division in the field of sentimental argument, the *laudatores temporis acti* sometimes urge considerations which are supposed to indicate that there are great practical advantages to be derived from the retention of the ideogram. Two of these are of a national, and, to some extent, an international character.

(1) It is urged that the retention of the ideogram proves an effectual barrier against foreign intrusion into the

Japanese mind. This is quite true; and as the ideogram makes it more difficult for a European to learn Japanese than for the Japanese to acquire any European language, it is, more often than not, the Japanese who has the advantage of being bilingual. This is the principal practical advantage to be derived from the ideogram; and as it comes to be seen that the gains that accrue from mystery are more than offset by the losses that arise from being forever misunderstood, this argument must, gradually, lose its force. A failure to be intelligible often results in unmerited loss of confidence, and this condition can be only enhanced where unintelligibility is cultivated.

(2) The sinophiles make much of the advantages to be derived, by those who are at home in the ideogram, in dealing with China. This argument has really less value than the one just mentioned. On the commercial side, Japan will always have the advantage over European and American competitors of proximity to China, and, for a long time to come, she will probably possess that of cheaper labor as well.<sup>1</sup> If Japan, without any further advantage, cannot turn these circumstances to good account, she may well despair of achieving greatness as a commercial power. In both commercial and political matters it is clear that the advantages to be gained from identity of written language are mutual. In point of fact, Japan, as contrasted with European and American powers, might have some difficulty in pointing to any diplomatic achievement in which superior knowledge of the ideogram has been a decisive or even an important factor.

<sup>1</sup> But the Chinese market may not always remain open to any countries exporting manufactured goods. Unless artificially thwarted, it is exceedingly probable that an undivided China may soon supply her own needs in this matter, as well as a good proportion of her own raw materials. Look at the map. — THE AUTHOR.

Proximity, plus military strength, has proved to be Japan's main and most obvious asset in dealings which concern Eastern Asia.

## II

Japan's most remarkable *diplomatic* successes have been scored in her dealings with European and American nations. This may be due in very small part to the fact that the use of the ideogram makes it much more difficult for the European agent to keep himself *en rapport* with Japanese matters than it is for the Japanese to familiarize himself with Occidental conditions. It may also be due partly to the fact that Japan would naturally employ her greatest diplomatic talent in dealing with those nations whose power makes diplomatic approach the wisest way of dealing with them. But in the main it is due to the fact that Japan had the most to gain by this intercourse, and hence gave foreign affairs a relatively important place in her governmental organization, and to the sympathetic interest with which foreign nations, and especially America, have welcomed her to the company of nations and have encouraged her efforts at modernization — a factor which will naturally tend to disappear as these efforts approach success.

In addition to these two supposed advantages of a national or international character, there are reasons that may tend to make the retention of the character desirable to certain classes or interests within the Japanese social structure. This is, however, less true of Japan than of China. In ancient China it was inevitable that illiteracy should be widespread. Where the bare ability to read depends upon the acquisition of several thousand arbitrary symbols, and where the attainment of any degree of versatility calls for a knowledge of several thousand more, it is obvious that either a readi-

ness to make great sacrifices, by the side of which those made by our self-educated poor men shrink into insignificance, or a leisure secured by a certain degree of wealth or position, is absolutely necessary for those desirous of becoming *litterati*. From such an achievement the vast majority of the men, and practically all of the women, are inevitably debarred. Since, in such a society, means is the principal avenue to learning, and learning, in turn, is a means of enrichment, a literary aristocracy, such as has been the bane of China, is developed as a matter of course. Further, in countries where, as in China, the current philosophies draw little or no distinction between intellect and spirit, it often comes to be denied that the illiterate classes possess 'immortal souls.' That a missionary should labor for the 'salvation' of such persons becomes an occasion of amused contempt.

Japan, however, had begun to frame her social order before the introduction of the Chinese system of writing. The social influence of the ideogram was, therefore, modified in several important directions. I mention two.

(1) Leisure is required for the acquirement of the ideogram. But, at the time of the introduction of Chinese letters, Japan had already a warrior class of good social standing, the archetypal samurai, who could, in times of peace, command considerable leisure. Hence (though even in Japan the greatest conventional elegance in writing was generally confined to a small and effeminate court nobility surrounding the cloistered Mikado at Kyoto) letters were mastered by those who thought at least as highly of martial virtues as of literary graces. This broadened the avenues to promotion and prevented the enervation of all the upper classes.

(2) At a very early period, perhaps as much as twelve hundred years ago (the invention of Syllabary, known as

*Katakana*, has been attributed to Kibinomabi, who is said to have died in A.D. 776), before contempt for those lacking the opportunity to acquire letters had had time to harden into a convention or to receive quasi-religious sanction, persons with singularly liberal and democratic ideals had developed a syllabary of about fifty symbols, covering the whole phonetic range of the Japanese spoken language. Not only did this extend to all those possessing sufficient ambition to expend the very modest effort necessary, — the power to indite words, — but it also served to create a desire for further acquirements in the breasts of those who might not otherwise have entertained it, or to whom leisure for learning did not come until comparatively late in life. 'Women, coolies, and ignorant persons' were to have their equal chance, so far as circumstances allowed. Thus it is not so revolutionary, or, to such an extent as many people imagine, the result of a modern importation of Occidental ideas, that the elementary schools offer their advantages to the children of all classes alike. It is nearer the truth to say that Western educational methods owe at least a part of their popularity to the fact that they enable the Japanese to realize ideals proper to their own ancient way of thinking, which the influence of Chinese civilization never quite succeeded in obliterating.

The progress made by Japan in the field of modern popular education is almost as creditable as that achieved in the department of arms; and as, in the latter case, we plainly see that success has followed upon the use of modern methods in the expression of ancient aspirations, so it is legitimate to suppose that the operation of similar factors has brought success in secular education. Indeed, I have been told that education is the only large public service which is not, in one way or

another, mulcted in the militaristic interest. How true this may be, I have no conclusive means of judging; but in a country whose every peaceful activity is seriously affected by the upkeep, through heavy direct and indirect taxation, of a powerful navy and of a standing army larger than the peace establishments of nations ten times as rich, the remarkable spread of education is at once a sign of the value which is attached to letters, and a pledge of the sincerity of the expressed desire that all may have an opportunity to share in such benefits as are to be derived from purely secular education.

### III

It will appear from what has been said that circumstances have prevented the ideogram from developing in Japan, to the same extent as in China, a social structure capped by an effeminate literary aristocracy. Its social effect is, nevertheless, detrimental.

In spite of the assistance afforded by a liberal educational policy, elegant Chinese cannot be understood — much less appreciated — by the elementary-school graduate, however naturally bright. The graduate of even the middle school cannot, as a rule, write a letter which the *litteratus* will accept as correct in style. Self-education, such as many a high-school graduate in America can acquire, is well-nigh impossible in Japan. One result of this is an overcrowding of the higher institutions by students of mediocre ability.

The acquirement of a sufficient number of characters to pursue general, not to mention professional and technical, studies takes so long, that young men are often unable to enter upon their careers at a reasonably early age; though this is sometimes achieved by sacrificing versatility in the interest of a very narrow specialization.

Education is itself affected by the fact that the earlier years of schooling are so largely taken up with memorizing and copying out the ideogram. It is a commonplace that, in ideographic lands, progress is the result of imitation and adaptation rather than of initiative. While this may serve well enough in the applied arts and sciences, — such, for instance, as those employed in war, — it is a serious handicap in higher philosophical study. Many a graduate of the Imperial Universities can (and does) quote German philosophers with great accuracy and at length; but the number of those who are at home in a discussion *about* philosophy, is immensely smaller. Perhaps it will be enough to close this paragraph by reminding the reader that while Japanese soldiers and medical men have achieved international fame, this has been far less the case in law, and that Japanese journalism is distinctly behind the times.

The circumstances recited above interfere, in the case of women, with an advance in culture after marriage, such as is within the reach of American high-school graduates. In Japan marriage everywhere puts a stop to female attendance at school; whereas the male student is sometimes a married man. In some cases, professional life is assumed to have been entered upon before study is completed, and salaries are provided, as in the case of our military and naval cadets. Again, an eldest son, particularly if he be an only son (and delicate), may be encouraged to marry early and thus perpetuate the family line. Or, a promising student may be induced by the offer of support during his professional educa-

tion to enter, as a son-in-law, some family which has no sons. More than one professional man, who was a younger son in his former or original house, owes his vocational education to an arrangement of this sort.

Although the ideogram is so imbedded in the Japanese civilization that it must be many years before it can be finally abandoned, I have no hesitation in predicting that it will gradually give place to a phonetic system, and that that system will be the alphabet in common use among us.

The principal advantages that will accrue to Japan will be (1) unification of her own language; (2) the shortening of the period required for learning to read and write, and consequent opportunities to acquire versatility and to develop powers of originality and invention, now impeded; (3) the bringing of all learning more nearly within the reach of all, thus introducing a democracy at least of learning (such as the mediæval Church made the earliest of European democracies); (4) the introduction of foreign words — scientific and technical terms, and so forth — into their original form; (5) making the language much easier for foreigners to acquire, while at the same time allowing Japanese to devote to the study of foreign languages much of the time that must now be devoted to acquiring their own; thus opening the way to a sympathetic understanding, which will be increasingly advantageous to Japan as her world-interests continue to broaden.

A people with so little it need conceal will not long attach much weight to arguments that rest only upon the supposed advantages of crypticism.

## ‘NEW ENGLAND’

BY FANNIE STEARNS GIFFORD

### I

It was not for the village to know everything that went on in Miriam Draper's solitary little old white house behind the lilac trees. It did not know the nights when she knelt for hours with her elbows on the window-sill, hearing the meadow-frogs' eternal crescendos and monotones, watching the stars shift, and the crazy moon, like a half-burned galleon, reel past the maple boughs.

What she was thinking, she hardly knew herself; only, when she caught herself singing softly, —

‘Wer nie sein Brod in Thränen ass,  
Wer nie die kummervollen Nächte  
Auf seinem Bette weinend sass,  
Der kennt euch nicht, ihr himmlischen  
Mächte,’ —

she would reproach herself for unwarranted romantic melancholy, and would go quickly back to bed and sleep. The silent village had no knowledge of those times, for she was quite alone; not mournfully, but soberly, alone.

Neither did the village guess her secret mirth. She loved to masquerade. Often in her room, by candle-light, she would dance, soft-footed and wild-haired, swathed in all the red and orange scarves and shawls that she could find, clinking silver bangles and barbarous glass beads, playing at a harmless dagger-dance before the long mirror. Or she would be a queen in improvised ermine and velvet, walking with high proud steps among the stiff-backed Windsor chairs and blue rag-rugs of her everyday self. She was Joan of Arc, in

a straight old faded brown smock, girt on over her nightgown; or a dryad in floating green; or a wicked French woman with evilly looped hair and bespotted veil; or a copy of her own mother's curls and hoops; or a serious angel in voluminous white cheese-cloth.

It made her laugh aloud when she realized what she was doing — she, the quiet, solitary Miriam Draper, no longer so very young, and never acknowledged as so very beautiful. Then she would look at the stiff, well-cut coats and skirts and seemly silks and gingham hanging in her closet, and would wonder if they really belonged to her, and she to them. They were so respectable, so worthily, unobtrusively modern and mild, so fit for a New England Old Maid. They were the trappings of her body, and of one half of her soul. But she knew that the mad gay scarves and jewels became her soul and her body very well. She had a queer, dark-haired, pale-faced beauty of her own; the beauty that lies like a smothered flame under the gray ashes of day-to-day and convention, but leaps up wild and joyfully bright when a free wind fans it.

She knew that; but in the village a free wind seldom blew. She did not want her neighbors to think her altogether lunatic; and, moreover, she too was New England born and bred. She dreamed, she masqueraded, all to herself; and only once in a long time did she permit herself to ask of Life, ‘Have I no right to freedom, to beauty and

wildness, still? Will no one ever understand?' Then she would smile, perceiving that her æsthetic and social code was exactly like the moral code of children and childish peoples. It was all right to lie, and to dream, so long as you did n't get found out. And the village was not likely to find out. It was too busy with its own lies and dreams. But they were not as hers.

She had met, at a summer camp, a man who saw the flame of her soul dancing through its gray disguise. He was an artist, and quick of eye for the more subtle beauties of the body and spirit. They had followed a few mountain-trails and watched a few sunsets together: she was too shy for more, but she had remembered him, for she had not many such free joys to remember.

One day, a year after, a letter came from him. He was going abroad; would be passing through New England; might he find out her village and stop and call? She answered yes, and was angrily amused at herself for the extra heart-beats and girlish flutterings that disturbed her. She called herself a silly old maid, and scolded herself roundly; but somehow she could not help it. After all, even if she was not so very young, neither was she so very old; and, Life having denied her its greater encounters, she could not deny herself the full delight, even the silly delight, of its lesser ones.

She found herself buying new and softer curtains for the old parlor, rearranging the books, planning fondly just where the big copper bowl with the yellow roses should stand, where the blue one with the little white roses and maiden-hair fern. She knew it was all 'just for fun,' but she loved an excuse for the game, and almost forgot (she was glad to find that she forgot) for whom she was playing it so eagerly. And when on the afternoon of his coming, she looked in her glass, she clapped her

hand over her mouth to keep down an unreasonable bubbling laugh of joy. She looked so young, so happy, so free! Not the whimsical, sad, odd face that she and the village knew, but the face of the girl she had hardly ever had the chance to be, only keener and more wisely merry with years.

She ran to the cedar-chest, and pulled out one of her make-believe dresses. It was a long thin delicate garment of palest green; it looked like moonlight on a pool, or a clear brook, or sea-water over white sand. She had made it one day when her soul felt hot and stifled. It signified to her coolness, remoteness, mystery — everything that the village never dreamed; and she knew that it made her more beautiful. Why should she not wear it to-day — for someone with eyes to see?

She let her hair lie soft and dusky, and pulled the white lace a little away from her throat. There was a string of beads to wear: strange dull jade, on a twisted silver cord. They lay among the folds of her gown like sea-stones in the ebb tide. She stood regarding herself, masquerading, as she had done so many times, but now with a prospective audience. It felt wonderfully gay and adventurous!

Downstairs, all was right and ready: the cool afternoon light through the lilac leaves, the big shabby chairs where the breeze crossed them, the books and pictures and tea-tray and roses. She had not really changed anything, for she knew secretly that the room was right — the essence of New England, with all its subtle old savor of intelligence, comfort, reserve, and hidden passion. And it was the essence of her own life, too, but without her wild pagan twist for windy freedom.

The copper bowl needed more yellow roses. There was a half an hour yet to her guest's appointed train-time. She stepped through the long French win-



dow into the garden, holding her pale draperies close from the currant and raspberry bushes, and glancing consciously past the shrubbery to the street. She did not care much if the village did find her out to-day. But no one was stirring. It was warm mid-afternoon, the air heavy with syringa-scent and buzz of bees. Everything seemed asleep except the great warm earth and herself. She wandered in happy indolence down the paths, well enough aware that, for once in her life, she was as lovely and as free from stiff-necked reserve as the flowers themselves.

The garden ran far back, and ended in a tangle of old fruit trees choked with woodbine: a perfect screen, for the most part, from the little unfrequented lane beyond. There in a green plot grew one of the tallest and most glorious of the syringa bushes. Sweet air blew and vibrated about it, like sweet sound about a tower of chimes. Against the blue its great wax-white blossoms and thick green leaves gleamed like rich enamel-work. With a sudden gesture of wonder and love, Miriam stretched up her arms and gathered into them all they could hold of the sweet flowery foam. She buried her face in it passionately, half drunk with pure fragrance; she would have clasped the whole tree to her heart. Then the branches leaped back; a shower of white petals covered her hair and shoulders; and she emerged laughing, with an up-turned face like a child from a sea-wave, and once more held high her arms, in their pale green draperies, to the sky and the sun.

It was a moment's revel and ecstasy. A cloud blew over the sun. There was a wind in the woodbine, a brush as of feet, and a rattle of wheels in the lane. She turned quickly back to the house.

And as she stepped once more into the shadowy room, something tight-

ened inside her heart and head. The familiar, sober house seemed to be laughing at her — at her, reveling like a Bacchant in scent and color, dreaming vague romance into her sedate gray life, decked in green sea-water silk and strange jade beads! Thinking herself beautiful; thinking herself, almost, fit for Love; or, if not Love, the dear departing phantom of it. The house said, 'You!' and pointed mocking fingers at her folly.

Meekly, in dumb haste, she ran to her room. She tore off the green garb, though it seemed to cling to her like delicate leaves and ferns and seaweeds. She brushed her hair back from her temples, and was hurrying into her neatest white linen frock when the door-bell jangled loud. She had only time to pin a black velvet bow at her throat: no beads, no mysteries now, hardly a glance in the glass; hardly time to laugh at herself as she ran down to the door.

## II

They had sat talking until sunset threw its last thick gold past the lilac leaves, and the robins called down the dark. At first their talk had been a little stiff and strange. She could feel the artist's keen eyes traveling up and down: searching the room, valuing the lights and colors, and returning always to herself. His eyes, for all the quiet friendliness and good confidence they gave her, seemed like hands touching her gently yet eagerly. They seemed to feel her hair, her shoulders, her hands; almost to recoil from the stiff texture of her gown, and to turn back to rest upon her face like a cool caress. There was something quizzical about them now, that she had never known before. She thought, 'The New England in me is hateful to his free spirit'; and the more she thought it, the more reserved and contrary-minded she grew. She

was determined to be loyal to her house, her village, her traditions, rather than to that wild strain that cried aloud in her.

She saw him smile, sometimes, when there was nothing to smile about; and once, when she looked up out of a silence that held many thoughts, he was leaning forward, staring at her so obviously that he blushed like a boy, and laughed, saying, —

'I beg your pardon! There seems a great deal to think about, in New England!'

She took it for a jibe, and retorted gayly enough; but she was glad her face was in the shadow. She felt as if he were staring at New England through her, and as if he did not understand it at all.

But when the robins were calling and the late sun came in, their talk grew less constrained. He told her of his work, his ambitions, his visions; she told him a little, a very little, of her dreams, her tragedy and comedy. She did not think he listened much. He seemed only to look at her and to respond with one of his own half-fantastic notions. Yet she was content. She did not want him to understand too well. She was afraid that, if he had seemed to understand, she would have suddenly broken through the wall of reserve that she had built about herself, and have told him things to be sorry for. She knew only that it was good to sit there, close to someone who could talk her own language; and that, if the house had not compelled her to put off her dream-dress, he would have seen it and her spirit exulting in it, with those keen sensitive eyes.

At last he must go. He wandered absently about the room, touching the yellow roses, glancing at the books, laying a light hand on the piano keys. The chord vibrated softly. He looked over at Miriam.

'It gives off little urgent circles of

sound,' he said, dreamily, 'just as each rose gives off circles of scent; just as each life gives off circles of force and mystery. And sometimes it seems as if one simple chord like that, all by itself, in an empty room, had more magic than a whole symphony. I wonder if lives are like that, too: solitary lives; or if they need the other chords, need them as much as people usually assume.'

He came and held out his hand. 'Good-bye,' he said, pressing her fingers and smiling down at her. 'When I come back from Old England, I should like to stop in New England again, if I may?'

She nodded and laughed.

'Yes. Maybe then you would understand it better; poor old stiff-necked New England!'

'Maybe I'm not so far from understanding it now,' he rallied. 'But I think I shall have something to send you before that; something that will amuse you. Good-bye!' he repeated. 'When I come again, it would please my eyes very much — you know my eyes ask for what they want, quite boldly — if you would have a green gown — pale green — the color of sea-water over white sand. I'll tell you why, some time. Thank you for this afternoon, all of it. I must run for my train. Good-bye, to you, and to New England!'

A few weeks later she had a note from him. All it said was, —

'I am making the thing I think will amuse you. You thought I did n't like or understand your New England, your village, maybe yourself. Please be patient with me. And please give my respects to your syringa bushes. I shall be back in September.'

While she waited, not knowing what to answer, and preferring to dream lightly of the thing he might be making for her, and of his mysterious allusions to green gowns and syringa bushes, she chanced upon a brief cruel item in the

newspaper. He had been killed instantaneously in a motor-bus accident in Piccadilly.

There was nothing to do or to say about it. She went on her quiet village way as ever; but she did not masquerade any more by candle-light; and she felt curiously old. She did not pretend to herself that she had loved him, or he her; but she found that she longed intensely to know what the thing he was making to amuse her had been, and what it was in New England that he seemed so sure he understood. She attached an almost unreasonable importance to it, but had no expectation at all of ever uncovering the secret.

### III

The next autumn, being in the city for a few days, she walked down the sunny, bustling street. She was a little weary. The village had seemed to her more cramped and dull than usual. Even the flaming autumn hills had not called their trumpet-cry loud enough to waken her. A sort of quiet apathy was drifting over her, as sands drift up across an unsheltered, lonely rock. The city did not help her. She wandered idly, until the sign, 'Exhibition of Modern American Painters,' attracted her flickering attention, and, without much thought, she went up to the little softly lighted gallery.

It was quiet there. The city noise was muffled and far away. The walls, with their flaming spaces and jewel-like dots of color, meant little to her tired eyes. She sank into a cushioned seat in a dim corner, and felt herself slipping, as she so often did at home, out of Time into Eternity. Nothing mattered: neither her own life and death, nor that of all the world. Everything was in Eternity.

She sat there a long time. It was forenoon, and only a few casual comers

crossed the heavy carpets, and whispered their comments in half-bored, courteous voices. They were as insignificant to her as so many paper-dolls. Her reverie was deeper than day-dreams — deeper, almost, than sleep itself. Her ears hummed with silence, her limbs with a sort of dreamlike weariness. She never moved.

But at last she was aware of two people who passed and repassed her time and again. They were looking at her fixedly. She awoke, as it were, and perceived that they were a young man and girl, — art students, probably, — a frank, eager, thin-faced pair of comrades. They passed her again, stared at her without reserve, passed on, whispering, nodding their heads; and stood before the pictures at the far end of the room. The girl glanced back at Miriam. They pored together over a catalogue-slip, whispering.

Annoyance and amusement broke Miriam's trance. Why in the world were they so curious about her? She was afraid that she had seemed to nod off to sleep, or had spoken some vagrant thought aloud, as she sometimes did at home. She stood up, half-staggering at first like a man too quickly roused from sleep, and began an unseeing round of the gallery. She had no catalogue, and wished for none. The pictures, beautiful and mediocre alike, were to her mood only so much brilliant or blurred color. A windy upland pasture, with silver-white clouds chasing over a blue sky, caught her fancy for a moment. She was touched by a child's wistful big-eyed simplicity, and repelled by a dancer's sensual face and limbs. But they had no meaning for her. She was still in Eternity.

Her round brought her slowly toward the young art students, who stood still, glancing now covertly from her to their catalogue and the walls. She refused to notice them, although in reality her

heart cried out to ask them plainly, 'What is there so queer about me? Do you like me or hate me? Why do you look at me as if I had no eyes to see you too? Do you think me simple, or blind, or asleep, or one of the paper-doll people?'

As she stood beside them, their whispers hushed. Her languid glance swept the walls. Many little pictures were hung there: delicate intense studies of faces, figures, phantoms. A foot-square canvas seemed enough for this artist to open a window on romance or reality. For the first time Miriam leaned forward in vivid wonder and delight, forgetful of herself and of Eternity.

Then, suddenly, she gasped. Her heart missed a stroke. She knew she flushed and went pale. With involuntary directness she turned on the young people beside her.

'Tell me,' she breathed fast; 'I have n't any catalogue. Who painted these pictures?'

The two seemed to exchange a glance. There was an instant's awkward silence. Then the young man spoke, courteously, but with a note of interrogating curiosity in his voice and words.

'Surely,' he said, 'you must know that better than we.'

They both looked at her, with parted lips and shining, searching eyes. But Miriam was gazing at a little picture that hung just on a level with her face.

'Do you mean to say,' she half whispered, 'that John Carlisle painted these?'

'Why, of course,' the girl answered with amazement, as if she were explaining something too obvious for words. 'Some of these were just sent over from England after his death. They're wonderful, are n't they? But surely you — you know all about them, or some of them!'

'I don't know as much as you do,'

Miriam said brusquely. 'How should I? What makes you think —'

She realized the foolishness of her speech, and was silent; for there before them, from a square of exquisite glowing color, looked her own face.

There was her own garden, the white gable and chimney of her house, the church spire beyond the tree-tops, the blue, blue sky, the great white syringa bush, and her own shape, slim and cool as a dryad, glad-armed and glorying, with hands reached to the sun and delicate wild face flung back under a shower of petals. But the house-gable, the church spire, cast a long dark shadow over the greensward. The shadow almost touched her feet — not quite. It was a creeping, grasping, greedy shadow; but she, how glad and gay in the sun!

Next it hung another picture. It had a rough, unfinished look, but the face stood out clear. Her face again: a white face in a shadowy room, with thick gold sunshine blotting the walls; her face, sad and whimsical, a little remote and old, above her stiff white gown.

In a corner of each picture, like a trade-mark, was painted a great Luna moth, pale green, with silvery moons and eyes and veins. But in the first picture, his wings were spread and shining; in the second, they seemed shriveled and cold.

Miriam stood with her hand to her lips, pressing back the wonder and the trouble that twisted them. She could have laughed or cried aloud. It would not have mattered which. A mad impulse to snatch the pictures from the wall and run with them straight home to her village, to the secret corners of her house and her heart, swept over her. She could have cried, 'These are mine! mine! Nobody else has a right to them.'

But that was impossible. She controlled herself, and spoke, trying to be as cool and careless as might be.

'I was surprised. I did n't know — these were to be hung, now. Would you be good enough to let me see the catalogue?'

Her hand trembled as she took it; the little figures blurred before her eyes. At last she found them: 46 — it had no name; a note informed the reader, 'Found unfinished after the artist's death.' 47: "New England." She gave back the paper with a crooked smile.

'Thank you. You see — I did n't know what they would call them, here.'

She wished the two young people would leave her alone. They vibrated with too much curious sympathy. The girl turned to her impulsively.

'It must have been wonderful, to know him!' she said; and then, with the audacity of shyness, she touched Miriam's hand, whispering, 'It would n't matter to me what happened, if someone had once seen me, and understood, like that!'

Before Miriam could speak, they were gone. She had a vision of bright tears in the girl's eyes; the young man followed her with a sudden little gesture of sympathy and protection. Then they almost ran from the room, and she was alone.

She went only twice more to the gallery. Each time someone seemed to recognize her and to stare at her, though perhaps it was only her self-consciousness that made her think so. But she did not need to look at the pictures much. She made no effort to get them for herself. They were already sold, the catalogue said; everything that John Carlisle had painted was sold. She had hardly known how eminent he was.

Once the two young art students passed her in the Gardens. They bowed gravely, wistfully; a shadow seemed to cross their gay, self-absorbed faces. She thought in a flash, —

'And do I cast shadows, so? Or is it — New England? I will not have them sorry for me!'

She felt them turning to look back at her, and she turned, too, with a smile and a little wave of the hand. It was the look of the garden-dryad, loving and wild and free; it challenged them. They laughed out in sympathy; the glad youth surged back to their eyes and lips; and she went on her way comforted. 'They will remember the sun, and not the shadow,' she thought.

#### IV

At home, she sat one evening in her warm firelit house. Bare lilac boughs tapped the panes; sharp autumn stars pricked through. Great gray Diogenes purred and licked his sleek side. The fire crackled.

Miriam, under the lamp, wrote in the brown journal that held her most secret thoughts. She had taken it from its drawer, and smiled, as ever, at the warning written in her lost girlish hand across the cover-label.

'This Book is Mine. Let nobody else dare look into it. If any bad thing happens to me, let this Book be burned.

M. L. D.'

The date was old enough now. The book was more than half full. Miriam wrote, —

'I cannot help it if the mystery of Life grows thicker around me. I cannot help it if my thoughts are strange sometimes. I have been wondering to-night whether what John Carlisle said was true: whether one solitary life, vibrating to itself in an empty room, is in the least degree as worthy and true to the completeness of Life, as the chord lost in a song or a symphony.

'I wonder what he meant by that. He was talking about me. Did he think

that my life counted much or little? But he knew nothing, really, about it. I shall never know how much he knew.

'And what did he mean by the pictures? Which was the way he saw me finally — in the sun or the shadow? With wide bright wings, or crumpled? Did he really see the loneliness and reserve and pain, and the great, unexpected, queer joys that women like me find in life?

'I do not want to masquerade any more; and yet I want so very much to be free — free in my spirit. The village would never understand. It isn't necessary that it should. The village would think that I must have loved John Carlisle, or thought that I did, to care so much. It would become obviously a romance.

'Well, there was n't any romance. There never would have been if he had come ever so many times. Romance walks by the doors of such as me and only thrusts in his head to say "Good-day!" and "Good-morrow!" and perhaps that is as much of romance as we are capable of managing.

'And there are a thousand other things than romance. I know that. Only, to be free and to be complete, if only for a little while — everybody wants those two things, in their own fashion.

'So I think of what the little art-student girl said. I suppose she thought, too, that I had known him very well, and maybe cared a great deal. I know I was a strange person that day.

'But what she said I like to remember. "It would n't matter what happened, if someone had once understood, like that."

'Of course, that is not exactly true. But nothing is exactly and absolutely true; and half-truths have their consolations.

'And that gives me a certain assurance that somehow, ultimately, my life and all the others like it shall have comprehension and fulfilment — a different comprehension and fulfilment from that which we force from Life by our own attacks upon it. Even if I were braver in attack, I should want something more swift, more instinctive, than what I had made myself.

'But it is greedy to demand everything — everything — from these few mortal years.

'Truly, I do not mean to think things like this very often. There is enough work; there are more than enough people. I shall be free and glad, too. But inside, something never changes.

'And we have so few years. And then — Eternity.

'I am glad God is looking after it all. I never could!'

She closed the book and went over to the piano. A pure, thin chord trembled under her fingers. She smiled, but one slow, undesired tear dropped on the keys.

'I wonder,' she whispered, 'John Carlisle, — could you, — or anybody, ever understand?'

# JAMES McNEILL WHISTLER

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

## I

THE problem with Whistler is to reconcile a great artist with a little man — or, if not a little man, an odd man, an eccentric man, a curious, furious creature, who flitted through the world, making epigrams and enemies, beloved and hated, laughing and laughable, and painting great pictures. He was glorified by his hand and damned by his tongue.

The task of disentangling this snarled soul is made much more difficult by the perplexity of records. What little he himself wrote, helps, so far as it goes. But it does not go far; and, for the most part, we have to deal with a cloud of legend, sometimes rosy, sometimes lurid, according to the reporter, but always obscuring and deceitful. Anecdotes are told in a dozen different ways, and there is never that care for verbal authenticity which is essential with a spirit at once so precise and so evasive. The chroniclers are baffling, when they mean to be helpful. The shrewd invent, the dull misapprehend. Take a single instance. One of the best-known Whistler stories is that of the answer to a lady who declared that there was no one but Whistler and Velasquez: 'Madam, why drag in Velasquez?' An obsequious follower actually inquired of the Master, whether he really meant this. When they are subjected to such Boswells, who can blame the Dr. Johnsons and the Whistlers for running riot? So, through all the uncertainty, we have to do the best we can.

Whistler was born in Lowell, like other great men. He did not like it; he would have preferred his mother's southern dwelling-place, and sometimes implied that he was born in Baltimore. He declared in court that he was born in St. Petersburg. He once said to an inquisitive model, 'My child, I was not born. I came from on high.' And the model answered, with a frivolous impertinence that charmed him, 'I should have supposed you came from below.' He was as reticent about his age as he was about his birthplace. But the hard fact is that he was born in Lowell, in 1834. To be born in Lowell, to grow up in Russia, to be educated at West Point, to paint in France and England, with vague dashes to Venice and Valparaiso, and to die in London at seventy, makes a sufficiently variegated career. Even so, it was less variegated without than within.

Through the whole of it his life was in the pencil and brush, and the world to him was a world of line and color. As a small child, he drew in Russia, and laughed at the pictures of Peter the Great. At West Point he drew his instructors, and astonished them. In the Coast Survey service he made exquisite official drawings — and odd faces on the margins of them. And, till he died, laughter and fighting may have been his diversions, but drawing and painting were his serious business.

The only serious one. Few human beings have taken less interest in the

general affairs of men. Even for the other arts he had little thought to spare, except as they affected his own. Poetry did not touch him, unless an occasional jingle. Tragedy he found ludicrous. He liked to fetch analogies from music, but he knew nothing about it and cared nothing for it.

Apparently he read little, except as a special fancy took him. He adored Poe. He read Balzac and the writers of that group. The Pennells insist that he must have read widely, because he had so much general information. Others say that he never touched a book. Probably the truth is that his reading was limited, but that a most retentive memory kept forever anything that impressed him. However this may be, in all the records and biographies I have found little trace of his conversing, or wishing to converse, on ordinary topics of general interest.

To politics and the wide range of social questions he was utterly indifferent. He hated journalists because they talked about him, and politicians because they did not. He praised America and things American at a distance, but American democracy would not have pleased him. In one sense he was democratic himself; for a street-sweeper who could draw would have interested him more than a British peer who only patronized art. 'The Master was a Tory,' says Mr. Menpes. 'He did not quite know why; but he said it seemed to suggest luxury; and painters, he maintained, should be surrounded with luxury. He loved kings and queens and emperors, and had a feeling that his work should only be bought by royalty.'

With religion the attitude was about as elementary. Whistler dreaded death and avoided it and the thought of it. He believed in a future life, and could not understand those people who did not. He even pushed this belief as far

as spiritualism, took a lively interest in mediums and table-rappings and communications from the dead. But I do not find that religious emotion or reflection had much real place in his life. He was immensely busy in this world, and left the next to take care of itself. In general, his religious tone is admirably conveyed by the anecdote of the dinner at which he listened in unusual silence to an animated and extensive discussion between representatives of various sects. At last Lady Burton turned to him and said, 'And what are you, Mr. Whistler?' 'I, madam?' he answered, using the word with which he would have liked to stop the mouths of all those who chattered about his own pursuit in life; 'I, madam? I am an amateur.'

The same ignorance of the general thought and life and movement of the world very naturally permeates even Whistler's elaborate discussions of his own art. The theories of the celebrated Ten o'Clock lecture, that art is a casual thing, and cometh and goeth where it listeth, that the artist happens, that there are no artistic peoples or periods, and that art has nothing to do with history, are shrewd, apt, and, as a protest against pedantry, in many respects just. But they are incoherent and chaotic, more witty than, philosophical, and more significant of Whistler than of truth. Above all, they are intimately related to the wide ignorance and indifference I have been commenting on.

Whistler made much of his musical analogies. If he had thought a little more deeply on music, he might have used another — or he might not. For music is indisputably and naturally what he always sought to make painting — the art of ignorance; the art, that is, which appeals directly to the emotions and does not require for its appreciation any wide training or experience in history or in the general



interests of human life. It is for this reason that music, even more than painting, seems destined to become the all-engrossing, all-devouring art of the future.

And as Whistler was indifferent to human concerns outside his art in a theoretical way, so he carried the same indifference into practical action. He lived to paint, or to talk about painting; all else was pastime, and most things hardly that. Money? He could sometimes drive a hard bargain, but it was a question of pride in his own work, not of meanness. Otherwise, money slipped through his fingers, though in the early days there was little enough to slip. An artist should be comfortable, and bills were mundane things. So, though no one ever disputed his honesty of intention, he was apt to be in trouble. With time as with money. Exact hours and art had nothing to do with each other. What was punctuality? A virtue — or vice — of the bourgeoisie. If people invited him to dinner, he came when he pleased and dinner waited. If he invited them to breakfast at twelve, they might arrive at one and still hear him splashing in his bath behind the folding doors.

In all these varied phases of simplicity and unsophistication what strikes me most is a certain childlikeness. The child is a naked man, and in some respects so was Whistler. The child view accounts for many of his oddities and reconciles many of his contradictions. He thought strange things; but above all, he said and did what he thought, as most of us do not. Take his infinite delight in his own work. What artist in any line does not feel it? But some conceal it more than Whistler did. Gazing with rapt adoration at one of his pictures, he said to Keppel, 'Now is n't it beautiful?' 'It certainly is,' said Keppel. And Whistler, 'No, but *is* n't it beautiful?' 'It is indeed,' said Keppel.

And Whistler again, raising his voice to a scream, with a not-too-wicked blasphemy, and bringing his hand down on his knee with a bang, so as to give emphasis to the last word of his sentence, '—— it! is n't it beautiful?'

The child is the centre of his own universe, relates everything, good and evil, to himself, as does the man also, in his soul. Whistler did it openly, triumphantly. His official biographers declare that they never heard him refer to himself in the third person; but they knew him only in later life and always managed to take a somewhat academic and decorous view of him. It is impossible to question Mr. Bacher's account of his referring to himself as Whistler, though there may be some exaggeration in it. Not 'I,' but 'Whistler' did this or that. You must not find fault with the work or with the word of Whistler. Or again, at another period, it was the Master, as Mr. Menpes records it for us. 'You do not realize what a privilege it is to be able to hand a cheque to the Master. You should offer it on a rich old English salver and in a kingly way.' Just a hint of mockery in it, of course, but an appalling deal of seriousness also. And note the curious coincidence of this self-asserting, third-personal egotism with the attempt of Henry Adams to avoid egotism in precisely the same manner.

Everywhere with Whistler there is the intense determination of the child to occupy the centre of the stage, no matter who is relegated to the wings. There is the sharp, vivid laugh, the screaming 'Ha! ha!' a terror to his enemies, and something of a terror to his friends also. Not a bit of real merriment in it, but a trumpet assertion of Whistler's presence and omnipresence. There is the extraordinary preoccupation with his own physical personality. In some respects, no doubt, he was handsome. A good authority declares

that in youth he must have been 'a pocket Apollo.' At any rate, to use his pet word, he was always 'amazing.' The white lock, whether he came by it by inheritance or accident — what an ensign it was to blaze out the coming of the Master! Just so Tom Sawyer triumphed in his deleted front tooth. Read Mr. Menpes's charming account of Whistler at the barber's. What a sacred function, what a solemn rite, the cult of the lock, the cult of the Master's personality. At the tailor's it was the same. Every customer was called upon to give his opinion as to the fit of a coat, and the tailor was duly impressed with his almost priestly privilege. 'You know, you must not let the Master appear badly clothed: it is your duty to see that I am well dressed.'

Milton tells us that he who would be a great poet must make his own life a great poem. Whistler apparently thought that he who would be a great artist must make himself a great picture; but the picture he made was only what he detested most, — the word and the thing, — clever.

## II

A large feature of the life of children is quarreling. It certainly was a large feature of the life of Whistler. And we shall best understand his quarrels, if we think of him as a noisy, nervous, sharp-tongued, insolent boy. There have been plenty of other artists like him, alas! He has been compared to Cellini, and justly; and Vasari's accounts of Renaissance painters abound with rough words and silly or cruel deeds that might easily have been Whistler's.

Whistler liked flattery and adulation as a child does, and sought them with the candid subtlety that a child employs for the same object; witness the singular story of the arts and wiles with

which the Master tried to win the affection of the ignorant fishermen of St. Ives — without success.

As he liked compliments, so he resented criticism, especially if it did not come from a competent source; and a competent source was too apt to mean one that took Whistler's preëminence for granted. Criticism, sometimes reasonable, sometimes ignorant, sometimes really ill-natured and spiteful, was at the bottom of most of the riotous disagreements which long made the artist more conspicuous than his painting made him. It is not necessary to go into the details of these unpleasant squabbles. The names of Ruskin, Wilde, Moore, Whistler's brother-in-law, Haden, and his patrons, Eden and Leyland, will sufficiently suggest them. Sometimes these adventures began with hostility. Sometimes friendship began them and hostility ended them. Sometimes Whistler appears madly angry, actually foaming at the mouth, says one observer, so that flecks of foam were to be seen on his tie. Sometimes he chuckled and triumphed devilishly, with punctuations of the fierce and irritating 'Ha! ha!' Sometimes there was physical violence.

Of course, such doings were disgusting and disgraceful, and they should have been forgotten as speedily as might be. But this was not Whistler's way. Instead, he gloated over every contest, whether verbal or muscular. He insulted his enemies and exalted their discomfiture in print, like a hero of Homer or a conceited boy. He wrote letter after letter to the papers, always so obligingly ready to help a great man expose himself. Then he collected the whole mass, including the replies of those who had been foolish enough to reply, into *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies*, and flattered himself that he was a great author as well as a great artist.

Some people think he was. There is no doubt that he was a master of bitter words. His phrases have a casual ease of snapping and stinging that often scarifies and sometimes amazes. From his Puritan training and his extensive knowledge of the Bible, — 'that splendid mine of invective,' as he characteristically called it, — as well as from his own reckless temper, he drew a profusion of abuse, which withered, whether justifiable or not. And occasionally he was capable of great imaginative touches that recall his pictures.

But in general his writing is vexatious and, to say the least, undignified; the angry rattle of a gifted small boy, who ought to know better. The Wilde correspondence is perhaps the worst; but everywhere we get a tone of cheap abuse and railing. There is a careless vigor of sharp wit, but hardly the vituperative splendor of Voltaire or Swift. And it is such a small, such a shallow, such a supersensitive way of taking criticism; no urbanity, no serenity, no large, sweet, humorous acceptance of the inevitable chattering folly of the world. I do not see how any admirer of Whistler's genius can read *The Gentle Art* without sighing over the pity of it.

The pity of it is rather increased by his evident enjoyment. There was no real hatred at the bottom of his attacks. Mr. Chesterton insists that he tortured himself in torturing his enemies. This is rather too much of a tragic emphasis. He relieved his nervous irritability by slashing right and left. But I do not know that there was much torture in it and there was a good deal of fun — of a kind. 'I have been so abominably occupied, what with working and fighting —! and you know how I like both.' He did like fighting, and winning — or to make out that he had won. In a charming phrase, he describes himself as 'delicately con-

tentious.' Again, he told the Pennells that he 'could never be ill-natured, only wicked.' The distinction is worthy of him, and is no doubt just, though perhaps not so self-complimentary as he thought it.

Moreover, in all his fights and quarrels, he liked and respected those who stood up to him and answered back. If you dodged and cowered, he would pursue remorselessly. If you gave him as good as he sent, he would laugh that shrill 'Ha! ha!' and let you go. When the artist was painting Lady Meux, he vexed and bothered and badgered her past endurance. Finally she snapped out, 'See here, Jimmie Whistler! You keep a civil tongue in that head of yours, or I will have in someone to *finish* those portraits you have made of me.' All Whistler could find to say was, 'How *dare* you? How *dare* you?' But he thought a good deal more of Lady Meux.

Also, his impishness, his strange, fantastic love of mischief, prompted him to scenes and touches of Aristophanic, Mephistophelian comedy, sometimes laughable, sometimes repulsive. There is a Renaissance cruelty about his remark, when told that the architect who originally designed the Peacock Room had gone mad on seeing Whistler's alterations: 'To be sure, that is the effect I have upon people.' There is more of the ridiculous, but also much of the bitter, in his own wonderful account of his revenging himself upon Sir William Eden by spoiling the auction sale of his pictures. 'I walked into the big room. The auctioneer was crying, "Going! Going! Thirty shillings! Going!" — "Ha! ha!" I laughed — not loudly, not boisterously — it was very delicately, very neatly done. But the room was electrified. Some of the henchmen were there; they grew rigid, afraid to move, afraid to glance my way out of the corners of their eyes.

"Twenty shillings. Going!" the auctioneer would cry. "Ha! ha!" I would laugh, and things went for nothing and the henchmen trembled.'

Moralizing comment on all these wild dealings and doings of Whistler is perhaps superfluous and inappropriate. It would certainly have caused boundless glee to Whistler himself. Yet one may be permitted to point out how easy it is, after all, to be disagreeable, and how little real cleverness it requires. Most of us devote our best efforts to avoiding instead of achieving it. And then how often we fail! Even to be disagreeably witty is not always a triumph of genius. Any tongue can sting, and the unthinking are always ready to mistake stinging for wit. Much of Whistler's recorded talk irresistibly suggests Dr. Johnson's remark about Cibber: 'Taking from his conversation all that he ought not to have said, he was a poor creature.'

In the same way with the gentle art of making enemies. Most of us require no art for it, being incredibly gifted by nature in that direction. The art of making friends is the difficult one, especially that of keeping them after they are made. It is easy to ridicule friendship. A lady once asked Whistler, 'Why have you withered people and stung them all your life?' He answered, 'My dear, I will tell you a secret. Early in life I made the discovery that I was charming; and if one is delightful, one has to thrust the world away to keep from being bored to death.' And he dedicated *The Gentle Art* to 'The rare Few, who, early in Life, have rid Themselves of the Friendship of the Many.'

The irony is obvious enough, and it is equally obvious that Whistler was referring to the casual friendships of the world, which do not deserve the name. At the same time, the art, or the gift, or the instinct, of drawing men

to you is worth more, to the artist or the Philistine, than that of repelling them. In studying Whistler one cannot but think of such an opposite type as Longfellow, who, without effort, almost without thought, and still keeping an individuality as sturdy as Whistler's, and more manly, made himself lovable and beloved by everybody. Or, if Longfellow as an artist is not thought worthy the comparison, take Raphael, of whom Vasari tells us that a power was 'accorded to him by Heaven of bringing all who approached his presence into harmony, an effect inconceivably surprising in our calling and contrary to the nature of artists.' And again, 'All harsh and evil dispositions became subdued at the sight of him; every base thought departing from the mind before his influence. . . . And this happened because he surpassed all in friendly courtesy as well as in art.'

I am inclined to think that such praise would be worth more to Whistler's memory a hundred years hence than *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies*.

### III

So, having got rid of the too-abundant negative traits, let us turn to Whistler's attraction and charm. He was a man of contradictions, says Mr. Van Dyke; and the frivolous mischief-maker lived side by side with a thoughtful, earnest, even lofty-souled artist.

The child clue will stay with us, as before. Those who knew Whistler best frequently recur to it: 'When off his guard, he was often a pathetic kid.' The childlike candor rarely failed, not only in asserting merits, but even in recognizing defects. 'He was the most absolutely truthful man about himself that I ever met. I never knew him to hide an opinion or a thought — nor to try to excuse an action.' And with the

candor in professing opinions went a high and energetic courage in defending them, a courage that was sometimes blatant and tactless, but seems to have been genuine, even to the point of admitting its own failures. When Mr. Menpes said to him, 'Of course, you don't know what fear is?' Whistler answered, 'Ah, yes! I do. I should hate, for example, to be standing opposite a man who was a better shot than I, far away out in the forest in the bleak, cold early morning. Fancy, I, the Master, standing out in the open as a target to be shot at!'

In general human relations it would be a mistake to suppose that Whistler was always thorny, prickly, biting and stinging. His biographers assert that he was 'the gayest man who ever lived.' Mr. Chesterton denies that he was gay, and I think Mr. Chesterton must be right. True gayety not only does not wound, but cannot bear the thought of having wounded; and such was not Whistler. Though he chose the butterfly signature, his nature had not the butterfly's light and careless saturation of sunshine.

But it is true that he loved human society and could never bear to be alone, even liking people about him when he worked. He could use his wit to charm and fascinate as well as to punish. Whenever he took part in conversation, he led it and deserved to lead it. Hear this account of his appearance in a crowded club-room. 'Speaking simply in a quiet way to myself, without once looking round, Whistler would draw every man in that club to his side — smart young men about town, old fogies, retired soldiers, who had been dozing in armchairs.' And men not only listened to him, they loved him — when they did not hate him. 'Whistler could be gentle, sweet, sympathetic, almost feminine, so lovable was he.' He inspired deep attach-

ments, which could be broken only by the rude knocks that he too well knew how to give. Servants loved him, and there is no better test of simple goodness and kindness.

For women he seems always to have had a peculiar regard, although the records of his relations with them are naturally not abundant. His Southern training and habits gave him a rather unusual formal courtesy toward them, and many witnesses insist upon what is somewhat curious in consideration of his wit and comic instinct and of his distinctly irregular life: that he never uttered and never tolerated grossness. Two attachments to women, at any rate, played a large part in his career. He adored his mother and obeyed her in his youth. He adored her and watched over her in his riper years. Though he bitterly resented any critical suggestion of sentiment in his portrait of her, he confided to a friend, speaking very slowly and softly, 'Yes — yes — one does like to make one's mummy just as nice as possible.' When he was over fifty he stumbled upon a casual marriage, fortuitous as most other external events in his career; but the marriage was singularly happy: he adored his wife as he had adored his mother, and her death shattered him in a way to confute those who denied him human tenderness.

When it comes to art, Whistler's admirable qualities are questioned by no one. His devotion to it from youth to age was perfect and unfailing. It was not perhaps as devouring and morbid a passion as with some; but it was a constant flame, which burned steadily through all difficulty and all discouragement. It was enlightened and intelligent also, directed from the beginning with firm and close discipline toward a definite object. Not that the difficulties and discouragements did not come. In spite of his confidence and

belief in himself, there were times, as with all artists, when things went bitterly, hopelessly wrong. 'No one,' says Mr. Gay, 'can realize, who has not watched Whistler paint, the agony that his work gave him. I have seen him; after a day's struggle with a picture, when things did not go, completely collapse, as from an illness.' And one should read Mr. Menpes's strange account of abnormal excitement, on the very eve of an exhibition, over a mouth that was not right and could not be made right. 'He became nervous and sensitive. The whole exhibition seemed to centre on that one mouth. It developed into a nightmare. At length, in despair, he dashed it out with turpentine, and fled from the gallery just as the first critic was entering.'

As these efforts and struggles show, no matter how much Whistler may have attitudinized in life, in art he was sincere and genuine. If you took him quietly by himself, you could not but feel this. 'As a matter of fact,' says Mr. Van Dyke, 'he was almost always in a serious mood, and, with his knowledge and gift of language, talked most sensibly and persuasively.' His actions showed sincerity far more than his talk. Though he was careless about money, spent much of it and would have liked to spend more, and believed that he could have done better work if he had had more to spend, he never sacrificed one line of his ideals for any earthly payment. 'It is better to live on bread and cheese and paint beautiful things than to live like Dives and paint pot-boilers,' he said; and he meant it and acted on it always.

Also, he was sincere enough to accept criticism and profit by it, when it came from a proper source and in a proper spirit. He once asked a great sculptor to say what he thought of a portrait. The sculptor, after some hesitation, pointed out that one leg was longer

than the other. Whistler's friends expected an outburst. Instead, he remarked quietly, 'You are quite right. I had not observed the fault, and I shall correct it in the morning.' Afterwards he added, 'What an eye for line a sculptor has!'

And, as he was ready to submit to criticism of his own work, so he was equally quick to acknowledge merit in others, provided it was really there. He praised the work of students and fellow artists with quick and discerning kindness, if it seemed to him praiseworthy. But pretence and shallow cleverness he withered wherever he found them.

His capacity for labor, for continuous and prolonged painstaking, was limitless. Because he concealed this and pretended to work lightly and carelessly, people thought him idle; but he was not. Industry, he said, was an absolute necessity, not a virtue, and a work of art, when finished, should show no trace of the labor that had produced it. 'Work alone will efface the footsteps of work.' In fact, it was only in age that he discovered that he had never done anything but work. 'It struck me that I had never rested, that I had never done nothing, that it was the one thing I needed.' He could not tolerate laziness in himself or in others. In his house there were no armchairs, and to a friend who complained of this, he remarked, 'If you want to rest, you had better go to bed.' But his friends and pupils did not want to rest when he was with them. 'Whistler invariably inspired people to work,' says one who knew him well. The sittings for his portraits were prolonged and repeated, till the sitters' patience was utterly exhausted, and some of them complained that the intensity of his effort seemed to draw the very life out of them.

In short, those who judge him by his

quarrels and his bickerings and his flippancy and his odd clothes get no idea of the deep, conscientious earnestness of the artist. He worked till death to produce beautiful things. A year before he died he insisted with passionate simplicity and sincerity, 'I would have done anything for my art.' He was always looking forward, and there are few finer expressions of the ardor of creation than his noble phrase, 'An artist's career always begins to-morrow.'

#### IV

It is not my business to discuss Whistler's art as such. But as the general's soul is revealed in his battles and the preacher's in his sermons, so in his pictures we must seek the painter's, and the psychographer considers work as well as words.

It appears, then, that in Whistler's art there are two marked elements, which, taken together, help largely to elucidate his spirit. The first of these is the element of truth, sincerity, precision, exactitude, showing more conspicuously in the etchings, but never neglected in any of his work at any time. As he himself said of the Thames series of etchings, 'There, you see, all is sacrificed to exactness of outline.'

This instinct of truth, of reality, should be closely related to the more external facts of Whistler's life. In combination with the childlike simplicity and openness, it entered largely into his everlasting quarrels. He did not quarrel in Paris—that is, not abnormally. But all the artist in him, all the truth-lover, revolted against the conventions of English Philistinism, and he fought them, whether critical or social, with all the passion that was in him. 'The wit of Whistler . . . was the result of intense personal convictions as to the lines along which art and life move together,' says one of his

most intelligent biographers. As applied to life, this instinct of truth in him was mainly destructive, and did little good to him or others; but it was obscurely lofty in aim, and it was an integral part of his better nature.

In art, on the other hand, the destructive instinct led at once to construction. Here too, indeed, there was the perpetual, deadly war on sham. Whistler saw all around him, in painting as in poetry, the Victorian excess of sentiment. The 'heart interest' was what counted, and execution was a minor matter. The Angelus and Evangeline would make a world-wide reputation, even if the workmanship was inferior. Against this heresy of the subject Whistler was in constant revolt. He did not sufficiently realize that a great artist may treat a great subject, though it too often happens that to the common eye a great subject may transfigure a mean conception and a vulgar handling. He wanted to shake art free from all these adjuncts of theme and historical association and historical development, and concentrate the artist's whole effort on the pure ecstasy of line and color. He pushed this so far as to revel in mere decorative richness, feeding and filling his eye and imagination with the azure and golden splendors of the Peacock Room.

But of course, if you had pushed him home, he would have admitted that in the end all beauty must lie in human emotion, vague suggestions and intimations of subtle feeling, all the more overpowering because indefinite. And the real purpose of getting rid of a distinct, trite subject was to allow these essential emotions richer play. Music, in which he so often sought analogy, would have given it to him on this point also. For the most elaborate orchestral symphony depends as fundamentally on human emotion for its

significance as does the simplest air. And Bach and Wagner appeal to realms of feeling equally deep, though widely different. The most original and suggestive part of Whistler's painting, if not the greatest, is that which enters most into this vast, uncharted region of intangible emotion. Of all things he loved to paint night; and what in the wide world is more throbbing with imaginative depths? 'Subject, sentiment, meaning were for him in the night itself — the night in all its loveliness and mystery.'

Here we seize the second cardinal element in Whistler's work — the element of mystery. What characterizes his range of vague emotion is not passion, not melancholy, but just this sense of mystery, of the indefinable, the impalpable. It is singular how all the critics, whatever their point of view, unite in distinguishing this, something vague, something elusive, some hidden, subtle suggestion which cannot be analyzed or seized in words. It is naturally more marked in the nocturnes and similar paintings, but it is perfectly appreciable also in the portraits and in the etchings: the handling of backgrounds and accessories, the delicate, evasive gradation of tints and shades. As Huysmans puts it, 'these phantom portraits, which seem to shrink away, to sink into the wall, with their enigmatic eyes.'

And note that the two elements must work together to produce their full effect. It is the intense sense of definiteness, of clearness, the extraordinary realistic emphasis on one salient point, that doubles the surrounding suggestion of mystery. In the secret of making precision, vivid definition, enhance and redouble the obscure, Whistler shows his debt to Poe, who was always rescued from mere melodrama by having this obsession of mystery as overwhelmingly as anyone who ever lived.

But there is another influence that may have affected Whistler in this regard, and that is Russia. I cannot find that any critic or biographer has suggested this. Yet the artist passed the most impressionable part of his youth in Russia. His eyes, his ears, his heart were wide open all that time. Not only Russian painting, but Russian music and Russian thought must have passed into them. He must have touched the Orient there, as he did later through Japan. And surely the essence of Russian art is in just this union of intense, bald realism with the most subtle, far-reaching suggestion of the unlimited, the unexplored, the forever unknown. Russia is childhood intensely sophisticated. And so was Whistler.

It is curious to reflect that the combination in Whistler of the most lucid, direct, energetic intelligence with the complete general ignorance that I have noted earlier led to exactly this result of the vivid union of precision with mystery. Clear-sighted and observant as he was, there is no sense of modern life in him, no portrayal of the quick, active, current movement of the contemporary world, no such of any world. The intelligence seems to clarify simply for the purpose of obscuring. The total result of the age-long evolution of such a magnificent instrument as human reason is to stultify it, to show with blinding flashes the boundless region of impenetrable shadow. And in this phase of Whistler's art nothing is more symbolical and suggestive than the nocturne with fireworks. The glare of the rocket makes the involving darkness oppress you with a negative visibility that is maddening.

It is in view of this union of intense intellectual clearness with mystery that we must read all Whistler's perplexing remarks about Nature. Nature was crude multiplicity. To the un-



seeing eye, to the unaided imagination, she would not yield her secret or tell her story. It was the artist's business and his triumph to select, to isolate, to emphasize, to coördinate, so as to suggest the emotion he wished to convey, no other and no more. Here again, the parallel of music would have illustrated better than any analysis of painting. Every sound that music uses is given in nature, but given in a vast and tangled disorder, which as often results in pain as in pleasure. The musician's genius brings this chaos into a harmonized scheme of ordered ecstasy. In Whistler's idea the final and perfect triumph of human intelligence was the transformation of confusion into mystery.

Many have been perplexed by his dislike of the country, and even abuse of it. The explanation is simple. In the first place, he had never lived in the country. His experience of it was the tourist's, and nature to the tourist is a mere panoramic display, a succession of vulgar excitements from an ever-higher mountain or deeper sea. Nature to the tourist is scenery, not feeling. This is what Whistler meant when he returned from a visit to the English lakes and said the mountains 'were all little round hills with little round trees out of a Noah's ark'; when he complained in general that there were too many trees in the country, and even grumbled to a friend, who urged the glory of the stars, 'there are too many of 'em.' If he had grown up with an exquisite threshold beauty, such as hovers in the lovely lines of Cowper, —

. . . Scenes that soothed

And charmed me young, no longer young, I find  
Still soothing and of power to charm me still, —

his brush would have drawn out the charm as few have ever done before. But he dwelt in cities. Huge casual doses of nature first surfeited and then

starved him. Moreover, he held, perhaps justly, that the deepest fountains of mystery are not even wide fields and quiet skies, but the human eye and the human heart.

It is needless to say that the theory of mystery as I have elaborated it — perhaps too subtly — is not explicit in any writing or recorded speech of Whistler himself. When one has it in mind, however, there is a curious interest in catching the notes and echoes of it in his own words. Thus, in practical matters, take his remark to one who commented on the unfinished condition of the painter's abode. 'You see, I do not care for settling anywhere. Where there is no more space for improvement, or dreaming about improvement, where mystery is in perfect shape, it is *finis* — the end — death. There is no hope nor outlook left.' Or take the same instinct in a more artistic connection. 'They talk about the blue skies of Italy. — The skies of Italy are not blue, they are black. You do not see blue skies except in Holland and here, or other countries where you get great white clouds, and then the spaces between are blue! And in Holland there is atmosphere, and that means mystery. There is mystery here, too, and the people don't want it. What they like is when the east wind blows, when you can look across the river and count the wires in the canary bird's cage on the other side.' Finally, take the wonderful words about painting in the twilight, as full of mystery and vague suggestion as a poem of Shelley. 'As the light fades and the shadows deepen, all the petty and exacting details vanish; every triviality disappears, and I see things as they are, in great, strong masses; the buttons are lost, but the garment remains; the garment is lost, but the sitter remains; the sitter is lost, but the shadow remains. And that, night

cannot efface from the painter's imagination.' Even allowing for the touch of Whistler's natural irony, such a view of art seems to amend Gautier's celebrated phrase into, 'I am a man for whom the *invisible* world exists,' and to give double emphasis to the lines of Keats, —

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard  
Are sweeter.

So we find in Whistler, as we found implicit in Mark Twain and explicit in Henry Adams, the immense and over-

whelming heritage of ignorance transmitted by the nineteenth century to the twentieth. But whereas Mark erected ignorance into a dogmatic religion of negation, and Adams trifled with it as a toy, Whistler drew from it the enduring comfort of artistic effort, and applied to its persistent torment the immortal, divine recipe for cure of headache, heartache, soul-ills, body-ills, care, poverty, ignominy, neglect, and pain — the creation, or even the attempted creation, of things beautiful.

## RELATIVE VALUES IN PROHIBITION

BY LOUIS GRAVES

### I

DESPITE the picture of a sodden world held up to view by the prohibitionists when their crusade was young, — a world bound for destruction because of alcohol, — of course, most folk never drank enough to hurt them seriously, and many never drank at all. To the majority, prohibition has not been an important personal question, really vital to their daily happiness, but merely a question of public policy — whether or not the excesses of a lesser part of society constitute such a menace as to justify the surrender by the whole of all liberty of choice in the matter of alcoholic drink. It is true that there are scarcely any of us who have not had a leaning in the dispute, one way or the other; but, except in the zealots on both sides, the bias is not so great as to forbid a fairly calm and detached attitude of mind. It becomes

simply a problem of weighing advantages against disadvantages as best we can. Lawyers may argue constitutional points, and some men may grow excited in upholding what they call 'fundamental principles,' but it is pretty safe to say that most Americans give little thought to such abstractions. Their concern is practical. What they ask about National Prohibition is, simply, is it a good thing for the country?

Recently I had occasion to spend several weeks inquiring into the working of National Prohibition in two states, Pennsylvania and North Carolina. In the course of this errand I talked with citizens of a number of other states on the subject of liquor-law enforcement in their home communities; and my errand took me to Washington, to the headquarters of both the Federal Prohibition Commis-

sioner and the Anti-Saloon League, two clearing houses of information for the entire United States. Thus I succeeded in getting, first, an insight into the details of the operation of the Volstead Act, and, second, a reflection of widely varied opinions on the whole liquor question.

Reports of a burning interest in the topic are not exaggerated. My inquiry took place at the height of the presidential campaign; yet I heard a score of men and women discussing the wet-and-dry question for every one who discussed the League of Nations. And a large part of what they said had to do with violations of the law coming within their own knowledge. Tales told in a Pullman smoker are not to be taken as evidence; but in this case they have ample confirmation from government agents, sheriffs, and court records. There is no blinking the truth: the Volstead Act is being generally violated.

But, say the prohibitionists, so is every law. Checks are forged, houses are set fire to, men are murdered, property is stolen—the newspapers tell of such things every day. Because these crimes are committed, no one proposes that the laws against them be repealed. Why then seek to throw discredit upon the dry law because it is not enforced to perfection? So runs the reasoning. The final point is the familiar list of benefits that have flowed from prohibition, even in regions where it was received unwillingly—fewer arrests, less vagrancy, a decrease in the population of almshouses and asylums, a bigger share of the family's weekly revenue available for the wife and children, better economic and social conditions all around.

Admitting all this, the man opposed to National Prohibition—and there are many such among those who champion local suppression of the liquor traffic—holds that it is unfair and essentially

undemocratic to force a reform, no matter how good it may be, upon large sections of the country which have shown no desire for it. This contention is quite aside from any theoretical considerations—'States' Rights,' or the 'infringement of personal liberty.' He defends it on the ground of common sense and fair play. He denies that a statute outlawing the possession of a bottle of beer falls in the same category as statutes against theft, arson, and murder. These all the world agrees in condemning as crimes. The offense proscribed by the Volstead Act, on the contrary, is one that great numbers of people, not yet conclusively proved to be in the minority, do not regard as an offense at all; and that fact alone is a sufficient reason why the Federal government should not undertake to make it one. The injury done by so running counter to public sentiment in many states outweighs the admitted benefits of prohibition.

This is a bare sketch of the most common arguments, a boiling-down to the bone of the debate that goes on with infinite refinements and elaboration in homes and hotels and clubs and passenger trains all over the United States.

Pennsylvania offers a perfect example of a state unprepared for the new régime. Like all the rest, it had its period of war-time prohibition; but that was too short to count for much. It has never had even a local-option law. To the hundreds of thousands of foreign-born who work in the mines and factories, the campaign against drink, in progress so many years, was nothing more than a faint and far-off echo. To them drink, more particularly beer, was a matter of course. And not only to them, but to a large part of the native population as well. Dry propaganda had made little headway when prohibition was dumped on the state from Washington. Penn-

sylvania was wet, and more than content to be so.

It would be a miracle if the Volstead Act were enforced in such territory. And the miracle has not occurred. Except in some rural counties the violation of the law has been a public scandal. In Philadelphia, as in New York, it has been kept under cover to a certain extent; but in the wealthy and populous anthracite coalfields, non-observance is taken for granted. Permits to 'druggists' and 'manufacturing druggists' and 'manufacturing chemists'—the Volstead Act provides for these permits—have been used as a means of withdrawing great quantities of liquor from bonded warehouses. Through the medium of 'bootleggers,' who grow rich in the process, the stuff has found its way to the public. Anybody who is willing to pay a high price can get it with little trouble. Dwellers in the anthracite region who do not take this state of affairs as a joke, — as most of them seem to, — regard it with disgust.

North Carolina, on the other hand, is one of those states which were led gradually up to absolute prohibition. The campaign against liquor began to show its effects there a generation ago, and the dry sentiment grew in strength, until state-wide prohibition was voted in 1908. This did not end the fight, for the law was tightened later by amendments of a drastic nature. These enactments were all plainly the reflection of popular will. In my recent visit almost everyone to whom I put the query expressed the opinion that a referendum would show a much larger proportion of the people opposed to the liquor traffic now than in 1908.

Yet, since National Prohibition came in, there has been a marked reaction in observance of the law. A Federal official, who has had much to do with enforcing the liquor laws, and is him-

self a prohibitionist, told me that there was undoubtedly more drinking in North Carolina to-day than there was when the state had only its own laws to depend upon; and I found the same view generally held by sheriffs, enforcement agents, newspaper-men, and others best qualified to know. This condition is in the face of an active raiding campaign by the government, and a noticeable tendency toward more severe sentences in the courts.

The 'drys' deny that the entrance of the Federal government into the field of regulation has anything to do with the resurgence of drinking. There are other explanations — for example, the abnormal emotional state of all mankind following upon the strain of war. Yet no one who has traveled through the state, as I did this last autumn, could fail to see that the Volstead Act has awakened a spirit of contrariness. How much this was due to the old States'-Rights tradition, how much to resentment at the 'meddlesome,' home-invading character of the act, can be only guess-work. A college professor of my acquaintance compared it to the waywardness of sophomores playing pranks on the faculty.

'This is just one more bit of evidence,' he said, 'of the balky child left in grown men and women. It was the same way when county, and then state, prohibition came. But we were gradually becoming used to that, taking it as an established condition, when the Federal government stepped in and gave us an entirely new law. This deals much more intimately with individual conduct than our own. Immediately people set out to beat it. Now you find law-abiding citizens, who have drunk nothing alcoholic in years, making wines and beer in their homes. Many men who had quit drinking, or were moderate consumers of whiskey and brandy brought in from other states,

seem to have taken a fresh start; their patronage has made illicit distilling extremely profitable, and has brought into being a veritable army of moonshiners.'

## II

Thus it appears that in two states that are radically different with regard to prohibition, — one where sentiment against liquor has been slowly and successfully cultivated, the other where the agitation showed negligible results, — the Federal dry law has not proved effective. I am aware of the claim often made that this failure in enforcement will prove to be temporary. And so it may be; there is much to justify such a belief, especially if one interprets 'temporary' in terms of years, not of months. But, none the less, the belief comes within the realm of prophecy.

The defender of National Prohibition puts a heavy accent on the future, as he must do in the face of the present widespread violation of the law. Wait, he says, until the public has become accustomed to the new condition, until the stored-up supply of liquor gives out, until a new generation grows up; then you will see the beneficent effects of Federal action. Now, when he presents that plea, he may be making a good point against the rock-ribbed 'wet,' but it is a point that does not impress the man who advocates local suppression of the liquor traffic. For this man holds that his own method — education and agitation, the gradual building up of dry sentiment throughout the country — would have brought about genuine prohibition just as soon as, even sooner than, the Eighteenth Amendment will.

In the states that I have visited, including others than the two already mentioned, the disregard of the National Prohibition law, encouraging as it does a contempt for law in general,

seems to many observers to constitute an evil that outweighs any incidental benefits. Everywhere one goes, one finds a striking lack of moral sanction behind National Prohibition. Not even the strictest citizens look upon it with real respect. Persons who earn money by violating the Volstead Act are considered low folk and are despised accordingly; but those who violate it for other than financial reasons are not condemned at all. Rather is their cleverness applauded.

The anti-liquor forces always complained that state prohibition could not be made effective because of the importation from wet states into dry. Even so, the worst evil, the saloon, was done away with, and importation was attended by trouble and expense that discouraged excessive drinking. Then came the Webb-Kenyon Act, by which the Interstate Commerce Act, from having been an obstacle, was turned into an aid to the enforcement of state prohibition. Of course, smuggling went on to a certain extent, but it became less and less serious as more states voted themselves dry.

The educational movement was proceeding in normal and steady fashion. Thousands of men and women, volunteer crusaders, were spreading the gospel of temperance, and it gained converts every day. Its appeal to the modern passion for efficiency won over many men who would never have responded to the evangelistic note. Proof piled up that localities which banished liquor came surely into greater health and prosperity and happiness. There was never a cause more plainly destined to victory.

I speak from the point of view of one who favors suppression of the liquor traffic, who believes that the result in prospect justifies the required surrender of individual liberty and would vote for a dry law in his own community.

But, after a rather more favorable chance to 'feel out' public sentiment on this question than comes to the average citizen, I believe that Federal interference has dealt a blow to the cause of real prohibition. For real prohibition is possible only with compelling public sentiment behind it; and it is notorious that such compelling public sentiment does not exist over wide areas containing a large fraction of the country's population.

In their enthusiasm the leaders of the anti-liquor movement, not content with their sure and steady achievement, taking advantage of a peculiar situation, succeeded in rushing National Prohibition through. The result is that in many of the most populous states the law — like any that is handed down to people instead of growing up out of their conscience and convictions — is a mockery. The resentment that it has kindled, the corruption, the contempt for law, are not counterbalanced by anything that can be found in police and poor-house records.

Another item to be entered on the debit side — one which has been the subject of frequent comment, but which, I believe, has never received the emphasis it deserves — is the widespread complaint that 'prohibition is a rich man's law.' No one who 'associates mostly with well-to-do people, and who does not take the trouble to find out what the other sort of people

think, can realize the extent of this feeling. And the statement I have quoted is literally true: prohibition *is* a rich man's law, as the case now stands. Whatever it may be in theory, it is that in fact. Persons well supplied with money can get alcoholic drink practically whenever they want it. That it may be different in the future, that the law may eventually weigh equally upon all classes, does not interest the poor man balked of his beer. 'What's that to me?' he asks. 'I'll be dead by that time.' A reform that is so far ahead of public sentiment that it cannot be enforced except upon the lowly is a powerful incentive to that very class-antagonism which is to-day such a dangerous factor in our national life.

National Prohibition has been an artificial and unhealthy growth. To social reform it is what the get-rich-quick scheme is to finance. But it may be asked: since the Eighteenth Amendment is part of the Constitution, and all agree that it is there to stay, what practical difference does it make whether you prove it good or bad? What profit is there in discussing it? Not much, perhaps, so far as concerns the liquor question itself. Yet, if it comes to be recognized, as many believe it will be, that this Federal enterprise was a mistake, the lesson may be useful when it is proposed to prohibit by Constitutional amendment any other reprehensible habit.

# THE FOURTEEN POINTS AND THE WORLD

BY X. X. X.

In January, 1918, President Wilson announced to the world his Fourteen Points.

His utterance stirred the hearts of men. It held an inspiration. It was good to see, beyond the horrors of war, a vision of justice, order, and peace in the world. But the President's manifesto had the same relation to life that pure poetry possesses. When it came to putting into effect the aspirations embodied in the Fourteen Points, the President had to deal with rival claims, covetousness, and all the involved pernicious tangle of bitter political ambitions. In the name of the Fourteen Points gross injustice has been committed. Their narrow or ignorant interpretation has, in certain cases, condemned whole countries to starvation and moral distress so horrible that the world has never seen the like.

One fact was forgotten when the Allied and Associated Powers met in Paris. The civilized world is one great organic whole. The war has laid bare the sinews, nerves, and bones of this living organism which throughout the nineteenth century was forming in blind obedience to the impulse of ever-growing needs. It has been fed by every invention and device that could further the development of industry, and by every social law that could unify the habits and the needs of peoples. Easy means of transportation and communication have interlocked the lives of every civilized country.

President Wilson was the first to recognize and publicly declare the organic

unity of the world. But he neglected to say that its future rests, not in the hands of politicians, who are always bound by party and personal ambition, but with the great masses of men, who by ceaseless toil have made the world as we know it.

An Economic League of Nations is what the world is crying for. Economically, the world has outgrown the old order of things, which could live only on the false assumption that each nation could suffice to its own needs. An Economic League of Nations will place common interests before traditional feuds. It will place its hope of peace on the solid foundations of progress and prosperity. In order that the world may be made a safe and fit place to live in, the nations of the world must join hands.

The complexity of political affairs has been infinitely increased during the nineteenth century by the progressive development of industry throughout the world and by the multiplication of means of contact between the civilized countries. European nations are largely interdependent for their means of existence. Europe is an economic whole, and cannot be torn asunder without endangering the life of every European nation. The exchanges, those sensitive tests of economic equipoise, remained stationary between the main European states for nearly twenty years before the war. The Spanish-American War, the Fashoda incident and the Erethrean disasters, marked at the close of the nineteenth century the lowest ebb in

the fortunes of Spain, France, and Italy. But the disturbance was temporary and had an ascertainable cause. No political economist had ever had the opportunity to probe the real significance and the probable repercussions of the complexity of the development of modern industrial life.

Prolonged contact, which has been the direct result of the common effort during five years of war, has laid bare inevitably the internal structure of the industrial and economic systems of each European country.

# I

Two years and a half have elapsed since the Armistice of November 11, 1918, put a provisional end to the European war. The condition of mind at that time was one of universal tension. Men sought refuge from the horrors of war in great ideas. There was a time when it seemed as if the world stood poised above right and wrong. Two currents of feeling divided the victors: the guilty must be punished, and wars must be made impossible in the future.

In effect, the problem before the Peace Conference was by no means so simple or so strictly ethical.

The fact that German influence was slowly permeating European affairs was not patent to the eyes of European statesmen in 1914. Forty years of peace had bred a comfortable sense of security, and no European cabinet cared to take pointedly into account the risks of war. At any time since 1895, some check might have been placed on the military equipment of Germany, if France and England had been willing to act together and with due foresight: England, however, was involved at the close of the last century in the Boer War. French capital was very largely tied up in South African mining ventures; and the old antagonism between

France and England, which flared up suddenly after the Fashoda incident, was fed by the financial inconvenience that resulted from the war forced on the Boers by England. At the close of the nineteenth century the prestige of France stood low; a Germany latently hostile and an England coldly indifferent rose on either side of her. At that moment, the Russian alliance offered to France a possibility of political rehabilitation, and it is no wonder that French statesmen grasped it eagerly. In many respects, the Franco-Russian alliance, while it saved French pride at a critical hour in France's history, may be said to have been a powerful indirect factor in forming those political currents that brought about the war, because it placed Western Europe potentially within the range of the recoil blows of the Pan-Slav obsession.

Western European democracies did not, and do not, realize what a part the Pan-Slav question played in the minds of the Danubian Empire and of the Balkan peoples. The might of Russia, with her one hundred and fifty million souls, stood in the eyes of the Austrian Empire as an ever-present source of danger. France, by allying herself to Russia, came in for a share of the suspicion which her great ally naturally roused. It must be added, that the methods of internal government prevalent in Imperialist Russia were such as no Western democracy could find compatible with its own standards. The hatred and contempt that those methods rightly roused in the nations which, by their geographical position, were brought into contact with Imperialist Russia were also to a certain extent deflected to France's ally.

The accession of Edward VII to the throne of Great Britain opened a new page in the history of Europe. Had it taken place ten years earlier, the catastrophe of war might have been averted.



Edward the Peacemaker was a great statesman, endowed with exceptional personal authority and prestige. He foresaw that the Pan-Slav peril, acting as a goad in the relations of Austria-Hungary with her near neighbors in the Balkans, might in time succeed in inflaming popular feeling, and provide the occasion for testing the worth of that expensive asset, the perfectly equipped German army. In an effort to neutralize the effects of this antagonism, King Edward attempted to detach Austria-Hungary from the Triple Alliance, and include her in the Entente of which England and France formed part. The Triple Alliance was about to expire. There was a chance to induce Austria to join the Entente, allay her natural mistrust of Russia, and place a check on the Balkan intrigues, which fed the Pan-Slav agitation. The subject was broached at Ischl on the King's last journey to Austria. But an aged monarch sat on the Austro-Hungarian throne; and, on the other hand, no French statesman carried enough personal authority to reverse the policy upon which France had staked for ten years her chances of safety in the event of war. The Triple Alliance was renewed two years later, and the immense catastrophe of war was consummated in the fullness of time.

Men looked upon war either as a necessary, or as a superfluous surgical operation; whereas it has in effect proved itself to be a dastardly, inhuman process of physical and moral torture, the ruthless sacrifice of all the higher instincts and ideals, redeemed only by the mournful splendor of countless instances of self-sacrifice, flung like star-dust across the long night of horror.

## II

On December 4, 1917, President Wilson read his address to Congress, re-

commending the declaration of a state of war between the United States and Austria-Hungary as Germany's ally. In this message the President, with that lofty utterance which ranged at once on his side all disciplined spirits, pronounced the assurance that, in the fullness of time, the people of the United States would be willing and glad to pay the full price for peace, and pay ungrudgingly. 'We know,' he said, 'what that price will be. It will be full, impartial justice — justice done at every point and to every nation that the final settlement must affect, our enemies as well as our friends.'

After defining the success by skill, by industry, by initiative, by enterprise which Germany had won, he proceeded: 'She had built up for herself a real empire of trade and influence, secured by the peace of the world. We were content to abide the rivalries . . . that were involved for us in her success, and stand or fall as we had or did not have the brains, the initiative to surpass her. But at the moment when she had conspicuously won her triumphs of peace, she threw them away to establish in their stead, — what the world will no longer permit to be established, — military and political domination by arms, by which to oust where she could not excel the rivals she most feared and hated. The peace we make must remedy that wrong. It must deliver the once fair lands and happy peoples of Belgium and Northern France from the Prussian conquest and the Prussian menace, but it must also deliver the peoples of Austria-Hungary, the peoples of the Balkans and the peoples of Turkey, alike in Europe and in Asia, from the impudent and alien domination of the Prussian military and commercial autocracy. . . . Our entrance into the war has not altered our attitude towards the settlement that must come when it is over. When I said in January that the nations of the

world were entitled, not only to free pathways upon the sea, but also to sure and unmolested access to these pathways, I was thinking, and I am thinking now, not of the smaller and weaker nations alone, which need our countenance and support, but also of the great and powerful nations, and of our present enemies as well as our present associates in the war. I was thinking, and I am thinking now, of Austria herself among the rest, as well as of Serbia and of Poland. Justice and equality of rights can be had only at a great price. We are seeking permanent, not temporary, foundations for the peace of the world, and must seek them candidly and fearlessly. As always, the right will prove to be the expedient.'

In dealing generally with the reconstruction of the economic life of Europe, it is well to choose a pertinent example, and to work outward from a case in point to the general application of those principles, which a natural process of deduction brings to hand. Austria provides the necessary test-case.

The Austrian treaty of peace was drafted when the strain of the Treaty of Versailles was showing its effects among the delegates of the Allies assembled in Paris. It was hastily drafted, and the disruption of the Empire was a foregone conclusion. Nevertheless, whatever the reasons may have been that seemed to counsel the political disruption of the Empire, a great and far-reaching error was committed in world-politics when the new political frontiers were allowed to become economic barriers as between the 'Succession States' then created.

Yet the determination to visit upon one part only of Austria-Hungary the responsibilities and burdens of the war was accepted without challenge. Seven million men were chosen as scapegoats of the enterprise in which fifty-two millions had an equal share.

If the Austrian government, face to face with utter paralysis and actual physical starvation, were at the present moment to refuse to carry on the business of government, two possibilities would have to be considered: the partition of the Austrian Republic among the Succession States, and its absorption by Germany.

The Succession States, which would presumably benefit immediately by territorial aggrandizement, are Czecho-Slovakia, Hungary, Jugo-Slavia, and Italy; in the last resort, the country that would benefit is Germany.

Let us take the states in the order of enumeration.

Czecho-Slovakia has already absorbed two very indigestible elements — the Slovaks, who are alien to the Czechs and kindred to Hungary, and who speak a national dialect of their own, and four million German-speaking Austrians, who already very nearly balance the purely Czech element in the republic. The addition of further Germanic elements would rob the Czech Nationalist party, now governing the country, of its majority, and would revive in a much more acute form the latent rivalries that were the ground for the claim of Czecho-Slovakia to independent autonomous existence. If, therefore, it was necessary for the peace and welfare of the world to separate Czechs from Austrians, the only logical conclusion of a provisional encroachment by Czecho-Slovakia on a German-speaking population, would be a further splitting of the country into Germanic and Czech people, and a consequent increased threat to the peace and welfare of Europe.

The new political entities created by the Treaty of St. Germain are in effect rendered absolutely interdependent economically by the system of railways and waterways, and by commercially intercommutable assets, which have

been developed to feed and serve, not small artificially created states, but a complete economic organism. The result to the world of this parceling-out of countries built to be the component parts of an economic whole, is a very great waste in productive power, both directly and indirectly. Directly, because the sum of the productive powers of a number of small states must inevitably remain inferior to the productive power of the former whole; and indirectly, because the political rivalries thus created will keep alive countless centres of unrest, and extend right up to the borders of central Europe the dangerous undisciplined spirit of the Balkans.

The same criticism as to the effects of racial rivalry is true with regard to the forced union of Austria, or any part of Austria, with Hungary. The result of the plebiscite taken at Klagenfûrth on November 10, 1920, which, in spite of the prevailing economic distress, declared the determination of the inhabitants of the country to remain united to Austria, sufficiently proves that, when absolute domination threatens to pass into the hands of an alien people, the racial differences, which, under the general rule of a prosperous and enlightened government, were but latent, break out into flame.

Any proposed addition of territory to Jugo-Slavia would be an inevitable source of strife with Italy. Moreover, in spite of their qualities of bravery, dignity, and endurance, no one who knows the countries we are now considering can maintain for a moment that socially, intellectually, or politically, the Serbian is the equal of his brethren formerly under Austrian rule. The influence of Austria made of Bosnia and Herzegovina a civilized and prosperous community. It was not the actual annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina in 1909 that roused the patriotic passions

of Serbia; many Serbians had viewed the infinitely superior condition of the Serbians under Austrian rule with sadness and envy; it was rather the brutal form given by Count Aehrenthal to the public consummation of an accomplished fact, which seemed to the Serbian people to throw a contemptuous challenge to their national self-respect.

Finally, we have to consider the results of the further addition of German-speaking people to Italy.

The annexation of new territories and more German-speaking peoples would create for Italy a reversed irredentism of Germans against Italians, which would militate against Italy, even as the Italian irredentism of the borderlands was a disruptive force against the Austro-Hungarian Empire. The hypothetical solution of a further dismemberment of Austrian in favor of the other Succession States should, therefore, be set aside as dangerous to the peace of Europe and harmful to the economic settlement on which alone can be built a lasting hope of peace.

The further question remains, whether the absorption by Germany of that part of the German-speaking people of the former Austro-Hungarian Empire now known as the Austrian Republic would tend to restore and maintain the prosperity and peace of Europe.

Germany was mulcted by the Treaty of Versailles of the provinces of Alsace-Lorraine, wrested by her from France in the War of 1870. The whole history of the development of German influence, as it has manifested itself during the last fifty years, is the history of Prussian hegemony, and of the strong welding of purely Germanic interests as a weapon against non-German nations. The war of 1866 against Austria, although ostensibly fought on the question of a Danish province, was really a struggle between the liberal, humane

interpretation of a federal organization of the Empire, which was the Austrian programme, against the harsh, aggressive, intransigent policy which Bismarck succeeded in establishing on the foundation of two military successes — against Austria in 1866, against France in 1870.

The annexation of Austria would add seven million people and a great manufacturing country to Germany; would give over to her almost exclusively the Balkan market, and would inevitably set smouldering the latent commercial rivalries between Great Britain and Germany, which partly accounted for the war; while the political rivalry between Germany and France would flare up inevitably. By allowing Austria to founder, the Balkans are closed to European trade, and turned over to Germany as her uncontested field; and one of the richest markets is lost to Europe and to the world.

Now, labor-troubles and acute political anxiety with regard to Germany's expansion are not favorable conditions for the peace of the world. The real interests of nations have become interlocked; and the urgent need for a permanent international economic council is felt more and more, as time reveals the nature of the mutual bonds that hold fast the life of nations. These bonds have grown unconsciously, in obedience to the pressure of economic needs, created and strengthened by international finance, international means of transport, and facilities of communication, which are the props of modern trade-conditions.

### III

We are now witnessing the birth of a new era. The commercial interdependence of nations, created by the expansion of trade and by the linking-up of thought, resources, and activities, has made one organic whole of the civilized

world. Europe is no longer an assemblage of independent rival states: she stands revealed, economically, as the United States of Europe.

These conditions have come about as the natural inevitable result of international trade, fed by international finance, served by international means of transport. This fact was unsuspected in any real and precise sense until the war revealed its tremendous import for the future of the world. The powerful tentacles of this commercial organism reach out to every part of the civilized world. It encloses all that we hold precious in the domain of the spirit, as well as all the material achievements of modern life.

Ignorance and fear brought about the catastrophe of war. Slowly and unconsciously, men who had no precise vision of its real meaning and its consequences laid the train for the great cataclysm. The appetite for domination by sheer brute force already rears its head once more. This is in the tradition of narrow national policies pursued for the advantage of party, and against the real interests of the people.

We can bring peace and prosperity to the world by furthering international constructive action, and by substituting it for the methods of cutthroat policies. No European government could take the initiative which falls to us. We are the creditors of the world, and must take the chair at the board where nations must meet to frame a policy of reconstruction. Our conditional abstention so far has proved disastrous to the world and harmful to our interests. No settlement can be reached if the chief creditor is absent from the board. If we evade what is our duty, we fail, as a nation, at a crucial moment in the world's history. Our power and our prestige lay this obligation upon us.

Once before in the history of the

world America led the way. The democratic constitutions of Europe were inspired by the principles we proclaimed as the foundation of our national independence. Those principles of liberty which, from the French Revolution onward, France carried throughout Europe with her victorious armies, marked the decline of the old system of government by privilege, and set free the spirit of a new world. The English Reform Bill of 1832 embodied the principle of 'no taxation without representation,' on which we had fought the War of Independence.

Once more, in the history of the freedom of mankind, America must lead the way.

Let us consider the position from the point of view of pure common sense. As a creditor-nation, two courses are open to us: either to remit wholly the indebtedness of Europe, or to fulfill the task that falls on our shoulders as chief creditor of the whole civilized world. Common sense and common justice demand that the financial debts incurred toward America should be paid off. Europe is in a state of relative insolvency.

We demand that the world shall be made safe and fit to live in; and we demand that the world shall be secured once and for all against the recurrence of violations of right. The programme of the world's peace must be our programme. We alone as a nation can frame it and carry it through. We have the right and the duty to make ourselves heard in the world's councils; and these are the guiding thoughts that should determine our actions.

Right, prosperity, and the liberty of governments and of nations are the three fundamental ideas on which the hope of peace can be built. In order that peace may reign in the world, a fair chance of self-development and

economic progress must be granted to all nations equally. Meanwhile, it is incumbent upon the civilized nations of the world to watch over and further the material existence of certain weaker states, whose existence is not the outcome of the slow progress of natural events, but of artificial creation in a spirit of compromise, or in obedience to certain real or illusory requirements. These states, known as the Succession States, were created by the disruption of the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

Economic paralysis, with its consequent dangers, now threatens with varying degrees of imminence, all and each of these states. The consequent distress and unrest are a source of danger to the peace of Europe, and call for immediate action. The peculiar position of the Republic of Austria, and the fact that, by an error of justice, she alone is being held responsible for the share of the whole Empire in the war, make her needs more imperative.

No single European country can at the present moment assume the task of reconstruction in Eastern Europe. This task should devolve on an active international commission, in the formation of which America should take the lead. Vienna should be its centre, being placed at the very heart of a once self-sufficient economic organism, at the centre of a perfect system of railways and waterways. The available resources that once rendered the former Austro-Hungarian Empire an independent economic organism should again be freely used, to the immediate advantage of the states concerned, and the indirect advantage of Europe. The national legislative bodies of Austria, and of Hungary, Poland, Roumania, the Serbo-Croate-Slovene state, and the Czecho-Slovak state, would be invited to accept certain principles, based on their economic interdependence, which might be laid down as follows:—

Constant and regular transit on all lines of communication between the designated states, without hindrance or interruption of any kind, shall be guaranteed in future. Regular communication by rail and navigable waterways shall be assured, and the points of junction at the frontiers organized in such a manner as to unify, facilitate, and accelerate the passage of goods and prevent all blocking and stoppage—more especially with regard to the transportation of food-stuffs and fuel.

The importation and exportation of raw material and manufactured articles originating in the designated states shall be entirely free within these states. No difficulty shall be placed in the way of the free transit of goods to any of the designated states. The products of each designated state shall be free of all charges, restrictions, procedure, or impositions, other than those that may be in vigor within the state itself, with regard to its own natural products.

The currency of each designated state shall be accepted as legal tender by the treasuries, from a convenient time; and as legal tender within the territories of all the designated states in the ordinary practice of trade; and for all commercial transactions, at a rate of exchange to be fixed by the International Economic Council for defined periods, and subject to revision from time to time.

No conditions or restrictions, other than those that are required for the maintenance of order and the safety of international traffic, shall be laid upon travel between the designated states. No obstacle shall be placed in the way of labor contracts between subjects of the designated states, except in such cases as may constitute a breach of the principles established by the Council of the League of Nations.

Organized authority for carrying out these principles might be vested in an International Commission of Communications, an International Commission of Customs, and the International Economic Council.

The International Commission of Communications shall have the control and direction of railways and waterways, and shall be responsible for the proper usage, according to the public need, of all rolling-stock and shipping. The decisions of the Commission shall be carried out by the administrative departments to which the execution of the principles laid down concerning transit is entrusted.

The International Commission of Customs shall regulate and direct the trade in raw materials and manufactured articles of the designated states, and more especially with regard to food-stuffs and fuel. The decisions of this Commission shall be carried out by the administrative departments to which the execution of the principles laid down concerning customs is entrusted.

The International Economic Council shall organize the financial control of any among the designated states whose currency, in consequence of inflation or of other circumstances, may have suffered a depreciation, and it may, in consequence, during the period defined above, exercise a repercussion on the exchange of the other designated states.

The International Economic Council shall nominate a Commission of Financial Control for each of the designated states, in whose hands shall be concentrated all legislative and administrative powers within the states in question, for all questions concerning the exchange and the budget of the state; and its decisions shall be subject to the approval of the International Economic Council before they have the authority of law.

This International Economic Council shall be nominated for five years unless, its task being accomplished within a shorter period, it is deemed advisable to allow it to depute to the governments of the individual Succession States the continuance of the task primarily assumed by it.

The primary task of the International Economic Council shall be to apportion the output of the Silesian coalfields in such quantities as may be necessary for the resumption of the industrial life of the Succession States, on a basis of pre-war consumption. The quantity of Silesian coal required by Germany, and provided for in the Treaty of Versailles, shall continue to be supplied.

Italy shall be reckoned among the Succession States. The surplus output of the Silesian coalfields, when the claims of the Succession States shall have been met, shall be disposed of in the open market.

The initiative for the promotion of the International Economic Council should be assumed by the government of the United States. The precise task of the Council should be definitely defined. The Council should consist of one national representative for each European country whose interests would be directly involved in the issues under consideration. Only those persons who possess direct active experience of economic and financial questions should be nominated, in preference to men, however eminent, whose training has fitted them for control rather than for action in the economic or financial field.

In this manner, Europe and the world might set their faces at last toward a lasting hope of fruitful endeavor. A systematic record of achievement would save the world from the hazards of undisciplined experiment. The deep scars of a fratricidal war might be in time healed and obliterated.

## CALIFORNIA AND THE JAPANESE

BY PAYSON J. TREAT

### I

[ALTHOUGH dealing with the same subject, Professor Treat's paper is quite independent of Senator Phelan's, which appeared in the *March Atlantic*. — THE EDITOR.]

AFTER six years of almost complete quiescence, the anti-Japanese agitation in California has again erupted, with the white heat and dense smoke-clouds of a typical volcano. The occasion was

a measure, placed by initiative upon the ballot at the last election, designed to strengthen the force of the alien land law passed by the legislature in 1913. Briefly, the initiative act proposed to deny to 'aliens ineligible to citizenship' the right to lease agricultural land; to prohibit corporations in which they were interested from owning such land; and to prevent their native-born children from acquiring land, by removing

them from the guardianship of their parents in such cases.

For the election of November 2, 1,374,184 voters were registered, and 987,632 votes were cast. On the Alien Land Act the votes were 668,483 in favor, and 222,086 opposed. Thus the measure was carried by a minority of the registered voters, and by a three-to-one vote of those who expressed an opinion on the measure. The large minority vote, which deprived the victory of any 'overwhelming' significance, was a surprise to many who had opposed the measure, and an understanding of it is of value in any discussion of the Japanese problem in California.

In brief, the opposition vote was largely cast by those Californians who could distinguish between the real and the alleged questions at issue. The advocates of the measure spoke largely in terms of 'immigration'; the opponents realized the 'discrimination' involved; and, comprehending perfectly that the state could in no way interfere with the immigration laws or policy of the national government, they were unwilling to support a measure that was openly discriminative against Orientals who had come to this country in the past, in good faith, and in accordance with our national laws.

This point must be clearly borne in mind. With few, if any, exceptions, all Americans are agreed that, for the present, at least, there should be no mass immigration of Asiatic peoples to our shores. And I believe the leading Japanese and Chinese statesmen recognize the wisdom of this policy. That it is a national policy is evident from the several Chinese exclusion laws, the 'gentlemen's agreement' with Japan of 1907, and the barred zones erected in almost all the rest of Asia by the general immigration act of 1917. There should be no occasion for alarm lest this policy be reversed and our Western coast be

flooded with immigrants from Asia. It is true that the Japanese would be desirable immigrants from every point of view save two. They are industrious, thrifty, and law-abiding; they are literate in their own tongue; they would go on the land, where labor is so much needed in these days of the drift to the cities; and they are quick to grasp new ways and methods. But they would come from a country of much lower economic development than our own, where wages are often ten times less than those paid in California; and so, unrestricted immigration might mean mass immigration in numbers too great to be assimilated, and productive of serious disturbance in our economic life. And they would be representatives of a race, different in color and culture, with which white people are not yet prepared to deal on its merits. It would be equally unfortunate for the white settlers of the West and for the Japanese immigrants if any appreciable immigration were permitted until our people are ready and willing to receive these aliens. But, on the other hand, the passage of legislation discriminating against Oriental subjects already resident among us has been in the past, and will hereafter be, if persisted in, the occasion of difference of opinion among our own people, and of bitterness on the part of our Asiatic neighbors.

All this seems so elemental, that one may well wonder why there should be any problem at all in California. It is necessary, therefore, to examine the reasons for the heated discussions of the past few months.

Antipathy to Oriental immigrants is an old story on the Pacific Coast. In some ways the Japanese have suffered because of the anti-Chinese traditions, but in other ways they have gained. Few people, for example, would repeat concerning the Japanese, the wild charges that were current about the



Chinese forty or fifty years ago. Nor have the Japanese suffered any of the personal mistreatment which the Chinese settlers experienced in the old days. In fact 'the many admirable qualities of the Japanese people,' as Governor Stephens has said, are generally admitted. And during the recent agitation no Japanese, to my knowledge, suffered the slightest harm.

In spite of attempts to disguise the real situation, the fundamental objection to the Oriental is racial, and not economic. The proof of this lies in the recurrent use of the term 'unassimilable,' and in the reliance upon the phrase 'aliens ineligible to citizenship.' The economic objections to the Japanese are trivial; the racial objections are fundamental in the minds of most Californians. Yet in the past twenty years much of the old antipathy to the Chinese settlers has passed away; this affords one of the most hopeful signs of a better understanding of the Japanese problem.

## II

As the fundamental question is one of immigration, so the problem is essentially an American and not a Californian one. The national government, while maintaining the national policy of restricted immigration from the Orient, must also bear in mind the wisdom and expediency of maintaining friendly relations with the great peoples of Eastern and Southern Asia. It is only when California, or any other state, endangers these friendly relations by means of discriminatory laws designed to meet some local problem, that the national and the Californian points of view differ. It is now necessary to consider whether conditions in California justify a local policy at variance with the national policy of friendship with the Asiatic peoples.

In such an examination we are con-

fronted with the great difficulty of divorcing facts from opinions. Certain statements are capable of proof, others are supported by opinion alone. Of those concerning which one can speak with a fair measure of assurance are (1) the number of Japanese in California; (2) the number of Japanese immigrants; and (3) the natural increase of the resident Japanese.

In considering the number of Japanese in California, we must remember that, down to the summer of 1908, there was unrestricted immigration from Japan and the Hawaiian Islands. The present local problem is a legacy of those days of free immigration. In 1908 the 'gentlemen's agreement' was in effective operation; and since that time there has been little increase in the number of Japanese laborers admitted to this country. The census of 1910 reported a Japanese population in California of 41,356, or 1.7 per cent of the total. In 1920 the census showed 70,196 Japanese, or 2 per cent of the population, an increase of 28,840 in the decade. The latter figures, it may be said, are warmly disputed by opponents of the Japanese. An unofficial census made by the Japanese themselves in March, 1920, estimated their number at 78,628, and the estimate of the State Board of Control, not based however on an enumeration, was 87,279. But in any case the numbers are not alarming for a state with a population of 3,426,861, which has shown an increase of 1,049,312 in the past decade. Unofficial estimates, often cited without proof, assert that the Japanese population ranges between 100,000 and 150,000.

When studying the figures of Japanese immigration, it must be remembered that a considerable allowance has to be made for the departures of travelers, merchants, students, and officials, as well as for the movement back and forth of Japanese settlers who return

home for a visit between harvests. Thus the number of arrivals on the Continent, between July, 1908, and July, 1919, was 79,738, while the number of departures in the same period was 68,770, leaving a net increase in eleven years of 10,968. Of the total arrivals, 30,883 were women and female children; and they comprise the larger portion of the net increase. In spite of these official figures testifying to the small net increase through immigration, there is a general belief that Japanese laborers are pouring into California.

Another matter which has received much prominence in the recent discussions is the question of the Japanese birth-rate. In 1908, the Japanese births in California were 455, or 1.6 per cent of the total; in 1917 they were 4108, or 7.87 per cent. This has furnished the basis for the estimate that in ninety years there would be more Japanese than white persons in California. But anyone who had made the slightest study of the Japanese population would have understood these figures, and would have realized that the birth-curve, which rose so rapidly between 1912 and 1917, would soon reach its height, and as speedily decline. The maximum was, as a matter of fact, reached in 1917, for in 1918 the percentage was 7.54 and in 1919, 7.82. That the percentage was not lower in 1919 is simply due to the effect on the number of white births of the absence of young Californians in military service in 1918.

The explanation of the Japanese birth-rate is very simple. The Japanese immigrants between 1900 and 1908 were chiefly young men — laborers who came up from the Hawaiian plantations after the annexation of Hawaii and before the restrictive measures of 1908. Few brought wives with them. In 1910, the census reported 35,116 male and 6240 female Japanese in California. Of those numbers, 29,423 men

and 4140 women were between the ages of twenty and forty-five. Naturally, as the men established themselves in positions where they could support a wife and family, they desired to do so. Unable to find Japanese women in this country, they sent home for them in many cases, and these women became the much-discussed 'picture brides.' Some 5749 of these brides arrived at San Francisco between July, 1911, and March, 1920. Other Japanese returned and found wives of their choice in Japan; so that in 1920 the census reported 44,364 Japanese males and 25,832 females.

Of course, many of these young married people had children; and as the Japanese population was made up of an abnormal number of young men and women, the birth-rate, per thousand, was much higher than it would be in a population containing the average number of children and aged people. But in a few years, when most of the men have married, and when all the early settlers have advanced in years, the proportion of Japanese births will steadily decrease. The figures for 1920 and 1921 may be awaited with little anxiety.

In addition, most of the Japanese families are settled on the land, and the birth-rate is apt to be high among agriculturists; also, most of them occupy a relatively low economic status, which has the same effect. It would seem that, in dealing with reproduction, we are in the presence of a human rather than a national or a racial phenomenon. Social and economic factors are more important than questions of color.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> These forces are at work in Japan as well. In 1915 the estimated increase in population was about 800,000; in 1918, it was 600,000; and in 1919, it was reported at 303,794. The influenza was partly responsible for this decline, but other factors were the high cost of living, the increase in urban industrial population, and the tendency to postpone marriage. — THE AUTHOR.

The number of Japanese and the increase by immigration and by birth are subjects that can be discussed in terms of fairly accurate figures, which would give no reason for alarm, were it not for the fact that they apply to Japanese. And this leads to the consideration of a fundamental question of opinion, which colors the whole discussion.

The opponents of the Japanese and other Orientals base their objections on the sweeping charge that they are unassimilable. Assimilation, of course, may be of two kinds, physical and cultural. Few would allege to-day that the physical assimilation of a white and a yellow race is impossible. The difficulties in the way are social, rather than biological. The point need not be argued, however, because the Japanese have as highly developed a sense of race as have the white peoples, and only in the remote future can we think of these social barriers breaking down. And it is well to remember that we number among our most useful and prominent citizens the representatives of an Asiatic race which has kept its blood remarkably pure through centuries of persecution and exile.

When, however, it comes to cultural assimilation, we have the right to demand that the objectors prove their negative. And this, of course, they cannot do. It is thoughtless, to say the least, to denounce the Japanese as unassimilable, when there are so few facts on which to base an opinion. In the first place, the bulk of the Japanese in California were born in Japan. The children, in spite of their proficiency in the public schools, have been reared by parents of Japanese culture. A Japanese of the third generation is rarely found in this country. After we have a considerable number of young Japanese with American-born parents, then, and only then, shall we have some slight

basis for an opinion as to whether the Japanese can absorb American ways and ideals. As a matter of fact, we know that the Japanese school-children are eager for education, and are apt pupils. Few of them would endeavor to master the difficult language of their parents were it not for parental pressure. Many of them, where the parents are conversant with English, have made no attempt to study Japanese; and I believe it to be very doubtful if many of the third generation in this country will have any acquaintance with the language of their ancestors. Furthermore, the Japanese settlers are themselves eager to adapt themselves to American ways; and I have been informed that the only racial group which is making any effort to carry out an Americanization programme in California is the Japanese.

But while we are waiting for the evidence of the third generation, I would venture to hazard an opinion that, if the Japanese were given a fair opportunity, they would prove unusually assimilable. No people, in all history, has shown equal ability in the absorption of alien ideas. The rise of Japan from feudal impotence to wealth and power is mainly the story of the acquisition of Western culture. The Japanese governmental organization, the schools and universities, the courts and codes, the industrial development, the merchant marine, the army and navy, all testify to the open-mindedness, the adaptiveness, and the versatility of the Japanese. To say that such a people is unassimilable is merely to confess that you will not permit it to be assimilated.

Racial antipathy or prejudice has led to the widespread belief in the unassimilability of the Orientals. And this in turn has led to the discriminatory measures that have been taken against them, presumably for the purpose of

discouraging their residence among us. The late Carleton Parker, in one of his suggestive addresses on 'Motives in Economic Life,' mentioned, as one of them, the hunting instinct. 'Historic revivals of hunting urge make an interesting recital of religious inquisitions, witch-burnings, college hazings, persecution of suffragettes, of the I.W.W., of the Japanese, or of the pacifists. All this goes on often under naïve rationalization about justice and patriotism, but it is pure and innate lust to run something down and hurt it.'

Although this may seem to be a very strong indictment, it may help to explain the point of view of many of the active anti-Japanese agitators. Thus California has recently imposed an alien poll-tax, which, if it can be enforced, will be collected largely from Orientals, for the other aliens can become citizens and escape it. A measure is now pending in the legislature, similar to one which almost passed in 1919, for the segregation of Chinese, Japanese, and Mongolian children in special schools. A demand is made that Congress specifically debar the Japanese from naturalization; for at present their disability is due solely to judicial interpretation in lower courts, which may at some time be set aside by the Supreme Court of the United States. And, in addition, an amendment to the Federal Constitution is proposed, to deny citizenship to the native-born children of 'aliens ineligible to citizenship.' The alien poll-tax is mainly a punitive measure; for it will bring in little revenue to the state because of the heavy cost of collection. The segregation of Oriental school-children is most unwise, unless the people prefer to have unasimilated alien colonies in their midst; for the strongest factor in Americanization is, of course, the public school. And to debar native-born Orientals from citizenship means the perpetuation of

racial minorities after the fashion of the old Dual Empire. Now, these measures, and others of similar character, are aimed at aliens who have entered our country in accordance with our laws, and who are entitled to justice and a 'square deal.'

### III

This is why opinions differed, even in California, regarding the wisdom of the proposed alien land law. In 1913, an international controversy was created by the passage of such a law. The terms were not considered severe enough by persons opposed to the resident Japanese. Under it, agricultural land might be leased for three years, and land might be purchased by corporations in which Orientals were interested, or by the native-born children of alien parents. As the governor refused to call a special session of the Legislature to pass a measure designed to block up these loop-holes, a petition was circulated by the Oriental Exclusion League, to place an initiative act on the ballot in 1920. The report of the State Board of Control, which was used to support the movement, showed that Japanese owned 74,769 acres of farmland, and worked under lease or contract 383,287 acres more. The total acreage owned or worked by Orientals amounted to 623,753 acres.<sup>1</sup>

The first thing to note is the small amount of land owned by the Japanese. The land worked by them under lease or contract belongs, of course, to Americans: the Japanese can hardly be said to control it. The next fact of importance is that there are not enough Japanese laborers in California to work the land that they occupy. In other words,

<sup>1</sup> The total area of farm lands was 27,931,444 acres, of which 11,389,894 acres were improved. The Japanese owned or leased one in sixty of the total acreage, or one in twenty-five of the improved land. — THE AUTHOR.

the white laborers employed by Orientals are more numerous than the Orientals employed by white farmers. If immigration were unrestricted, so that thousands of Chinese, Japanese, and Hindus could enter the state, work for a time as laborers, then become small landowners or tenants, there would be a serious agrarian problem. But with immigration rigidly controlled, the Orientals can hardly play a large rôle in the agricultural life of the state. In certain branches of farming, in which they excel, or in which conditions of labor are distasteful to white farmers, the Japanese have done remarkably well. In 1919 their farm-products were valued at \$67,145,730, out of a total production of \$507,811,881. But the great crops of the state are hay, grain, and fruits, while the Japanese raised vegetables, berries, grapes, fruit and nuts.

In view of all the facts, the opinion of Professor Millis regarding the law of 1913 holds true to-day: 'The present prohibition of land-ownership is unjust, impolitic, and *with a restricted immigration*, unnecessary. The proposed prohibition of leasing would be still worse. It is more unjust, more impolitic, and more objectionable on social grounds, than prohibition of ownership, and on the plea of necessity has still slighter excuse.'

But if the economic objections to Oriental land-holding are greatly exaggerated, the fact remains that many of the white farmers of California seriously object to having these strangers, whom they sincerely believe to be unassimilable, enter their communities and take up land. The objection again is racial, rather than economic. A somewhat similar condition has prevailed in the farming districts of New England where, in recent years, immigrants from Southern Europe have taken up many of the abandoned farms. An illiterate Slavic

immigrant, in a Connecticut township, presents an immediate social problem almost parallel to that of a Japanese farmer in California. But the New Englanders try to meet the problem by Americanization, rather than by prohibitive legislation.

The initiative measure carried, as we have seen, by a vote of three to one. Many votes were cast in favor of it as an expression of protest to strengthen the demand for more rigid immigration restrictions, by those who did not know that immigration is now very effectively controlled. But the effect of the law, so far as any reduction in the quantity of land worked by Orientals is concerned, will probably be small. Much of the acreage which they now work is held under labor or crop contracts, and this form of tenure will probably be used in the future. In fact, it is often better for a Japanese tenant-farmer to work on shares than to assume the risks of a lease. So a great amount of agitation has been provoked, with small result. It was the late Theodore Roosevelt who said that, in dealing with the Japanese question, we should endeavor to secure the maximum of efficiency with a minimum of friction. Immigration restriction means efficiency; discriminations result only in friction.

#### IV

It is frequently said, when Eastern publicists express disapproval of certain manifestations of anti-Oriental feeling in California, that they are not familiar with local conditions and so are not qualified to hold opinions. But the facts in the case are easily accessible; only the prevalent opinions are hard to grasp when remote from the scene. If any Americans fail to recognize the importance of rigorous restrictions upon Oriental immigration, for the present and for an indefinite time in the future,

they certainly need enlightenment. But to understand the attitude of many Californians toward the resident Orientals, some knowledge of local conditions is necessary.

The methods used by the opponents of the Japanese to-day have come down, in great part, from the days of the more violent anti-Chinese agitation. One will have a better understanding of the present situation if he will read *Chinese Immigration*, the scholarly investigation of Mrs. Mary Roberts Coolidge, Professor of Sociology in Mills College. And no one who reads it could countenance a repetition of its events in these enlightened days. Politics early became enmeshed in the anti-Chinese agitation, so that no man could hope for political preferment who did not take a decided stand against the Orientals. This holds true to-day, and the recent agitation was brought to a head during the last political campaign. Between campaigns, certain special organizations keep alive the discussion. Formerly the Oriental (now Japanese) Exclusion League carried this burden; but more recently such powerful organizations as the American Legion and the Native Sons of the Golden West, largely under the influence of certain of their members who were associated with the Exclusion League, have gone on record in determined opposition to the Japanese.

In addition, the local press, with few exceptions, instead of trying to study the problem in all its aspects, has given its readers only one side of the question, rarely giving space to any moderate views. Thus the opponents of the recent land-legislation had to buy advertising space in order to present their views to the voters. Through San Francisco there flows a stream of travelers from the Orient. No report which they may bring, derogatory to Japan, seems too absurd to find space in the metropolitan

journals. Thus we were told that Japan was about to spend \$50,000,000 for propaganda in this country, largely through the purchase of country newspapers in California. Another traveler solemnly alleged that the Japanese were responsible for the present lamentable famine in China; and so it goes. Now the people, fed upon such information, cannot help but absorb it. If you hear a statement often enough, it begins to sound plausible. So a city superintendent of schools assured me that in ninety years California would be occupied by more Japanese than white people; one of my colleagues believed that Japanese immigration was absolutely unrestricted, and that California was being flooded with laborers; and a usually well-informed editor could print without comment a statement that the 'survival' of Japanese births over deaths in California was twenty-six times as great as that of the whites!

The attitude of the average Californian toward the Japanese is not, therefore, due primarily to personal knowledge of the situation; for only relatively few of our people have any intimate contact with the seventy or eighty thousand Japanese in the state. It is due to the fact that, for certain local, traditional, and political reasons, the people of California are periodically presented with a mass of partisan, often misleading, and frequently absolutely false statements about the Japanese. I am ready to confess that, if my opinions on the subject were formed from the newspapers, I should feel it my duty to take some part in arousing our people as a whole against the Japanese 'menace.' And that is why so many Californians are absolutely sincere in their beliefs. But, happily, I am in a position where I can gather my own information, check up the alarming statements as they come out, and form my own opinions. Just as time has proved

the falsity of many, if not most, of the charges against the Chinese of a generation or two ago, so I firmly believe that the historian of the next generation will read with amazement the statements which have been implicitly accepted concerning the Japanese of to-day.

## V

Can no solution be found for this distressing situation? Is California — and the Pacific Coast eventually — to be thrown into a turmoil at every session of the state legislatures and in every political campaign? And are the people of Eastern Asia to become more and more convinced of the discrepancy between American ideals and American practice? If no drastic action is taken in the immediate future, I am hopeful of the outcome. The present Japanese question in California is the result of the unrestricted immigration of these Orientals before the summer of 1908. The conditions that to-day afford any occasion for alarm will soon be removed. The number of Japanese will become relatively smaller and smaller. Two per cent of California's population in 1920, they will be even less in 1930 and in the following decades, until a Japanese laborer will be as rare a sight in California as a Chinese laborer is to-day. The birth-rate, which rose so rapidly between 1912 and 1917, will rapidly subside. The immigration of women will also decline, as the single men secure wives. The land-holdings, which increased rapidly as the original immigrants changed their status from laborers on the ranches, the railroads and mines, to farm-owners and tenants, will gradually stabilize. Each year will see less basis in fact for an anti-Japanese agitation. But — the fact might just as well be faced — so long as any Orientals are domiciled within our borders, we may

expect a certain type of agitator to hurl denunciations upon them.

Turning to the national aspects of the case, we found that the fundamental question was that of immigration. It is the duty of the nation to the people of the west coast to see that the immigration of Oriental laborers is rigidly controlled. At present, Japanese immigration is regulated by the 'gentlemen's agreement.' This was the contribution of President Roosevelt and Secretary Root to the effective solution of the problem. Under the terms of this agreement, Japan promised to give no passports to laborers, and we in turn announced that no Japanese could enter our ports from Japan or Hawaii without a proper passport. No one can charge that Japan has failed to keep the letter and the spirit of this agreement with absolute integrity. In fact, the Japanese Foreign Office has at times leaned backward in its endeavor to keep the faith. I believe that persons well informed in immigration matters will testify that more Chinese enter this country fraudulently under the exclusion law, which we enforce ourselves, than do Japanese under the 'gentlemen's agreement.' In order to avoid complications, Japan has applied a similar system to Mexico; and last year, when criticism of the 'picture brides' was acute, she voluntarily agreed to give no passports to women who had been married, *in absentia*, to Japanese in this country.

The 'gentlemen's agreement' should, in my opinion, be maintained, until a general law, applying to all immigrants of every race, can be passed. It is an honorable way of meeting the problem of selective immigration, for it is based upon the coöperation of Japan. If there are minor defects in the understanding, — in the matter of adopted children, let us say, — these could easily be remedied, for I believe the Japanese govern-

ment is sincere in its desire to remove every cause for friction. And it is certainly the duty of the Federal government to police adequately the Mexican border, so that Japanese without proper passports cannot enter the country. To blame Japan because a few of her nationals smuggle themselves in from Mexico is, to say the least, unfair.

As soon as it is well understood that there is practically no immigration of Orientals, save of the exempt classes, — the officials, tourists, merchants, students, and families of residents, — then there should not be the slightest toleration of measures designed to discriminate against the Orientals who are lawfully resident among us. They should enjoy every privilege conferred upon aliens of other races. Furthermore, they should be entitled to naturalization, if they can meet the general requirements of the law. President Roosevelt recommended this in a special message to Congress in 1906, and his reasoning is good to-day. And the proposal that the native-born children of 'aliens ineligible to citizenship' be denied citizenship, should receive the condemnation it deserves.

In addition, we must visualize the greater Asiatic problem, and prepare to meet it wisely. Across the Pacific are some nine hundred millions of people. Their descendants, in ever-increasing numbers, will be our neighbors for all time. The past half-century has seen an amazing development in our commercial relations with these peoples, and our prosperity will be more and more closely linked with theirs.

Improvements in transportation and communication have almost wiped out the old barriers of time and space, that formerly kept peoples apart. What improvements the future holds, no man dare say. Kipling uttered a truism when he said, 'transportation is civilization.' The whole course of human history has moved toward the breaking-down of barriers, at first between clans and tribes, then between nations, and finally between the great racial groups. To believe for a moment that, in the ages to come, the present races will remain apart in separate regions, is to believe that human progress has reached its high-water mark to-day, and will steadily recede.

We can, in some measure, prepare for these new conditions by studying them carefully as they develop. And at the present moment we seriously need a thorough, scholarly, unbiased study of the present effects of the contact of East and West along their frontiers. The material is available in Hawaii; but of more immediate value would be a study of conditions in California. This might well be considered a proper function of one of the great educational and scientific foundations in this country which possess the means to secure the ablest available experts for such a study. But the work must be done by trained men, devoid of fixed opinions. The results of such a study would be of the greatest value to our people, in formulating sound opinions on these controversial subjects, and to our statesmen, in developing the national policy.



# THE NATIONALIST SPIRIT OF INDIA

BY L. F. RUSHBROOK-WILLIAMS

## I

WHAT is the spirit of India to-day? Is it that of nationhood? In view of the present condition of political thought, alike in the East and in the West, the importance of this question can hardly be overestimated. If it be true that the spirit of India is truly national, that she is already a nation grown, it will plainly be impossible to justify her present political position. For about a century and a half, the British have been the paramount power in India; for, roughly, one hundred years, they have ruled nearly two thirds of the sub-continent. What, it has of late been asked more and more pointedly, can be the justification of this rule of one people by another? Even assuming that the domination of brown by white was inevitable at a cruder period of history, is there any excuse for believing that its continuance is anything but unjust and wrongful?

The answer depends primarily upon the reply to the question that we have placed at the head of this article. If India is a nation already, or is even in a late stage of national self-realization, it is plain that the protracted continuance of her present position within the British Commonwealth is impossible. On the other hand, if the workings of the spirit of nationality throughout the great country are still feeble in their operation and imperfect in their results, there would seem no reason to hope that the present conditions of tutelage will find a speedy termination, no matter what changes in the direction of democracy

are introduced into the administrative structure.

Does India possess the essential characteristics of nationhood? It will assist us in our investigation if we try to clarify our ideas upon nationality. What do we understand by a nation? If we enumerate the obvious characteristics that are supposed to contribute to the complex of ideas called by that name, we shall find it to consist roughly in the occupation of a specific geographical area; in homogeneity of race; in unity of language; in community of religion; in identity of economic interests. These are what may be called the superficial elements of nationality, although it is plain that there are peoples, to whom none would deny the epithet of nation, who do not satisfy all these conditions in equal measure. For example, neither the first nor the fifth are characteristic of that great nation we call the Jews. None the less, it is undeniable that ordinarily all five of these characteristics must be present in greater or less degree if nationhood is to be full and complete.

But can we not go one step further? Are these five conditions really the essence of nationality? Is there not something, less tangible perhaps, but not less real, which, deep underlying these superficial conditions, vivifies and transfigures them into the national conception? Professor Ramsay Muir, in a brilliant essay, lays stress upon the elements of common tradition and common culture as nation-building factors. He says: —

It is probable that the most important of all nation-moulding factors, the one indispensable factor which must be present whatever else be lacking, is the possession of a common tradition, a memory of sufferings endured, and victories won in common, expressed in song and legends; in the dear names of great personalities that seem to embody in themselves the character and ideals of the nation; in the names also of sacred places wherein the national memory is enshrined.<sup>1</sup>

We have then to allow for something more fundamental than the five superficial conditions we have enumerated, if we desire to understand what lies at the root of nationality. Nor is it sufficient merely to look at the past and at the present; we must look also to the future. With Professor Hearnshaw,<sup>2</sup> we may perhaps sum up in a single generalization the underlying ideas of nationality by defining it as that principle, compounded of past traditions, present interests, and future aspirations, which gives to a people a sense of organic unity and separates them from the rest of mankind.

When we seek to apply these requisites of nationality to the conditions obtaining in modern India, we are at once struck by a curious contrast. On the one hand, it is perfectly obvious that, not merely in broad community of culture, but also in harmony of outlook and in geographical conditions, India possesses the main characteristics of nationhood. Naturally, in view of these facts, there exists a strong sentiment which proclaims with the utmost vehemence that India is already a nation. On the other hand, we are confronted by the spectacle, apparently inconsistent with true nationhood, of diverse races, multifarious languages, and antithetical interests. Thirty years ago, a very distinguished Viceroy, Lord Dufferin, drew the following picture of India:—

<sup>1</sup> *Nationalism and Internationalism.*

<sup>2</sup> *Main Currents of European History.*

The population of India is composed of a large number of distinct nationalities, professing various religions, practising diverse rites, speaking different languages, while many of them are still further separated from one another by discordant prejudices, by conflicting sources of usages, and even antagonistic material interests. But perhaps the most patent characteristic of our Indian cosmos is its division into two mighty political communities, as distant from each other as the poles, asunder in their religious faith, their historical antecedents, their social organization, and their natural aptitudes: on the one hand the Hindus, numbering 190 [now probably 250] millions, with their polytheistic beliefs, their temples adorned with images and idols, their veneration for the sacred cow; their elaborate caste distinctions, their habit of submission to successive conquerors. . . . On the other hand, the Mohammedans, a nation of 50 [now probably 70] millions, with their monotheism, their iconoclastic fanaticism, their animal sacrifices, their social equality, and their remembrance of the days when, enthroned at Delhi, they reigned supreme from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin. To these must be added a host of minor nationalities, — most of them numbering millions, — almost as widely differentiated from one another by ethnological or political distinctions as are the Hindus from the Mohammedans: such as the Sikhs, with their warlike habits and traditions and their enthusiastic religious beliefs; the Rohillas, the Pathans, the Assamese, the Baluchis, and other wild and martial tribes on our frontiers; the hill-men dwelling in the folds of the Himalayas; our subjects in Burma, Mongol in race and Buddhist in religion; the Khonds, Mhairs, and Bheels, and other non-Aryan peoples in the centre and south of India; and the enterprising Parsees, with their rapidly developing manufactures and commercial interests.

Again, amongst these numerous communities may be found at one and the same moment all the various stages of civilization through which mankind has passed from the prehistoric ages to the present day. At one end of the scale we have the naked, savage hill-man, with his stone weapons, his head-hunting, his (polyandrous) habits, and his childish superstitions; and at the other the



Europeanized native gentleman, with his English costume, his advanced democratic ideas, his Western philosophy, and his literary culture; while between the two lie, layer upon layer, or in close juxtaposition, wandering communities with their flocks of goats and moving tents; collections of undisciplined warriors, with their blood-feuds, their clan organization, and loose tribal government; feudal chiefs and barons, with their retainers, their seignorial jurisdiction, and their mediæval notions; and modernized country gentlemen, and enterprising merchants and manufacturers, with their well-managed estates and prosperous enterprises.

The accuracy of this picture was not questioned at the time, and to the superficial observer of the present day, it seems still true in outline, although the colors have toned down. And yet more careful analysis shows that, since it was painted, a change of no mean order has come over India. In the year 1916, a very shrewd English critic, Mr. William Archer, whose robust conviction of the superiority of Western civilization was not calculated to produce in him a bias in favor of things Oriental, found it possible to write as follows:—

India is one of the most clearly marked geographical units in the world. Nature could scarcely have individualized her better if, instead of a half-island, she had made her a whole island. There is, indeed, much diversity of race and language within her bounds; but that has not hindered a very marked unity of cult and custom. All Indians have been Indians, and, as such, definitely related to each other and distinguished from the rest of the world, for a much longer time than Englishmen have been English, Frenchmen French, or Germans German. The numerous attempts to translate into terms of political organization the geographical unity of the country have hitherto failed disastrously, for the simple reason that the country was too huge. In the days when there were very few roads and no railways, it was impossible for a central power to hold its lieutenants in control; and an empire

was no sooner formed than it began to disintegrate. But roads, railways, and telegraphs have changed all that. The British rule, bringing these things with it, reduced India to a manageable size. It has made unity a political as well as geographical and spiritual fact, and it has thereby begotten a sentiment of unity which it is folly to ridicule as factitious or denounce as seditious.<sup>1</sup>

It is plain that, between the time when Lord Dufferin wrote and the time when Mr. Archer wrote, a profound change must have taken place in India. That this change is not necessarily of the obvious variety is proved by the fact, already mentioned, that Lord Dufferin's description can still be taken as superficially true by those who have neither the ability nor the inclination to look below the surface. But, in brief, what has happened is this: there has grown up throughout India an educated middle class, largely the creation of British rule and Western education, which has imbibed the sentiments of nationality from the West, and has proceeded to apply them to the conditions of India in a manner that modern communication facilities have for the first time rendered possible.

It is no truism to say that the Indian sentiment of nationality is a direct result of the British connection. The improvement of means of communication; the emergence of English as a *Lingua Franca*, for the exchange of political ideas; the realization of Indian solidarity as against the European foreigner, have conjointly assisted the educated classes, whether in Calcutta, Bombay, or Madras, to achieve among themselves the sentiment of national unity. It is this feeling of nationality among those classes, at first a mere pious aspiration, but latterly a real and living gospel, which is behind all the changes that have come over India during the last generation.

<sup>1</sup> *India and the Future*.

## II

But, although the prerequisites of nationality are now fully present in India, it is useless to shirk the difficulties that still attend the percolation of the nationalist ideal from the classes to the masses. British India alone has two and a half times the population of the United States. It may be pointed out that the United Provinces and Bengal hold, each, as many people as the British Isles; that Bihar and Orissa may be compared in population with France, Bombay with Austria, and the Punjab with Spain and Portugal combined. But quite apart from the immense difficulty of securing, throughout a population of this size, any speedy appreciation of the ideal put forward by the Intelligentsia, it should be remembered that the sentiment of nationality is still urban, although the vast majority of the population of British India is non-urban. Out of the 240,000,000 Indians under direct British rule, nearly 230,000,000 live a rural life. The proportion of those who ever give a thought to matters outside the horizon of their villages is very small. Agriculture is the greatest occupation of the country — an occupation from which seventy-one people out of every hundred gain their livelihood. The things that concern seven Indians out of every ten are the rain-fall, or the irrigation-supply from wells or canals; the price of grain and cloth; the payment of rent to the landlord, or revenue to the state; the repayment of advances to the village banker; the education of their sons; the marriages of their daughters; their health, and that of their cattle. They are not concerned with the institutions of local self-government; they hardly know of the existence of executive authority above their district officer; they have hardly heard of legislative councils. It is even stated that in one province 93 per cent of the people live and

die in the place where they were born.

Now let us contrast with these masses of the population the educated classes, constituting the Intelligentsia of India. These, in India as elsewhere, are mainly town-dwellers. Western education has made headway among them; municipal institutions have been at work. Intellectually, they are the children of British rule; they have imbibed ideas that Western education has set before them. In consequence of this, they have, throughout a generation, advocated and demanded political progress.

To a very large extent, the educated classes follow one of two or three pursuits, such as the law, journalism, or school-teaching; and it has sometimes been said of them, by way of reproach, that these callings make them inclined to overestimate the importance of words and phrases. To some extent, there is truth in this indictment. But it must be remembered that the educated classes are a product of the form of education that has obtained for so long in British India. The educational policy of government has in the past aimed at satisfying the few who sought English education, without sufficient thought to the consequences that might ensue from not taking care to extend instruction to the many. In its inception, this mistake was due almost entirely to an unfortunate combination of limited resources and popular apathy. There being only a fixed amount of money for education after the *sine qua non* of defense abroad and order at home had been satisfied, it was natural to expend this money upon those who desired education rather than upon those who did not. The result has been to create a limited Intelligentsia, claiming an immediate political advance generations ahead of what the bulk of the population understands or requires.

It is, of course, impossible to stay the progress of the classes until education has been extended to the masses, if only

because the ferment of political ideas is already beginning to spread from the one to the other. In these days of national rights and self-determination, it is no longer practical politics, even if it were the wish of the British democracy, to delay in granting to India the utmost measure of self-government that can be given without involving the country in administrative chaos.

### III

It must not be supposed that, during the century throughout which the British have been supreme in India, there has been no advance whatever in the direction of popularizing the government. It would be out of place to recount in detail the various reforms of administrative machinery that have from time to time steadily extended the share of Indians in the rule of their own country, and have increased the influence exerted by the educated classes upon that country's destiny. It may, however, be doubted whether the intellectual unrest now so prominent a characteristic of India would have attained its present pitch, had it not been for the long-sustained uncertainty of the British themselves as to the goal of their rule there.

We should not forget that, throughout the period of her connection with Great Britain, India's destinies have been predominantly directed by a very able middle-class bureaucracy. This bureaucracy has been sent out from England to administer India justly, uprightly, and efficiently. Its members did their job. But it never occurred to them to ask what was the end and purpose of this work. Nor, it must be admitted, did the people at home take any longer view. Not until educated India, by sheer self-assertion, succeeded in forcing the issue upon the English people, was there any official clear-cut declaration as to what the purpose of

British rule in India was to be. As late as 1909, so stout a democrat as John Morley emphatically repudiated the idea that the reforms for which he was responsible, the effect of which was to associate the educated classes with government in the decision of public questions, were in any sense a step toward the parliamentary system. Yet between 1909 and 1917 the question was faced and decided. On August 20, 1917, Mr. Secretary Montagu made the following announcement:—

The policy of His Majesty's Government, with which the Government of India are in full accord, is that of the increasing association of Indians in every branch of administration and the gradual development of self-governing institutions, with a view to the progressive realization of responsible government in India as an integral part of the British Empire. They have decided that substantial steps in this direction should be taken as soon as possible.

It was in pursuit of the policy outlined in this epoch-making announcement that the project of constitutional reform which goes by the name of the 'Montagu-Chelmsford scheme' was prepared, examined, liberalized, and submitted to Parliament, and was finally to be brought into operation as from the first of January, 1921. Briefly, this reform scheme concedes provincial autonomy to the Indian provinces; hands over to Indian control those nation-building departments—Education, Industries, Sanitation, and the like—upon which the future of India depends; gives to Indians, provided only that they use it rightly, the power to carry on, almost unfettered, the everyday government of their own country, merely retaining in the hands of the present administration such reserve authority as will enable it to interfere with effect should the peace, order, and security of India be seriously threatened, whether by malice or by incompetence.

The magnitude of the change that has come over the attitude of the British people between 1908 and 1917 is comparable only to that change of spirit in India itself which we noticed at an earlier stage of this article. It seems, to those who have spent some years in India, but a little time since nationalist aspirations were looked upon as 'sedition.' At the present moment they are regarded as the rightful and proper thing. It is true that, in the intervening period, Western civilization itself has passed through a profound change; and yet this alone could hardly have been expected to induce an intellectual revolution so peaceful and so far-reaching in a country largely cut off from direct relations with Western thought.

#### IV

Probably chief among the factors that have wrought this miracle — for miracle it is — in the quickening alike of Indian aspirations and of the British determination to satisfy them to the largest possible degree, must be reckoned the world-war.

The war has affected India in many ways, economic and social. But for its real and lasting effects upon her destiny, we must look deeper than the superficial manifestations of industrial prosperity and increasing enlightenment. In the first place, the war has given to India a new sense of self-esteem. In the words of Lord Sinha, himself an Indian, and the first Indian governor of an Indian province, 'India has a feeling of profound pride that she has not fallen behind other portions of the British Empire, but has stood shoulder to shoulder with them in the hour of their sorest trial.'

It was probably in consequence of the growth of the imperialistic spirit in the British Commonwealth, during the period between 1890 and 1904, that educated Indians had been demanding, for

some time prior to the war, that their country should be placed upon a footing within that Commonwealth equal to that of the self-governing dominions of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa. The war gave an opportunity for the satisfaction of this feeling. From the very beginning of the struggle Indian troops went forth gladly to fight for justice and right, side by side with the British army. This has appealed intensely to India's imagination. She feels that thereby her status has been raised, and that this change must be recognized by Great Britain and the world at large. It is not perhaps always appreciated how real was the advance when, in 1917, a ruling prince of India, a lieutenant-governor of an Indian province, and an Indian ex-member of Council, attended the Imperial War Conference, and shared in the innermost deliberations of the British Commonwealth.

But there is another consequence, in addition to this partial satisfaction of legitimate aspiration, which has accrued to India from the war. As the years of deadly conflict rolled on, the war came to be regarded in India, as elsewhere, as a struggle between liberty and despotism. The speeches of English and American statesmen, proclaiming the necessity of destroying German militarism and of conceding the right of self-determination to the peoples of the world, have had much effect upon political opinion in India, and have contributed new vitality to the demand for self-government that was making itself ever more widely heard among the progressive section of the people.

The influence of the war upon the spirit of India has thus been to strengthen the demand for the satisfaction of national aspirations that was already growing up in the hearts of the educated middle classes. Now that the strain of the war is over, this demand has been voiced with increasing stridency.

Largely as a consequence of the lack of practical experience and administrative work that distinguishes the Indian politician, — a lack of experience for which the bureaucratic system of government has been largely responsible, — there has been a general failure to realize the magnitude of the changes involved in transforming a government by bureaucracy into one responsible to the people. In India, to an even greater extent than elsewhere, people were inclined to believe that, with the cessation of hostilities, the millennium would arrive as by the snap of an electric switch. While the struggle was at its height, criticism of the administration was silent, and nothing that could possibly add to the difficulties of the Allies was permitted to make its appearance. But when the war was won, and when it became apparent that long-cherished hopes, Utopian and unpractical as they often were, were not immediately to be realized, a deep-seated feeling of impatience swept over the educated classes in India. There was a genuine, if baseless, fear lest the British government, which in the heat of the struggle had manifested an attitude so friendly toward Indian aspirations, should, now that the victory was won, find itself in a position conveniently to ignore them.

That there is no justification for this attitude is apparent from the speed with which the liberalized scheme of reforms is being put into operation. But it is unreasonable to expect that this should be appreciated at the moment. Economic difficulties, due to a rise in prices; administrative delays, due to the magnitude of the change that was being put through, have contributed to infuse the Indian political atmosphere with a surcharge of electricity. It is surely no matter for wonder that, in a war-weary and restless world, there should have been disturbances and outbreaks in India. The wonder is that,

considering the magnitude of India and the diverse character of her populations, she has not been, since the declaration of peace, one of the most disturbed instead of one of the most peaceful countries in the universe. But the joint effect of these disturbances and the feeling of impatience already mentioned has been to raise, in the India of to-day, a barrier of bitterness between educated Indians and Englishmen, which presents for the moment a somewhat formidable obstacle to the success of the new reforms.

Nor is this the only lion that the student of human institutions perceives in the path of India in her advance toward nationhood. We must remind ourselves of the contrast between the educated Intelligentsia, with its desire for constitutional progress, and the masses, with their poverty, their limited interests, and their lack of political aspirations. The poignancy of this contrast has struck many people besides the British administrator. It has been responsible for a despairing feeling, among a limited section of the Indian Intelligentsia, that progress along the path of constitutional endeavor is well-nigh hopeless, in that it must necessarily be so slow and so tedious. To this feeling of despondency, combined with the great though unobtrusive wave of Eastern reaction against Western culture that followed the success of Japan in the Russo-Japanese War, must be ascribed the growth of a small but none the less formidable party, which has displayed definite hostility to constitutional progress on Western lines, and indeed to the whole connection of India with the British Commonwealth. So long as this party was sufficiently foolish to base its hopes upon anarchical crime and outrage, its efforts could achieve but little. But the effect of the new constitutional reforms, placing, as they do, in Indian hands so large a control over vital administrative departments, will

be to increase enormously the sphere in which this spirit of extremism may operate for India's harm. It will certainly be in the power of educated Indians, should they fall victims to the feeling animating this small party of anti-Western reactionaries, to ensure, not merely the failure of the reforms, but the ruin of that system of peace, order, and good government from which has sprung the entire nationalist sentiment of India.

This prospect is rendered the more dangerous by the fact that the *ethos*, or innermost genius, of the Indian people does not seem primarily to be such as to facilitate the working of the institutions of self-government with the same smoothness that obtains among the Anglo-Saxon races. It has often struck shrewd observers that the leading feature of India — not merely uneducated, but also educated India — is what may be called, in the true sense of the term, *social backwardness*. There is a distinct lack of that subordination of the interests of the individual and of the small group to the higher interests of society as a whole which has been noted as the prerequisite of any lengthy advance along the path of democratic progress. 'The social heredity' — as Benjamin Kidd would call it — of India is perhaps less civic than ethical. Service of the State finds little place in that community of transmitted ideas and hereditary custom which constitutes the principal claim of India to the dignity of nationhood. Throughout educated and uneducated India alike we seem to notice that all-pervading mastery of religion and of the ecclesiastic, that confusion of the things of God and the things of Cæsar, which was characteristic of Europe in the Middle Ages.

Further, it cannot be denied that the ideas now dominant in the remarkable system of philosophy and religion that goes by the name of Hinduism are not such as to favor the active and civic

virtues so much as the ascetic and contemplative. Western observers have often noticed what may be termed 'the weak hold of life' of the Indian people. Hindu popular philosophy and Hindu esoteric religion are alike agreed that worldly existence is of itself but a very mixed blessing. The exaltation in popular estimation of the ascetic life is shown by nothing so plainly as by the willing support by the poverty-stricken masses of India of some six million devotees, mostly able-bodied, who live a life of civic uselessness and, in some cases, of only nominal asceticism.

India is, in fact, the one country in the world where the complete predominance of religious over temporal considerations, when the two come in conflict, is still assured. The religious teacher, whether he be Hindu or Mohammedan, is not merely a guide to heaven, but an autocrat on earth. Religion in India, whatsoever its immediate shape, is less a code of rules of conduct than a directing influence upon the whole intellectual processes of the individual. 'It is the nature of social heredity,' as Benjamin Kidd says, 'which creates a ruling people.' And it is impossible sometimes not to feel a passing wave of uneasiness when we consider the weight which, within the next few years, will be placed upon India's still imperfectly developed sense of civic responsibility. The difficulty does not lie simply in the fact that the uneducated classes have a horizon limited so strictly to the interests of their village and of their caste: it goes much deeper. Many of the educated classes, some even of the leaders of that Western-trained Intelligentsia upon whose ability to sustain the burden of responsibility the future of India more than ever depends, seem to display in marked degree a reluctance to subordinate their individual and group interests to the higher interests of nationhood and of civilization. We can



only hope that the growth of civic virtues will follow upon the exercise of civic responsibilities.

Obviously there is much in India to change. Only Indians themselves can change it. Capacity and self-reliance have to emerge, in place of helplessness; nationality in the place of caste or communal feeling. The great hope of success in the development of Indian nationhood lies in the intense desire of the educated classes to prove that their long period of tutelage is over; that they are capable of taking their place in the world's estimation as a self-governing part of the British Commonwealth.

It may perhaps be instructive to consider, as a last thought, the spirit in which the British people are approaching the problem of Indian advance to nationhood. In the Montagu-Chelmsford Report, the following paragraph is characteristic: —

We do not suppose that any words of ours are needed to express our sense of the grav-

ity of the task which we have attempted. The welfare and happiness of millions of people are in issue. We have been called upon to revise a system of government which has been constructed by builders who, like ourselves, had no models before them, during a century and a half of steadfast purpose and honorable aim; a system which has won the admiration of critical observers from many lands, and to which other nations that found themselves called upon to undertake a similar task of restoring order and good government in disturbed countries, have always turned for inspiration and guidance.

England may be proud of her record in India. She should have even greater reason for pride in it in future. Because the work already done has called forth in India a new life, we must found her Government on the coöperation of her people, and make such changes in the existing order as will meet the needs of the more spacious days to come; not ignoring the difficulties or underestimating the risks, but going forward with good courage, in the faith that, because our purpose is right, it will be furthered by all that is best in the people of all races in India.

## MOSCOW NOWADAYS

BY HAROLD V. V. FAY

### I

EVERYONE who enters Russia — correspondents, delegates, H. G. Wells, and all — must go to Moscow. Such is the verdict of the world. The first question asked invariably is, 'Did you go to Moscow?' the second, 'Did you interview Lenin?' Though the rôle of *persona non grata* in which I found myself did not permit of seeking interviews

with the great, this account would hardly be complete without some description of the Russian capital.

Our entrance into Moscow was enlivened by one of the most interesting phenomena of Soviet rule. The government forbids private persons to bring produce into the city to sell, and keeps watch on the main roads and at

the stations, in order to prevent the practice from becoming too flagrant. The train ran very slowly through the outskirts. Its progress was marked by a continual round of excitement, as passenger after passenger, hurling his food-supplies on the ground or into the arms of waiting friends, jumped from the moving train. There was squealing of young pigs sewed up in burlap bags, hurling of sacks of grain, scattering of vegetables, and occasionally a *mêlée* of arms, legs, baskets, produce, and dust-spirals, as some unfortunate lost his or her balance after an ill-judged or premature leap. At road-crossings were several small carts, waiting to help carry off the smuggled supplies. The government must know that this practice goes on, but does not see fit to stop it.

Throughout Siberia malcontents had described Moscow as decaying and its inhabitants as living scarecrows. Their descriptions were not borne out by the facts, except as regarded the physical condition of the people themselves. The city was much cleaner than one usually supposes; the mass of the people were better dressed than in Siberia, and about the same as I remembered them from 1916; but faces on all sides were pale and drawn, from lack of nourishment — even more so than in Irkutsk.

As regards cleanliness, Moscow was not dirty with the impressions that this word, as applied to a semi-Asiatic city, calls up in the popular imagination — it was simply uncared for. There were no accumulations of refuse, deleterious to the public health, as refugees would have one believe. Where a wooden building has been torn down for fuel, or a masonry one rendered uninhabitable by bombardment, there might be some *débris*, which no one had taken the trouble to cart off, because it was in nobody's way. The cost of construc-

tion or repairing in Europe generally is so great, that the damaged buildings stand like gaunt reminders of six years of war.

But if the streets in Moscow were not knee-deep in filth, as I have actually seen stated in print, there was a certain mellowing *patina* over everything. The grass, pushing itself up bashfully between the cobblestones of some of the less used streets, reminded one pleasantly of Philadelphia. The windows had apparently not been scrubbed since the eventful days of October, 1917. The panes, however, were still translucent, and, if necessary, one could see through them. But everyone was too busy just plain living, to spend time gazing out of windows, to say nothing of washing them.

The same condition of affairs is noticeable everywhere. White stuccoed buildings are toning down like *meerschau* pipes; where plaster gets chipped off, it is not replaced; and windows, if broken, are boarded up or patched with newspaper. Only such necessities as the electric and water services are kept in as good repair as facilities permit. With a moderate supply of stucco and window-glass, but a very considerable quantity of paint, Moscow *externally* could soon be restored to a condition comparable with that of pre-war times.

According to hearsay, the problem of the interior of buildings is complicated by the following state of affairs. With the injection of the People's Army and the proletariat into the dwellings of the former bourgeoisie, the teeming life of the trenches and slums has also been introduced. It is said that when a building becomes uninhabitable, through the presence of vermin, the *tovarishi*, or comrades, requisition another, turning the former inhabitants out into the street to shift for themselves. In justice be it said, that interiors coming un-

der my personal observation were reasonably clean, and the rooming-houses to which we were usually assigned were better ordered in every way than like establishments under Koltchak. They had also risen considerably in the social scale. Likewise, the continued requisitioning of new quarters by the authorities probably did not arise out of the necessity of changing habitats, but was to provide better accommodations for the ever-increasing government staffs.

Whether or not the requisitioning of buildings for government purposes was detrimental to their cleanliness, certainly the presence of large numbers of soldiers or former workmen was not conducive to the general well-being of the furniture and other fixings. Among others, the house occupied by foreign correspondents had been spared the quartering of soldiers. The property of a rich German merchant, it had suffered severely during the anti-German pogroms, to which the mobs were incited shortly before the revolution. Whenever the old government felt its position precarious, it would instigate pogroms against whoever happened to be handy, in order to distract the attention of the populace from itself. One dear old Frenchman, who came out on the refugee train with us, almost lost his life in a pogrom because the infuriated mob mistook him for a German. Soldiers entered the residences of departed Germans, slashed up the furniture, threw pianos out of windows, and generally behaved as a Russian mob should.

Our residence had suffered sufficiently to render it undesirable for occupancy, but not enough to prevent the Foreign Office from taking it over later and, at slight expense, putting it in first-class order. One slept on box-spring beds between clean linen — the first I had seen since striking out into

the grassy expanses of Mongolia from Kalgan, the railhead above Peking. There was electricity, with drop-lights at the head of the bed and on the desk, but so connected that only one globe could be turned on at once, since there is a law against using two lights in one room, unless it is greater than a specified size. There were two fine big bathrooms, with showers and running water out of both hot and cold faucets. Both ran cold, however, except on Wednesday, the communal bath-day.

There was also a small garden, with wandering footpaths through the trees, interspersed with statuettes and overlooked by a terrace opening off the dining-room. The first evening I spent on the terrace, inhaling the freshness of the garden as dusk deepened, and conversing with an intelligent Russian girl of the old bourgeoisie, arrayed in an evening dress of black silk. I felt as if I had been picked up and transported clear of Russia. Only my own gnawing appetite and the wan face of the girl, scarcely noticeable in the twilight, recalled me to reality. Small wonder that some foreign correspondents, not having participated in the real life of the people, came out of Russia with glowing tales.

The young lady was mildly amused at the Americans; for, although she found the board at our residence very passable (far better than the average), they were not satisfied and would bring all manner of canned goods to table with them. The custom of purchasing eggs, potatoes, and so forth, in the market, and preparing the same personally in the spacious tiled kitchen, was also in vogue among Americans.

Three times a day we met — Russians employed in higher Foreign Office positions, Koreans, Americans, an Italian, and a Czech, in the spacious wainscoted dining-room, to eat black rye-bread, and drink tea from a huge silver

samovar. A small allowance of sugar was doled out in each saucer; or, failing that, two hard candies, so that one might drink and suck meanwhile. Usually there was butter for breakfast, and sometimes cheese; always meat in some form (usually hashed with potatoes) for dinner, and porridge for supper. Of black bread and salt there was an unlimited supply. The Russians and Koreans would buy cucumbers, which were cheap, to eat with their salt. The rest of us, bursting into the hall after the ringing of the gong, presented the appearance of moving day, each with his butter, sugar, cans of honey, marmalade, instant coffee, cucumbers, and perhaps a cornucopia of cherries or gooseberries.

The Russians, over their inadequately sweetened tea, their black bread, and cucumbers, smiled as they thought of the crowds outside, who drew a half-pound of bread every other day, and a monthly allowance, consisting of a quarter of a pound of salt, no sugar, a little tea, perhaps a pound of meat, and a box of matches.

Later, another American took me to a restaurant in the best residential part of town. It was in the house of a rich Russian merchant of former days. The lady of the house ran the enterprise, using her own dining-room, with the table drawn out to full length, and her own china and silver. There were two card-tables, seating four each, by the windows. The lady and her daughter did the preparatory cooking and the waiting on table, though one of their former maids, who had stuck by them, helped out in the kitchen and answered the numerous rings at the front door. For four thousand rubles (\$1.50) one obtained an excellent three-course dinner, daintily served, which culminated in ice-cream, chocolate éclairs, and real coffee in a big cup, with cream and sugar. I was informed that the family

had connections, otherwise they could not obtain even the necessary supplies for such a menu. Sugar, butter, and eggs may be bought at a price; but real coffee and chocolate are well-nigh unattainable.

The mother and daughter — both of them distinguished looking and well-bred — were friendly and even chatty with the stream of heterogeneous unkempt humanity that passed through their doors. I was particularly impressed by the attention the daughter paid to a rough, unshaven, but apparently well-meaning individual, who sat opposite me. He had all the earmarks of a lowly commissar. It's all in the game!

For the almost regal accommodations and the fare — likewise regal for Moscow — one paid the Soviet government the royal sum of seven hundred and fifty rubles, or about twenty-five cents, a day. In addition, maids cleaned one's shoes at night, and mended, if you provided them with thread, — for thread is difficult to obtain, — all for a mere voluntary pittance by way of remuneration. A thousand rubles will wreath the most stolid Russian face in smiles.

In a bay-window of the dining-room, overlooking the garden, stood a table flanked by palms and covered with Communist literature, which apparently only the foreigners read, and that out of curiosity. Alongside, in the billiard-room, the commandant and his assistant whiled away the days in interminable billiard bouts; while the two guards — changed every twenty-four hours — curiously eyed the bourgeois contest. The commandant, although he had never seen a billiard table before his present assignment, had developed quite a game. He could worst all the guests, whether native or foreign. He was very obliging at all times, and instructed the soldiers on guard to enter the hour of our goings and comings in the daily re-

port, without holding us up at the door; so we passed in and out apparently with perfect freedom.

## II

Once outside our centre of seclusion, which smacked of another world, one soon realized that one was in Soviet Russia. Nearby was the great central market, where everything imaginable can be bought and sold, especially since the stores have been closed. Personal possessions, by the gradual sale of which the bourgeoisie live, find their way here. Lines of people, often the original owners, stand patiently waiting to sell one article, such as a garment, or piece of jewelry or bric-à-brac, from the proceeds of which they will scrape along a few weeks more. I saw one old woman whose sole stock in trade was a box of Russian, pre-war cigarettes, which might bring eight hundred rubles. Precious stones can be bought, and gold ornaments, but the demand for the latter is so great that the value of gold has become inflated. Speculators want to turn their steadily depreciating paper notes into something with stable value. Many people, on leaving Russia, buy up gold articles, only to find that they are worth less outside the country than in. The only advantage is that they are easier to conceal than the bulky Romanoff notes, the only Russian money which has any real value in foreign countries.

Alongside of a vender of gold or jewels, one can purchase hot-dogs cooked over charcoal braziers, and small rolls of bread, either wheat or rye, since the free sale of loaves of bread under a certain specified size is permitted. One can obtain almost anything in season, — butter, milk, eggs, honey, cherries, berries, potatoes, cucumbers, pickles, — all for a price comparable with that in neighboring countries after due al-

lowance has been made for difference in exchange. Only meat was scarce, and there were no ice-cream wagons, as in Omsk and Irkutsk.

Several Chinese of the coolie class were lounging about the market. They had once belonged, no doubt, to the notorious Chinese fighting unit. One of them, noticing a mandarin coat that one of the American women had just purchased for the equivalent of six dollars (eighteen thousand rubles) from a needy bourgeois, came up and tried to make himself sociable. It seemed an excellent chance to get a novel sidelight on political events; but his Russian proved to be of a pronouncedly guarded variety, — a characteristic shared by our Chinese, — so the conversation limited itself to the usual remarks about the weather, mutual exchanges of worthy surnames, and queries as to the location of each other's honored habitat, or the health of august relatives.

Government agents strolled about, eyeing us suspiciously. Some of them were well known by sight to local Americans, who had been shadowed by them on occasion. Apparently they were known to the venders, since a slight flurry often preceded their approach. Many of these shadowing agents are very likable, for the ordinary Russian is by nature friendly. One foreigner related that the agent assigned to him at certain times would wait patiently outside of wherever he happened to be, and when he came out, would smile good-naturedly and fall in behind like an orderly. Personally, however, during the ten weeks trip from Kiakhta to Petrograd, I was never conscious of being shadowed, and do not believe that I was.

The position of Americans in Moscow was, however, precarious. My companion, on arriving from Omsk, was put under house-arrest in a different part of town for four days, until we

were deported. Two Americans were in prison on charges of international espionage. One of these was an industrial expert, who had come to Russia hoping to be able to make some constructive suggestions. Lenin welcomed him cordially and sent him all over the country making investigations for a report. There could be only one result. The truths revealed in the report were evidently unpalatable to Lenin. Although about that time there were two distinct innovations in the Communist System, possibly due to the report, — compulsory labor in the factories, and substitution of one-man control (a government appointee) for the elective committees hitherto in vogue, — the American expert, after receiving permission to leave, had been arrested at the border and was then awaiting trial. He knew too much.

An American engineer, whom I had seen at lunch in a restaurant one day, was arrested the next. The authorities would give no explanations, though a member of the Foreign Office unofficially said that his identity was not established. The real reason is probably to seek elsewhere. As a mining expert he had been asked to write a report on the process used by his company in dealing with certain complex ores found in Russia — ores which the Russians have not been able to work themselves. He made a report, but, quite naturally, did not divulge the essential trade-secrets. As luck would have it, he did not tell the authorities all they knew already.

The atmosphere at my residence, where most of the foreign correspondents stayed, was tense enough to prevent anyone's suffering from ennui. Before I left, the other English-speaking correspondents — four in all — had either been arrested, were then under arrest, or were soon going to be. My colleague was under house-arrest.

A woman correspondent had spent ten days in jail, and had been put through the third degree by the Extraordinary Committee. She had crossed the Polish front, without permission, about five months before. The military authorities had welcomed and fêted this strange woman, who walked in from the west with a single porter and two bags. They did the honors and showed her around before sending her up to Moscow. Consequently, she had seen too much.

The representative of the London *Daily Herald*, an out-and-out Socialist paper, was invited by Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman, the deported American anarchists, to make a tour of the provinces with them. Anarchy is the absolute opposite of Communism, so the Soviet government had sent these two great exponents of American thought off to the provinces, collecting statistics, where they could do no harm. The Communists are especially indignant over the deportations from the United States, since all those deported have been Anarchists, who are about as welcome as certain quadrupeds at garden parties. The correspondent obtained permission from the numerous essential authorities, with the exception of the military. He decided to chance it without that; but the Extraordinary Committee, apprised of his absence, had telegraphed instructions for his arrest and return.

Most interesting of all was the case of a young American Jew, who had known many of the Bolshevik leaders in New York, and was a close personal friend of Radek, the Secretary of the Third International. Through Radek, but against the advice of Americans better versed in the ways of Moscow, he obtained permission to go to the opening of the Third International at Petrograd. He went up on the special train, chatted with all the delegates,

including Lenin — in fact, was one of the boys. He noticed that some of the American delegates eyed him suspiciously, but he gave the matter no further thought.

The evening following his return to Moscow, some of the rest of us were talking about the recent arrest of the American economist and the engineer, and the probable arrest of an Englishman present if he returned to his dwelling, where the agents of the Extraordinary Committee might be waiting for him. The representative of the Czecho-Slovak Red Cross, who was there to repatriate Czech war-prisoners who had not come out through Siberia, left for a minute, to telephone. He did not return. His wife, an American girl of Czech descent, becoming anxious, went to look for him. She returned horror-stricken. Armed men were guarding her husband in the telephone room and allowed no one to enter.

Consternation followed, until, about half an hour later, the house commandant came in and straightened out the tangle. The men had come to arrest the Jewish correspondent, whose room opened off the telephone room. They waited till dawn, but their guest spent the night with Radek in the *Delevoi Dvor*; however, he was actually arrested and put in prison the following day, though he was soon afterward released.

### III

Though markets run at more than full blast, stores are dead. Most of them are boarded up. The few still run by the government have almost no stock, and less patronage, since only high government officials can get the necessary permission to make purchases. The bookstores, however, were fully stocked, mostly with newly printed socialistic literature; but permits are necessary, and sales did not appear

to be great. Only one store presented signs of activity — a toy-shop, under private management, since toys, having no economic importance, have not been taken over by the government. The stock was good, but mostly hand-made locally. There were bright-colored manikins, dolls, roughly printed games on cardboard, and pamphlets of fairy tales in the new orthography; but mostly hand-cut wooden toys. The Soviets, in their rigorous rationing of a whole nation, are especially lenient toward children.

Fruit-stands were numerous on the street corners. Gooseberries, cherries, raspberries, and currants — all grown in the neighborhood of Moscow — sold for six hundred rubles a pound, though, before I left, a week later, prices had jumped to eight hundred rubles. The startling rise of market prices in August boded ill for the coming winter.

Theoretically, newspapers were sold on the streets, but they were difficult to obtain, on account of the scarcity of paper and the low price asked — two or three rubles. All government offices and institutions subscribed regularly. Individuals could do likewise by special permission. When left-over copies appeared on the street, people would form a queue in front of the newsman. Only once during a week's stay did I succeed in buying a paper on the street. On the other hand, copies — a Soviet paper consists of only one or two sheets — were placarded on almost every corner for the general public.

### IV

The Hermitage, a garden with restaurants and theatres, famed from Warsaw to Vladivostok, is still going, although the restaurants are closed. Three theatres — an open-air one, a review and an opera house — are running, besides an open-air concert in an

extension, constructed by the present authorities, to which Communists point with evident satisfaction. The extension is very crude compared with the restful shaded walks of the original garden, but the concerts are good.

Theatre tickets are distributed to all in turn, through the trade or professional unions. Often tickets are resold. We obtained a box from a scalper outside the park gate, for two thousand rubles, or seventy cents. The opera proved to be *Rigoletto*, rendered in all its tinkling loveliness by an orchestra of ten pieces. To add to the enjoyableness of the occasion, two young fellows in the adjoining box kept up a running conversation with their girls. Apparently it was the first opera any of them had seen — they had not resold their allotted places. The men rocked with glee whenever the prima-donnas put on any trills, and tried to imitate them, much to the suffocated amusement of the girls. The antics and costumes of the courtiers furnished them with great cause for mirth. On the whole, they drew as much, and the same sort, of enjoyment out of *Rigoletto* as a Fifth Avenue audience would out of a kitchen-stairs comedy. After losing interest in the opera and our neighbors, we went off on a regular spree, which consisted in returning home to our mansion, opening up the one remaining can of corned beef, and eating a square after-theatre supper. Nothing could have pleased the Russian who arranged the opera party more.

Other operas are put on better, and the audiences are, on the whole, appreciative. When Chaliapin, the great Russian tenor, sings, it is, indeed, a gala event. The orchestra is, no doubt, always arrayed somewhat heterogeneously, in contrast to the leader in evening dress — as so many other writers have already pointed out. But the audience was not the assorted collec-

tion of rags and tatters that previous reports had led me to anticipate. The reserve of clothes is being spread out among more people and being gradually used up. People still look fairly well, but there are not so many changes of clothing at home as there were three years ago. It takes a long time completely to wear out clothes, provided one exercises due care.

Operas, theatres, and concerts are carried on by pre-war momentum. Actors and musicians have not been trained under the present régime, nor has there been any creative work of merit, beyond some crude communistic couplets on propaganda posters, and one-act farces on topics of the day. Those who are not too discouraged to write are busy turning out Socialist pamphlets. From the standpoint of literature, three years is a brief period. It is perhaps not too much to hope that the great Russian realists of the nineteenth century, who portrayed the life of the people to the bourgeoisie, may be followed by a still broader school, which will write for the masses themselves. The Soviet government is giving everybody the opportunity to learn how to read. How well the people are availing themselves of the opportunity, and the efficiency of the instruction, are matters of question.

The architectural endeavors of the Bolsheviks have been very limited, as no time or labor can be spared from the more important tasks of carrying on war and reëstablishing industry. In almost all cities there are memorial arches and pyramids of boards roughly put together and painted red. Sometimes crude portrait-medallions, in which Marx's beard always figures, are added. To welcome the delegates to the Third International, two such pyramids had been erected in the square in front of the Metropole Hotel. Across the street toward the Great Theatre,



was a huge circular flower-bed, with crossed sickle and mallet (the emblem of the proletariat) in the centre, and 'Workers of the World, unite!' in English around the border. The English workingmen's delegation had been in Moscow a short time before.

However, two monuments in Moscow were more pretentious. One, a Rodin-like sitting figure of a man, at the foot of Rozhstvenski Boulevard, revealed the hand of a master-moulder, but produced a sloppy appearance, being apparently in the original clay, and resting on a crude cloth-covered wooden pedestal. Neither passers-by nor my companions could tell me the name of the gentleman so immersed in thought.

The other monument stood at the northern end of the Alexander Garden, which skirts the western wall of the Kremlin. An obelisk-shaped shaft, about thirty feet high, built of separate horizontal blocks of finished stone diminishing in size toward the top, bore the names of the great leaders of the proletarian movement, one engraved on each block. At the top stood Marx and Engels, followed by lesser lights, down through Bakunin to Liebknecht, the father of Karl. No living men were represented. The monument, although the work of a stone-cutter rather than a sculptor, made an excellent impression by its simplicity and good taste, in marked contrast to the more blatant efforts one almost grows accustomed to.

The decorative arts do not lag behind. Huge streamers, bedaubed with startling futuristic designs, usually portraying the proletariat conquering capitalism and ruling the world, hung from upper-story windows to welcome the Third International. At propaganda centres numerous colored prints on the same theme, highly imaginative but not futuristic, fasten the attention of

passers-by. Capitalism and the Allies are portrayed in the most hideous forms, finally succumbing to the laboring classes — often represented by a stalwart, clean-shaven workman, mallet in hand, and with the white-paper box-shaped hat for headgear, so familiar to Americans from *Puck's* political cartoons. No beautified abstraction could be further removed from the reality of a Russian workman. To be sure, all posters are not of this type. Educational ones encourage the average man to swat the fly; to discourage the louse, breeder of typhus, by habits of cleanliness; and offer pictorial suggestions as to the manifold cares of daily life.

No photographs appear in the newspapers; so pictures of current events are posted under glass in front of theatres or on busy corners. In Siberia, the same photographs which, a few months before under Koltchak, had horrified the world as Bolshevik atrocities, were now doing yeoman service depicting the 'White Terror' of Koltchak himself. Railroad accidents could account for many mutilations, and piles of typhus-stricken corpses — the dead were thrown out to await burial after the spring thaw — had lured the paid photographer in search of horrors. In Moscow, bulletin-boards depicted the ceremonies accorded the English labor delegates, and the deeds of Trotsky and his victorious army, sweeping the Poles before them.

Before the Revolution, all institutions in Russia could boast of being 'Imperial.' Widespread sign-boards proclaimed the Imperial University, the Imperial Conservatory, the Imperial Riding Academy, the Imperial Turkish Baths, or what not. No one can muster time enough to make new signs, — only enough to tear down the old, — so the cornices now greet one with blank Conservatory, blankety-blank University, and the like.

On the streets, nice-appearing elderly women would accost one, begging for money or a piece of bread. A friend, who counted, claimed that he received thirty such requests from different women during a comparatively short walk. Most of them were women of the lower middle classes, who could do no useful work and so could not draw rations. Having already lived through all they could spare of their former belongings, they were rendered destitute. The whole social fabric of Moscow is topsy-turvy. Former members of the *demi-monde* have blossomed forth as the 'New Bourgeoisie'; while many of the old bourgeoisie, in order to live, have become *demi-mondaine*. One day an old woman asked alms, in German. Taken by surprise, I questioned her. From her conversation one could see that she was intelligent and fairly educated. She had emigrated to Russia; her husband had died; her son, conscripted, had gone to war and not returned — the same story as that of many others.

In Moscow, the real bourgeoisie, or upper and upper-middle classes, live in constant dread. Personally, I met only two such; an engineer, and the daughter of a general well known under the old régime. The engineer took me into his study, the whole side of which was piled up with cord-wood for the coming winter. He was living modestly, but comfortably, in his pre-war flat, and manifested no symptoms of the all-pervading anxiety; for the government, having learned through bitter experience to value its scientific men, is employing them in good positions and giving them special rations. Only his latest assignment perturbed him. He was constructing a branch line into a nearby forest of excellent building timber, which was to be cut up for fuel to tide Moscow over the coming winter. Such wastefulness went against his engineering grain.

The general's daughter, having lost her husband in the war, lived in two moderate-sized rooms. She held a position in a government office, which paid her three thousand rubles a month, and entitled her to rations — consisting mainly of a pound of black bread every other day. Living on her ration and salary was an impossibility. She had subsisted two years by the gradual sale of her personal belongings. All other property had been confiscated. In answer to a query, she said that anything in the room was for sale. She made the statement simply and without confusion. By dint of repetition, selling her effects to acquaintances had become second nature. As to what she would do when everything was sold, she had no idea. She hoped the present state of affairs would wear off by then, but feared lest the Bolsheviki be overthrown prematurely, and complete anarchy result. Some of her relatives and friends had been executed; many were in prison. She was just going to see one of them, who was ill; and she was visibly pleased when I gave her my last American cigarette to take to him. He had not had a real cigarette for months. She had also run out of tea. Genuine tea must be located through friends or connections, since one can no longer obtain it in the open market. She, therefore, radiated satisfaction when presented with a package of Chinese tea, purchased in Urga, but insisted on paying for it at the rate of exchange. It cost her nearly a month's salary.

## V

Krasnostshokov, the President of the Far Eastern Republic, who once practised law in Chicago, had come way across Siberia to attend the sessions of the Third International. I called on him in the Far Eastern Department of the Foreign Office. Dressed in a

pongee suit of Chinese silk, he smiled and settled back in a revolving desk-chair. For the first time in Moscow I felt at home. I happened to glance out of the open window and saw the delegates from Afghanistan and the Turkish Nationalist government at Angora driving away in their fantastic multi-colored raiment. They had been to see Tchitcherin about the affairs of the Near East — affairs planned to throw all Western Asia in a ferment, to expel the white man, and break the back of the British Empire. But I dismissed these conspiracies rather lightly, for before me sat a man who, I instinctively felt, appreciated, although he might not entirely share, our modes of thought. Educated in America, he had imbibed something of the Anglo-Saxon spirit of compromise and the American principle of giving every man a square deal — even though he did happen to be rich.

Krasnostshokov said he had come to Moscow partly to get written guarantees from the Soviet authorities that they would respect foreign capital invested in the Far Eastern Republic. He hoped soon to come to an agreement with the Japanese over Semionov. After an agreement with Moscow, by which all previous Russian rights in the Far East had been turned over to him, he had relinquished all claims in Outer Mongolia to the Chinese, but would retain the Chinese Eastern Railroad, since joint Russo-Chinese control in Northern Manchuria would enable both to withstand better the encroachments of the Japanese. He seemed very cheerful and hopeful for the future of Eastern Siberia and American relations. His assurance seemed to give the lie to a rumor current that he was

out of favor with the Communists on account of his liberal views. I wonder! The fact that Washington Vanderlip has secured from Moscow a concession composed to a large extent of land ceded to the Far Eastern Republic, and yet had never heard of Krasnostshokov, is both interesting and instructive.

The day's work in the Foreign Office begins at five o'clock in the afternoon and continues without intermission till about five in the morning. Under-secretaries may work in the daytime if they see fit, but they must be on hand all night, for it is then that Tchitcherin works. He was pointed out to me once in the hall, as he dashed by in wild haste up the stairs. I ventured to suggest that the Poles must have administered a telling defeat, but was informed that the People's Commissar for Foreign Affairs was just looking for his lead pencil. He spends much of his time running from office to office with documents and papers, for a People's Commissar could not be so 'bourgeois' as to employ an office-boy.

The walks home at three in the morning were impressive. Buildings towered like spectres in semi-darkness, — the city Soviet could not waste fuel on street-lighting, — and footsteps echoed through the empty streets. Moscow is now so well in hand that there are no regulations against being on the streets at night. But since there is no longer any excitement, there is no reason to be out. An American woman correspondent, five months in Russia, returned home alone almost every night. She seldom met anyone and had never been molested. The Moscow of 1916, with its restaurants and cabarets, has now become, at night, sepulchral, uncannily beautiful, but uninterestingly safe.

## THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

### BABY, BABY

In meeting a baby, one should behave as much as possible like a baby one's self. We cannot, of course, diminish our size, or exchange our customary garments for baby clothes; neither can we arrive in a perambulator, and be conveyed in the arms, either of a parent or a nursemaid, into the presence of the baby whom we are to meet. The best we can do is to hang, as it were on the hat-rack, our preconceived ideas of what manner of behavior entertains a baby, as cooing, grimacing, tickling, and the like, and model our deportment on the dignified but friendly reticence that one baby evinces in meeting another. — *Baby: His Friends and Foes.*

Of the many questions that Mr. Boswell, at one time and another, asked his friend, Dr. Johnson, I can hardly recall another more searching than one that he himself describes as whimsical.

'I know not how so whimsical a thought came into my head,' says Boswell, 'but I asked, "If, sir, you were shut up in a castle, and a new-born child with you, what would you do?"'

'JOHNSON: Why, sir, I should not much like my company.'

'BOSWELL: But would you take the trouble of rearing it?

'He seemed, as may be supposed, unwilling to pursue the subject: but, upon my persevering in my question, replied, "Why, yes, sir, I would; but I must have all conveniences. If I had no garden, I would make a shed on the roof, and take it there for fresh air. I should feed it, and wash it much, and with warm water, to please it, not with cold water, to give it pain."

'BOSWELL: But, sir, does not heat relax?

'JOHNSON: Sir, you are not to imagine the water is to be very hot. I would not *coddle* the child.'

It appears, too, that the Doctor had

given some thought to the subject, although never expecting to be a mother himself: his immediate insistence upon fresh air promises well for the infant, and the frequency with which he proposes to wash his little companion indicates that, so long as the water-supply of the castle lasted, he would have done his part. A cow in the castle seems to have been taken for granted; but in 1769 even Dr. Johnson would have known little or nothing about formulas, nor would it have occurred to him to make a pasteurizing apparatus, as so many parents do nowadays, out of a large tin pail and a pie-plate. Here the baby would have had to take his eighteenth-century chance. And I wish, too, that he might have had a copy of *The Baby's Physical Culture Guide*, that modern compendium of twenty-four exercises, by which a reasonably strong-armed mother may strengthen and develop the infant's tiny muscles; for I like to think of Dr. Johnson exercising his innocent companion in his shed on the roof. 'Sir,' he says, 'I do not much like my employment, but here we are, and we'll have to make the best of it.'

Such an experience, no doubt, would have been good for Dr. Johnson, and good for the baby (if it survived). 'That into which his little mind is to develop,' says *The Baby's Physical Culture Guide*, 'is plastic — like a wax record, ready to retain such impressions as are made upon it'; and on this wax some, at least, of the impressions left by Dr. Johnson must have been valuable. But on the real mystery of babyhood — the insoluble enigma that the *Guide* can only in small measure dispose of by comparing the rearing of an infant with the home-

manufacture of a record for the gramophone — the experience would have thrown no light.

The Doctor, I dare say, would have written a paper on the feeding and washing of infants, and later dictionaries of familiar quotation might perhaps have been enriched by the phrase, "The baby is grandfather to the man." — JOHNSON.' But of this grandfather the man has no memory. His babyhood is a past concerning which he is perforce silent, a time when it is only by the report of others that he knows he was living. His little mind seems to have been more than a little blank; and although gifted novelists have set themselves the imaginative task of thinking and writing like babies, none, in my reading, has ever plausibly succeeded. The best they can do is to think and write like little adults. I recall, for example, the honest effort of Miss May Sinclair, whom I greatly respect as an adult, to see Mr. Olivier through the eyes of his baby daughter Mary. 'Papa sat up, broad and tall above the table, all by himself. He was dressed in black. One long brown beard hung down in front of him and one short beard covered his mouth. You knew he was smiling because his cheeks swelled high up in his face, so that his eyes were squeezed into narrow, shining slits. When they came out again, you saw scarlet specks and smears in their corners.' A fearsome Papa! — and, although I have no way of knowing that fathers do not present themselves in this futurist aspect to their helpless offspring, I am glad to think otherwise. At all events a baby is, and must be, well used to living in Brobdingnag.

It would be a surprising thing, if it were not so common, that a man shows so little curiosity about this forgotten period of his life. But such curiosity would be impossible to satisfy. Existing photographs of him at that time are

a disappointment: he seldom admits seeing any resemblance, and, if he does, the likeness rarely, if ever, gives him any visible satisfaction. Nor can anything of real and personal interest be found out by interviewing those who then knew him. Of a hundred, nay, of a thousand or a million babies, — and though I cannot speak as a woman, it seems to me (except, perhaps, for a livelier interest and pleasure among them in their infant appearance) that everything I am saying applies equally to babies of that fascinating sex, — the trivial details observed by those who are nearest them are practically identical. They thump their heads. They chew their fingers. They try to feed their toes; and, sillier yet, they try to feed them with things that are obviously inedible. And so forth. And so forth. If Dr. Johnson, actually shut up in a castle, and a new-born child with him, had kept a record, the result would have been very much like the records that mothers now keep in what, unless I am mistaken, are called 'Baby Books.' If you've seen one Baby Book, as the cynical old man said about circuses, you've seen all of 'em.

Nor does any man take pleasure in preserving and reading over his own Baby Book. Hercules, to be sure, might have been interested to read in his mother's handwriting, —

*'Tuesday.* An eventful day. Two big, horrid Snakes came in from the garden, and got in Darling's cradle, frightening Nurse into hysterics; but Darling only cooed and strangled them both with his dear, strong little hands. He gets stronger and cunninger every day. When the horrid Snakes were taken away from him, he cried and said, "Atta! Atta!"'

But Hercules was an exceptionally interesting baby; and the average Baby Book records nothing that a grown man can regard with pride, and much, if he

has any sensitiveness at all, that must make him blush. Nothing but respect for his mother, it is almost safe to say, would withhold him from hurrying the incriminating document to the cellar, and cremating it in the furnace.

For in the beginning Captain William Kidd, George Washington, Dr. Johnson, the writer of this essay, and even the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* looked and behaved very much alike. And so, for that matter, did little Moll Cutpurse and little Susan B. Anthony. So far as anybody could then have said, Captain Kidd might have become a thoughtful, law-abiding essayist, and I a pirate, handicapped, indeed, by changed conditions of maritime traffic, but unconsciously doing my wicked best.

As the twig is bent, says the proverb, so is the tree inclined; but these little twigs are bent already, and I humbly submit, with all respect to my scientific friends, and their white mice and their guinea pigs, that where and how it happened remains an insoluble mystery. Little as I know about myself, I know that I am neither a white mouse nor a guinea pig. And this, mark you, is no mere conceit. Scientists themselves have decided that when babies, in that remote past when they first began really to interest their parents, and the human mother, the most pathetic figure of that primitive world, first began the personal and affectionate observation that was to develop slowly, over millions of years, until it found expression in the first Baby Book — scientists themselves, I say, have decided that, then and there, you and I, intelligent reader, began to differ essentially from every other known kind of mammal. There appeared — oh, wonder! — something psychical as well as physical about us; but *where it came from*, they cannot tell us. 'Natural selection,' so John Fiske once summed up this opinion, 'began to

follow a new path and make psychical changes instead of physical changes.' Little enough there seems to have been to start with; little enough, indeed, there seems to be now — yet enough more to encourage us to believe that Baby is a lot further along in the right direction than he was a good many million years ago. And with this helpful conviction Baby himself, whether he will grow up to write essays or commit picturesque murder, seems reasonably well satisfied. We solemn adults, standing around the crib, may well admire, not so much the pinkness and chubbiness of his toes, as the pinkness and chubbiness (if I may so express it) of his simple satisfaction with the mere fact of existence, his simple faith in the Universe. And when we think how impossible it is to think of its beginning, we, too, may capture something of this infantile optimism.

It is by no means impossible (though not susceptible of scientific proof) that Baby may have a life of his own; and that, if we may assume Hercules weeping and saying, 'Atta! Atta!' — because shrewd observers of babyhood declare it characteristic of babies to say, 'Atta! Atta!' when something desirable, in this case two dead snakes, is removed from their range of vision, — may we not assume also a universal language of babies, and a place, such as it may be, from which they have emigrated? Here, indeed, one follows M. Maeterlinck, except that, in his judgment, unborn babies speak French. Such a theory is no help to the novelist, for in that case baby Mary Olivier's impressions of Mr. Olivier must be rendered in baby — a language equally unknown to Miss Sinclair and to her readers. Babies have been heard to say, for example, 'Nja njan dada atta mama papai attai nana-na hatta meenē-meenē-meenē mömm mömma ao-u' — and who but another baby knows whether this may not be

speech? The assumption that this is an effort to speak the language of the baby's elders is academic, as, for that matter, is the assumption that they are his elders. There may even be no baby at all, for, as Schopenhauer has almost brusquely put it, 'the uneasiness that keeps the never-resting clock of metaphysics in motion, is the consciousness that the non-existence of this world is just as possible as its existence.' But this, I confess, is far too deep for me.

Baby, baby in your cot,  
Are you there? — or are you not?  
If you're not, then what of me!  
Baby, *what* and *where* are we?

For all practical purposes, however, Baby is sufficiently real — substantial enough, indeed, as *The Baby's Physical Culture Guide* shows in Exercise 24, to be lifted by his little feet and stood on his little head; but, mercifully adds the *Guide*, 'do not hold Baby on his head very long.' For all practical purposes we must, and do, assume our own existence. 'Here we are,' as I have imagined Dr. Johnson saying to his innocent new-born comrade, 'and we'll have to make the best of it.' Nobody has thought of a better way, or any other way at all, for us to get here; and the familiar Biblical phrase, 'born again,' may perhaps be more literal than we are wont to imagine, and apply to this world as well as the next. Baby himself may just have been born again. That innocent-seeming and rather silly-sounding monologue, which we flatter ourselves is an earnest attempt to imitate our own speech, 'Nja njan dada atta mama papai attai na-na-na hatta meenē-meenē-meenē möm mömmao-u' — may it not be the soliloquy of a gentle philosopher or, again, the confession of an out-and-out rascal, talking to himself of his misdeeds, chuckling and cooing over them, indeed, before he forgets them in this new state of being? May not Papa, waggishly shaking his

forefinger and saying, 'You little rascal, you,' be speaking with a truthfulness, if he did but know it, that would make him sick?

Meanwhile, as says *The Baby's Physical Culture Guide*, 'Don't jerk Baby round. Never rush through his exercises, but talk to him in a happy, encouraging way, — which he is quick to note, — and when he is able to talk he will be glad to tell you what great, good fun he has been having.'

So speaks, I think, a mother's imagination; in sober reality, even the great good fun of Exercise 24 will be forgotten. Which is perhaps why, although I have heard men wish they could again be children, I have never heard any man say he would like to be a baby.

#### ATLANTIC MATERIAL

As I cross the river on the ferry, and peer through the haze that swathes Lower Manhattan in a kind of lustrous gauze, I observe with elation that the ship is at her appointed berth and in a reasonably upright position. A feather of steam slides athwart the funnel from the escape-pipe, which is unnecessary but cheering; and I abandon the distant prospect of what can be called a floating home, to contemplate the fascinating vista of the North River.

As usual, I observe, with a passing shadow of irritation, that a mail-boat from Liverpool is coming up from Quarantine, which means that I shall just miss letters from England. However, now that the war is won, it seems that we are rapidly returning to the days of Arcadian simplicity, when it was easier to communicate with the dead than with the distant living, and messengers were many moons upon their way, and the virtues of faith and hope and charity were kept shining with continual exercise.

A British tramp-steamer, moving

slowly up to her Hoboken pier, suddenly pauses in midstream with characteristic obstinacy — throwing the pilots of a dozen fast-moving ferries into a panic of indignation, which becomes vocal with hoarse roars from the smoke-stacks. The clamor increases as the Fall River steamer announces her intention of claiming her inalienable right to enter her pier; and a tall apparition, which resolves itself on examination into a floating grain-elevator with a diminutive tug panting under her lee, challenges one's judgment as to which way she desires to go.

But the singular phenomenon of this adventure is that but few of the close-packed commuters on the ferry raise their eyes to behold the amazing scene. They are, on the contrary, giving close attention to the newspapers. We land, and many of them sit in an enchanted fashion, reading the newspapers. We pour forth into the chaos of West Street, and surge up under roaring elevated railroads, and one's fellow man continues to pursue some printed chimæra. Perhaps they are reading the announcements of 'Short Trips to Sunny Seas,' and are dreaming of romantic adventures under palm trees and by slumberous beaches. So, one imagines, did the denizens of Babylon throng her crowded ways, intent on slabs of baked clay, whereon was cunningly worded cuneiform publicity, luring them from the city's mighty towers to trips on the river and vacations on the mysterious shores of the Arabian Sea.

And musing thus, one becomes aware, threading the almost inconceivable difficulties of West Street, of a number of beings in taxi-cabs, immured in vast quantities of baggage, who are evidently bound upon a journey. They are endeavoring to maintain the dignity suitable to those who fare forth in splendor upon the ocean, and who have

wrested from a harassed but amiable bureaucrat the documents essential to a world made safe for democracy. They are, in short, some of our passengers, for their baggage proclaims the fact in stentorian tones; and they are arriving, as usual, at an unnecessarily early hour.

Their vehicles move slowly in the dense mass of towering wheeled galleons that are forever tacking along under the cliffs of Manhattan, seeking anchorage beneath the high glass domes of the warehouses. And on the faces of these fortunate beings, who are about to depart for blue seas and yellow sands, — as if the waters of New York Harbor were not as blue as lapis-lazuli, — one discerns an effort to repress impatience at all this high-piled merchandise blocking their way to the gates of Elysium.

There is one young couple, with new leather baggage glistening with an aggressive similarity of initials, who look into each other's eyes, and smile with toleration at their own restlessness, and give the passer-by, hurrying to enter the dock, an inkling of the tremendous possibilities, to them, of an event so common to him as going to sea. Dodging between yet more taxi-cabs, held up by stern myrmidons who demand passports and permits of the trembling occupants, he succumbs to a wave of sentiment, and resolves (with the traditional lump incommoding his throat) that he will do his small best to make things go smoothly for that fortunate pair.

However, there are other things to think of immediately, besides the problematic felicity of a bridal couple who are painfully conscious, as they emerge into the half-lights of the pier, of their new baggage. To them, no doubt, the departure of a steamer is as causeless and natural an event as the water that runs into their baths, the current in their wires, and their wages at the end of the week. It is our duty to preserve for them this amiable illusion. And I take



my last look at them for a week or so, as they mount a sort of wooden pulpit from which the screened gangway springs to the ship's side. There is a man in semi-uniform on this pulpit, who demands once more the documents of departure; and from where I pause between two ponderous motor-trucks, I see him raise his hand and open his mouth as if he were preaching in some vast cathedral to a careless congregation of worldly automobiles. And then he closes his mouth and smiles, his hand descends upon Benedick's shoulder in friendly approval, and the pair escape up the gangway, eager to be off. An unforgettable picture.

Leaving them to the good-natured rapacity of a swarm of stewards, I insinuate my way among mountainous heaps of freight and win to a wider but less dignified gangway, up and down which a crowd of hurrying mortals is passing with stores and empties. Close beside it, smooth runways are being piled with boxes and bales, which are immediately seized by long falls from invisible winches and plucked into the air, to descend into the holds. And there is time to reflect, before taking up the tale of departure, upon a feeling of very genuine pleasure which the spectacle of this rush of business inspires in the bosom of one exasperated by several years of war. It is impossible to recall with any comfort the apathy engendered by such colossal squandering of material wealth. To assist in the filling of great ships with goods; to know that, a few days later, they will have gone down in a few minutes, or that eventually their cargoes will have been blown up or burned out and utterly destroyed, is bound to have a deteriorating effect upon one's spiritual faculties. And so it is pleasant to behold once more the pulsing of the regular arteries of trade; to know that these sewing-machines and typewriters and motor-cars will be

used for the good of their owners, and in due course transmuted into coffee and hides and the kindly fruits of the earth. Good, too, to go out upon the waters in open day, unhampered by sinister possibilities; to see the glare of the steamers' lights spread abroad on the ocean at night, and to forget for a while the sorrowful years of strife. So it may happen that the sight of, say, fifty tons of tomato catsup wedged in between crates of perambulators and pianoplayers, will raise a man's spirits more than a truculent national anthem, or the sparkle of enemy guns on the horizon.

And here, on board, in the working alleyways on the main deck, far below the bridal pair now regarding their natty quarters with smiling hesitation, one is heartened by the precision and continuity of human effort. There is a methodical thudding of crates and boxes being dumped upon floors, a tramp of feet, a pulsing rhythmic vituperation from husky persons still lower down, a continual emergence of preoccupied toilers from unexpected staircases, a hurrying of men upon problematic journeys, and a prevalence of heated, vapor-laden air from the high white engine-room.

In the kitchens, beyond, waiters in blue and silver are being hastily drilled in the mysteries of serving *hors d'œuvres*, orangeade, and *caviar canapé*. White-capped chefs stand over shining cupolas of copper and plated domes suspended on chains. Young men whom one would not have suspected of genius cut and disembowel grape-fruit with inconceivable speed.

A sound like the roaring of far-off cataracts announces that the motors of the dish-washing machines are already at work, and a brawny person in a green-striped apron staggers past, laden with an immense tray of trussed fowls. His colleague, down a dark ladder leading to a cold, dark chamber, is busily

chopping up meat. As far as can be ascertained, he continues this pastime twenty-four hours a day for the entire voyage. He is forever engaged in cleaving asunder huge quarters of beef, slender bodies of sheep, or slabs of veal. The sound of his chopper on the wooden block is a steady accompaniment of the beat of the engines and the vibrant murmur of the generator. I imagine that he must be a vegetarian in self-defense, for he generally has a leaf of lettuce in his mouth as he works his will upon the cold, sleazy flesh. Anon he 'trolls a stave,' as the historical novelists phrase it, and reveals, to an irritated engineer who desires to sleep, his passion for a creature named Lulu-lu.

#### KISMET

Along the Main Street in Homeville, no store-window was more alluring than that of Miss Tibben's Fancy-work Store. The quaint little shopkeeper ordinarily selected her goods with such refinement and delicacy of taste, that everybody in town patronized her establishment. Toward Christmas, the little shop was always well stocked, and one might be sure of a crowd about the window, discussing the array of goods within.

Like the others, I, too, paused to look. Cushions and doilies to embroider; scarfs and collars to crochet; bags to weave; beads to string — all were enticingly displayed. And there, too, one could see gifts for everybody, from baby to grandmother, and suggestions for needlework gifts for father, brother, or lover.

As my eye glanced hastily from one thing to another, I discovered, crowded back in a corner, a crocheted hat. Its hideous combination of colors made it

conspicuous. It seemed like a crude foreigner living in an exclusive neighborhood. As I looked, I wondered who on earth would wear such a hat, and, wondering, I passed on.

Three days before Christmas, I passed the window again. How changed it was! Stock had sold so well that the window-display had been robbed. The few remaining things had been spread out as much as possible. I looked for the hat. The 'foreigner' was still there, but now it occupied the place of honor in the centre of the window. Its colors fought desperately; there could never be peace between the purple of the hat, and the red and blue of the flowers decorating it. Why did any needlewoman ever create such a horror? And why spoil an otherwise pleasing window with such a distorted rainbow? The hat irritated me; I wanted to break in and steal it, and bury it somewhere. Fortunately, a myriad of Christmas duties crowded the hideous hat out of my mind, and I hurried on.

But late on Christmas eve, rushing out to mail some last greetings, I passed the store again. The hat was gone! I felt a sudden shock, as if a calamity were about to be revealed. Where had that hat gone? Who had bought it? And for whom? How would the woman who received the gift accept it? Had I enough love for anybody, I wondered, to wear a hat like that in appreciation of such a gift?

I just could not resist the temptation to find out where it went. So I stepped into the store and casually asked, 'Miss Tibben, have you sold that crocheted hat?'

'Yes, dear,' she said; 'just a few moments ago I sold it to a group of boys for their Sunday-school teacher.'

DO YOU BELIEVE IN FATE?

## THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

E. T. Raymond, editor of the London *Outlook*, as readers of his *Uncensored Celebrities* know, makes a likeness when he draws a character. A diverting artist, he is a fair-minded critic. E. Barrington, an accomplished scholar, has read Pepys to some purpose. There is nothing in this charming comedy that pretty Mistress Pepys might not actually have entrusted to the sympathetic pages of her own Diary. Please do not spoil it by writing to ask whether it is genuine. Simeon Strunsky is the chief editorial writer of the New York *Evening Post*.

\* \* \*

T. Walter Gilkyson is an attorney of Philadelphia. In August, 1919, when he was a major in the Ordnance Department of the A.E.F., the *Atlantic* printed a description, from his pen, of a trip through the Pyrenees, under the title of 'French Leave.' For the present story the same experience provides the attractive background. Grace Fallow Norton is an American poet, known best, perhaps, by the poignant *Little Grey Songs from St. Joseph's*, which were first presented through these pages. Frances Lester Warner is Assistant Professor of English at Wellesley College.

\* \* \*

Sisley Huddleston is an English journalist of high professional standing, who represented the *Westminster Gazette* at the Peace Conference. He was a constant attendant at the Geneva meeting of the League—an experience which forms the groundwork of the present article. Donald Grey Barnhouse is Director of the École Biblique de Belgique, a training-school for Continental and Congo missionaries, at Brussels. Cary Gamble Lowndes is a banker of Baltimore, a sportsman, and an adventurer in letters. Grace E. Polk is a Probation officer of the Juvenile Court of Minneapolis. Edward Yeomans is about to publish through the Atlantic Monthly Press a collection of his essays on Education. Many of them are quite new to the public,

and all have in them the tonic freshness of contagious enthusiasm.

\* \* \*

Flora Shufelt Rivola, a new contributor, sends us these verses from South Dakota. The Reverend John Cole McKim sends this thoughtful little paper from Wakamatsu Iwashiro, Japan. Familiar as are her poetry and her prose, Fannie Stearns Gifford has not, unless we are mistaken, published a story before this. Gamaliel Bradford's present series is drawn from American types flourishing between 1875 and 1900. Louis Graves, a graduate of the University of North Carolina, lives part of the year in his native town of Chapel Hill, the seat of the University, and the rest of the time in New York.

\* \* \*

X. X. X. is a serious student of foreign affairs, whose name is a dead secret. Payson J. Treat has been Professor of History at Stanford University since 1915, and is a member of many learned societies. L. F. Rushbrook-Williams, Fellow of All Souls, Oxford (1914), has been for several years University Professor of Modern Indian History at the University of Allahabad, India. He had a distinguished career at Oxford, and has written much on historical subjects. Harold V. V. Fay and a companion are the only Americans who have crossed Siberia from East to West since the spring of 1918.

\* \* \*

There are nine new contributors this month.

\* \* \*

Mr. Frederic R. Kellogg, a New York lawyer, whose connection with oil interests in Mexico is very extensive and of long standing, requests us to publish the following interesting statement.

In an article in the December *Atlantic*, entitled 'The Two Mexicos,' the writer speaks of the position and rights of American petroleum producers in Mexico. Two statements that he makes are so unfounded as to require correction. He says:—

'The older constitutions had nothing to say about petroleum. . . . Californians coming to Mexico have brought with them their own juridical theory of wealth extracted from the ground. . . . They do not realize the historical ground of the juridical theory native to Mexico.'

The facts are that the laws of Mexico which were in force when the American producers acquired their properties covered the subject completely; and it was upon these laws that the producers relied in going into Mexico. The earliest law—that of 1884—is as follows:—

'ART. 10. — The following substances are the exclusive property of the owner of the land.' (No. IV of these substances is Petroleum.)

The laws of 1892 and 1909 continued the same 'juridical theory.' But the Constitution of 1917, as interpreted by the Carranza decrees of 1918, purported retroactively to annul the earlier laws, to establish the doctrine that petroleum belonged, not to the landowner, but to the nation, and thus to confiscate, *without compensation*, the rights that the producers had *theretofore* acquired, not by *governmental concession*, but from private owners.

The objections of the producers to such a consummation certainly do not need to be based upon any 'juridical theory' other than the one explicitly contained in Mexico's own laws.

Nor are the confiscatory clauses of the Carranza decrees justifiable as a reassertion of any former Spanish Crown rights; for no such right existed as to petroleum — and even had it existed, it could not be revived after its abandonment for thirty-four years, to the prejudice of those who had invested hundreds of millions of dollars on the faith of such declared abandonment.

The other point is that 'Article 27 asserts the doctrine of eminent domain.'

This has no bearing on the petroleum situation; for by the language of the article, eminent domain can be asserted only if the private individual is justly compensated for property taken, and if the taking be for public purposes. The Carranza decrees have never contemplated one cent of compensation to the owner of any petroleum property that they purported to take over, and there has been no suggestion of a public purpose.

The American petroleum producers are desirous that their fellow citizens shall know the exact facts regarding this struggle, which involves no acts of aggression committed by the producers, but solely a defense against unwarrantable and confiscatory attacks commenced under the Carranza decrees, which decrees have never been repudiated by any subsequent government. Should the confiscatory programme be consummated, a blow will have been dealt, not merely to the petroleum producers but to American prestige and American foreign commerce, the effects of which will be far-reaching and disastrous.

\* \* \*

Mr. Clyde Langston Eddy of New York deserves our readers' thanks and our own for these pertinent and engaging verses.

#### I WONDER WHY

The letters rare of William James  
Are done in print for our delight.  
In graceful sentences he frames  
Stupendous thoughts to set us right.

The letters, too, of Henry James  
Are adding to the garlands fair  
Already heaped about the names  
That these illustrious brothers bear.

I wonder why it would not pay  
To publish now, in volumes dressy,  
Those well-known classics of their day:  
The sentences of Frank and Jesse.

\* \* \*

A word of thanks seems to be owing to Boston waiters, who, several of our correspondents aver, are the chief disseminators of that city's reputation for culture of a peculiar degree, both of polish and of resonance. Witness the testimony of a West Virginian lady, Miss Sue B. Snodgrass, who writes that, while eating in a hotel overlooking the Common, her party was overcome by a penetrating odor. One diner turned to the waiter. 'What is that smell?' — 'That smell, sir?' returned the educated servitor; 'I do not know. My olfactory nerves, sir, are somewhat blunted.'

And another, — a Bostonian descendant of Ham, this, — who, in his attendance on several tables, had conspicuously avoided one customer. 'Look here,' said the latter, 'why don't you bring me something?' — 'Because, sir,' came the Chesterfieldian reply, 'unfortunately, I am not ubiquitous.'

\* \* \*

Mr. Bouton's insistent question, 'What is the Reason?' — to which a reply is printed in this issue of the *Atlantic*, — continues to provoke discussion. Most of the letters that we receive, however, are merely emphatic statements of the writers' opinions. It is, perhaps, worth while to print, as a footnote to the discussion, this discriminating testimony of personal experience.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, —

I was very much struck with the article published in your magazine some time ago, giving the experience of the writer with some 700 Scandinavians who were leaving the United States.

The unanimity with which all of them declared that they never intended to come back, should give food for thought to all Americans who have the future of their country at heart.

I, too, am going back, not to Scandinavia, but

to another neutral country, after more than fifty years' residence in America. Not so much for myself, but for the sake of my family. I do not wish that my children shall be made to undergo the hardships that are required from one of foreign birth, and be subjected to the prejudices that appear to have become prevalent to-day in all walks of life against those whose parents happened to be born abroad. I was brought over at the age of one year. I know nothing but America. I have been successful in a material way, but I have longed for music, and art, and drama, and the finer things of life, in vain. For fifty years I have stood it, but I do not feel that I am doing justice to my children to bring them up further in this sordid atmosphere. I shall give them the chance to choose. Later they may come back, but I doubt it. The lure of free America is disappearing rapidly in all parts of the world. The last six years have been six years of disillusionment and sad disappointment over the turn of events. Nothing can be sadder than the contemplation of the wreck of our cherished Constitution and traditions. With what pride did we read the history of our country, the speeches of our prominent statesmen, those open and broad-minded lovers of liberty. How hollow and vain it all appears to-day! Is it not a pity? Is it not terrible?

How many are there like me? Hundreds upon hundreds of thousands in this broad land of plenty.

On Saturday next, when my ship shall pass the Statue of Liberty, I shall bare my head to this fickle goddess as I say farewell, but I shall utter the silent wish that some day America may come into her own again.

JEAN MONTIFIORÉ.

\* \* \*

Literary conversations nowadays are pretty apt to turn the corner into Main Street. This clipping from a letter post-marked with the name of a small Western town will interest many readers.

You told me that you were going to read *Main Street*. I am in the country of Main Streets, and I disagree with Sinclair Lewis at every step. It is all true — but there is much more. The *Atlantic* says that no one need ever again write a story of these towns. The *Atlantic* is mistaken. This town is larger in numbers than the story town, but it is the same thing. You would find all of the story true, but so much more sticking out — among other things, the effort to make the High-School building as fine as any in the land. You could n't ask a better place to speak in than its auditorium for 1600. And such lively youngsters in the faculty, everybody young in the town, no gray heads. It is great fun to hear the Non-Partisan League discussion. Even if it does fail and run them in debt, it will pay in the forcing of them to think. There is no end of ugliness, if you will, but there is no end of desire for beauty. They have begun a park system, this town of 8000, and their streets are wide and paved. And the country! It is full of wonders. Don't let Lewis make you believe that his Main Street is all that there is of it!

Many of our readers clipped, to keep for many readings, Bishop Doane's poignant verses on a dog he loved, which the *Atlantic* reprinted last November. To Miss Juliet C. Smith, of Denver, we are indebted for a copy of these companion lines.

### CLUNY

BY WILLIAM CROSWELL DOANE

May 24-25, 1902

He had lived out his life, but not his love;

Daily up steep and weary stair he came,  
His big heart bursting with the strain to prove

His loneliness without me. Just the same  
Old word of greeting beamed in his deep eye,  
With a new look of wonder, asking why

'The whole creation groans and travails.' He  
And I there faced the mystery of pain,  
Finding me dumb and helpless, down again  
He went, unanswered, in the dawn to die,

And find the mystery opened with the key,  
'The creature from corruption's bondage free.'

\* \* \*

Dr. A. McGill, chief analyst of the Canadian Department of Health, sends this suggestive gloss on the recent *Atlantic* paper, 'Women and Machines.'

This is a very thoughtful and suggestive treatment of one of the most important problems of our time, and could not have been better handled by a man.

It assumes, tacitly, the complete failure of the spiritual element in life to dominate the material; in other words, the failure, not only of the religion of Jesus, but of all other religions, so far as their spiritual concepts are concerned; and in thus accepting present failure, we must acknowledge that it merely acts in accord with what every careful observer must concede. But it remains to question whether the failure of those spiritual forces which have striven to make unselfishness and love the governing motives of human conduct must be accepted as a final defeat.

Twenty centuries is a brief period of time since the advent of the Neanderthal man, who naturally brought his 'ape and tiger' instincts with him. Perhaps we must regard the dislocations, treated so fully by Mary Van Kleeck, as an inevitable episode in the progress of the battle between brutehood and manhood; and in this light they call for patient and intelligent study, and need not compel pessimism on the part of those of us who would regard anything less than the absolute triumph of spirituality as virtual defeat. Machinery and the material organizations implied by it, must never dominate man's world. It may be that the narrowing conceptions associated with, and fostered by, family may have to be scrapped, — as clanship has been, and as nationality is being, relegated to the junk-heap, — in order that man's spirit may become truly free.

Many considerations point to such a possibility; but that is in the womb of the future. Mean-

time, it is our duty to keep our eyes fixed on a goal far removed from mere material well-being; a state of manhood in which the material environment shall adjust itself to harmony with the supremacy and over-lordship of universal brotherhood, and every man shall be his 'brother's keeper.' I cannot imagine that, in such a future, there shall cease to be other than sex-differences between man and woman, or that man and woman shall be mutually capable of replacing each other.

Man and woman are not rivals, but complementary, the one to the other; and the perfected human being is a blend of both. The physical sex-distinction is but one of a thousand points of diversity, each of which must be accentuated and emphasised, to bring into existence a perfected humanity. In our effort to give woman and man social and legal equality, as well as equality in the operating of machines, let us not lose sight of the yet distant vision, when all we dream and hope for humanity shall be 'flower and fruit' in the Superman of the future, the race yet to be.

To lose sight of the essential differences of sex and its congeners carries the danger of losing our way and being side-tracked. If this view is regarded as Ruskinian, such description should prove its value. The world cannot afford to lose woman *qua* woman.

\* \* \*

#### PLEASE READ THIS

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

You are the only publication which I consider almost a human being, and I am wondering if you could insert this advertisement, unusual as it may be, in your pages.

#### MOTHERLESS CHILDREN

Well-educated, earnest young woman wants to mother 3 or 4 very small children, who are in actual need of a mother's care.

The explanation of it is this.

'Although a woman of almost thirty' (to quote your own Contributors' Column), 'the spring of youth is still in my step,' and the only thing I really love to do is to take care of little children. The natural solution would be to get married; but, like ever so many other college girls around the country, there's no man who wants me. And it's so dreary, waiting and waiting and waiting — I don't want to waste ten more years. While I am young and have so much to give children, I want to be giving it, instead of just waiting around and feeling bitter.

If you can only connect me with some children who are also waiting, you would make for a good deal of happiness. I don't want to teach, or do children's library work; I've tried both, and when one deals with children *en masse*, one gets to be a machine and hates them.

Very sincerely and earnestly yours.

Surely there is a way of meeting such an appeal, that great good may come of it. Think of the motherless children for whom the writer of this letter might supply an

otherwise measureless loss. If our readers know any such, for whom some financial provision could be made (our correspondent is obliged to support herself), will they not communicate direct with the editor, who would be very glad indeed to be of service.

\* \* \*

As a sequel to a dire paper in the *Atlantic* on 'What College Students Know,' we print the following excerpts from an examination paper in a large Freshman course recently given in a well-known college. To us such questions as are here asked suggest that, if students know little, instructors often teach less.

How the motive of colloquial standards is momentariness.

Explain congeniality of poetry.

Discuss the correlative nature of spirit and matter.

Explain the beauty of the works of God as correlations of spirit and matter.

Discuss the elements of synthesis that contribute toward unity.

It is something to be thankful for, that we don't have to answer these questions. And perhaps, Reader, you will share our satisfaction when we tell you just how you must answer question number 4 to be marked perfect.

The correlative nature of spirit and matter makes the union possible. Spirit is the active element, matter the passive element; matter is a natural, elementary medium of spiritual expression. Spirit and matter are abstract terms, naming the two kinds of reality as distinct, elemental conceptions. The correlative aspect of spirit and matter is expressed in the terms *soul* and *body*. The particular relation of soul and body is beauty, and beauty is the subject of poetry.

In the name of the Prophet, figs!

\* \* \*

For the response made by our readers to the *Atlantic's* appeal on behalf of suffering and silent China, we are profoundly and enduringly grateful. Not money only, but letters of encouragement, offers of aid, expressions of confidence, have poured into the office in a never-slowng stream. There is still abundant truth in that conviction of one of the best loved of the *Atlantic's* earlier contributors, with which he writes, —

God blesses still the generous thought,  
And still the fitting word He speeds;  
And Truth, at his requiring taught,  
He quickens into deeds.



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THE

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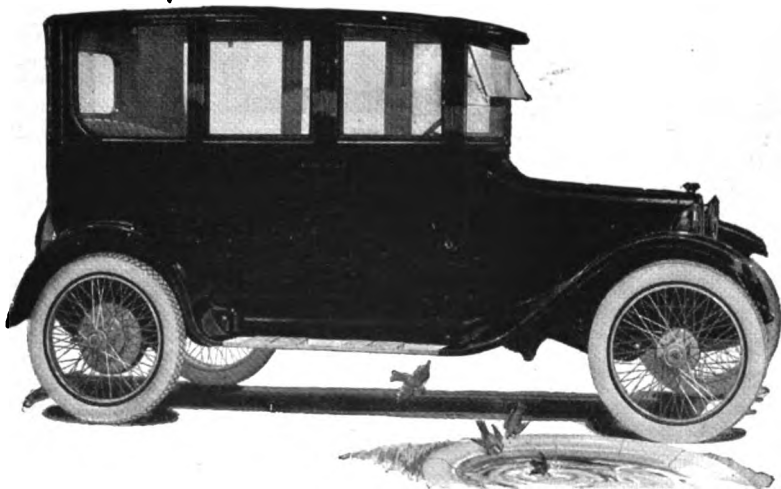
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# THE ATLANTIC'S BOOKSHELF

These reviews of recent books of unusual value are based upon lists furnished through the courteous coöperation of such trained judges as the following: American Library Association Book List, Wisconsin Free Library Commission, and the staffs of the public libraries in Springfield (Massachusetts), Newark, Cleveland, Kansas City, and St. Louis.

**Modern Democracies**, by James Bryce (Viscount Bryce). New York: The Macmillan Company. 1921. Two vols., 8vo, 508 and 609 pp. \$10.50.

To students of political science no living man stands less in need of an introduction than James Bryce. His name on the title-page of any book is a sufficient warranty, for there is no scholar in any part of the English-speaking world who has earned a better claim to write with authority upon questions of comparative government. This is not altogether surprising, for it is fifty years since Bryce made his way into the front rank of political historians with his notable study of mediæval imperialism. Since then he has written much; but in all these years he has never put his name to anything that was not good substance and good literature as well. Now, at the age of eighty-three, he is happily able to crown this cycle of service by giving the world his mature reflections upon the merits and faults of twentieth-century democracy.

The term 'democracy' is being rather badly jostled in these hectic years. By common consent, it is something that the world ought to be made safe for; but there is no consensus as to what it really means. It is assumed to be a thing triumphant, yet more than half the inhabitants of the globe are still living under dispensations to which the term, even when liberally interpreted, cannot be fairly applied. In popular discussion we hear 'democracy' used to designate a variety of things — a form of government, a state of mind, a plan of industrial organization, or a certain type of exuberant manners. So Lord Bryce does well to begin with a definition. Democracy, as he understands the word, is the term applied to any form of government in which the people exercise ultimate political control by means of their votes. From his point of view Australia is a democracy, and Russia is not.

Lord Bryce's work falls into three parts. First, there are fifteen chapters dealing with certain considerations which, in the author's judgment, are applicable to every form of popular government. No new doctrines are expounded here, nor, indeed, are we entitled to look for novelties in a field that has been so diligently ploughed by political philosophers for more than twenty centuries. But the author deems it proper to restate those fundamentals which have weathered the test of time and circumstance, the more so, since they are so complacently forgotten in certain circles nowadays. Then follows an analysis of democratic institutions in six typical countries. Two of them, France and Switzerland, are European states; two are American common-

wealths, the United States and Canada; and two are colonial democracies of the Southern Hemisphere, Australia and New Zealand. These surveys of existing governments constitute the centre and core of the book. England, the mother-democracy of them all, has been intentionally omitted, for the reason that 'no citizen of Britain, and certainly no citizen who has himself taken a part in politics . . . can expect to be credited with impartiality, however earnestly he may strive to be impartial.' Finally, in the latter half of the second volume, the author sets forth with impressive clearness his observations upon the present and the future of democracy.

As to the great and timely value of Lord Bryce's volumes there can be no question. They are the work of a master-hand, which has not lost its cunning. The shrewd observations, the quick and effective strokes of description, the deftness in picking out the things that really count, — these qualities are as much in evidence here as they were in the *American Commonwealth* thirty-odd years ago. There is the same optimism, the same facility in terse expression. Lord Bryce's chief problem in the writing of these volumes, however, has been that of adequately covering so broad a subject within the limits of space allowed. It has proved a serious handicap. He has had to compress relentlessly, and to turn aside from many seductive byways into which the reader would fain have followed him. This, at times, gives the reader an impression of superficiality, especially in the chapters that deal with the government of the United States. It is risking very little, however, to venture the prediction that Lord Bryce's book will quickly gain and hold recognition as the most sensible and lucid exposition of modern democracy which the shelves of our libraries contain. W. B. MUNRO.

**Essays Speculative and Political**, by the Rt. Hon. Arthur James Balfour. New York: George H. Doran Company. 1921. x+241 pp. \$3.00.

THIS volume embraces two groups of extremely miscellaneous essays, entitled, respectively, 'Speculative' and 'Political.' This duality illustrates the well-known truth that, while English speculation has, as a rule, been political, its politics have not been speculative. English philosophers, from Bacon and Hobbes, through Locke and Hume, to John Stuart Mill and Mr. Balfour, have, as a rule, philosophized in the empirical manner and in the idiom of men of affairs; while English statesmen, on the other hand, have been notable for their lack both of metaphysical subtlety and of idealistic enthusiasm.

**Important Scribner Books****What Really Happened at Paris****The Story of the Peace Conference, 1919****By AMERICAN DELEGATES***Edited by EDWARD MANDELL HOUSE, United States Commissioner Plenipotentiary and CHARLES SEYMOUR, Litt.D., Professor of History in Yale University*

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This volume, uniform with Dr. van Dyke's popular outdoor books, "Little Rivers," "Fisher-man's Luck," and others which have given him his distinct place in American literature, is a volume rich in appreciation of nature and human nature. *Illustrations in color.* **\$2.00**

**The Life of Whitelaw Reid****By ROYAL CORTISZOZ**

As Mr. Whitelaw Reid, a man of multiple energies and interests, made his influence felt in the divers fields of politics, journalism, diplomacy, literature, so is this life-portrait a panoramic picture of all the leading activities that made up American life in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. *2 vols.* **\$10.00**

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In the essay on 'Bergson's Creative Evolution' the author describes his original philosophical impulse, which found expression in 1879 in 'A Defense of Philosophic Doubt,' and in 1895 in the 'Foundations of Belief.' He grew up in an atmosphere of aggressive 'naturalism,' when Mill and Spencer appeared to have silenced the guns of religious philosophy. Anticipating the tactics which pragmatism afterwards employed against idealism, he accused this 'reigning school' of being as much governed by practical motives as were their opponents, the champions of religion. He argued that, if the same philosophic weight were conceded to *values* 'in departments of speculation which look beyond the material world,' as naturalism unconsciously claims within that world, then religion would be as well entitled to credence as science. Mr. Balfour, in other words, did not propose to prove the doctrine of theism by irresistible reasoning or decisive evidence, but rather to justify the *belief* in theism by its indispensableness to the moral will. In the Gifford Lectures of 1914, on 'Theism and Humanism,' his philosophy took a somewhat more positive turn, and he sought to prove that the theistic principle of a rational purpose in things affords the only intelligible basis, both of science and of common sense.

But that which most forcibly impresses the reader of Mr. Balfour's philosophical writings is the essentially skeptical quality of his genius. If idealism had been the reigning philosophy in his youth, he would undoubtedly have attacked that. The effect of his skepticism is not to leave him empty or embittered, because he has never committed his essential self to the uncertainties of the intellectual adventure. He does not philosophize for the salvation of his soul, but as a genteel pastime.

The philosophical essays in the present volume are the work of a gifted amateur, who as a public character, with a private interest in philosophy, is naturally called upon to do the appropriate and graceful thing upon 'occasions.' He delivers the 'Henry Sidgwick Memorial Lecture at Newnham College in 1908, and selects the subject of 'Decadence,' not because he has either learning or convictions in this field, but because the subject interests him and lends itself to treatment in a public address. He speaks pleasantly of Francis Bacon at the unveiling of the Bacon Memorial in the gardens of Gray's Inn, in 1912; and as President of the Society for Psychical Research, in 1894, he chats entertainingly of the fruitless efforts, and apparently insuperable difficulties, which mark the history of that gallant organization. The essays on Bergson and on Beauty find him at his best, because one is not expected to agree with the author whom one reviews, or to be conclusive in the field of aesthetics.

Two of the political essays are admirable: an article on 'Anglo-American Relations,' written for the German readers of *Nord und Süd* in 1912, and stating its English side of the case with an altogether English blend of manliness and cour-

tesy; and a review of Treitschke's *View of German World-Policy*, full of brilliant refutation and derisive wit.

The present volume does not indicate that Mr. Balfour might have been a great philosopher; but it does indicate that, if he could have been allowed to detach himself from convictions, and indulge his ironical and skeptical view without official, class, or national inhibitions, he might have been a distinguished man of letters.

R. B. PERRY.

**The Brimming Cup, by Dorothy Canfield.**

New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1921.

12mo, vi+409 pp. \$2.00.

MRS. DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER loves sharp contrasts, and she is peculiarly well equipped for producing them. From few other novelists might we have so glorious a sunset over the Campagna — Rome 'gleaming palely like a cluster of tiny, tarnished pearls, remote and legendary'; then, with the turn of a page, a romantic moment in the life of a Vermont village, when all the men and women and children of the little ugly wooden houses go on a pilgrimage under the stars, that they may take part in a rite of devotion to something rare and beautiful — a vision of the bursting into bloom of the Night-Blooming Cereus!

Exquisitely rich as is Mrs. Fisher's mind in the fruits of travel and of study, it is yet richer in her love for Vermont and her sympathizing understanding of that unique state. Her Vermont is a treasure-house for the lover of this narrow strip of 'the East.' One picture follows another in her pages: the high-ported, tall-pillared white parsonage, the mountains very blue against a sky that was really a clear green at the top of the horizon line, the glorious brown columns of the great pines, the velvet-like masses of the winter snows, piled into the frozen, buried, beautiful valley of the frozen, towering mountains; and then the low, silent, strong flight of wild geese, winging toward the north, their gray shapes the only moving thing in all the frost-held world! So vivid is the scene in which the drama is set, that it can almost divert one from the high-hearted action — almost, but not quite.

The scheme of the novel is so simple as to be unusual in these days of complex motive. A marriage for love takes husband and wife from the keen joys of foreign travel and fixes them firmly in a Vermont village. The man devotes his quiet capability to the development of a wood-factory, finding his opportunity for public service in the just and righteous methods of his legitimate business. The wife orders her household, brings up her three children (drawn with enchanting skill and delicacy), and puts her splendid musical ability at the service of the community. Life moves busily and evenly until another man appears — an unscrupulous, godless, hot-blooded egotist, whose very audacities and recklessness, if brilliant, diatribes divert and startle the wife, whose agile mind has been growing a bit stiff under the pressure of routine duties. The man is

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## The Borzoi-Gyldendal Books

**THE** firm of Gyldendal (Gyldendalske Boghandel Nordisk Forlag) is the oldest and greatest publishing house in Scandinavia, and has published, since its inception in 1770, practically all of the classic and many of the modern Danish and Norwegian writers. Among them are such names as Ibsen, Bjornson, Pontoppidan, Brandes, Gjellerup, Hans Christian Andersen, and Knut Hamsun, the Nobel Prize winner for 1920, whose works I am publishing in America.

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restrained by no conscientious scruples, and makes a bold try for the conquest of the lovely woman. There is just enough uncertainty in the situation to excite the reader's horror — and then all the rightmindedness and loyalty of wife and mother come to her rescue. She knows herself a part of the long procession of parents and children, — each giving all that each had to give, — each passing on the cup brimming with life and life's sweetness!

*The Brimming Cup* is a gracious, wholesome story — a victory of love over passion, of courage over fear, of patience and tenderness over cruelty and cynicism. H. E. HERSEY.

**The Mountebank**, by William J. Locke. New York: John Lane Company. 1921. 12mo, 320 pp.

It is divulging no secret (for the publishers divulge it on the loose cover) to say that the hero, Brigadier-General Lackaday, has before the War been a circus clown. The War has been his opportunity, but, now it is over, offers him no future. He must go back to the ring, and to his feminine partner in clowning, Elodie Figasso, to whom he owes a debt of gratitude and protection. And so, though he is in love with Lady Auriol, an earl's daughter, he goes. He is no longer even a first-rate clown; but he does as well as he can, hiding his 'chivalrous soul' and his love under a preposterous make-up of red hair, white paint, and tights. He has two other friends, however, — Anthony Hylton, the narrator of the story, a precise but lovable bachelor, and Horatio Bakkus, a professional singer of sentimental ditties, who poses as a cynic, — and these bring about the happy ending, in which the vulgar but engaging Elodie is properly disposed of, and Lady Auriol, having learned the truth, departs with the hero on a honeymoon to the Solomon Islands.

' . . . A situation,' says Hylton, 'as old as Romance itself. The valorous and gentle knight of hidden lineage and the Earl's daughter. . . . He rides away without betraying his passion, leaving the fair one to pine in lonely ignorance.'

"At this time of day, it's all such damn nonsense," said Lady Auriol.

'I pointed out to her that chivalrous souls still beautified God's earth and that such damn nonsense could not be other than the essence of their being.'

None but a very crabbed reader would object to such a thesis. Like the author's other tales, ever since the *Beloréd Vagabond*, this is a fiction of humor, quaintness, and optimism. It leads up bravely — not to say brazenly — to a happy ending. At its centre stands, as usual, a 'nature's nobleman,' whose simplicity, magnanimity, hopefulness, and modesty are hidden under an unprepossessing exterior. Its plot is the history of the quiet but ultimately successful pressure of this man's goodness of heart against untoward circumstance; the initial assumption here being, as in the other romances, that human worth,

however crushed to earth, will rise again: and who can prove that this is not the truth?

Most readers will find Hylton very enjoyable; Bakkus amusing, but not quite convincing; Lackaday pathetic where a powerful writer would have made him tragic. As for Lady Auriol, though the author tries manfully to make her an intrinsic part of the story, one could wish her and her entire 'affair' away. But the character of the book is Elodie Figasso, who takes the place in the ring of a dead poodle and catches lighted cigars in her mouth; and who, at the climax of the story, rushes down to the footlights, 'coarse and bulging out of her short red bodice and skirt,' and in a rage defies the house in defense of her brigadier-general clown-partner.

Altogether, it is an entertaining and appealing story. R. M. GAY.

**The Art of Lawn Tennis**, by William T. Tilden, 2d, Champion of the World. New York: George H. Doran Co. 1921. xvi+175 pp. Illustrated. \$2.00.

WHETHER justly or unjustly, people are apt to think of exceptionally proficient and talented performers in any branch of sport as either contemptuous of the efforts of the ungifted, or indifferent to them. The impression is fairly general that the higher the degree of skill, the more selfishly competitive the interest, and that those who are, to use the vernacular, 'in a class by themselves,' manifest little concern for those who are in a class with everybody else.

Mr. Tilden shows that he at least has no narrowly personal interest in the game of which he is the superlative exponent, and that he has at heart the further development of lawn tennis and the improvement of those who play it. A genuine desire to be helpful animates his book — a fact that will surprise no one who has seen him playing with youngsters and with duffers, and earnestly criticizing their strokes.

He is as individual in his writing as he is in his tennis-playing, as crisp and as decisive. It is seldom that a book which is professedly a manual of practical instruction achieves distinct interest by reason of the personality of the writer. We do not ordinarily think of manuals as having pronounced individuality. But one does not read far in Mr. Tilden's book without becoming pleasantly aware that the writer is original and, in his own right as well as in that of his subject, interesting. He does not deal merely with the technique of lawn tennis: he finds the human nature that is revealed in the course of play quite as worthy of study. 'A steady phlegmatic base-line player is seldom a keen thinker.' Such a player will not 'stir up his torpid mind to think out a safe method of reaching the net.' On the other hand, 'the hard-hitting, erratic, net-rushing player is a creature of impulse. . . . He will make brilliant *coups* on the spur of the moment, largely by instinct; but there is no mental power of consistent thinking.'

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New verse by the young British poet now in this country. "The beauty of Theodore Maynard's poems will appeal to all in whose souls the joy of living has its home. . . . A volume to be prized. An authentic poet has supplied its materials." — *Rochester Post Express*. *Net \$1.60.*

## THE ATLANTIC'S BOOKSHELF

Mr. Tilden makes an individual contribution to the ethics, or etiquette, of match-play: 'When you are the favored one in a decision that you know is wrong, strive to equalize it, if possible, by unostentatiously losing the next point. Do not hit the ball over the back-stop or into the bottom of the net, with a jaunty air of "Here you are." Just hit it slightly out or in the net, and go about your business in the regular way. Your opponent always knows when you extend him this justice, and he appreciates it, even though he does not expect it. Never do it for effect. It is extremely bad taste. Only do it when your sense of justice tells you should.'

Suggestive comment on leading players, and entertaining anecdotes of personal experience, give variety to the book. Both novice and adept will find the work of value. It is written in a spirit of sportsmanship as well as of helpfulness, and it is refreshingly free from egotism. A. S. PIER.

*Poems*, by Wilfred Owen, with an Introduction by Siegfried Sassoon. New York: B. W. Huebsch, Inc. (Printed in Great Britain.) 8vo, xii+33 pp. \$1.50.

*Right Royal*, by John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1920. 12mo, xi+146 pp. \$1.75.

THESE two books of modern English poetry, real poetry, provoke some observations on metrical forms. Wilfred Owen — a poet of this single volume, killed in battle just a week before the Armistice, when he was only twenty-five — was little concerned with rhyme; that is, he used it or not, or dealt in assonances instead, according to his wishes at the moment. But he cared greatly about rhythm — not a concealed intricate cadence, which only the initiate can disentangle, but an ordered swing of sound, with an impressiveness akin to that of marching men or of waves breaking on a shore of the sea. John Masefield, with a galloping tale of the steeple-chase to tell, adopts the familiar measure of 'From Ghent to Aix,' and clings to it through 145 pages which leave the reader not only unwearied, but quite capable of a mile or two more on the race-course. In neither book is there a trace of polyphonic prose or pollywoggish verse. There is no flirting with metrical innovations; and the noteworthy fact is that all the effects of originality, force, variety, and beauty are attained just as surely as if every paulo-post-futuristic experiment in poetic structure had been tried. A parallel fact is that each of the two poets very definitely had something to say. That is a great point in favor of any poet, and it is not yet established that the exemplars of the new order would continue to leave many of their readers cold if they too had a little more to say.

The *Poems* of Wilfred Owen will take a high place in the English poetry of the war. Their prevailing note is that of the pity, futility, and horror of war itself. They can never be set aside as the vaporings of a theorist or a pacifist, for Lieutenant Owen, undeterred by ill health from joining a fighting unit, saw the hardest of service at the front for the better part of three years, won the Military Cross for gallantry in action, and fell when 'peace' was in sight. He saw and wrote without illusions. The very title of some of his poems indicate what he saw — 'Mental Cases,' 'The Dead-Beat,' 'Futility.' A 'Parable of the Old Men and the Young' must be quoted entire:

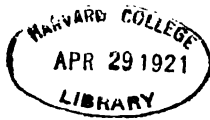
So Abram rose, and claved the wood, and went,  
And took the fire with him, and a knife.  
And as they sojourned both of them together,  
Isaac the first-born spake and said, My Father,  
Behold the preparations, fire and iron;  
But where the lamb for this burnt-offering?  
Then Abram bound the youth with belts and straps,  
And builded parapets and trenches there,  
And stretchèd forth the knife to slay his son.  
When lo! an angel called him out of heaven,  
Saying, Lay not thy hand upon the lad,  
Neither do anything to him. Behold,  
A ram caught in a thicket by its horns;  
Offer the Ram of Pride instead of him.  
But the old man would not so, but slew his son. . . .

From England at war, John Masefield's *Right Royal* transports one at a bound to England at peace. This picture of race-day on a steeple-chase course, with its high-spirited narrative of a horse and its rider, reveals Masefield, the storyteller in verse, even nearer his best than in *Reynard, the Fox*; for, though it contains no such gallery of human portraits as that tale of a fox-hunt, it is essentially a more human story. There is the same sympathy with dumb animals, but their fortunes are of far more consequence to the men concerned with them. It is hard to think of another poem which not only needs to be read with a map, but is far more profitably read through constant reference to such a piece of mechanical apparatus as the plan of the race-course which appears as an 'end-paper' in the book. It is indeed a poet's triumph that this device does not reduce the poetry to prose. The story itself is what holds the reader — the rush and spirit of it all, the imagery drawn from the sea, from 'leaves blown on the Hudson,' from 'snow in Wisconsin,' from all the panorama of a poet's vision. There is nobody else to whom the poetical story of a steeple-chase may be recommended as a theme for his muse. But Mr. Masefield has enriched the literature of his tongue by undertaking it.

M. A. DEW. HOWE.

In response to requests from many librarians, the reviews printed each month in this department of the magazine will be reprinted separately in pamphlet form. Copies may be had by any librarian, without charge, on application to the Atlantic Monthly, 8 Arlington St., Boston.





# THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

MAY, 1921

## A NEW CHAPTER OF BOSWELL

### UNPUBLISHED LETTERS TO ROUSSEAU AND VOLTAIRE

BY CHAUNCEY B. TINKER

In August, 1764, James Boswell, aged twenty-three and still very much of a boy, was sojourning for a season in Berlin. He had fled from the study of the law in Holland, which had been his serious purpose in coming abroad, and had set out to see the world. His father had consented that he should travel in Germany and see something of life in the German courts, which were commonly supposed to have an improving effect on insular manners. The consent was the more easily given as the boy was to have, as guide, Lord Keith, better known as the Earl Marischal of Scotland and the favorite of Frederick the Great. He had long been Governor of the Principality of Neuchâtel, and had become the intimate friend and the protector of Jean Jacques Rousseau. Lord Keith, who, despite his notoriety as a Stuart sympathizer, had been permitted to visit Scotland in 1764, was now about to rejoin his Prussian master.

It was during the last weeks of June and the first of July that young James Boswell had had the privilege of traveling in his company as far as Berlin. But now, toward the end of August, he had grown bored. He cared nothing for

the German courts. Not there did he find the *Great*, in the glory of whose presence he longed to stand and shine — if not with a radiance of his own, at least thereafter in a reflected light. 'I can see,' he writes, 'little advantage to be had at Berlin. I shall, however, remain here a fortnight, after which I intend passing by Manheim and one or two more of the German courts, to Geneva. I am there at the point from whence I may either steer to Italy or to France. I shall see Voltaire. I shall also see Switzerland and Rousseau. These two men are to me greater objects than most statues or pictures.'

And so, having extracted from his father the necessary permission and the necessary money, he set out once more upon his travels, this time with no other guide than his own sure instincts. The winter of 1764 and 1765 has hitherto been almost a blank page in the biography of Boswell; but with the aid of his letters to Rousseau, which have never been published or even read over by scholars, but copies of which have, by great good fortune, come into my hands, we are enabled to tell in outline the story of his life during this period,

and to see the influence of events in fixing the literary ambitions of him who was to be the Prince of Biographers.

Boswell departed from Germany, then, disgusted with courts, and repining at the dearth of great men in that country, and went to Switzerland. He went first to the Val de Travers, where he proposed to meet Rousseau. He had decided to approach him with no other recommendation than his own social genius. Now, inasmuch as this was not, in general, Boswell's method of approach to a great man, we are justified, I think, in assuming that he had failed to find anyone who could give him the necessary letter of introduction. Lord Keith might have done it, but he knew Rousseau all too well to care to do it. It is clear that he explained to Boswell that Rousseau was living in retreat from the world and denying himself to all visitors. Boswell had better give up the attempt to meet him. But the young Scot was not easily discouraged. He had never yet failed to meet anyone whom he had made up his mind to meet. There must be ways of prevailing even upon a Rousseau. There are a thousand kinds of appeal that may be made to a philosopher: one might, for example, rest one's case on one's dire need of spiritual counsel. It is only necessary to show a philosopher that one is a worthy disciple, that one has lived a life not unlike that of the master. And so the artful creature composed the following letter, which I render into English, since it is somewhat difficult to see the implications of Boswell's tortured French phrases.

VAL DE TRAVER, 3 December 1764.

MONSIEUR, —

I am a gentleman of an old Scotch family [*un ancien gentilhomme écossais*]. You know my rank. I am twenty-four years old. You know my age. It is sixteen months since I left Great Britain,

completely insular, knowing hardly a word of French. I have been in Holland and in Germany, but not yet in France. You will therefore excuse my language. I am on my travels, and have a genuine desire to perfect myself. I have come here in the hope of seeing you.

I have heard, Sir, that it is difficult to meet you [*que vous êtes fort difficile*] and that you have refused the visits of several persons of the highest distinction. For that, Sir, I respect you all the more. If you were to receive everyone who came to you just to be able to say boastingly, 'I have seen him,' your house would no longer be the retreat of exquisite Genius nor of elevated Piety; and I should not be enthusiastically eager to be received there.

I present myself, Sir, as a man of unique merit, as a man with a sensitive heart, a spirit lively yet melancholy. Ah! if all I have suffered gives me no special merit in the eyes of M. Rousseau, why was I ever so created, and why did he ever write as he has done? [*a-t-il tellement écrit?*]

Do you ask me for letters of recommendation? Is there need of any with a man like you? An introduction is necessary in the world of affairs, in order to protect those who have no insight for impostors. But, Sir, can you, who have studied human nature, be deceived in a man's character? My idea of you is this: aside from the unknowable essence of the human soul, you have a perfect knowledge of all the principles of body and mind; their actions, their sentiments, in short, of whatever they can accomplish or acquire in the way of influence over man. In spite of all this, Sir, I dare to present myself before you. I dare to submit myself to the proof. In cities and in courts where there is a numerous society, it is possible to disguise one's self; it is possible even to dazzle the eyes of the greatest philosophers. But I put myself to the severest

proof. It is in the silence and the solitude of your hallowed retreat that you shall judge of me; think you that in such circumstances I should be capable of dissimulation?

Your writings, Sir, have softened my heart, raised my spirits, and kindled my imagination. Believe me, you will be glad to see me. You know Scotch pride. Sir, I come to you to make myself worthy to belong to a nation that has produced a Fletcher of Saltoun, and an Earl Marischal. Pardon me, Sir, but I am moved! I can no longer refrain. O beloved St. Preux! Inspired Mentor! Eloquent and amiable Rousseau! I have a presentiment that a noble friendship shall be born this day.

I learn with great regret, Sir, that you are frequently indisposed. You may be so at present; but I implore you not to let that prevent your receiving me. You will find in me a simplicity which will in no wise disturb you and a cordiality which may assist you in forgetting your pains.

I have much to say to you. Although but a young man, I have had a variety of experiences, with which you will be impressed. I am in serious and delicate circumstances, and am most ardently desirous of having the counsels of the author of *La Nouvelle Héloïse*. If you are the benevolent man that I think you, you will not hesitate to bestow them upon me. Open your door, then, Sir, to a man who dares to say that he deserves to enter there. Trust a unique foreigner. You will never repent it. But, I beg of you, be alone. In spite of my enthusiasm, after having written you in this manner, I am not sure that I would not rather forego seeing you than meet you for the first time in company. I await your reply with impatience.

BOSWELL.

Who could refuse such a request? Certainly not a Jean Jacques Rousseau.

Apparently the interview came off exactly as Boswell desired it. From remarks in later letters and hints dropped here and there, it is possible to reconstruct the general scheme of their association. Since romantic melancholy had become, thanks to Rousseau, the fashionable pose, Boswell told of the temperamental gloom that frequently descended upon him; of the hypochondria that had afflicted him in Utrecht, whither he had gone to study the law. (It is noteworthy that, with Boswell as with ourselves, the sharpest fits of melancholia were coincident with confinement in harness.) He told him all this, and elicited from Rousseau the compliment which he never tired of quoting, 'Il y a des points où nos ames sont liés.'

He told him, moreover, of his affairs of the heart, and explained that he was in doubt with regard to his latest flame, Mlle. Isabella de Zuylen (whom he called 'Zelide'), as being the final choice of his heart. He even sent Zelide's letters to the philosopher! 'You are the only one to whom I have shown them. I could trust you with anything in the world.' He would like to have Rousseau's impressions regarding the character of Zelide. He sent him a sketch of his own life, — which would be worth its weight in gold to-day if it could be turned up, — in order that the great man might be thoroughly acquainted with his new friend. They conversed about the Earl Marischal, and Boswell proposed to write a 'Portrait' (as it was called in the salons) or character sketch of him. (It would appear that Rousseau's genius recognized the youngster's fitness for this kind of composition). He got a promise from him of a letter to his philosophic friend, De Leyre, the librarian of the Duke of Parma, destined to achieve a certain prominence in the French Revolution — a man whose acquaintance Boswell promptly cultivated in Italy.

He begged Rousseau to correspond with him. He demanded his advice with regard to the employment of his time in Italy. Inasmuch as Rousseau was a musician, Boswell, in the third of his letters, discovered in himself a penchant for that art. He tells Rousseau that he likes to sing, confesses that he plays a bit on the flute, but that he despises it. Some two years before, he had tried the violin, but found it a difficult instrument and gave it up. 'Tell me, would it not be well for me to apply myself seriously to music—up to a certain point? Tell me which instrument I should take up. It is late, I admit; but should I not have the pleasure of making continuous progress, and —' But it is no longer fair to conceal from the reader the *ipsissima verba* of the French original: 'Ne serais-je pas capable d'adoucir ma vieillesse par les sons de ma lyre?' The vision of James Boswell in the rôle of Ossian, with white beard streaming to the winds, amid the romantic glades of Auchinleck, soothing his stricken age with a lyre, is one that no kindly imagination will reject.

But Rousseau was more than musician, more than a philosopher retired from the world. He was a teacher of conduct, and his influence had long since been felt as a force in the daily lives of men. Therefore Boswell submits to him a practical question of morals. He cites, with a vividness of narrative that was later to become the most distinguished mark of his literary achievement, an *affaire d'honneur* in which he had become involved the summer before, and from which he had escaped with more skill than glory. I give it without abbreviation.

'Last summer in Germany I found myself in the midst of a large company, a company very disagreeable to me and in which I was sorry to be losing my time. The talk was all in praise of the French. Thereupon I declaimed against

that nation in the rudest terms. An officer rose, came to my side and said, "Monsieur, I am a Frenchman, and none but a scoundrel would speak as you have done of that nation." We were still at dinner. I made him a bow. I had half an hour for reflection. After dinner I led the captain out into the garden. I said to him, "Sir, I am greatly embarrassed. I have been very impolite. I am sincerely sorry. But you have made use of a word which a man of honor cannot endure, and I must have satisfaction. If it be possible to avoid a quarrel, I should be delighted, for I was in the wrong. Will you be so good as to beg my pardon before the company? I will first beg yours. If you cannot agree to my proposal, we must fight, although I admit to you that I shall do so with repugnance." I addressed him with the *sang-froid* of a philosopher determined to do his duty. The officer was a fine fellow. He said to me, "Sir, I will do as you wish." We returned to the company, and made our apologies, one to the other. We embraced. The affair was ended. I could not, however, rest content without consulting two or three Scotsmen. I said to them, "Gentlemen, I am a simple man. I am not in touch with your social rules, but I believe that I have acted like a man. You are my compatriots. I ask your advice." They assured me that the affair had been honorably adjusted between us. They advised me to take this experience as a lesson for the future.'

But still the young man's mind is not at rest. He charges himself at times with cowardice—'Je suis d'un tempérament craintif.' The philosopher's opinion is sought. 'What do you seriously think of duels?' There is the peculiarly Boswellian touch, the conscious art of the interviewer disguising itself under the mask of naïveté. In dealing with Boswell, nothing is easier than to let

our attention dwell on his apparent simplicity, or vanity, or even folly, to the point of entirely missing the thing that he would be at. What Rousseau happens to think about Boswell's valor of strictly secondary importance com- in this particular incident is, of course, pared with the primary intention of getting the great man to express himself. One may sacrifice a great deal of personal esteem if one can draw forth from Rousseau a dissertation on dueling. And so Boswell adds to the question I have quoted this skillful observation: 'You have not said enough of the matter in your *Héloïse*. There are people who think that the Gospel teaches us to be too supine in this regard.' Clearly the young man has prepared the ground. If Rousseau replies at all, he can hardly avoid the expression of his views on dueling, and the pages of Boswell's notebook (and of his future 'Reminiscences of Rousseau') will be enriched with a unique morsel.

But the ending of this third letter from which I have been quoting is, in truth, one of the most delightful and characteristic bits that our biographical adventurer ever penned. His busy mind had discovered yet another avenue of approach to the retired sage, which would lead (could one but get started upon it) straight into the domestic privacies of life which Boswell so dearly prized. Obviously one means of approach to a man is through his mistress. Therefore Boswell ends his letter thus, 'You will not take offense if I write occasionally to Mlle. Vasseur. I swear that I have no intention of carrying off your duenna [*d'enlever votre gouvernante*]. I sometimes form romantic plans; never impossible plans.'

What reply—if any—Jean Jacques made to this attractive proposal I cannot tell. Nor, alas, have any letters from Boswell to Thérèse LeVasseur as yet rewarded my search. But certain

it is that the proposal gave no offense. For when, some thirteen months later, Rousseau crossed the Channel to England, he went in company with his philosophic friend, David Hume, and entrusted Thérèse to the care of Boswell, who crossed some weeks later.

But there was another philosophic retreat for our young enthusiast to penetrate—Ferneŷ. There dwelt a man who interested him no less than Rousseau—Voltaire, now in his seventy-first year, but brilliant still, brilliant as a meteor which, with fear of change, perplexes monarchs. Just how the genial young tuft-hunter got into the presence we cannot tell, but it is probable that he brought a letter of introduction from the Earl Marischal, who must have had less scruple about exposing Voltaire to the Boswellian bacillus than the hypochondriac Rousseau. Be this as it may, Boswell was received, and by his own statement—and he was not given to inaccuracy—spent an hour with the aged philosopher, in conversation *tête-à-tête*.

Can you imagine the scene—the withered, but still sinister, Son of the Morning, with his satirical smile and his benevolent eye, confronting the busy, inquisitive, entertaining young Scot? 'It was,' says Boswell in describing the interview to Rousseau, 'a most serious conversation. He talked of his natural religion in a striking manner.' James, you see, had introduced the subject of religion—doubtless by means of citing his own infidelities. Already he has in mind an account of his discussion with Voltaire, which shall correct the popular impression of him as devoid of the religious instinct.

After Voltaire had talked for a time, the young man said to himself (and on the principle that James Boswell uttered whatever came into his head, I do not scruple to assert that he cried aloud), 'Aut Erasmus, aut diabolus!' In

discussing his favorite theme of the nature of the soul, Boswell asked Voltaire a question which well indicates the skill with which he ensnared his destined prey, and which, indeed, has a very modern ring to it. 'I asked him if he could give me any notion of the situation of our ideas which we have totally forgotten at the time, yet shall afterwards recollect. He paused, meditated a little, and acknowledged his ignorance in the spirit of a philosophical poet, by repeating as a very happy allusion a passage in Thomson's *Seasons*, "Aye," said he, "Where sleep the winds when it is calm?"'

Of course he got Voltaire to express an opinion of Rousseau; and tells us, in his *Tour to Corsica*, that the older philosopher consistently spoke of the younger with a 'satirical smile.' Yet Boswell let his romantic imagination (as he would have called it) play with the notion of bringing the two men together, and even had the temerity to say to Rousseau, 'In spite of all that has happened, you would have loved him that evening'. An astute remark, which may lead to much. For, if Rousseau replies to the letter, he may assent to this pious opinion or he may reject it, but in either case there begins new matter for a biographer. As we know, neither James Boswell nor anybody else reconciled the two philosophers; but James, I regret to say, did something to increase the asperity between them. In the spring of 1776, after Rousseau had quarreled with his English friends, Boswell designed and published a 'ludicrous print,' into which he introduced his three philosophical friends, Rousseau, Hume, and Voltaire. Rousseau in the shaggy attire of a 'wild man' (as conceived in the reign of George III) occupies the centre of the picture, while Voltaire smiles cynically in the background, as one of the bystanders cries out, 'Wip 'im, Voltaire!'

On New Year's Day, 1765, James Boswell departed from Geneva, in search of new worlds to conquer and other great men to record. He had come into conjunction with two of the major planets of the literary heavens. He had filled notebooks with his accounts of their conversation — notebooks whose loss the world will long deplore. He passed from Geneva to Turin with his social and anecdotal soul aflame, rapt away, one fancies, in a vision of all the glory that might be his.

On the tenth of January, he learned that John Wilkes, in political exile from his native land, was, for the moment, in Turin. At once he prepared himself for the attack. O reader, do you perchance know the ballet of *Tamar*? If you do, you will recall the close of that vivid drama. Tamar, having finished off one victim, beholds from her window, as she sinks back into momentary ease, the approach of another wayfarer. She lifts herself from cushioned luxury, and beckons to him afar. And so the piece ends as it had begun. Or are you, perchance, a reader of M. Benoit's sultry romance, *L'Atlantide*? If so, you will recall the cruel loveliness of the princess, whose malign ambition is to surround herself with the glistening images of her lovers, preserved forever, actual yet golden. Now such a passion as that of Tamar or the Atlantide possessed the innocent soul of James Boswell, biographer. It is a paltry business to think of him as a parasite who attacked but a single victim. Nay, rather, his was the golden hand of the realist, who preserves human life in its actuality, yet ever at its best and fullest. And if it be that there mingled with his vision of an Atlantidean circle of the golden great a baser ambition to shine in the reflected light of his splendid victims, who shall begrudge it him? Is not the artist worthy of his fame?

And so John Wilkes, demagogue, 'Apostle of Liberty,' esteemed the wittiest and the most dangerous man of his day, comes within James Boswell's ken. He is not to be won as were the philosophers. But our artist knows many wiles, and the approach which he will make in this case will be of a quite

different kind. We will not attempt to reduce the fine art of the great biographer to a formula, nor do we at present care to emphasize the mere contrast of method exhibited in James Boswell's conquest of John Wilkes. For that, to make use of a time-honored phrase, is *another story*.

## THE BIOLOGIST SPEAKS OF LIFE

BY VERNON KELLOGG

### I

WHILE engaged in the work of Mr. Hoover's relief organizations, I saw a good deal at very close range of the behavior of men at war. I saw a constant struggle, in the case of some of these men in positions of authority, between two elements in their make-up: a brute element inherent in them as a biologically inherited vestige of prehistoric days, and a strictly human element more recently acquired and transmitted to them by education and social inheritance. Sometimes one element dictated their behavior, sometimes the other. Sometimes, unfortunately, the element of education reinforced the element of brute inheritance. The existence and influence of these two usually conflicting parts of human make-up were made especially clear and sharp because of the unwonted continuous stress of the whole situation. It was an unusual opportunity for the biologist student of human life to observe the relative strength of these two factors, which play their parts in the determination of the behavior and fate of us all. Are we, in our

present evolutionary stage, more animal than human, or more human than animal? And why? And can any attempt at scientific analysis of present human make-up give us knowledge that will enable us to live more rationally, more successfully, more happily?

As detached and cool-blooded as he can possibly be in his contemplation of the make-up and the capacities and behavior of human beings, the biologist is, nevertheless, often overcome by those same feelings of awe and reverence in the face of the 'wonders of human life,' which overcome other less cool-blooded persons. In his laboratory and study he may assure himself that he is dealing only with an unusually complex, highly endowed, and, in every way, remarkable animal, and reassure himself, in the face of the difficulties of the biological analysis of this animal, by remembering how he has been able to reveal, and, in some measure, to explain, the make-up and capacities of other at first baffling animals. But in his home with his family, and in social intercourse

with his friends and acquaintances, he sometimes loses the confidence of his laboratory hours. There is something, or many things, in all the human beings I know personally, and something in myself, which make them and me very different from the samples of the species that I study in the laboratory.

I started studying human life as a biologist by studying, first, plants, then, birds, and finally, and for a long time, insects. This might be called my undergraduate course in human life. I began my graduate course with a baby — my own — for special subject; and then, as she grew older, I turned to something easier — just men and women with whom I had less personal relations and whom I knew only as representatives of the animal species man. I found that I could not advisedly let my serious biological studies be interfered with by such incidental, but, in some ways, very confusing, things as sympathy and love and pride and hope.

## II

The biologist pays much attention to origins — often, too much. Two things can have a common or related origin and yet acquire, in the course of their development, differences that make, for all practical purposes, two very different things out of them. Quantitative differences may come to be so great that they have all the practical effect of qualitative differences. Or qualitative differences, very small, indeed, when measured by the chemist or physicist and described in the terminology of their sciences, may have very large effects in the practical relation of the substances or things exhibiting them.

Nevertheless, the biologist has good grounds for paying much attention to commonness of origin and similarities of structural make-up in his attempts to read the riddle of life — even human

life. Things that have come from the same thing, or that have a fundamental likeness of structure, are bound to have some commonness of capacity and behavior. And so the biologist, in his approach to man as a subject of scientific scrutiny, is deeply interested in the possible unraveling of the tangled and broken skein of his biological history. Whence and how has he come into being? And into being in the particular form and condition which now characterize him? Can human characteristics be found in a less complex stage of development and organization elsewhere in the world of life? And if the human body shows no radical qualitative differences from other animal bodies, what will be the significance of this to the biologist in his attempt to study and appraise human life?

As to human origin, the biologist finds no tangible evidence to support any other explanation than the now familiar and widely accepted one of evolution from preëxisting lower animal kinds. For this explanation he does find what is, to him, practically convincing evidence. It is of no very great interest, certainly of no very great importance, to most of us, if we once accept the evolutionary explanation of origin, whether man is traced back to this or that particular kind of anthropoid ape, or other less anthropoid ancestor. However, when we watch a chimpanzee for some time, we come to have a hope that he is not the particular anthropoid that the biologist would ask us to recognize with any filial admiration or affection. The feeling is even more marked when the orangutan or the gorilla is the object of our curiosity. It is true, though, that, if we watch a chimpanzee long enough, a rather unsettling feeling is likely to grow on us that there is something all too familiar about him. He seems to be a caricature of some people whom we know; he behaves curiously like some children



(other people's children) whom we recall.

I had an experience with a chimpanzee once in Berlin, which sticks always in my memory. I was giving at the time, as a student of zoölogy, some special attention to anthropoids, and used to go out almost daily to the Zoölogical Gardens, where I had become acquainted with the keeper of the apes. He had a favorite chimpanzee, which he used to keep with him a great deal in his own room or office; and I got into the habit of dropping in frequently for an afternoon chat with the friendly pair. The keeper was a rather stolid sort of person, who seemed to me to possess a marked paucity of human feeling and expression. On the other hand, the chimpanzee seemed possessed of a wide range of human-like interests and feelings, and was fascinatingly varied and interesting in his expression of them. The conviction grew on me that he was almost the more human of the two.

But he rarely paid me the compliment of showing any special recognition of me or interest in me. I seemed to lack any special traits of attractiveness for him. One day, however, with the permission of the keeper, I brought an American family with me, who had with them a coal-black, extremely African negress as nurse-maid; and the chimpanzee was so animatedly friendly to this dear old mammy from the very moment of her entrance, that she soon fled, screaming with horror and fright. I shall never forget the strong impression made on me of the chimpanzee's immediate apparent recognition of Matilda as an old acquaintance; she was the kind of human being he knew about and was interested in. Yet, as he had been brought to the Gardens as a baby and had had really no personal acquaintanceship with negroes, if he really knew Matilda, or had some sense of relationship with her, it must have been a case of biological memory.

However, the biologist does not claim that we are directly descended from the chimpanzee, or any other particular anthropoid, or particular lower kind of monkey that we know, either living or extinct. But that anthropoid and human structure are too fundamentally and minutely similar to be a result of mere coincidence or convergence, or anything else than true homology based on commonness of origin, he simply accepts as a biological fact, without regard to his feelings of friendliness or unfriendliness for chimpanzees and their immediate relatives.

This structural evidence of ancestral relationship between the anthropoids and man is added to by several other well-known kinds of likenesses, physiological, psychological, even ecological. The similarity of the chemical character of the blood of the two groups, as shown by the approximate identity of its reactions in the face of certain stimulation, — the so-called precipitin reactions, — these differing from those of the blood of other higher mammals, is a notable modern addition to the biological evidence of anthropoid and human relationships. For the same identities or close similarities in blood-character occur in other kinds of animals well known to be closely related, as the wolf and dog, or the horse and ass, and do not occur when the blood of two less closely related animals is tested.

A less important and less well-known added bit of evidence is one that came under my own observation a few years ago, during the course of some study of certain highly specialized external insect parasites of man and some other mammals. In this study it became apparent that the kinds of these parasites characteristic of and limited to men and apes are more closely related to each other than they are to parasitic kinds characteristic of the other quadrumana or of any other mammals. This points

to a probable commonness of origin of the now slightly differentiated parasites of men and apes from some parasite ancestor, which may have helped to make life uncomfortable for certain common ancestors of the anthropoids and early men.

### III

The biologist finds another evidence of man's place in nature as simply one among the various groups of mammals in the conditions of the physical variation among different human races — or species, as they would probably be called by any entirely disinterested student of human kind. If an expedition of scientific gentlemen from the Academy of Sciences of Mars, say, should some day find its way to our planet, the members would doubtless report to their colleagues, on their return home, the discovery of a considerable number of earth-inhabiting different species of man, and might issue a classificatory monograph on them, not unlike one of our own monographs on the various species of bears. Our attempts at classifying the bears, you know, are attended by a good deal of discussion as to whether some of the different kinds are just different races or varieties of one species, or whether they truly represent different species. As a matter of fact, I suppose this does not much worry the bears: it worries only the scientists.

There is also some suggestive evidence about man's position in nature to be derived from the facts of the geographical distribution of his different races. The suggestiveness comes from the interesting resemblance of the status of this distribution to that obtaining generally among the higher vertebrates. Dr. J. C. Merriam, the distinguished palæontologist and student of the history of the human species, has especially stressed this fact and its significance. Just as the distribution of

the members of a group of mammals or birds indicates in fairly clear outlines a classification of these members such as would be made on a basis of their comparative structure, so the different subdivisions of human kind show a similar parallel in their distribution and structural similarities or dissimilarities.

Now, the essential point of all that has just been said concerning man's striking structural similarity to certain higher animals, and concerning his likenesses to them in other ways, physiological, variational, and distributional, is that in these similarities the biologist finds convincing proof of man's origin from, and definite relation to, other forms of life. And this must be ever in our minds in all our subsequent discussion. But before pointing out any of the probable special significances, to the biologist-student of human life, of the undoubted evolutionary derivation of man from lower, non-human forms of life, let us glance briefly at another aspect of the consideration of human origin, namely, the pre-history of man as a creature unmistakably man, but of much more primitive human culture than he possesses at present — a history that the discoveries and investigations of the last score of years have done more to reveal, than had all study previous to the beginning of this century.

It is to the palæontologist and historical anthropologist, that we look for facts concerning the very earliest days of man's existence. How far back in geologic time, how long ago as estimated in years and centuries, does man seem to have lived on this earth? Where did he live? Does he first appear as scattered over all the land-surface of the globe, as he now is; or was he originally limited to a certain part or parts of it? What sort of man was he in those first-man days? What of his body? What of his habits, his culture, his relation as individual to others of his kind?

Before we listen to any of the answers, let us note that the anthropologist, in his attempts to satisfy his and our curiosity about primitive man, has a second string to his bow, in addition to that provided him primarily by the palæontologist. He recognizes in his study of the man-group, just as the general biologist does in his study of any group of animals or plants, that the present existing members of his group are not all of equal evolutionary advancement or chronology. There are always some of a type less advanced or specialized, and some of types more advanced. The less advanced are usually presumed to be older in their evolutionary origin than the more advanced; so that, although they all live now side by side and at the same time, some may be looked on as in a form or stage of greater primitiveness or antiquity, as compared with others. This is, indeed, quite true of the various living kinds, or races, of man. The native Australians, the Veddahs of Ceylon, the lost Tasmanians, the Ainus of Japan, the Bushmen of Central Africa, and several other scattered similar small groups, do represent, in their physical structure, mental capacity, and general culture, more primitive stages in human evolution than those represented by the larger Caucasian, Mongolian, Negro, and Polynesian groups, which comprise the great majority of living men.

In comparing the physical and mental character and the culture of these living primitive types, and the character and culture of various extinct types of men, as indicated by their recovered bones and articles of handiwork, the anthropologist finds such similarities, that he can refer with some confidence to these living primitive types as paralleling in many characteristics some of the more recent types of prehistoric man. He has not yet found alive that missing link between men and the an-

thropoids which some anthropologists have fondly imagined may still be living in unexplored regions of Africa, Asia, or Malaysia, and to find which, expeditions have occasionally been sent out, only, so far, to return empty-handed. Nor does he find any living types that can possibly be construed to parallel in their condition, or actually to be persisting remnants of, the most ancient or most primitive types of real men. But he gets nearer to understanding the life of man in those days when types of men now extinct were the highest types, by looking at human life as exhibited by the lowest types now living.

I must recall to your minds that geologists divide the eight hundred million years, more or less, of earth-time into a series of successive ages, characterized by differing kinds of rocks and by different floras and faunas, all, with the exception of the flora and fauna of the present age, now extinct. It is with only a few of the more recent of these ages that we need concern ourselves in our search for the geologic evidence of man's origin. Of course, recent is a comparative term. It means, as used by geologists, anything that happened within anywhere from the last few hundred thousand to the last few million years.

In the rocks of these more recent ages, beginning with an age called Lower Oligocene, and running on up through Upper Oligocene, Lower, Mid, and Upper Miocene and Pliocene, have been found the fossil remains of numerous now extinct anthropoid apes. These have been found, not only in Asia and Africa, to which continents the few living anthropoids are now restricted, but also in Europe, which so far has been the source of all but one of the most ancient human relics. I speak of these fossils as representing numerous anthropoids; but numerous also is a comparative term; I mean by it simply considerably more kinds of anthropoids

than now exist; and some of these extinct forms seem to be of a higher specialization than any now existing ones. But the rocks of none of these ages — that is, up to and including the Pliocene Age — have revealed any fossils of indubitable human creatures. The one case that may possibly constitute an exception to this statement is that of the famous *Pithecanthropus*, a creature of which a few bones, — to be specific, a skull-cap, a femur, and two molar teeth — probably belonging to a single individual, were found nearly thirty years ago in Java, by Dubois. These relics were found in a situation which, if it does not allow the fossils to be ascribed definitively to the Pliocene Age, in its very latest days, at least proves this relic to be an antiquity as old as the very beginning of the Pleistocene, or Glacial, Age, which is the age immediately succeeding the Pliocene, and is the most recent of the geologic series, unless the period since the last great continental glaciers existed is given a special name, such as Recent (with a capital letter), or Present, to distinguish it from that period which included the several glacial and interglacial times now recognized as comprised in the so-called Glacial Age.

*Pithecanthropus* has been variously hailed with joy as the long-sought missing link, regarded with scorn as an individual degenerate human reversion, or looked on, with less emotion but more judgment, as a creature of very great interest and importance in the study of man's origin, whether it be called highest of apes or lowest of men, or whether it be excluded from the direct line of human genealogy and called an offshoot from this direct line, but one arising just before the line had culminated in undoubted human kind. In a famous discussion held around the actual fossils (brought by their discoverer to the Zoölogical Congress at Leyden

in 1895), and participated in by an extraordinary gathering of the most eminent anthropologists of the world, five of these experts maintained that *Pithecanthropus* was an ape, seven that it was a man, and seven others that it was a transition form between man and the anthropoids. The discussion was, you see, primarily one of precise classification: there was practical agreement that this creature of uppermost Pliocene or lowest Pleistocene time was so much like an ape, and at the same time so much like a man, that it proved, if proof were still needed, that, so far as structure, at least, is concerned, the anthropoids and man differ only quantitatively and not qualitatively.

Now *Pithecanthropus* lived at least one million years ago; so that, if he really represents man in lowest human terms, we have had a human history on this earth of which the period since the earliest historically known civilization of Egypt and Crete is a very small fraction. But that is not necessarily to disparage the possibility of a great deal of important human history occurring during that small fraction of time. The biologist is not so foolish as to suggest that extent of time alone is a measure of the importance of epochs in human history: for most of us, that last one hundred thousandth of the period of man's existence has a hundred thousand times more interest than all the rest; but the biologist believes that paying a little attention to prehistoric man may make the greater attention we pay to historic man more fruitful of a sounder understanding of human character, capacity, and possibility.

We seem rather to have taken for granted that *Pithecanthropus* was the first man, or obviously near-man, type. If this is to be our starting-point, we ask the palæontologist if he has found a more or less continuous series of human fossils running forward from *Pithe-*

canthropus, both as to time and evolutionary development, up to now. His answer inclines to be, Yes. But, in truth, he has found comparatively few actual fossils or relics of human bodies, and very considerable gaps exist in the series, both as to gradations in structure and as to time-periods represented. In fact, only one of his undoubted human relics goes back in geologic time to a period approaching that represented by *Pithecanthropus*.

This oldest one is known as the 'Heidelberg Jaw,' — because it was found in the Elsenz Valley not far from Heidelberg, — and is a lower jaw-bone, with almost all the teeth in place. Compared with the present human jaw, it is notable for its unusual size, the lack of a protruding chin, and its great strength and thickness, combined with unusual width of the region for the attachment of the muscles used in mastication. The teeth are large, but not out of proportion to the size of the jaw. The jaw-bone itself is more simian than human, but the teeth are more human than simian. Particularly notable in this respect are the canines, which are not large and long, as simian and many other mammal canines are, but small, and not extending above the level of the other teeth. However, in their size, heavy roots, and wide pulp-cavities, all the teeth present characters which distinguish them readily from human teeth of to-day.

In addition to these very earliest actual remains of the bodies of man or man-ape, there have been found, in various localities in Portugal, France, Belgium, England, and perhaps elsewhere, a large number of flaked flints, in positions which undeniably refer them to a geologic time ranging back through Pleistocene into Pliocene and probably into an even earlier age. These flaked flints, which in higher or more complex stages of flaking are commonly known

in connection with all of prehistoric man's later Pleistocene life, and even with present human life as exhibited by the more primitive living peoples, are, in their earliest forms, — known as eoliths, — the subject of much discussion. It has been shown that a certain simple flaking of flint stones can occur by natural physical means without the aid of living creatures. But many of these Pliocene, or very early Pleistocene, eoliths show such a kind of flaking, affording cutting edges and grips for firm holding in the hand, fitting them to be very simple weapons or tools, that many competent anthropologists insist that they must have been produced by living creatures, of sufficient wit and dexterity to make tools out of the material at hand most available for this purpose. Indeed, we can well imagine the first human beings picking up flints naturally flaked, and then moving on to better tools or weapons by intelligently and deliberately further flaking them, or flaking other flints, which are still found in the form of heavy, rounded pebbles of various sizes.

The great importance of these eoliths to the student of early man is that, if they are really man-made, they help substantiate the evidence of *Pithecanthropus* and the Heidelberg Jaw as to man's probable origin in Pliocene time, or even earlier. If man did arise in Pliocene time, then, his antiquity is carried back by many hundred thousand years behind that later Pleistocene period in which we can be certain of his existence on the basis of undoubted human fossils.

This Pleistocene, or Glacial, Age, of which our present time may be reckoned the latest part, was a period of several hundred thousand years, characterized by a succession of great continental glaciers sweeping down from the north, probably three on this continent and four in Europe, with separating inter-

glacial times of considerably higher average temperature, and consequent climatic amelioration. In the times of the glaciers, animals of the colder regions—as the mammoth, aurochs, and the like,—occurred all over Europe, even to its present southern boundaries; while in the warmer interglacial times, animals characteristic of lower latitudes, even considerably lower than those of present Southern Europe, replaced them. It is to this interesting age of alternating cold and warm periods that all the known actual human fossils so far found in Europe, with the exception of the probably older Heidelberg Jaw already mentioned, are assigned.

The careful study of all these Pleistocene relics of early man's body has enabled anthropologists to distinguish certain successive types of prehistoric man, differing in some measure structurally and evolutionally; so that an older type, like Neanderthal man, distinctly shows stronger simian characters, such as smaller brain-case and more projecting orbital ridges, less chin and more jaw, more curving thigh-bones and more opposed great toe, than a later type, like Cro-Magnon man. And the exhaustive study of the collected thousands of specimens of early man's handiwork have enabled anthropologists to distinguish a series of successive human cultural stages, marked by obvious differences in the variety and degree of elaboration of the weapons and tools and ornaments made and used by prehistoric man during Palæolithic, Neolithic, and the early metal ages. They even know what other animals he knew, from actual remains of these animals found with his own bones, and from crude carvings and drawings of these animals on cave-walls, made by prehistoric man himself. There are certain limestone caverns in Southern France whose walls are veritable picture galleries of prehistoric art.

Students of prehistoric man know also that many things that were a part of human life as we first know it historically formed no part of human life in Pleistocene time. Among the many thousand recovered specimens of prehistoric man's handiwork, there is a singular paucity of variety: a few kinds are repeated over and over again with superficial changes—a fact that reveals the limited resources and variety of occupations of this early human life.

#### IV

Now, all this consideration of man's origin prepares, even compels, the biological student of present-day human life to recognize many characteristics of this life as vestigial, that is, as carried over from pre-human life and from prehistoric human life. It compels him also to face the fact that, if the human body and its capacities are recognized as derived by the more or less understood processes of organic evolution from other lower animal bodies and endowments, with no introduction of super-natural means to give human life qualitatively different capacities,—supernatural ones, they might be called,—then he must not only expect to find present human life influenced by inherited carry-overs from man's animal ancestors, but he must expect to find the human body and its behavior and its fate subject, in greater or less degree, to the influence of all the general conditions and so-called laws of biology, such as those of heredity, variation, selection, mutation, growth, the influence of environment, and the like, which apply to all living things, to all substance and capacities of substance organized as living matter.

But he must be prepared to go even further. The bio-chemists and physiologists have made much progress recently in showing that many of the long-

accepted familiar distinctions between living and non-living matter must be given up, and that living matter is fundamentally only a much more complex association or state of the same substances that compose other matter, and that, therefore, it is largely controlled in its behavior just as other matter is controlled, namely by physical and chemical conditions and stimuli. So that the biological student of human life must be prepared to take constantly into account the results of the investigations, and the significance of the claims, of the upholders of the physico-chemical, or mechanistic, conception of life.

Facing all this, one can see at once how necessary it is for the biological student of human life to have, if he is not to be carried off his feet at once into the camp of the cynical and hopeless complete mechanists, a wife and child at home to return to from his laboratory. If I myself am not yet convinced that all of humanism is to be dumped, together with all the rest of nature, into the common pot of chemicalism, it is chiefly due to my wife and child. Not that I cannot recognize in them the presence of bodies composed of engines, and of living tissues and organs composed of substances, mostly very complex, but at bottom made up of the same chemical elements that make up the less complex substances of non-living matter; nor that I cannot perceive in them the results of the influences of the biological laws that I find also in the various lower forms of life. But I find *more* in them; so much more, indeed, that, although my scientific training and knowledge urge me to look on this more as only quantitatively more, my common sense and general experience, to say nothing of my recognition of the limitations of scientific knowledge, compel me to see in them the manifestations of natural possibilities so far removed from, or in advance

of, those manifestations as revealed in non-living matter or in the whole range of the rest of the world of life, that, for all practical purposes, these two human beings, and hence all others, must be looked on as possessed of at least some qualities and capacities essentially different from those found anywhere else in nature.

But this is not at all to say that I must recognize anything supernatural in these qualities. They may simply be such different and such extraordinary natural qualities, that all the study of the most widely versed and wisest student of all the rest of nature will not enable him to understand these special human qualities and capacities on the basis of this study alone. I am still not necessarily driven to look on man as something out of or beyond nature. In fact, I see so much in him that is familiar elsewhere in nature, that I should have quite as much difficulty in explaining why this is so, if he is supernatural, as I now have in trying to explain all of him in terms of the nature that is revealed in studying physics, chemistry, and the natural history of plants and the lower animals.

Altogether, then, in approaching the study of human life from the standpoint of the biologist who is not a bigot, but who is, after all, a biologist and not a theologian or metaphysician, we must take fairly into account all that the study of the rest of nature allows us to make use of in understanding certain aspects of human life, and yet must guard ourselves against the assumption that, because we understand the life of starfishes pretty well, we are sufficiently equipped with knowledge to be confident of explaining human life in terms of magnified starfish life. Even if I can declare with almost perfect certainty what will be the color of the eyes of the children of two blue-eyed parents, and with much confidence what kind of mental

equipment the children of two congenitally feeble-minded parents will have, because I am familiar with a biological law discovered by a naturalist who studied heredity in garden peas, and because I have noted that this law applies equally well to certain silkworm characters and, finally, to various human traits, I am in no position to say whether your children will believe in God or not, be Republicans or Democrats or Bolsheviki, write poetry or rob banks, or live in settlement houses. I may be able to make a fair prognosis of the degree of resistance to tuberculosis which your children will exhibit during their life, but I can make no least guess as to their probability of dying in a future war with Germany. I feel pretty certain about what will happen to the human body after death; but whether that is the whole significance of death in relation to a human being, I, not being a scientific bigot, am not at all certain. I am not a spiritist, but if I claimed to be able to say that there are and can be no spirits, I should be claiming to know the whole order of nature. And that, no naturalist, or anyone else, does know. All that the naturalist can claim is that he knows a part of the order of nature; and if some part of human life comes within that known part of the order of nature, then he insists that anyone seriously considering human life must take cognizance of this knowledge of his. Men who, in discussing the possibility of a league of nations doing away with war, argue against such possibility on the assumed premises that fighting is inherent in human nature and that human nature does not change, are not taking into account the biologist's certain knowledge that human nature does change. The educator or prison reformer who claims that you can do anything with any man by education and environment, does not take into account the biologist's knowledge

of the unescapable influence on human fate of inherited traits. He knows that it is perfectly true that you cannot put a thousand-dollar education into a fifty-dollar boy. But well-meaning people keep trying to do this all the time.

## V

We have, then, to face, in our further consideration of human life from the point of view of the biologist, two rather sharply contrasted things. One thing is, that the biologist does have a certain positive knowledge of some conditions or factors that do help to determine the course of human life. The other thing is, that the course of human life is partly determined by a set of conditions which are, so far, at least, quite outside the special knowledge of the biologist. He can guess and wonder about them just as other people do, but he has no right to claim that he knows about them. If some biologists do make this claim, it must be because they are carried away by the interesting sensation of knowing anything at all about what has been so long called 'the mystery of life.'

A famous biologist of the mechanistic-conception-of-life school once said to me, as he saw me find my way to a certain corner seat in a restaurant with bench seats along the walls, that the reason why I tried to find a corner seat was because I was positively thigmotropic — that is, because I was irresistibly impelled, as a sand flea is, to get my body into as much contact as possible with solid surroundings. The fact is that I had made an appointment with a friend to meet him in that corner.

The human being has such power of dislocating his reactions to stimuli as regards both time and space, that his behavior cannot be prophesied by any naturalist with ever so complete knowledge of the reflexes and tropisms exhibited by very simple animals. That is,



the inevitable and immediate responses of *Paramœcium*, or house-flies, or of just-hatched spiderlings, to physical and chemical stimuli, which responses, in sum, compose their behavior, may have their vestiges in man, and do have certain parallels, as in the behavior of the internal organs and certain external reflexes. But, for the most part, man turns toward or away from light, or finds a seat in a corner or away from the room-walls, because he is influenced by factors very different from simple physical and chemical ones — factors which may be of a week ago or a mile away. It is these non-mechanistic factors or conditions in human life, and their results, that constitute that part of human life — which is peculiarly the human

part — that the biologist must hesitate to be dogmatic about. Yet this part must have a seizing interest for him — that is, if he is himself human and not made over, by too much association with *Paramœcium*, to be more like his Protozoan pet than like the rest of his own species.

In our continuing consideration of human life, therefore, as the biologist sees it, we shall not hesitate to touch upon any of the phenomena and problems presented by this life, whether they be clearly within the province which the biologist can pretty confidently claim as his, or in that other province which less clearly belongs to him, but which he may believe he has at least as much right as anyone else to venture into.

*(The Biologist and Death will be the subject of Mr. Kellogg's next paper.)*

## HOME-BOUND

BY JOSEPH AUSLANDER

THE moon is a wavering rim where one fish slips,  
 The water makes a quietness of sound;  
 Night is an anchoring of many ships  
 Home-bound.

There are strange tunnelers in the dark, and whirs  
 Of wings that die, and hairy spiders spin  
 The silence into nets, and tenants  
 Move softly in.

I step on shadows riding through the grass,  
 And feel the night lean cool against my face;  
 And challenged by the sentinel of space,  
 I pass.

## A FARMER ON HIS OWN BUSINESS

BY JARED VAN WAGENEN, JR.

I AM not planning to write a history of agriculture or a dissertation on farm conditions, but rather to set down some of the thoughts that have drifted across my farm horizon, and to record some of my questions concerning the business by which I live. Possibly I have a certain vantage-ground in my point of view, because we have been farm-folk for a long, long time, and since 1800 our hopes and ambitions and labors have been centred around one old farm snug-gled away among the glaciated limestone drumlins up in the hill country of eastern New York.

My father, when he left us, was a patient, wise old man, who possessed much inherited farm wisdom, and who added to it much of experience during more than eighty years. His life covered an agricultural span that linked the pioneer farmer with the present. In his boyhood he lived close to what Horace Bushnell lingeringly and lovingly called 'The Golden Age of Home-spun,' and he remained to see the tractor on the fields that the slow ox-team once tilled, and electricity applied to the everyday purposes of the farm. Through many years he told me of much that he had seen and remembered, and he handed down to me many things that he had received from others. His life linked with that of his grandfather — the stout-hearted pioneer who laid the foundations of our farm. So I think I have a pretty fair perspective of agricultural life — different from, and perhaps more human and personal than any that can be derived from books.

Sometimes, when I walk these old fields and muse on these moss-grown stone walls, I feel that I can repeople the past and make live again old scenes and forgotten memories.

The community of which I write is, in a very special sense, an American community. It is old as things go in America, for in our county men have been turning the furrows and reaping the harvests for more than two full centuries.

In 1833, the site of Chicago was marked by twelve frontier cabins; but in this old New York State county there were more people then than there are to-day. About seventy years ago we received a considerable influx of Irish immigration, mostly Protestant; but from then until recently the alien-born has been an almost unknown quantity. We have within our bounds two large quarries and a cement plant, where Italians and Eastern European races do dray-horse work; and on a few of our rough hill-farms, where the natives have grown weary of the struggle, an occasional newly arrived foreigner is trying to satisfy his traditional land-hunger.

Our county population is rapidly declining, and has been since 1860. It is less now than in 1835, and it is only about one half greater than in 1800. Ours is probably the most exclusively agricultural county in the state, — small in population, and without large wealth or even a single great individual fortune, — and yet a county where agriculture is on the whole fairly prosperous, although, in common with most

of the East, we have been spared the wild land-boom that only a short year ago ran its predestined course in the Corn-Belt states. It is a land of hill and dale — some of it belonging to the Catskill Mountains, with steep escarpments and narrow valleys of denudation; some of it made up of long, billowy drumlins, the furrows from the glacial plough. It is a topography hopelessly rugged to the man born to the prairie states; but about us the hills are fertile hills, full of limestone drift where neither wheat nor alfalfa needs any special coaxing to succeed. It is on the past and the future of this particular countryside that I am led to muse — aided, perhaps, by hereditary memories.

From earliest pioneer times, almost until the Civil War, agriculture in this section remained typically a primitive art. There were so few things for which there was a recognized market and a definite price. Families lived mainly by their own production and by exchange with neighbors, supplemented by a system of barter at the country store. Every farm was a little kingdom in itself. We were too far from tide-water to sell much grain except wheat. Eggs were an uncertain and exceedingly cheap commodity. In New York City, butter from anywhere beyond Orange County was classed as 'Western' and sold at a greatly reduced price — for proof of which see the market reports of the *Country Gentleman* for 1847. We fattened some steers. I believe they must have been good ones, for my father has told me how they were sometimes fed until four quarts of oats could be poured on their broad backs without running off. They were not baby beef, but four-year-olds — thoroughly finished at the last. These readily traveled to market at Albany on their own legs, and sold for real money. Here too, in winter, fat dressed pork was a stand-

ard commodity — the buyers meeting the farmer on the one-time imperial highway, the Great Western Turnpike, two miles west of the Capitol, and swarming upon and examining his load without a word of permission or by-your-leave — a procedure far more suggestive of highwaymen making an organized attack than of honest merchants examining the wares.

The years of the Civil War brought us the first hay-press and a cash demand for hay; and a little later a great hop industry overspread our county. Hops were always a strange sort of a gambler's chance, with lean years and fat years beyond any other crop. The industry — it was at certain periods almost a craze — lost some men their farms, and to others it brought what by our farm standards we think of as modest wealth; and it well nigh disappeared, even before the Eighteenth Amendment. To-day we are engaged principally in ministering to the needs of New York City for its milk-supply — the activity which seems to be the ultimate end of all New York State lands that are not level, fertile, and easily tilled.

As a county, we had once our brief heyday of industrial prosperity, which flowered three quarters of a century ago. The western slopes of the Catskill Mountains had then a superb covering of hemlock timber, — probably there was none better, — and this brought to the upper Schoharie Valley what was for that time a wonderful tannery development. The story has in it the making of a romance — stirring and pathetic. Those splendid stretches of dark hemlock forests were cut down for the bark alone, and the stripped white trunks were left where they fell, to provide material for great forest fires or to moulder back again into the soil from whence they came. A little — a very little — of the choicest pine was

sawed, and teamed the long haul of forty miles, to tide-water on the Hudson; but an old man, who in his youth had been a part of what he told, said to me, 'We never took a plank that had a little knot or even a gum-spot in it.'

Those halcyon days were not for long. A generation worked out the claim, the tanneries, every last one, fell into decay, and there is the making of another story — not a very romantic one — of how the bark-peelers and tanners remained behind, and in some cases became the foundation stock of certain communities which, as examples of arrested development, are a repetition of the mountain whites of the Southern Alleghany.

Then there is no doubt that our agriculture, like that of all the old East, was profoundly affected by the Civil War. So far as our remote farms are concerned, the recent world-war was merely an episode, compared with the tremendous struggle that convulsed this country between 1860 and 1865. Until then, American rural life had been ultra-conservative and stationary. But marching and counter-marching for years over Southern battlefields made foot-loose soldiers of fortune out of tens of thousands of farm boys, who otherwise would surely have contentedly followed the plough on the family acres. It was the beginning of our since much-lamented drift to the cities and the exodus to the Corn-Belt States. The proof of this is the fact that nearly everywhere in our old agricultural communities population reached its high-water mark in the census of 1860.

As a matter of fact, we have really no data of any value concerning the population or the economics of farm communities. The smallest unit, so far as our census returns go, is the township or the incorporated village, while the Federal government declares all communities of less than 2500 inhabi-

tants to be rural — a classification that may well excite either pity or contempt for those responsible. The only unit that can be of real value to the student of country life is the school district. There are many small industrial villages of a few hundred people which, in make-up and interest, are affiliated with the farm about as closely as a gilded country club is related to the Dorcas Society.

It is a bit inconsistent, perhaps, that as a farmer, with generations of farmers behind me, and with no remote ambition to change my occupation, I have, nevertheless, sometimes taken pains to enumerate and catalogue the Disadvantages of Country Living. There are a great many of them, and each separate one would afford material for an exhortation or a university thesis. Our whole rural social system is handicapped by lack of numbers, and even more by lack of wealth available for the maintenance of the common community activities and utilities. I might mention a few of these limitations.

For example, to begin at the very foundation, the cross-roads, one-room school — there are well-nigh ten thousand of them in this Empire State alone — is at once the most expensive and most inefficient system of public education ever devised; yet because of fundamental conditions, of scanty and scattered population, and taxable wealth pitifully limited as compared with the great centres of population, it has not been easy, in spite of much earnest effort, to improve it much; it has certainly been impossible to put it on a par with the educational opportunity afforded every city child. We have always been proud to think how out of all proportion to his numbers, in the great activities of our country, — commercial and educational, — the farm-bred boy sits in the seats of the mighty. It is at the same time a splendid tribute to the value

of the Spartan training of the farm, that he has achieved these honors in spite of, and not because of, his school advantages.

Then, witness our country churches. They are an entirely priceless asset of and contribution to our national life. It is widely recognized that the country is peculiarly the recruiting ground for the students of our theological seminaries and the soldiers of our Christian ministry. I like to believe that the country still remains the great conservator of our morals and the fountain-head of our ethics and our religion. But consider the peculiar problems of the country church, with congregations so widely scattered, with numbers so few, and with wealth so small. It is a long and sad and perplexing story.

Then there is the public-health situation. In every city trained experts, — chemists, bacteriologists, sanitarians, — by day and by night, in laboratory and in field, guard the water-supply from contamination, and watch to head off the first case of infectious disease. Well — in the country we drink out of our own typhoid-bearing family well, and there is none to say us nay. I presume we are within our rights as free and independent farm-folk on the land.

Yet even so — there are compensations. I know that vital statistics, as gathered and tabulated by state boards of health, seem to indicate that the death-rate of city and country is now approximately the same; but I do not believe that these correctly interpret the facts. To begin with, the classification adopted includes within the 'rural areas' many villages and industrial centres where conditions, both sanitary and moral, are of the worst. Was it not Elbert Hubbard who wrote that 'God made the country and man made the city, but the Devil made the small town'? It is sound sociology, at any rate. Then, our cities have great num-

bers of what underwriters would designate as selected lives — our young folks, bred and reared on farms, but giving the best of their young lives to the city. The normal death-rate among that class is wonderfully small. But we back on the farms have also a constituency of selected lives — but selected in the wrong direction, for we have, left behind, more than our normal proportion of old men and women whose day is far spent. Our published tables of the death-rate per thousand cannot take account of these factors, for tables are wooden, mechanical statements at best.

Now I can review, by memory and by tradition and by the dates on the stones in our cemetery, the vital statistics of the old families who possess the farms around my home; and it is my firm impression that a majority of them saw eighty years and more. Somehow we have come to feel that the farmer who failed to reach the traditional four-score years had been prematurely cut down. The facts are exactly these. We have vital statistics concerning all the people who live in communities of not exceeding 2500 inhabitants, but none that deal specifically with men actually on the land. I still cherish the pleasant belief that, above other men, the farmer may look forward to a sound digestion and a green old age.

Then there is the matter of police protection, the maintenance of law and order, and the safety of property in our rural districts — the need of which is no longer a myth, since good roads and automobiles are carrying city ruffianism far afield. Well, we are bidden to appeal to the constable, or the sheriff or his deputy — all of whom, in case of need, are about as available as a city fire department for a country conflagration. Also, in New York State, we have our force of 232 mounted police, — our rural constabulary, — good fel-

lows sometimes, but devoted principally to enforcing the game laws, holding up rum-runners, and collecting fines for violations of the traffic ordinances. In every great centre of population there is, in the words of the song, —

Someone to watch you while sleeping  
So no one will harm you at night.

But in the country — well, in the country we do as country-folk have done from the beginning.

Fire protection is in the same class. We stand sorrowful and helpless, and see the possessions of our neighbor — the hard-wrung results of years of toil — go up in a red flare at midnight. For all the good we can do, it would be about as well if we were in bed. It is true, we can ring the schoolhouse bell vigorously; and if we are early enough, we may be able to loose the kine from the stable, and perhaps drag to safety some portion of the household goods; but that is pretty poor work compared to the watchful waiting of a modern city fire department, equipped with all the means that enable them to snuff out 99 per cent of all fires before they reach serious proportions. Incidentally, it may be noted that the insurance rate for farm property upstate is about fifteen times that of property in down-town New York.

I might go further, and tell how we farmers are, on the whole, without art galleries — without concerts — without theatres — without so many institutions and opportunities that minister to city life.

Now these drawbacks to country living are, to a great extent, factors beyond control. I am not finding fault, — no one is greatly to blame, — but they are, nevertheless, hard unfortunate facts, which we cannot conceal from ourselves. Society, as expressed in government and legislation, must do something to correct them; but, after all, we farmers ourselves must do most to

work out our own salvation. I consider that some of these things are disadvantages inseparable from life on the land. Yet, at the same time, I am equally sure that farm-life holds many compensations.

Now I approach this farm problem from the standpoint of one who has no expectation or desire to be anything but a farmer, and who is anxious that his son may find pleasure and satisfaction in the same calling on the same farm. Yet sometimes I cannot shut my eyes to this — that farming rarely yields to its votaries financial rewards equal to those they would have received if they had invested their lives in some other occupation. My people have been hard-handed men of the furrow, — men who have got up early and sometimes lain down late, — men who always saw the dawn, and whom the gloaming found still busy at their task. The eight-hour day had no place in their philosophy, and their wives as well knew the same Spartan life. It may be true that they succeeded better than most men of their kind; yet after all, if they had turned their life-energy and work into other channels, there might have been more time for study — more leisure for the gentle arts and graces of life.

Herein, then, is the hard problem of the farm. Concerning this, the farmer may allege some subtle social injustice. Feeding the world as he has, he may yet claim to have borne his undue share of its burdens.

What has been true of him as a proprietor has always been true of his paid helpers as well. The farm laborer, faithful, skillful, resourceful, as he often is, has never received — indeed, it never has been possible to pay him — a wage commensurate with those of other men. It is strange, it is unjust, but it is true, that the man engaged in producing food has always been underpaid as

compared with men in almost any other line of human endeavor. Somehow, somewhere, our economics are out of joint, when a man guiding the plough, or husking corn, or milking cows, cannot be paid a wage approaching that received by the man in any one of a hundred manual trades. It is an old, old evil under the sun; but it ought not so to be, and neither the farmer nor his hired man will have received a fair deal until this is corrected.

Still, this fact remains. There is something in life on the land that grips us — those of us who are farm-minded. I think it is largely because we have never ceased to look for the ushering in of a Golden Age — next spring. In the past it has been too wet or too dry, or the grasshoppers have eaten up the meadows, the apple-scab has ruined the crop, or the palmer worm (whatever that may be) has taken our substance; but next year — next year we shall prosper and all will be well; for we deal not with

prosaic, known things, but with the sunny unknown future; and the events are in the hands of God. Down in our hearts, perhaps, we are lured on by the gambler's chance. Then, too, some of us love the great outdoors and the mystery and miracle of the rolling years with a love that we cannot tell. We find joys in wheatfields bowing to the breeze, and young corn dancing and gleaming in the sunshine, and cattle with full udders marching homeward when the sun is low.

I know that I shall work more hours than my fellows in the town. I know that I shall never make a million dollars. But then, too, I know that I shall not be obliged to lie while I am living, or be lied about after I am dead. And outside, the fields lie snow-covered and glistening in the snapping frost of this winter evening; but I see again the green mantle cover the earth, and hear the trees clap their hands — and I am well content.

## JUDGE GARY'S OPPORTUNITY

BY PHILIP CABOT

### I

JUDGE E. H. GARY, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the United States Steel Corporation, is one of the most conspicuous figures of our time. The position that he occupies, coupled with the record of his administration for nearly a generation, proves him to be a man of rare administrative power and constructive business imagination, and of much knowledge of men; yet he may

very well have forgotten an incident in the affairs of the Steel Corporation that took place ten years ago, although it now appears that it was not without significance.

The incident was this. In the year 1910 a very small stockholder, like the knight-errant of the Age of Chivalry, set his lance in rest and charged the Corporation single-handed, on the issue

of the twelve-hour day and the seven-day week. A painstaking examination of the records appeared to him to warrant the conclusion that, in an industry notable for the exhausting character of the labor, one half of the laborers worked twelve hours a day, and one third of them seven days in the week — a system which most other industries, even of a far less exhausting type, had abandoned, because it was beyond the power of the average man. This anomalous situation, involving a group which, with wives and children, probably comprised more than 500,000 persons, stirred his Puritan soul so deeply, that, without any support, he attacked the forces of the Steel Trust where they lay entrenched behind their powerful fortifications in the heart of Wall Street. That the situation should have stirred him, and that he should have made the attack, is perhaps not extraordinary; but what is extraordinary is that the object of his attack proved to be vulnerable, and that he met with notable success.

As a result of his efforts, the stockholders of the Corporation, at their meeting on April 17, 1911, appointed a committee of most distinguished gentlemen, who, in April, 1921, brought in a report of monumental importance, finding in substance that the practices complained of did exist; that they were inhuman and anti-social in character; and that they ought to be abolished. While framed in the most cautious terms (as was natural and proper for men in such commanding positions), the report met the attack squarely, admitted the soundness of the complaint, and in effect surrendered the fortress.

The victory appeared so complete that great changes might properly have been looked for in the immediate future. They did not come, for it appears from recent investigations that the twelve-hour day is as prevalent in the works of the Steel Corporation as it

was ten years ago. By some critics of the company this is regarded as evidence of hypocrisy and bad faith on the part of Judge Gary and his associates — as part of a deliberate plan to grind down the workmen, destroy their organizations, and wring the last dollar of profit from the business. But no such conclusion is necessary or, I think, warranted by the facts.

Let us consider for a moment what the situation was when that report was made, and what it has been since. The report above referred to was made in the summer of 1912, in a period of hesitation and business uncertainty, which lasted through 1913, and was followed in 1914 by the war, which produced, first, a severe depression, followed by such a wild demand for steel and iron as the world has never known — a condition that continued unabated until the end of 1920. These were hardly the conditions under which changes of such a fundamental character should have been undertaken or would have met with success, and it is fortunate for the cause of progress and reform that they were not attempted. If, in 1912, the officials of the United States Steel Corporation had entered upon such a course, they would probably have been forced to abandon it by the exigencies of war, with its huge demand for production and coincident shortage of labor.

In the years that have elapsed, however, the situation has not remained unchanged. Recent investigations and reports<sup>1</sup> have disclosed the fact that the eight-hour day and the six-day week have now become the rule in most of Europe; and of Great Britain it is reported that neither the companies nor the men would consider going back to the old basis.<sup>2</sup> The change appears to

<sup>1</sup> *Report of International Labor Conference, Washington, 1919.*

<sup>2</sup> *Investigations by Whiting Williams, published in the Survey, March 5, 1921.*



have been made possible by the willingness of both sides to make concessions — the companies anticipating some increase in costs and the men accepting some reduction of wages, although the evidence now available indicates that neither party really suffered, as the increased efficiency of the 'short turn' resulted in larger production, so that the labor-cost per ton did not rise.

In the United States, also, some of the smaller steel companies have successfully adopted the short turn; while in other continuous-process industries, like paper and chemicals, the three-tour system, or eight-hour shift, has become the rule. In this respect, the paper business affords a most important object-lesson, as the change was made, in many cases, with great apprehension on the part of the companies, and calamity was freely predicted. But experience proves that the industry has benefited, as the men are more contented and labor-costs per ton have been reduced.

All men love gossip, — the interchange of loose ideas, approximating the truth but unhindered by the requirements of close reasoning, — and men rarely indulge in the painful process of close thinking, which is, however, essential to the formation of clear-cut ideas. There are ten men who will talk breezily about the conditions of life in the steel industry and 'continuous-process operations' to every one who has any clear conception of the subject; but such a conception is essential to an adequate understanding of the problems that confront the Steel Corporation.

From the earliest days of the business, the steel industry has been operated largely on a twelve-hour turn. A blast furnace is necessarily operated continuously, day and night. The coke and limestone are charged in at the top of the stack, and every four or six hours the molten metal is drawn off

at the bottom. Once blown in, a furnace will be in unbroken blast for periods of months or perhaps years; twenty-four hours a day, seven days in a week, 365 days in a year. Should the fires die down for only a few hours, great loss will result. Such continuous operation, which is essential for the blast furnace, has, for reasons of economy, been extended to most of the other basic processes of the industry. The white-hot pig-iron, flowing in a beautiful river from the base of the blast furnace, is saturated with carbon and other impurities, which it is the business of steel-making to remove; and in these days this is largely done by the open-hearth process. An open-hearth furnace is a large, though frail, affair, in which the metal is raised to very high temperatures by gas-flames deflected from the roof. Theoretically, it could be worked by day and allowed to rest at night; but it would be necessary to keep the furnace at high temperature during the resting hours, and the practice would be very wasteful. So, except in dull times, open-hearth furnaces are invariably operated twenty-four hours a day, and, commonly, seven days a week. Many types of rolling-mills, by which the larger part of the country's steel production is worked into commercial shapes, are also, as a rule, continuously operated; and while such continuous operation is not essential, it is in the interest of convenience and economy.

The result of this is that practically all departments of a steel mill are operated continuously, and probably fifty or sixty per cent of the employees are on the twelve-hour turn, which has been the standard of the steel industry for many years — not because men or managements have considered twelve hours as the best working day, but because it was a natural and convenient arrangement for twenty-four-hour opera-

tion. On the other hand, much has been done in recent years to make the long turn more tolerable; and the mental picture that so many men have, of the steel-worker stripped to the waist, and pouring with sweat while working over masses of molten metal, represents what is to-day a very exceptional condition. Most of the rolling-mills are mechanically manipulated; blast furnaces and open-hearth furnaces are, for the most part, charged by machinery; cranes lift the heavy weights, and water-cooled doors and electric fans relieve the heat; while safety precautions have greatly reduced, although not wholly eliminated, the hazard.

Thus the twelve-hour day is not now (if it ever has been) a day of continuous work. Much of the time the men are simply standing by while the furnaces, or the huge machinery, discharge their functions; and unless something goes wrong, hours may pass with little for them to do. Where work is hot or intensive, there are usually interruptions in the progress of the work, more or less regular in their recurrence, and spare men are provided, so that, as a matter of fact, during the twelve-hour turn the actual hours of labor rarely exceed eight.

Nevertheless, while important progress has been made in the direction of mitigating the strain, there has for years been a growing feeling in the steel industry that the twelve-hour shift is too long. Originally a humanitarian conception, it is now coming to be felt that the long day is undesirable from a technical and financial point of view. It is the experience of nearly all steel-makers that the night shift—twelve hours or more—is less efficient than the day shift. Part of this lessened efficiency is due to the unavoidable difficulties of artificial light, but part also to the length of the shift; to the feeling that, having worked all day one week,

a man cannot be expected to work all night the next; and to the cold fact, admitted by everyone, that on the night shift the men, even the bosses, sleep as much as from one to three or four hours. In some cases the twelve-hour turn has been modified by turning it into a ten-hour turn during the day in one week and a fourteen-hour turn at night the next; but it does not take much imagination to picture the way a considerable part of the fourteen-hour night turn is spent. Laxness of discipline is sure to creep in, spreading from the night shift to the day shift, and thus undermining the efficiency of the whole organization. Moreover, men who are corralled in the shop half their lives make up for it by staying at home when they should be at work, or by drifting from one steel plant to another. The rapid turnover of labor in the industry indicates the low morale that the long hours foster. Your valuable employee is the man who is alert and interested in his work, who has pride in himself, in his family, and in his home; but the appearance of any typical steel town bears witness to the fact that the great majority of the working-men are not of this type.

The fact of the matter is that industrial experience indicates that, as a general rule, men will produce more in the long run working forty-eight to fifty-four hours a week, than they will in seventy-two to eighty-four; and to-day, if the long turn is to be defended, it must be upon the ground that the work required is of an unusually light or intermittent character. That the continuous processes of the steel industry fall into this class, no one familiar with the business will maintain; in fact, the steel men themselves like to talk of it as a 'he-man's job,' meaning, of course, that the labor is of an unusually taxing character. We are warranted, therefore, in our curiosity to know why, among so

many other continuous-process industries, the continuous processes of the steel industry in the United States are still operated, as a rule, on a twelve-hour basis, which others have for the most part abandoned, and which, even in the steel industry, has been abandoned in most of Europe.<sup>1</sup> Doubtless there was a time when it was generally believed that this was the best and most profitable way to operate a continuous process; but the experience of mankind has now made this position untenable. The paper, chemical, and other continuous-process trades, in which the eight-hour day has been adopted, continue to thrive; and where it has been tried in the steel industry it has certainly not been proved a failure. Where energy and alertness are essential, the short turn seems to be the best; and it is, therefore, not impertinent of us to ask how the hesitation of the great exponents of the steel industry in this country to adopt the eight-hour day can be justified, and what is the prospect, if any, that the time is at hand when a change is imminent.

From a human or social point of view, the eight-hour shift in the continuous processes of the steel industry is clearly to be desired; and if, as is alleged, over forty per cent of the steel workers are now working 72 hours a week, this is a national problem of prime importance. The great decrease of the world's capital, which has already resulted in lowering the standard of living of 400,000,000 human beings, can be made up only by increased production. The social unrest now so widespread, which is preventing this, can be eliminated only by a new and better understanding between employer and employee, produced by the intelligent study of working conditions and their readjustment to modern standards. The long turn in the

steel industry is one of the most critical points at issue.

The two principal reasons commonly advanced for retaining the long turn are, that the steel companies cannot afford to pay for the third shift, and that, even if they could, the change would require more men than the labor market can provide, so that reduced production would necessarily result. As a corollary to the first objection, it is maintained that the men do not want it, because, being paid mostly by the hour or by the ton, fewer hours mean lower pay.

These are considerations which have doubtless been entitled to great weight in the past, but which present conditions have profoundly modified. During the last ten years a mass of evidence has accumulated in many continuous-process industries, the steel business among them, which tends to prove that the higher efficiency on an eight-hour instead of a twelve-hour shift counterbalances the reduction in hours, so that unit-costs do not rise. It appears, moreover, to have been the experience of Great Britain, when the change from twelve to eight hours was being made, that while the men were not unanimous, a large majority of them willingly agreed to meet the employers halfway and accept a reduction of wages for the sake of the shorter day.

Considering, however, the great size of the steel industry in this country and its highly competitive character, it is perhaps no wonder that the men who administer the affairs of the Steel Corporation should have moved with great caution in the past and should be disposed to continue to do so. But there is no denying the fact that times have changed since 1912, and are now far more propitious for this reform than they were. That the cautious, and relatively unprogressive, manufacturer of Great Britain has taken the plunge, so

<sup>1</sup> *Report of International Labor Conference, Washington, 1919.*

to speak, while the industrial leaders here 'shiver on the brink' is a fact that requires an explanation. Perhaps this may supply it: both stood shivering on the brink; one was suddenly pushed in from behind, and, like the timid swimmer, now proclaims loudly, 'The water's fine.' The other more firmly planted on his feet, or with a less powerful agent behind him, contrives to stand his ground. In other words, the labor-unions and the war forced the hand of the British steel manufacturers, while in this country these forces were not sufficiently powerful. In England, the steel industry is completely unionized. In this country, it is not. The attacks of the unions on the stronghold of the industry, where Judge Gary and the Steel Corporation lie entrenched, have been long, bloody, and unsuccessful. The Corporation has consistently maintained the principle of the 'open shop'; has always refused to allow the American Federation of Labor to dictate its terms, and has been, perhaps, the greatest bulwark in the country against the onward sweep of the labor-union movement.

## II

It is neither within my province nor within my power to discuss at length the economic and social aspects of labor-unionism, but some reference to it, as related to the Steel Corporation, is necessary, in order to explain the position that it has taken in regard to the eight-hour day.

Without exaggeration it can be said that the great majority of those who think earnestly about social and political problems have come to regard the organization of labor into unions as a useful and permanent development, necessary to promote collective bargaining, and desirable in many other ways, to forward the welfare of the

worker. But it needs now to be pointed out that many of these organizations are essentially 'combinations in restraint of trade'; that, as a general rule, their activities have aimed at, and have achieved, restriction of output; that they are, in fact, monopolies, which have secured some of those results for which monopolies have been properly condemned and which are definitely harmful to our civilization. The mortality among monopolies in the past, from the time of Queen Elizabeth to the present day, has been remarkably high, exactly because they have aimed to increase prices and restrict output. This is what the labor-unions, in many instances, have successfully striven to achieve; and one is tempted to suggest that the high mortality that has been observable among monopolies in the past may claim this form of organization, too, and that labor-unions may prove to be merely a passing form in our social evolution. Certainly, if there are other ways in which collective bargaining and the education of the worker can be accomplished equally well, they must be given a trial.

This issue with organized labor, the issue of the closed shop against the open shop, is perhaps the most fundamental and important social and economic problem of our times; and it is noteworthy that the United States Steel Corporation, itself accused of being a monopoly, should be the great champion of freedom against the Labor Trust. Organized during the great era of trust organizations, this Corporation has survived the downfall of its contemporaries because it was not in fact a monopoly; because it did not seek to raise prices and reduce production; and for these reasons it has been one of the most constructive forces in the industrial life of the country during the last fifteen years. This is the organization which stands for another form of col-

lective bargaining — bargaining with groups of its own employees instead of with the American Federation of Labor, — and it has been of the greatest importance, not only to this industry, but to all others, that this issue should be fought out. The Steel Corporation may be wrong, but it is certainly not reactionary. In this instance, it is, if anything, radical. It has increased production and kept prices down, while the Labor Trust has restricted production and raised prices.

Standing for the open shop, Judge Gary has seen his British companions forcibly 'kicked off the float' by the labor-unions; and it has doubtless seemed more important to him to vindicate the principle of the open shop than to hasten the advent of the eight-hour day. But the time has now arrived when Judge Gary's position has been adequately vindicated.

There is another aspect of the situation, to which attention should be called. Many years ago, Mr. H. G. Wells, himself a Social Reformer, 'hit the nail on the thumb' when he wrote that the members of the group to which he belonged were like men owning patents, or secret processes — things of great value, which would accomplish great results, but the details of which they were unwilling to disclose. Each had his panacea, but was weak on the practical details. Such men think in pictures, not in processes, and are prone, therefore, to overlook the difficulty of putting into practice the reforms that they see must come. 'We must cross the seas.' 'How do you get over?' 'Oh, just cross.' So with the proposed changes in the working conditions of the steel industry — the reformers overlook the practical difficulties which the immense size of the business alone interposes. It is one thing for a small steel-maker to adopt the short turn, but quite another for the Steel Corpo-

ration. To ask a commanding general to re-form an 'army of 250,000 men, after it has been brought into action and is under fire of the enemy, would be midsummer madness, while to re-form a cavalry brigade under such conditions might be entirely possible.

And so it is with the Steel Corporation. Granting that the changes must come, time must be allowed to make them, and the right time must be chosen. The day of battle is not the time. The action must be fought out on the lines laid down, and reorganization or re-formation must wait for a lull, at least. The conditions in the steel industry for the last eight years have been those of battle. To-day, however, there is a pause. The strategic moment has arrived.

The advantages of this time are manifest. In a period of slackening demand and surplus of labor, reduced production and shortage of labor are not to be feared. As wage-reductions are being made on every hand, the workers will be more amenable to reason and more willing to meet the employer half-way than at any time in many years. As the political and social unrest produced by the war has drawn public attention very urgently to the social aspects of the problem of the long turn, a move of such a momentous character by the Steel Corporation would serve, as nothing else could, to emphasize the beneficial effects of this great balance-wheel in the steel industry, and the wisdom of the course it has pursued.

Judge Gary has doubtless been influenced to postpone action heretofore by the paramount importance of emphasizing the position of his company in opposition to some of the demands of organized labor; but it would seem that this purpose has now been achieved and need no longer hold him back.

Of course, in a matter of such magnitude, Judge Gary might hesitate to act alone. He can hardly afford to risk such a great increase of pay-roll while any doubt remains as to whether or not unit-costs will increase, unless his competitors adopt the same policy. But in this matter, as someone must lead and the others follow, our experience in the past would seem to indicate Judge Gary as the natural leader. Long before the outbreak of the war, the Steel Corporation was the recognized leader of the industry in America; and the last seven years have stamped this fact upon the public mind — particularly the course of events since the Armistice. Always the leader in wage-advances, the Corporation has recently maintained prices far below those demanded by the so-called 'independent' operators, with the result that to-day, when buying power is reduced, the Steel Corporation is operating at eighty-per-cent capacity, while the business of its competitors has dropped to thirty per cent or less. At a time when public attention is directed, as never before, to the social evils resulting from seasonal and periodic unemployment, this fact alone serves to indicate the Steel Corporation as the logical, if not the only possible, leader in any important change; and the psychological moment seems now to have arrived. Conditions and events conspire to point to the road, and to the leader; the course, — no longer uncharted, in view of the experience in

Great Britain and in this country during the recent past, — the slackening demand for production, and the necessity for a lower level of prices, combined with a surplus of labor-supply, point to this time as the time of all others in the history of industry, when a monumental advance can be made.

The chance may never again be offered to the Steel Corporation to demonstrate its power to serve the nation by boldly taking this important step. The pressure of public opinion, as well as self-interest, will force its competitors into line, or pulverize them with the recoil. Judge Gary is in a position where he must seize the flying opportunity that fortune offers to him, or run the risk of being crowned with the humiliation of walking in the triumphal procession of some independent manufacturers more alert to the conditions of our time and more skilled to take advantage of them. In matters of broad general policy in the past the Steel Corporation has been both shrewd and wise; and as these lines are being written, Judge Gary has given out a statement that warrants the hope that, before they are printed, he will have taken this epoch-making step.

The Puritan knight-errant who, like Don Quixote, charged the windmill ten years ago, has ridden off the stage and into eternity. Again the stage is set for another performance. May his successor prove worthy of the audience, of the occasion, and of the part.

# A JUNGLE BEACH

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

## I

A JUNGLE moon first showed me my beach. For a week I had looked at it in blazing sunlight, walked across it, even sat on it in the intervals of getting wonted to the new laboratory; yet I had not perceived it. Colonel Roosevelt once said to me that he would rather perceive things from the point of view of a field-mouse, than be a human being and merely see them. And in my case it was when I could no longer see the beach that I began to discern its significance.

This British Guiana beach, just in front of my Kartabo bungalow, was remarkably diversified, and in a few steps, or strokes of a paddle, I could pass from clean sand to mangroves and muckamucka swamp, thence to out-jutting rocks, and on to the Edge of the World, all within a distance of a hundred yards. For a time my beach walks resulted in inarticulate reaction. After months in the blindfolded canyons of New York's streets, a hemisphere of horizon, a hemisphere of sky, and a vast expanse of open water lent itself neither to calm appraisal nor to impromptu cuff-notes.

It was recalled to my mind that the miracle of sunrise occurred every morning, and was not a rather belated alternation of illumination, following the quenching of Broadway's lights. And the moon I found was as dependable as when I timed my Himalayan expeditions by her shadowings. To these phenomena I soon became reaccustomed, and could watch a bird or outwit an in-

sect in the face of a foreglow and silent burst of flame that shamed all the barges ever laid down. But cosmic happenings kept drawing my attention and paralyzing my activities for long afterward. With a double rainbow and four storms in action at once; or a wall of rain like sawn steel slowly drawing up one river while the Mazaruni remains in full sunlight; with Pegasus galloping toward the zenith at midnight and the Pleiades just clearing the Penal Settlement, I could not always keep on dissecting, or recording, or verifying the erroneousness of one of my recently formed theories.

There was Thuban, gazing steadily upon my little mahogany bungalow, as, six millenniums ago, he had shone unfalteringly down the little stone tube that led his rays into the Queen's Chamber, in the very heart of great Cheops. Just clearing a low palm was the present North Star, while, high above, Vega shone, patiently waiting to take her place half a million years hence. When beginning her nightly climb, Vega drew a thin, trembling thread of argent over the still water, just as in other years she had laid for me a slender silver strand of wire across frozen snow, and on one memorable night traced the ghost of a reflection over damp sand near the Nile—pale as the wraiths of the early Pharaohs.

Low on the eastern horizon, straight outward from my beach, was the beginning and end of the great zodiac band—

the golden Hamal of Aries and the paired stars of Pisces; and behind, over the black jungle, glowed the Southern Cross. But night after night, as I watched on the beach, the sight which moved me most was the dull speck of emerald mist, a merest smudge on the slate of the heavens, — the spiral nebula in Andromeda, — a universe in the making, of size unthinkable to human minds.

The power of my jungle beach to attract and hold attention was not only direct and sensory, — through sight and sound and scent, — but often indirect, seemingly by occult means. Time after time, on an impulse, I followed some casual line of thought and action, and found myself at last on or near the beach, on a lead that eventually would take me to the verge or into the water.

Once I did what for me was a most unusual thing. I woke in the middle of the night without apparent reason. The moonlight was pouring in a white flood through the bamboos, and the jungle was breathless and silent. Through my window I could see Jennie, our pet monkey, lying aloft, asleep on her little verandah, head cushioned on both hands, tail curled around her dangling chain, as a spider guards her web-strands for hint of disturbing vibrations. I knew that the slightest touch on that chain would awaken her, and indeed it seemed as if the very thought of it had been enough; for she opened her eyes, sent me the highest of insect-like notes and turned over, pushing her head within the shadow of her little house. I wondered if animals, too, were, like the Malays and so many savage tribes, afraid of the moonlight — the 'luna-cy' danger in those strange color-strained rays, whose power must be greater than we realize. Beyond the monkey roosted Robert, the great macaw, wide-awake, watching me with all that broadside of intensive gaze of which only a parrot is capable.

The three of us seemed to be the only living things in the world, and for a long time we — monkey, macaw, and man — listened. Then all but the man became uneasy. The monkey raised herself and listened, uncurled her tail, shifted, and listened. The macaw drew himself up, feathers close, forgot me, and listened. They, unlike me, were not merely listening — they were hearing something. Then there came, very slowly and deliberately, as if reluctant to break through the silent moonlight, a sound, low and constant, impossible to identify, but clearly audible even to my ears. For just an instant longer it held, sustained and quivering, then swiftly rose into a crashing roar — the sound of a great tree falling. I sat up and heard the whole long descent; but at the end, after the moment of silence, there was no deep boom — the sound of the mighty bole striking and rebounding from the earth itself. I wondered about this for a while; then the monkey and I went to sleep, leaving the macaw alone conscious in the moonlight, watching through the night with his great round, yellow orbs, and thinking the thoughts that macaws always think in the moonlight.

The next day the macaw and the monkey had forgotten all about the midnight sound, but I searched and found why there was no final boom. And my search ended at my beach. A bit of overhanging bank had given way and a tall tree had fallen headlong into the water, its roots sprawling helplessly in mid-air. Like rats deserting a sinking ship, a whole Noah's ark of tree-living creatures was hastening along a single cable shorewards: tree-crickets; ants laden with eggs and larvae; mantids gesticulating as they walked, like old men who mumble to themselves; woodroaches, some green and leaf-like, others facsimiles of trilobites — all fleet of foot and with one goal.



But the first few days were only the overture of changes in this shift of conditions. Tropic vegetation is so tenacious of life that it struggles and adapts itself with all the cunning of a Japanese wrestler. We cut saplings and thrust them into mud or the crevices of rocks at low tide far from shore, to mark our channel, and before long we have buoys of foliage banners waving from the bare poles above water. We erect a tall bamboo flagpole on the bank, and before long our flag is almost hidden by the sprouting leaves, and the pulley so blocked that we have occasionally to lower and lop it.

So the fallen tree, still gripping the nutritious bank with a moiety of roots, turned slowly in its fibrous stiffness and directed its life and sap and hopes upward. During the succeeding weeks, I watched trunk and branches swell and bud out new trunks, new branches, guided, controlled, by gravity, light, and warmth; and just beyond the reach of the tides, leaves sprouted, flowers opened, and fruit ripened. Weeks after the last slow invertebrate plodder had made his escape shorewards, the taut liana strand was again crowded with a mass of passing life — a maze of vines and creepers, whose tendrils and suckers reached and curled and pressed onward, fighting for gangway to shore, through days and weeks, as the animal life which preceded them had made the most of seconds and minutes.

The half-circle of exposed raw bank became in its turn the centre of a myriad activities. Great green kingfishers began at once to burrow; tiny emerald ones chose softer places up among the wreckage of wrenched roots; wasps came and chopped out bits for the walls and partitions of their cells; spiders hung their cobwebs between ratlines of rootlets; and hummingbirds promptly followed and plucked them from their silken nets, and then took the nets to

bind their own tiny air-castles. Finally, other interests intervened, and like Jennie and Robert, I gradually forgot the tree that fell without an echo.

## II

In the jungle no action or organism is separate, or quite apart, and this thing which came to the three of us suddenly at midnight led by devious means to another magic phase of the shore.

A little to the south along my beach is the Edge of the World. At least, it looks very much as I have always imagined that place must look, and I have never been beyond it; so that, after listening to many arguments in courts of law, and hearing the reasoning of Bolsheviks, teetotalers, and pacifists, I feel that I am quite reasonable as human beings go. And best of all, it hurts no one, and annoys only a few of my scientific friends, who feel that one cannot indulge in such ideas at the wonderful hour of twilight, and yet at eight o'clock the following morning describe with impeccable accuracy the bronchial semirings, and the intricate mosaic of cartilage which characterizes and supports the *membranis tympaniformis* of *Attila thamnophiloides*; a dogma which halves life and its interests.

The Edge of the World has always meant a place where usual things are different; and my southern stretch of beach was that, because of roots. Whenever in digging I have come across a root and seen its living flesh, perhaps pink or rose or pale green, so far underground, I have desired to know roots better; and now I found my opportunity. I walked along the proper trail, through right and usual trees, with reasonable foliage and normal trunks, and suddenly I stepped down over the Edge. Overhead and all around there was still the foliage. It shut out the sun except for greenish, moderated spots and

beams. The branches dipped low in front over the water, shutting out the sky except along the tops of the cross-river jungle. Thus a great green-roofed chamber was formed; and here between jungle and the water-level of the world was the Kingdom of the Roots.

Great trees had in their youth fallen far forward, undermined by the water, then slowly taken a new reach upward and stretched forth great feet and hands of roots, palms pressing against the mud, curved backs and thews of shoulders braced against one another and the drag of the tides. Little by little the old prostrate trunks were entirely obliterated by this fantastic network. There were no fine fibres or rootlets here; only great beams and buttresses, bridges and up-ended spirals, grown together or spreading wide apart. Root merged with trunk, and great boles became roots and then boles again in this unreasonable land. For here, in place of damp, black mould and soil, water alternated with dark-shadowed air; and so I was able for a time to live the life of a root, resting quietly among them, watching and feeling them, and moving very slowly, with no thought of time, as roots must.

I liked to wait until the last ripple had lapped against the sand beneath, and then slip quietly in from the margin of the jungle and perch — like a great tree-frog — on some convenient shelf. Seumas and Brigid would have enjoyed it, in spite of the fact that the Leprechauns seemed to have just gone. I found myself usually in a little room, walled with high-arched, thin sheets of living roots, some of which would form solid planks three feet wide and twelve long, and only an inch or two in thickness. These were always on edge, and might be smooth and sheer, or suddenly sprout five stubby, mittened fingers, or pairs of curved and galloping legs — and this thought gave substance to the

simile which had occurred again and again: these trees reminded me of centaurs with proud, upright man torsos, and great curved backs. In one, a root dropped down and rested on the back, as a centaur who turns might rest his hand on his withers.

When I chanced upon an easy perch, and a stray idea came to mind, I squatted or sat or sprawled, and wrote, and strange things often happened to me. Once, while writing rapidly on a small sheet of paper, I found my lines growing closer and closer together until my fingers cramped, and the consciousness of the change overlaid the thoughts that were driving hand and pen. I then realized that, without thinking, I had been following a succession of faint lines, cross-ruled on my white paper, and looking up, I saw that a leaf-filtered opening had reflected strands of a spider-web just above my head, and I had been adapting my lines to the narrow spaces, my chirography controlled by cobweb shadows.

The first unreality of the roots was their rigidity. I stepped from one slender tendon of wood to the next, expecting a bending which never occurred. They might have been turned to stone, and even little twigs resting on the bark often proved to have grown fast. And this was the more unexpected because of the grace of curve and line, fold upon fold, with no sharp angles, but as full of charm of contour as their grays and olives were harmonious in color. Photographs showed a little of this; sketches revealed more; but the great splendid things themselves, devoid of similes and human imagination, were soul-satisfying in their simplicity.

I seldom sat in one spot more than a few minutes, but climbed and shifted, tried new seats, couches, perches, grips, sprawling out along the tops of two parallel monsters, or slipping under their bellies, always finding some easy way

to swing up again. Two openings just permitted me to squeeze through, and I wondered whether, in another year, or ten, or fifty, the holes would have grown smaller. I became imbued with the quiet joy of these roots, so that I hated to touch the ground. Once I stepped down on the beach after something I had dropped, and the soft yielding of the sand was so unpleasant that I did not afterwards leave this strange mid-zone until I had to return. Unlike Antæus, I seemed to gain strength and poise by dissassociation with the earth.

Here and there were pockets in the folds of the sweeping draperies, and each pocket was worth picking. When one tried to paint the roots, these pockets seemed made expressly to take the place of palette cups, except that now and then a crab resented the infusion of Hooker's green with his Vandyke brown puddle, and seized the end of the brush. The crabs were worthy tenants of such strange architecture, with comical eyes twiddling on the end of their stalks, and their white-mittened fists feinting and threatening as I looked into their little dark rain- or tide-pools.

I found three pockets on one wall, which seemed as if they must have been 'salted' for my benefit; and in them, as elsewhere on my beach, the two extremes of life met. The topmost one, curiously enough, contained a small crab, together with a large water-beetle at the farther end. Both seemed rather self-conscious, and there was no hint of fraternizing. The beetle seemed to be merely existing until darkness, when he could fly to more water and better company; and the crab appeared to be waiting for the beetle to go.

The next pocket was a long, narrow, horizontal fold, and I hoped to find real excitement among its aquatic folk; but to my surprise it had no bottom, but was a deep chute or socket, opening far below to the sand. However, this was

not my discovery, and I saw dimly a weird little head looking up at me — a gecko lizard, which called this crevice home and the crabs neighbors. I hailed him as the only other backboned friend who shared the root-world with me, and then listened to a high, sweet tone, which came forth in swinging rhythm. It took some time for my eyes to become accustomed to the semi-darkness, and then I saw what the gecko saw — a big yellow-bodied fly humming in this cavern, and swinging in a small orbit as she sang. Now and then she dashed out past me and hovered in mid-air, when her note sank to a low, dull hum. Back again, and the sound rose and fell, and gained ten times in volume from the echo or reverberations. Each time she passed, the little lizard licked his chops and swallowed — a sort of vicarious expression of faith or desire; or was he in a Christian Science frame of mind, saying, 'My, how good that fly tasted!' each time the dipteron passed? The fly was just as inexplicable, braving danger and darkness time after time, to leave the sunshine and vibrate in the dusk to the enormously magnified song of its wings.

With eyes that had forgotten the outside light, I leaned close to the opening and rested my forehead against the lichens of the wall of wood. The fly was frightened away, the gecko slipped lower, seemingly without effort, and in a hollowed side of the cavernous root I saw a mist, a quivering, so tenuous and indistinct that at first it might have been the dancing of motes. I saw that they were living creatures — the most delicate of tiny crane-flies — at rest, looking like long-legged mosquitoes. Deep within this root, farther from the light than even the singing fly had ventured, these tiny beings whirled madly in mid-air — subterranean dervishes, using up energy for their own inexplicable ends, of which one very interested

naturalist could make nothing. This sight in itself was worthy of note and memory. It was a thing that would have served as text for a wonderful hour's discussion with Roosevelt.

Three weeks afterward I happened, to pass at high tide in the canoe and peered into this pocket. The gecko was where geckos go in the space of three weeks, and the fly also had vanished, either within or without the gecko. But the crane-flies were still there: to my roughly appraising eyes the same flies, doing the same dance in exactly the same place. Three weeks later, and again I returned, this time intentionally, to see whether the dance still continued; and it was in full swing. That same night at midnight I climbed down, flashed a light upon them, and there they whirled and vibrated, silently, incredibly rapid, unceasingly.

After a thousand hours all the surroundings had changed. New leaves had sprouted, flowers faded and turned to fruit, the moon had twice attained her full brightness, our earth and sun and the whole solar system had swept headlong a full two-score million miles on the endless swing toward Vega. Only the roots and the crane-flies remained. A thousand hours had apparently made no difference to them. The roots might have been the granite near by, fashioned by primeval earth-flame, and the flies but vibrating atoms within the granite, made visible by some alchemy of elements in this weird Rim of the World.

And so a new memory is mine; and when one of these insects comes to my lamp in whatever part of the world, fluttering weakly, legs breaking off at the slightest touch, I shall cease to worry about the scientific problems that loom too great for my brain, or about the imperfection of whatever I am doing, and shall welcome the crane-fly and strive to free him from this fatal passion for flame, directing him again

into the night; for he may be looking for a dark pocket in a root, a pocket on the Edge of the World, where crane-flies may vibrate with their fellows in an eternal dance. And so, in some ordained way, he will fulfil his destiny and I acquire merit.

### III

To write of sunrises and moonlight is to commit literary suicide; but as that terminates life, so may I end this. And I chose the morning and the midnight of the sixth of August, for reasons both greater and less than cosmic. Early that morning, looking out from the beach over the Mazacuni, as we called the union of the two great rivers, there was wind, yet no wind, as the sun prepared to lift above the horizon. The great soft-walled jungle was clear and distant. Every reed at the landing had its unbroken counterpart in the still surface. But at the apex of the waters, the smoke of all the battles in the world had gathered, and upon this the sun slowly concentrated his powers, until he tore apart the cloak of mist, turning the dark surface, first to oxidized, and then to shining quicksilver. Instantaneously the same shaft of light touched the tips of the highest trees, and as if in response to a poised bâton, there broke forth that wonder of the world—the zoroastrian chorus of tens of thousands of jungle creatures.

Over the quicksilver surface little individual breezes wandered here and there. I could clearly see the beginning and the end of them, and one that drifted ashore and passed me felt like the lightest touch of a breath. One saw only the ripple on the water; one thought of invisible wings and trailing unseen robes.

With the increasing warmth the water-mist rose slowly, like a last quiet breath of night; and as it ascended, —

the edges changing from silvery gray to grayish white, — it gathered close its shredded margins, grew smaller as it rose higher, and finally became a cloud. I watched it and wondered about its fate. Before the day was past, it might darken in its might, hurl forth thunders and jagged light, and lose its very substance in down-poured liquid. Or, after drifting idly high in air, the still-born cloud might garb itself in rich purple and gold for the pageant of the west, and again descend to brood over the coming marvel of another sunrise.

The tallest of bamboos lean over our low, lazy spread of bungalow; and late this very night, in the full moonlight, I leave my cot and walk down to the beach over a shadow carpet of Japanese filigree. The air over the white sand is as quiet and feelingless to my skin as complete, comfortable clothing. On one side is the dark river; on the other, the darker jungle full of gentle rustlings, low, velvety breaths of sound; and I slip into the water and swim out, out, out. Then I turn over and float along with the almost tangible moonlight flooding down on face and water. Suddenly the whole air is broken by the chorus of big red baboons, which rolls and tumbles toward me in masses of sound along the surface and goes trembling, echoing on over shore and jungle, till hurled back by the answering chorus of another clan. It stirs one to the marrow, for there is far more in it than the mere roaring of monkeys; and I turn uneasily, and slowly surge back toward the sand, overhand now, making companionable splashes.

And then again I stop, treading water softly, with face alone between river and sky; for the monkeys have ceased, and very faint and low, but blended in wonderful minor harmony, comes an-

other chorus — from three miles down the river: the convicts singing hymns in their cells at midnight. And I ground gently and sit in the silvered shadows with little bewildered shrimps flicking against me, and unlanguageed thoughts come and go — impossible similes, too poignant phrases to be stopped and fettered with words, and I am neither scientist nor man nor naked organism, but just mind. With the coming of silence I look around and again consciously take in the scene. I am very glad to be alive, and to know that the possible dangers of jungle and water have not kept me armed and indoors. I feel, somehow, as if my very daring and gentle slipping-off of all signs of dominance and protection on entering into this realm had made friends of all the rare but possible serpents and scorpions, sting-rays and perai, vampires and electric eels. For a while I know the happiness of Mowgli.

And I think of people who would live more joyful lives in dense communities, who would be more tolerant, and more certain of straightforward friendship, if they could have as a background a fundamental hour of living such as this, a leaven for the rest of what, in comparison, seems mere existence.

At last I go back between the bamboos and their shadows, from unreal reality into a definiteness of cot and pajamas and electric torch. But wild nature still keeps touch with me; for as I write these lines, curled up on the edge of the cot, two vampires hawk back and forth so close that the wind from their wings dries my ink. And the soundness of my sleep is such that time does not exist between their last crepuscular squeak and the first blatant shout of a kiskadee in full sunshine, from a palm overhanging my beach.

# THE UNWORTHY COOPERS

BY MR. AND MRS. HALDEMAN-JULIUS

## I

PERHAPS the one thing which, more than any other, branded Annie Cooper as belonging to the unworthy poor was that impish, short laugh, which so strongly suggested a freckle-faced, unruly boy. It was not so much that she would heed none of the sound advice the good Kansans heaped upon her, but that she would go into nervous fits of laughter about it at the very moment when she was expected to be solemn and ashamed. People like to be charitable, — there is solid pleasure in helping others, — but it is irritating when the object of one's charity is plainly amused.

Annie and Jake, with their children, — Daisy, a big-eyed little thing of six, Jimmie, a fat, bumptious boy of two, and a wizened baby of eight or nine months, — were supported by the town, by the county, by the inter-church committee, and by various warm-hearted individuals. All Fallon agreed that they were hopelessly unworthy.

Annie's strength lay in her non-resistance. She would simply throw herself, figuratively, on the community's doorstep, and when sympathetic souls came to her rescue, she would laugh about it, as if to say, 'I knew you'd come.' If some housewife gave her washing to do, she would demand twice as much soap and starch as could possibly be needed, and then openly complain that the money was n't half enough. Annie, to be liked, should have given the good people a dollar's worth of satisfaction

for each dime of charity; instead, she made them uncomfortable.

When Fallon felt that it had reached its limit, and the inter-church committee, Janet Graham, and the Reverend Whitaker had all come to the end of their combined patience and resources, they induced the County Commissioners to allot Annie eight dollars a week for food. This stipend, with much grumbling, and, later, with a sweeping gesture of liberality, they paid into the hands of Miss Elizabeth Nelson. To Miss Elizabeth, whose forties were beginning to hang a little heavily about her slender, close-drawn shoulders, Christianity meant a rare degree of selflessness. She spent the money meticulously, getting fully three times as much out of it as the careless Annie could have bought for herself. No mother ever regulated the diet of her most cherished children with more care and thought. She studied the subject in books, and consulted the home-economics teacher in the high school, with a resulting schedule of balanced rations that was impeccable. Moreover, it was tasty. The only trouble with it was that Annie and Jake did n't like it. Therefore, Annie let Miss Elizabeth's compound get rancid, while she cheerfully spent Janet Graham's wash-money for lard of the best and purest brand. Likewise, Nutola, which frequently graced Miss Elizabeth's own table, grew stale while Annie bought butter at sixty cents a pound. Fortune-wrecking eggs and pre-

cious flour, which should have gone into wholesome bread, were sketchily beaten up into indigestible pancakes and flap-jacks.

In vain did Miss Elizabeth expostulate. Annie always agreeably promised to reform, only to break her word without a qualm. In vain did Miss Elizabeth and Mrs. Graham explain that it was no more than fair that Annie should take her wash-money to purchase some of the essentials for a home in which the whole equipment consisted of two beds, a stove, table, and rocker. Why not get, for instance, a bureau at the second-hand store, since she had n't a drawer in the house? Or some much-needed dishes, a couple of chairs, or even a mirror? The answer was very simple, and Miss Elizabeth understood it only too well. 'Never buy,' had become Annie's motto, 'what may possibly be given to you.'

'And Annie is right,' said Robert Graham.

It would not have been so bad if he had said this to Janet when they were alone; but he actually said it before Annie herself. He and Janet, the children tucked away safely in bed, were at dinner. It was one of the hours they most enjoyed. They liked to compare notes after the full days spent by Janet in her bank and her well-run home, and by Robert with his large farms and with his writing. The writing he took very seriously, the farming lightly. His favorite joke was to the effect that there were three kinds of farmers — tired, retired, and rubber-tired. With a genial smile, he would readily admit that he himself belonged in the third class.

As they lingered over coffee, and Robert smoked his cigar, the conversation ranged wide and free. It often came to Janet with a little thrill that, although they had been married five years and had two children, she would rather talk with him than anyone she

knew. There was a quality to Robert's mind that made him, as a conversationalist, irresistible.

He had never ceased to be amused by the harmless foibles of the small town in which he lived. Though on cordial terms with his neighbors, he was always a little aloof, never quite of them.

To-night, hearing Annie's voice in the kitchen, Robert exclaimed, 'Have her in, Janet. That woman is a joy. She is wholly genuine; so close to life, so elemental, with such unconscious humor. She is too good to be true.'

Janet failed to rise to his enthusiasm. 'She is n't a joy to me,' she returned, wearily. 'And if Annie wants to keep her children, she would better not be so high-handed. If Elizabeth Nelson were n't a saint and had n't stood by me this morning, and the Reverend Whitaker, too, I'd have had a rough time of it before the Commissioners. They want to send Jake again to the county farm, the children to a state institution, and then let Annie take care of herself.'

Robert chuckled. 'Don't worry,' he advised. 'They'll never do it. Fallon would n't stand for it. What! Take children from a hard-working woman? Never! And Annie knows it.'

'But she is n't hard-working. That's just the point. She does n't work and she does n't want to. Why should she? She has found that everything comes to her without it. They're such an unworthy lot. What did she do yesterday? Bought four cans of Prince Albert for Jake, and chicken at the top price. That's what she's here for now. It has caused a riot.'

'Go on, have her in,' urged Robert. And without waiting for Janet's consent, he called, 'Annie! O Annie; come here.'

Annie shambled in. She liked Robert. He understood her, she felt. Mrs.

Graham was all right, but she was always lecturing her, like Miss Elizabeth.

'So you've got 'em all mad at you again, have you, Annie?' jibed Robert.

Annie displayed the gaps where teeth properly belonged. She had probably six sound ones in her head. Her eyes were a dull gray, and puzzled one with their lack of expression, except when she laughed. Then they would squint, seeming to darken. Her skin was like sandpaper, and of the same dull color as her hair, on which the dust seemed to rest in little grains. She was as thin as a rail, and yet it was said that she could eat half a ham at a sitting. She was goblin-like, tiny—a veritable gnome of a woman. Whatever she wore refused to fit, seeming to lay snugly on her round back and hang downward in front of her, because of that everlasting stoop. She usually wore a red woolen cap, round, and, like Annie's own nose, journeying to a distant peak. And Annie was always dirty. It seemed that she had been born dirty. Now, as she stood grinning sheepishly, but unrepentantly, up at Robert, she reminded Janet of a little street gamin.

'Well, you're right, Annie,' encouraged Robert. 'Absolutely. You have the right technique. Instead of letting the givers of charity kick you, you kick the givers. And incidentally, that is the way to get a great deal more out of them. You make them mad, you drive them to threats of all sorts; but they always come back with a full basket. If you don't like Nutola, rest assured you will get butter. They won't dare refuse. You have the whole town buncoed.'

'Aw, it ain't that, Mr. Graham,' she laughed. 'That grease just don't set right on my stomach. It makes me deathly sick, it does, Mr. Graham. And just because I'm poor is no reason why I should be made sick, is it, Mr. Graham?'

As she looked at him for an answer,

she laughed again—that pigwidgeon laugh.

'Of course it is n't. Tell me the truth, Annie. How much do you get a week, all told?'

'I never figured it up,' she sniggered.

'Let's figure it up right now.'

'Well, Miss Elizabeth always sends over the eight dollars' worth she spends for the county. And Mrs. Graham pays my rent, and has the milkman leave two quarts of milk every morning. The lumber yard gives me all the wood I can use, and the McMahons let me have ice when I want it, and the Colburns give me a ton of coal whenever I say I need it, and that stingy Gregory lets me go into his mill and fill my sack with fifty pounds of flour whenever it's empty, and the doctor comes now whenever I send for him, and the city gives me my lights and water, and —'

'Stop, Annie. That's plenty. You could get away with murder. It's unbelievable.'

'I've always been used to plenty. I can't stint myself, even if I am poor.'

'Lovely!' exclaimed Robert, crowing with her.

'They don't have to give if they don't want to.'

'That's why they will always give you just as much as you wish. It's characteristic of the human animal, my dear Annie, that it'll give far more to those who neither need nor deserve help than to those who do. Instinctively the world hates the thrifty poor and the thrifty rich.'

Janet refused to be amused. Annie knew well enough how near she had come to losing her children, and here she was the very next day making light of her whole situation, joking about it with Robert. Besides, there was something so annoying about her way of just sitting down and saying, 'I need this and this and this, and if you don't want to give it to me, you can just keep



it.' Like last Sunday, for instance, when Daisy had arrived with a note, which read,—

'Deer Mrs. Gram Dasey needs a bath she got her underclose with her butt she needs a noo pare of stockins Annie p s she cant wash herself.'

And as Janet ruefully tubbed the little mudlark and dressed her, putting on a pair of stockings, she wondered why on earth she did it.

'Why did n't your mother wash you?' she asked.

'Cause I like this pretty white tub better,' was the succinct answer. 'My mamma says I can come over here every Sunday and let you bath me.'

'A true Cooper,' Janet reflected.

For two years Jake had insisted that he was not able to work; but the county doctor had told him sternly that there was nothing wrong—not a thing but ingrown laziness. The Commissioners had said it, and the ladies of the inter-church committee had said it, too.

'I think I can give Jake a job,' Janet had suggested.

'Well, maybe you could give it to him,' Annie had smirked in that provoking way of hers, 'but that ain't saying he can do it, because he can't. There ain't no two ways about that, and I know it. He always worked hard when he could. There was all them years when you was gone from Fallon, and then later, when we lived away from here. He was always a good provider, Jake was, and now that he can't work, I don't blame him none.'

Recalling various stages in their adventurous hand-to-mouth life, Janet found it hard to conjure the vision of a providing Jake. But Annie was now fully launched. There had been the time when he had been on the bridge-gang, and had been getting good pay,—she could have anything she wanted then,—and by spells he had mined and had made good money.

It was too aggravating to industrious folk to see an apparently able-bodied man doing nothing. Annie was urged to leave him. It would be simply too much, thought Fallon, if there should be another little Cooper. The town discussed it openly. Decidedly, it was Jake who particularly exasperated them—Jake and his talk of being sick, when anyone could see with half an eye that it was only an excuse to get himself supported. But at last his frequent announcement that he was not long for this earth impressed Miss Elizabeth. She spoke to one of the doctors, asking if he would examine him.

'Examine that good-for-nothing lazy-bones!' he fairly blazed. 'What he needs is a good dose of hard work.'

Miss Elizabeth's bump of moral obligation was too pronounced, however, to let the matter rest. She took the problem to the Reverend Whitaker. His care being for the bodies as well as the souls of his flock, he did not stop until he had found a doctor kind-hearted enough to give Jake a thorough going-over.

'He has n't long to live,' was the doctor's verdict. 'A sort of creeping paralysis. What he needs is perfect rest and a careful diet.'

The Commissioners snorted. Ever since they had been dealing with Jake Cooper, he had been like this. He had managed to take in the doctor. Anybody could see for himself.

Yet there he sat, leaning back in the old rocker, black, malevolent eyes looking out of an ashen, gaunt, shaggily whiskered face. He was about to die, and no one would believe him. No one but Annie. How he hated them with their superior chatter, scolding her when she brought a dying man a little tobacco. And at last he took to his bed. For a while he could keep the baby occupied, with her playthings beside him, while Annie went on sly foraging

expeditions; but soon he was sickeningly ill. Annie did her slovenly best, and during several months they lived with a grewsome cheerfulness, until Fallon, its self-respect once more lashed to the limit, moved Jake to its little hospital, with the promise that he should stay there until he died.

## II

One morning in the following week, the Grahams' telephone jangled. Into Janet's ear came placidly the hospital nurse's voice: 'Mrs. Graham, will you tell Annie Cooper that Jake's dead?'

'When did he go?'

'Between one and two this morning. I thought late last evening there was a change and suggested we send for Annie; but the doctor said it was such a bad night, we'd better not call her out.'

'We'll come right around.'

'Well, you see, we've already sent the body to Shane's.'

'All right, then. I'll let her know.'

When Annie arrived, she was crying. 'Daisy come home from school and told me her papa was dead,' she mourned.

Janet put her arms around her comfortingly. He had been a poor reed to lean upon, always, and at the end an unconscionable burden; but after all, she reflected, they had shared each other's ups and downs; together they had made their forays, put over their little tricks on Fallon. For years they had been as open to each other as two books. Undoubtedly he had been the one person with whom Annie had been able to be utterly herself, whose shiftless slant of mind and gypsy point of view had been her own; the one human being who had been irrevocably ranged on her side against the whole hostile world. In short, as Annie would have put it, he had been her man. Now there would be no one with whom she could

talk — unless it was Robert, who took such delight in her unworthiness and, Janet admitted, aided and abetted her in it.

In the present crisis, Annie, the eternally inept, was waiting for Providence, in the form of the world-at-large, to rise to the emergency. Janet took charge capably. Two telephone calls, and the chief details were arranged. Annie's pastor was, as always, to be depended upon. Yes, he said in low sympathetic tones, he would conduct the services. Mrs. Graham was to tell Annie she should have anything she wished. He would look after the pall-bearers, and the music, too — was there any special hymn? Would they have the funeral in the church?

Through Janet's mind flashed the thought that a pitiful sense of loneliness must arise if the few who would attend were sprinkled in the commodious building. Annie's empty, uncurtained front room was equally out of the question. The undertaking parlor was clearly the only place.

Her tears now quite dry, Annie agreed serenely, and as Janet hung up the receiver, she remarked carelessly, —

'Of course, if my parlor set'd have come, it would've been nice to have it at home.'

'Your what?'

'My parlor set. I'm a-getting it from a mail-order house. Sixty-five dollars. I've paid down three.'

Janet smothered the words on her lips, since clearly this was no time for rebuke. Later, she and Mr. Shane, the undertaker, held practical conversation, while Annie pressed Jake's suit. And for the time being, Janet dismissed from her mind the whole Cooper family.

Not until late in the afternoon did she realize with a start that she had forgotten quite the most important detail of all. The grave! How perfectly terrible if she had not happened to

remember. And for a moment she was harrowed by visions of the Cooper funeral cortège arriving at the cemetery, only to find no place to deposit poor Jake. Just why, she wondered irritably, had this particular funeral become her funeral, anyway? She would, she decided, get Miss Elizabeth, and they would attend to this matter together. For of course it must be attended to, and at once. If a dead man is to be buried, he must, forsooth, have a grave in which to lie.

She hunted out a black hat and mourning veil, and thus armed, went to collect Annie and her brood. She found her messy and cheerful, trying to give the pastor some sort of data as to Jake's life, but unable to tell where he was born or what was his mother's name.

Perhaps it was Annie's own suddenly renewed faith in family ties that took Janet to Jake's sister, to whom it had been so useless to apply during the dead man's life.

Mrs. Litchfield was a handsome, matronly woman, with white hands that contrasted oddly with Annie's dirty, chapped ones.

'Sit down, Annie,' she said, kindly. 'Sit down, Mrs. Graham. I've been so wrought up all day. I don't want Jake buried in a charity grave. I'd rather pay for it myself.' There was a break in her voice. Memories were crowding. 'I'd like to have done for him,' she hurried on. 'But you know how it is, Mrs. Graham. You know yourself. There'd have been no end to it. No end at all. And my husband was n't willing. You can't have trouble in your own home.'

'No, you can't,' agreed Janet simply; for there was something in the woman's face that was convincing.

Together, they went to the cemetery. Under Annie's black veil, her little face and squinting eyes had their goblin look. In the wind-tossed, twilit rain,

she seemed more than ever like a troll creature, who lived in a cave or a mound. They hunted up a sexton and selected the spot — one lying near charming woods, on a smooth grassy slope. Mrs. Litchfield reëntered the car and gathered Annie's baby to her.

'Mrs. Graham,' she murmured in her warm, throaty voice, her expanding heart pouring forth gifts, 'would n't my grand-baby's things just fit her? We've got lots of little clothes she could wear, Annie.'

At the undertaking establishment, Mr. Shane met them half-way down the aisle of kitchen cabinets and baby buggies. He led them upstairs, between the lounges and davenport, mattresses and stiff rockers, to a door. Opened, it revealed a tiny room, with bright linoleum on the floor. He turned on the electric light directly above Jake. The little group huddled awkwardly in the door, looking down at the head, which now seemed almost majestic.

Presently, moved by real interest, Janet stepped into the room. Annie followed, and gazing at the face that had domineered over her so long, burst into quiet weeping. Janet herself was surprised at its still strength. For the first time, the malevolent eyes, so full of bitter contempt and rebellion, were veiled.

'Come, Annie,' said Mrs. Litchfield, 'don't take on. We'd better go.'

The selection of the casket, which the county was to supply, was plainly on her mind. Evidently the same stigma did not apply to this as to a grave at Fallon's expense.

Shane snapped off the light and shut the door, leading the way to a larger white room where footfalls were deadened by a soft gray rug. The mirrored panels let down, and behind each was a coffin. He solemnly displayed a gray and a black.

'Which do you want, Annie?' asked

Mrs. Litchfield, solicitously; 'you're the one to be suited. I like the gray one. Which do you like, Mrs. Graham?'

Annie's eye was drawn to the filmy interiors. 'It's hard to choose,' she murmured. 'They're both awful pretty.'

'To my mind,' announced the undertaker, 'the gray one's the best.'

'She's the one to be suited,' reiterated Mrs. Litchfield.

'I'll take the gray,' decided Annie, her eyes bright with pleasure in the color and pretty fluffiness. She sighed. For once she could enjoy luxury without remonstrances.

Janet had not been at home an hour when telephone messages from Fallon's leading citizens began to pour in, offering their cars. Even Gordon Hamilton put his beautiful Cadillac sedan at Annie's service. Mrs. Litchfield called to ask Annie's shoe number. Did n't Mrs. Graham think her shoes were awfully shabby? And could she use a nice brown coat? Miss Elizabeth telephoned to say that she was sending butter and a chicken — she knew how much Annie liked them. Janet wondered what Miss Elizabeth, dear, kind Miss Elizabeth, would say if she were to tell her that Annie, instead of offering to pay three dollars a month on the fifty dollars that the county was expending for Jake's casket, was buying a five-piece parlor set.

It took Janet an hour to get Annie and Daisy dressed. Her own best black suit was pressed into service. She spent fifteen minutes draping the new mourning veil over the neat borrowed hat, and she superintended personally the washing of Annie's face and neck. Gloves hid the uncleansable hands. Mrs. Litchfield had purchased the shoes, and for once Annie's heels were not run over. She looked nice, reflected Janet. Many a woman might well have envied her that slim, hipless figure.

The impossible achieved, Janet sud-

denly felt enormously proud of her. Annie, the grotesque, actually looked like a thoroughly respectable human being. True, there was still that stoop to her shoulders, that elfish point to her nose; but the smart lines of the suit were not to be completely thwarted, even by Annie. She was clean and she was trim.

As they went up the stairs, Janet could see the Reverend Whitaker, in from a long drive, brushing his coat in the back of the store. Annie went straight, with impressive baldness, to the gray casket. She began to cry quietly as she took her seat.

Members of the inter-church committee, Miss Elizabeth, and the Grams had all sent flowers, so the casket was laden with wreaths and sprays. Carnations in Janet's own baskets nodded on the window-sills, and a great vase of white chrysanthemums flowered beautifully on a stand. The twenty-odd chairs were all occupied, filling the little room. The atmosphere left nothing to be desired in the way of correctness, as the Reverend Whitaker took his place. The music was perfect, and his talk was excellent. As the last hymn was being sung, Janet reflected, with her usual quiet satisfaction in anything well done, that it really had been a faultless funeral.

She was quite as startled as anyone when, the hymn finished, the Reverend Whitaker said quietly, 'At the request of Mr. Cooper, Mr. Graham has a few words to say to you.'

Janet's heart jumped. Now what was Robert going to do? Why had n't he told her of this? It must have been because he knew that she, hating any jarring note, would not have approved of it. Of course, she was confident that, whatever it might be, Robert would dispose of it with graciousness; but nevertheless she was gripped by a disturbing sense of uneasiness. The others were

simply curious. It was quite out of the ordinary; but they had implicit faith in the pastor, and Robert's tone was in keeping with the dignity and form of the occasion.

'Some days before Jake — Mr. Cooper — was taken to the hospital,' he began, 'I was called to the Cooper home, and a certain document was entrusted to my hands. I promised Mr. Cooper that its contents should be faithfully placed before the people assembled at his funeral. I think it might be better,' he continued quietly, 'if I were to tell you what is in the paper, rather than read the very words he used, for the language is a little involved. The meaning however is clear. Mr. Cooper has left a will.'

There was not the slightest demonstration, but Janet felt that the word 'will' had shocked them. She was beginning to show her distress by the dark crimson mantling her face. It rushed over her suddenly that Robert was capable of anything. Yes, he was. There was in him the same kobold-like quality that there was in Annie. For a fact. Oh, why did n't he sit down? What had Jake to bequeath to anyone? It was absurd. Preposterous.

'This will,' went on Robert, 'is very simple, and it was Mr. Cooper's hope that it would be carried out to the letter. He told me he was worried about his wife and children, and that he had given much thought to their welfare after his death.'

The men and women were now plainly embarrassed. Never had they heard such nonsense at a funeral; and so far it had been such a satisfactory one. What could Mr. Graham be driving at, they wondered.

'He disposed of the whole matter in a manner that left his mind at rest,' said Robert evenly — far too evenly, thought Janet, suddenly suspicious. She knew that quiet tone of her hus-

band's, that mischievous delight in pricking the equanimity of people whom he considered a shade too self-satisfied, the glee with which he upset conceptions of the fitness of things. She had loved that whimsicality of his — as much a part of his very self as the clear gray of his eyes, so kind and with such a warming laughter bubbling up through their dreamy depths. But never before had it prompted him to poor taste. If Jake really had left this extraordinary document, which she began to doubt, why had n't she heard of it from Annie? Yet the charming, mellifluous voice was certainly very convincing.

'Mr. Cooper — Jake — has willed a four-room house to Annie.'

The situation was becoming painful, with Janet not the only one who was suffering. Everyone felt ill at ease — all but Annie, who looked at Robert with a childlike trust, not knowing at what he was aiming, but feeling sure that it was all for her happiness.

'This four-room house is to be built of substantial material. The labor of erecting it is to be supplied by a committee of the labor-unions of Fallon. The material may be paid for, however. Jake asks that the house cost at least twelve hundred dollars. The three banks, he writes in his will, shall give one hundred dollars each. The four grocers shall each give twenty-five dollars. The other business men around the Square are to stand their share.'

There was no nodding or shaking of heads. There was no wagging of jaws in protest or approval. There was only an immovability among his listeners, as if they were in a deep, breathless slumber.

'As spokesman for one of the banks,' said Robert, with a slight nod toward Janet, 'let me say that the first hundred dollars are at the disposal of the building committee. The will goes on further to say that in the rear of the four-

room affair is to be a little hog- and chicken-house. The hog and chickens are to be supplied by a committee of the Farmers' Coöperative Association. This committee is also to provide at least two hundred bushels of corn and other suitable feed. As for furnishing the house, there will be no need for a parlor set as Annie has already secured one that will please the most fastidious. However, there will be need for all sorts of things — chairs, tables, bedding, rugs, linoleum, cupboards, table-linen, cooking utensils, and the like. These are to be contributed by the people. Each is to do his or her best. He states definitely that the things are not to be too old, nor are they to require any expenditure in the way of repairs.'

Annie was bobbing her head quickly, as if in indorsement.

'Jake hopes that no one will try to break his will,' continued Robert, with the same disarming matter-of-factness. 'He told me he could imagine no greater sin than to fail to carry out the will of a dead man. He provides further that the county is to levy no taxes on this home, nor is the city to charge for the lights or the water. There are further articles — clothes, curtains, pictures, and a reasonable amount of money to purchase necessities. He states very specifically that the county is to improve on its eight dollars a week. This, says the will, is quite insufficient. The inter-church committee is to have this matter in hand. Furthermore, Jake wills that, in view of the fact that the doctors would not help him as they should, they shall chip in to meet the cost of a simple, dignified stone on his grave. He says that the cashier of any one of the banks can be given the duty of attending to this provision. I have already had the legality of this document passed upon. Judge Murdock, a jurist for whom I have the profoundest respect, — a man who, as you all know,

is thoroughly versed in the law, — says there is no questioning the fact that Jake had both a moral and a legal right to draw this up.'

Handing the will to the pastor, Robert added quietly, 'I know Jake's heart was in this matter, and I, for one, shall do my part in carrying out his wishes. I hope the community will respond with the same simplicity with which he showed his faith in us.'

There was no discussion, of course. A wave of the undertaker's hand invited the people to view the body and pass out. But once the solemnity of the funeral itself had been passed over, and the people could talk as they pleased, Jake's demands were pronounced outrageous. It was sheer impudence. Jake — a beggar, a taker of favors for many years — Jake to leave such a will. Bosh! The thing was not worth talking about.

Annie merely laughed and said, 'Let anybody dare stand out against a dead man's will. They'll do as Jake said. You'll see.'

'Don't you think,' Janet asked her husband dryly, 'it was rather strange that Jake, the short-sighted, should suddenly have become so far-seeing at the very end?'

To which thrust Robert replied with unruffled tranquillity, 'If you mean to imply, my dear, that I suggested the idea of the will, you are quite right. But I can assure you that Jake accepted it wholeheartedly. He dictated it all.'

### III

When the First State Bank of Fallon, of which Janet was vice-president, entered a hundred dollars to the credit of the Jacob Cooper Building Fund, the others grumbled, but paid their share. Each wanted equal justification for a place in the orchestra of patronizing complaint. The money was raised

in less than ten days, and then the committee called the labor-unions together for a decision. The members argued that it was n't the right season. There was so much building going on. Better wait until things got a little duller. They said all that; but when the material had been dumped on a lot presented by Gordon Hamilton, Fallon's foremost business man, the workers appeared and put up the house.

On a certain Saturday afternoon, two months after Jake's funeral, a considerable portion of Fallon's population seemed headed toward the Coopers'. In one farmer's wagon were a sow and nine squealing pigs. Annie looked them over as they were pushed into the pen, and remarked that it was a shame they did n't send some already weaned instead of these tiny creatures. As for the house, had n't the people with their own ears heard Jake's will giving her four rooms? and here she had to put up with three. It was a disgrace, that's what it was, for a town to be so stingy. As Annie was to have butter, the committee from the farmers' coöperative sent a fine little Holstein cow. Annie's look spoke her disgust. 'I hate the milk from them things. It's too thin. Why did n't you bring me a Jersey?' she demanded flatly.

When the furniture began piling in, she called attention to the fact that most of the pieces would never respond to polish. She hoped people would realize once for all that a worn-out thing was just as worn out for her as for anybody else. Folks seemed to think she

could take any useless old relic and make it serve.

The givers were properly apologetic. They were pleased when her criticisms were slight, and showed her how several matters could be remedied with a little labor and money. Annie saw to it that they left the money.

Before evening, there was a cuckoo clock on the wall, a number of pictures, —including one of Roosevelt surrounded by all the little Roosevelts, and another of Custer's Last Charge, — a plush album, and a 'Home, Sweet Home' thing of beads strung on silk framed in strips made of the sweetest little clam-shells.

Annie took it all very casually. Had n't her Jake laid down the conditions in the will? What else was there for Fallon to do? And how right she was, too; for had not Fallon taken exactly the same view, albeit with much grumbling about these exasperating, unworthy Coopers — Jake, the dead, leaving the impress of the Cooper characteristic and Annie, with her nervous laugh, seeing to it that Fallon did what was expected of it?

It was late in the evening, when the last things had been brought and everyone had gone, that Robert Graham strolled in.

'Well, Annie,' he smiled, 'you seem to have had *some* house-warming.'

'Aw, it has n't been so bad,' admitted Annie, with the inevitable grin; 'but then, it's just like I told Mrs. Graham time and again. Jake always was a good provider.'

# THE HYPOTENUSE

BY FRANCIS BARDWELL

I've read so much about it, these late times, —  
The living triangle and all the tangle that it makes  
In human lives, — and I have thought  
We had one here for many, many years,  
But had no tangle in our quiet lives —  
We three who lived it out — quite happily.  
You see there's Luther and myself, now Abbie's gone,  
Left to plod through the years of our allotted lives.  
Brother and I were raised upon a lonely farm  
With but one neighbor's house and that close by,  
And in that house was Abbie — so you see  
She was to us the only girl we knew.  
Since then I've read of many women and their ways,  
Helen and Dido, Troy and Carthage claimed,  
Britain's Boadicea, haughty queen;  
Israel's Ruth, our Bible taught of her,  
And hosts of others. Yet to us, Luther and me,  
In those old days Abbie was all in one;  
I will not say, because 't was all we knew,  
But rather that she had the virtues of the lot.  
It seems so, even to this day.

My uncle Luther died and left a legacy to brother  
For his name; to us it seemed a goodly sum;  
And then I felt the time had come to speak.  
When first the touch of spring was in the air,  
And pussies showed on willows by the brook;  
When clouds raked low, and often spattered rain,  
And in the gullies of the north-sloped hills  
The snow still lingered, Luther and I had gone  
To the hill pasture burning brush. I spoke.  
'Luther, it's you,' I said; 'the legacy will smooth the way  
And one of us must wed, because upon the farm  
All goes at random where no woman dwells.  
I will stay on and help, so make the home for all.'



And Luther, screening his face with hand and arm  
From the fierce heat of dry and crackling brush,  
Nodded, but spoke no word.  
He little knew the fight I'd had with self  
To lay the matter plainly for his choice.

And so they wed, and afterward I stayed  
Always to help and work, just for the common good.  
Then in these after years, when age crept on  
And years of toil had brought its recompense,  
We all came here into the village house,  
Because we owed it to the woman whom we loved  
That she should have in her declining years  
Companionship of others of her sex.

And when she went, we still lived on and did  
The little things about the house as she had done.  
The parlor's just the same, the chairs and table  
Where she set them first, the mats in place;  
The potted plants are watered and put out,  
On the warm days, to bask and blossom in the sun.  
The cat is dead — we buried it, as she'd have wished,  
Under our only apple tree, and Luther got the stone  
From the old farm — as Abbie would have willed.  
And so we sit here on the porch on pleasant days,  
Two aged men, nor heed the passers-by;  
We watch the grass show green in spring,  
The summer come, and autumn cast its leaves,  
A wind-borne mass, upon the lawn.  
And the first snow — bewildered little flakes  
That fall and melt — brings the one thought to each.  
My hand finds Luther's and the grasp proclaims  
Our thoughts are of the place where Abbie lies.  
And so, you see, we lived three lives in one,  
A triangle — right-angled, as I've learned:  
Abbie and Luther both alike, and I the hypotenuse.

# THE WHOLE ART OF DISH-WASHING

BY JAMES SPOTTISWOODE TAYLOR

How long does it take thoroughly to understand dish-washing? I do not mean the mere mechanical manipulations, — of which more anon, — and I carefully avoid the word 'philosophy,' which has been worn threadbare. Everyone who wants to pass for profound nowadays drags it in, and we hear of the philosophy of motoring, of eating, of sleeping, of countless things, which are not done wisely, or through love of anything but self. So far from securing attention, the term excites only a mental yawn or a smile. I am addressing those who are addicted to serious reading and, inferentially, to serious thinking. To-day people who read and think are largely engaged in washing dishes, babies, and cheap automobiles.

I have sold my car, and my children are old enough to wash themselves; but for something over two years I have been assiduously washing dishes, and I am satisfied that one can't grasp the thing in any shorter space of time. For us mortals time is the great essential in every undertaking. Happy the disembodied spirits with an available infinity! However frugally minded, they can dally indefinitely with hot water and yellow soap, nor ever suffer twinges of conscience. How different our case!

They say that for those who can learn *anything* at all about it, it takes seven years to learn *something* about the violin. One is born, but cannot learn to be, a poet. A man may ride all his life, and ride well, only to break his neck in the hunting field, like Whyte-Melville. With luck the high school is left behind

in four years. Another four, and the student, untrammelled — or unassisted — by athletics, graduates at college.

The dish-washers of the country are the people who are educating their children; and as they are conversant with the language of the pedagogue, according to which French, physics, and astronomy are acquired in so many hours, — without regard to the fact that hours differ in length as well as in productiveness, — I shall employ this term.

I estimate a thorough course in dish-washing at a minimum of 1456 hours, which means two hours a day for 104 weeks, including Sundays, Christmas, and other holidays, by which the cost of education is raised and serious demoralization wrought in students. Dish-washing is not an intermittent pursuit. One of the essentials is unbroken continuity, regardless of mutations of seasons or fortunes, and of trifling incidents like birth and death.

The man or woman who takes to dish-washing at any age between eighteen and eighty has much to unlearn. A dislike for messiness is rather general, yet who is there but has almost enjoyed cleaning up after a picnic? We make it part of the fun to immerse knives and plates in the waters of lake or stream, dry them on paper napkins, and bestow them in the luncheon-basket. We sit on the ground, and are preyed upon by all manner of creeping, crawling creatures. We apply salt with our fingers, break the shell of a hard-boiled egg on our shoe-heels or hip-bones, and fish out ants, leaves, and twigs from cocoa and

tea. And always the best part of a picnic is the end of it, — the very end, — bringing you back to a proper dining-room.

But those happy mortals who, year in and year out, have sat down before spotless linen, dainty china, and assorted sizes of forks and spoons, and later have pushed back their chairs, serene and satisfied, to move in stately procession to drawing-room or verandah, know as little of the machinery of domestic life as the loungeur on the deck of a liner knows of the stoke-hole. On introduction to the city slums, the society girl who has just embraced social *work* suffers no such staggering shock as awaits the domestic novice when, for the first time and the first hundred times, he enters with earnest purpose a kitchen to which have been transferred the vestiges of even a modest repast for six civilized persons in evening dress.

Montaigne, and the successors of those contemporary physicians of his, whom he so heartily despised, have taught us that it is the antechamber and not the actual presence of the grim monster that makes death so terrible. And so here. A day may come when the quick results from a clean mop and scalding water will yield a sort of satisfaction — the joy of salvage for those who can't create; but the acquisition of even a relative immunity to the miasmatic influences of a kitchen in the post-prandial state is a slow process. We know that the pre-Elizabethan world was handkerchiefless. Full eleven centuries of the Christian Era had slipped by before that Venetian Theodora set the seal of her example on the employment of forks. We should see rather than feel the seamy side of life if required to wear our clothes inside out. We can conceive with comparative equanimity of a social catastrophism wherein the demotic hatred of wealth would express itself by a freakish order

that the owners should turn the bodies of their cars upside-down, and ride on the portion where the dust of the highway collects and is retained by lubricating material slipping through from the gears.

Thoughts such as these are nothing. For real revulsion resort to the kitchen, and view the confused clutter of cups, glasses, pans, skillets, graters, colanders, in the wake of the meanest hospitality. Oh, why, when servants became the peculiar privilege of the rich, did not those prime polluters of plates, mayonnaise, gravy, white sauce, and oil, which are the emblem of gladness and plenty, pass away along with claret? Disgust is mixed with a humiliating sense of human powerlessness before such an accumulation. And anger foams round the rim of one's cup of woe.

The first semester is one of vain efforts at evasion. Superficial analysis ascribes all the blame for the changed financial order to the Kaiser and his carls. An enemy hath done this! The heavy hand of a dimly apprehended Providence would be less of a burden than a malign grasshopper. All sorts of plans are revolved. The short hours that intervene between the last call of the cupboard and the first beckoning of bed are consumed in futile computations and readjustments of the family budget. If we could get a woman for half a day — combine with someone else — have a girl, even! Not till the torch of illusory hope has been quenched is there any real progress. The first real sign thereof is a dawning complacency in the handling of garbage, a nascent pride in its proper sorting. Concern for the internal integrity of some remote but real pig proves that resignation is about to replace resentment.

Of course, no life is ever so long, no renunciation so complete, that one can come to love washing dishes; but rebellion has a period of reaction, equal and

opposite, in the measure of a spiritless dejection. The second semester is thus marked by morbid attempts to gauge the depth of one's debasement. On a salary that seems munificent to those of my friends and acquaintances whose income is less by only a dollar, I cannot afford a cook! Wife and children secretly despise me. Like a gnawing ulcer is the conviction that my wife's relatives despise me openly. I despise myself in both ways. I reflect upon what other men, real men, who have reached fifty, — that age of fruition, — are doing with the accumulated rewards of their brawn or their brains, not only to relieve their women-folk of the coarser forms of labor, but also to offer them those tributes by which the American male delights to honor the female of the species.

The gloom of this valley of humiliation is deepened by those countless wounds to one's self-love that result from attempting to help a woman in anything that she regards as her peculiar domain, however keen her present disposition to abdicate it herself. King Alfred was berated, and rightly berated, for letting the cakes burn; but the beldame would have stung him with an innuendo or two, even if the cakes had been done to a turn, just because he was a man.

Our kitchen became the scene of a good deal of wrangling. It grew in part out of my trying to introduce a few modifications based on some acquaintance with the physical properties of matter. I resented the *ex-cathedra* pronunciamento: "These are things that you don't know about."

My ignorance had been principally about the inviolability of kitchen routine. That ignorance is no more. I realize now that every detail of culinary administration was formulated in remote ages, and has been handed down as a code executed with a fidelity beside

which the observance of sacerdotal rites, apostolic succession, and the Salic Law seem the quintessence of wavering inconsistency. I have learned that tumblers first, then silver, and then ordinary dishes, followed, after a due interval of demarcation by pots and pans, submerge in the detergent soapsuds by a more immutable order of precedence than ever regulated Spanish grandees or Austrian duchesses defiling before a throne. Cut glass and egg-shell china always enjoy the distinction of a special audience. All this entails the formality of waiting-rooms and ante-chambers, the officiousness of court functionaries. Cups are grouped by class; saucers are segregated together as essential but inferior things; dishes are drawn up according to size, glasses by the cut of their coats or the length of the stems from which they spring. Room for these marshalings is provided in advance, with the meticulous precision that regulates the parking of artillery or the evolutions of cavalry.

I have learned that the ragged remnants of priestly and patriarchal function that have survived in this flippant, degenerate age drop from the head of the house when pure altruism impels him to penetrate the shades of the kitchen and seek initiation in its unsavory mysteries. To modify immemorial practices, merely to depart from them inadvertently by some simple natural act, is to be overwhelmed by a wave of vituperation that heals every difference between female members of the family and welds them into some sort of Holy League against the benighted male. To protest against the tyranny of tradition, merely to offer excuses for unwitting sacrilege committed, precipitates ebullitions of feeling that fully justify our neighbors in believing that a frightful family quarrel is in progress.

The latest feature of economic construction forces the denizens of adjoin-

ing apartments to have everything in common except their whispers. There was no whispering in the altercations that followed my wife's reiterated, realistic descriptions of the way certain of her kinsfolk did their dishes. It sounded rather nice the first time she told it — how father, mother, sons, and daughters clustered about the sink with rapturous joy, making the labor a sort of festival. But we soon got tired of the pictured harmony, the May-day merriment, the flashes of wit supposed to mark their performance. When we had been working steadily for half an hour, it was maddening to hear how, with whisk of mop and flourish of dish-towel, these dexterous performers got through their *corvée* in a paltry ten minutes. We did n't believe it, and we said so.

My wife, as the most expeditious performer and the real head of the house, claimed the right to wash; this compelled her to occupy a position between the stove and the door to the fire-escape — the hottest corner of the room. The rest of us wiped. Our concerted efforts were usually marked by a confusion and uproar that would have made the riotous deliberations of a Hungarian Diet seem like a Quaker meeting.

Once I emerged from my craven apathy to suggest that the model family excelled us in their culinary conduct by virtue of extended experience. *We* had been reduced to doing our own housework only since the war, whereas *they* had been at it for — I never finished that sentence. The speaker's gavel — her mop, I mean — came down on the table with a bang, — no, a splash, — and Wiper No. 3 withdrew hurriedly.

When we first felt the invading chill of penury, my wife and daughters had announced that 'father must not be allowed to help in the kitchen.' Now, I

did not always 'come back all tired out from the office'; and on Sundays I did n't come back at all, for I did not go; and little by little I forced myself into recognition as a casual wiper. Of course, they could not go on holding such high ground, and I soon rose to the rank of a regular wiper.

Gradually the doctrine of father's exemption fell into abeyance. My radius of action steadily increased. In periods of social stress when auction, moving pictures, calls that 'simply must be paid,' made it convenient, I was increasingly privileged to don the *toga muliebris*, or kitchen apron (it has been aptly remarked that woman's true place is in the sink); and so, at the end of two years, with no desire or expectation of wearing the insignia or wielding the powers of royalty, I frequently found myself playing a rôle comparable to that of mayor of the palace. Certainly the younger daughter, through the limitations of immaturity, and the elder, through her accelerated maturity, — she is a freshman at college and comes home on short visits, — are in the *fainéant* class. Judith, aged eleven, already says unblushingly that domesticity has no charms for her, and Hypatia long ago declared her preference for the cloister.

It was only when I began to have the place more and more to myself, that I discovered redeeming features in my new calling. With full sway amid the royal preserves, I can be leisurely, deliberate, almost contented. If my wife has gone on a trifling errand, I work nervously, dreading her popping in on me with inquisitorial glance before I have put everything away. If her absence is prolonged, I can employ my own methods. That these methods are modified by those of the hierarchy I cheerfully confess, but they are mine none the less. I humor the fancy of the moment and treat myself to noncon-

formity with the rules of women. Throughout the long, long past those who have washed dishes have, in the main, been ignorant women sunk in the rut of custom. I employ little scientific devices, which prolong things, — yes, they do, — but give satisfaction. My work is thorough. The dishes I stow in the cupboard are clean. When I have held each plate under a stream of almost boiling water, impinging at an acute angle till every particle of grease has melted and run off (a newspaper under my apron shields me from the spray), the final immersion in the common bath is more to brighten it with the imprimatur of cleanliness than for a needed actuality. Things are dried in natural, not inverse, order. The first one washed becomes by long exposure the driest. Not having to rub and rub makes up at this stage for the length of the initial treatment. The entire process is lacking in that feverish hurry, that gallinaceous running hither and yon which make for nervous exhaustion and the explosion of invective characteristic of the overwrought female.

After a day of proof-reading and the more laborious and less satisfactory business of preparing copy, I find my solitary hour at the evening sink almost restful through the power of change. So purely mechanical, so automatic, is the task under my system, that I can think out editorials, review in my mind

the day's reading, or plan the schedule for the morrow. True, I interrupt myself now and again by an involuntary exclamation at the durability of crockery, but I do not mind a diversion which coaxes me to consider how much kaolin has contributed to civilization.

There was a time when the chronicle of crime in the family newspaper set me to wondering how I could make a living in case I ever suffered moral collapse and became an outcast and a fugitive from my class. These moments of doubt and questioning always ended in the crystallizing conviction that I had every qualification for a life of ease and comfort, as valet to the scion of some great family in America's aristocracy of wealth. There was real enticement in the thought of wearing a master's discarded but perfectly good neckties and waistcoats, and of surreptitiously drinking his whiskey and smoking his cigars. Now that alcohol has gone by the board and tobacco itself is threatened, this career charms no more; nor have I that earlier reliance on my foreign languages which made me confident of success as a courier. My ambitions come down as the wages of the humbler callings go up. If ever my innate propensities to vice break their bounds and disclose me to my little world as I am, I shall submerge, to seek fortune, without fame, as a certified, if somewhat desultory, scullion.

# A HERMIT THRUSH

BY MARGARET BALDWIN

## I

THE scientific information which, in a popular way, is looked for in the record of ornithological studies does not altogether prevail in this bit of history. It includes, with its more exact observations, the seeking of less obvious things — the leisurely pursuit of an idea, a bit of character study. This was, perhaps, not so much a departure, as an individual interpretation of the common stock in trade. If it touches the hem of the garment of science, it is a hem familiar with the dews of swamp and pasture, and the common brambles of country byways and woods and fields.

Yet this should not mislead — not all of science dwells in far places. 'The gods are not chained to their altars.' Evolutionary science, at least, is ever in touch with common daily things, and the door of understanding once ajar, there is no keeping out the troop of visions beyond. Science is not alone for the scientist: its revelations are equally for the plain man; and it needs but the remembering eye to perceive always the luminous and immortal panorama.

The dustiest wayfarer, who watches on summer days the jeweled flash of dragon-flies, or the fitting gold of *turnus's* wings above the purple thistles, may be led back in thought to the bugs and butterflies of that ancient mausoleum of Miocene time, the Florissant shales. Here, a member of *turnus's* own tribe, *Prodryas persephone*, lay entombed some millions of years, awaiting that amazing day, his resurrection

in human discovery and understanding.

Or, to reverse the shield, who may not know that strange little monster, the newly hatched robin, with long snake-like neck uplifting his blind bulging head and enormous gaping mouth, and be filled with amaze, that here, in living miniature, should be the ancient reptile — the naked, wingless, four-limbed ancestral form from which the robin is descended and evolved? And he perceives forthwith a new answer to the old interrogation, 'Can the Ethiopian change his skin or the leopard his spots?' Verily, he can and he has.

It was a question from this side of things which suggested thoughts that lent new charm to the thrushes, and set me on the trail of a more intimate acquaintance with them than I had hitherto known, intimate as I had thought that to be; for, in common expression, I had been brought up with them. They were a tradition, a sort of family institution. There were years made memorable by their music, long summers whose golden days were rimmed about with their melody. The soft gloom of their 'cathedral woods' was a daily sanctuary, where vespers and silver chanting rose from the dusky solitude, with calm benediction to the listening heart. Through the long June twilights they sang, till night fell fully dark. The tall spires of the spruces grew black against the western sky, and only the chorus of the distant marshes filled the quiet country night.

There is something mystical in this song, as of some serene and lofty vision transmuted into sound. Cheney characterized it as 'spiritual, full of sublimity.' Those who know it, know the hopelessness of its description; though there are exceptions to this, and especially fine is Burroughs's line, 'A silver horn which he winds in the most solitary places.' Its tone-quality is elusively that of the flute, while its form has something of the far-off challenge of a bugle. It is musical beyond words, mellow and fluted, yet strangely clear and ringing.

Then one day all this was changed. The green aisles of the woods were still. In other phrase, I, who was conscious of all the world's beauty, found myself to that world nine tenths deaf. Its life and reality were swallowed up like a landscape in a fog. The old haunting songs were gone, the wraith of a lost memory, which sang only in dreams.

But the personality of the thrush had been too real and vivid to pass and be relinquished absolutely. It held its place subjectively, with a sort of subconscious resistance to finality; and though there is no substitute for sound, yet in course of time, by way of unusual opportunities, I came back into touch with the subject, sufficient to be worth while, inasmuch as I made observations and studies, in a way, perhaps, as profitable as any I had made in the past. The identity of the bird, its haunts and habits, its comings and goings, had been so many times verified for me that I knew what and where to seek.

## II

Perhaps many people nowadays know what the most famous songbirds of America are like — generally speaking, soft light browns above, spotted creamy beneath. The hermit thrush is identified at once by his tail. It is brighter — that is, redder — than the

rest of him. His breast may also help to place him, for it is distinctly spotted with large, dark spots, while that of the veery (Wilson's thrush) is very palely marked, and the olive-back, which has much the same breast and is of the same region as the hermit, is eliminated by his color — olive, not brown. If your hermit is of the northern woods, Maine or New Brunswick, the wood thrush will not be found there.

In its common habitat, the hermit thrush is considered, as most writers state, a bird of remote woodlands — the cool solitudes of the northern woods. Its very name carries that idea. But it is not all that its name implies. It does not always prefer deep woods, or shun the reasonable proximity of man. For this reason, it is not always hard to find or difficult to observe — indeed, not half as hard as the veery, that thrush having all but baffled me in my efforts to study it and find its nest.

The nest of the hermit is always on the ground, often sunk in the deep green moss under a small evergreen tree, which may be scarcely two feet high, and always lined with the fragrant dead pine-needles so like itself in color. Only by lifting up the flat branches growing almost on a level with the ground, can such a nest be seen. In this hidden place the bird sometimes will not be flushed till almost stepped on.

But it was a special instance in my experience, where the hermit thrush appeared, at first thought, not only to depart from accepted ideas regarding seclusion and remoteness, but to have forsaken tradition entirely. On closer thought, however, I think the matter is explainable on wholly natural grounds, rather than as a case of individuality.

Although I have not seen the statement in print, I think it is a fact that, on some of the outer islands of the northern New England coast, certain of the thrushes spend their breeding



season. It was on such an island, scarcely a mile in length and ten miles from the mainland, that I found the hermit thrush nesting. On the edge of a bold high headland facing north-east, in a thick but narrow fringe of heavy stunted spruces and tangled undergrowth, perhaps a dozen feet wide, the nest was hidden. Day and night, the surf broke and thundered on the rocks below. In easterly storms and summer gales, fine spray flung itself far up the face of the bluff. Seventy-five feet back and high above, from sunset to sunrise glowed the great light of a lighthouse. In these surroundings it seemed as if no hour of the twenty-four was remotely like the quiet places of the thrush's usual native woods. Yet in its wildness was the very heart of seclusion.

Though I never dared to penetrate the tangle, it being too rough and sloping, to explore for the nest, the bird, doubtless the male, was often under my field-glasses at this close range, from my seat in the window in the base of the tower. And always when day waned and the splendor of sunset flamed long behind the crest of the hill, from the top of the sheltering spruces he lifted his song to the sea and sky.

The peculiarity of this nesting — if it be peculiarity, for the bird was strictly within its natural zone — is explainable in the completeness of its security. This thrush, being a ground bird, has much trouble, as Nuttall long ago observed, in raising its young. In my own knowledge, perhaps it is not too much to say that one nest in three or four is destroyed.

Now, on this island there were no natural enemies. There was no squirrel, or snake other than the little green field snake. *Mephitis putrida* never had reached, and never could reach, its shores. The same was true of the fox, the weasel, and even the rabbit. Crows

dared not come so near a building. Generations of birds safely bred under these conditions could but tend to perpetuate or naturalize the circumstance.

Yet, all these things in observation and experience were now but the acquisition of cold facts — the activity of the mind, not the thrill of the heart. The old æsthetics were gone, and I wondered if there were no untried path, no undiscovered means, whereby one might come nearer to reality — to some far echo of the lost charm of the old way.

One day I came across the query, 'Had the birds begun to sing when man began to talk?' A series of questions sprang up. What were time's hoary secrets in regard to the singing of birds? Had a thrush sung to the wilderness when there was no man to listen? Was there music in the world when *Pithecanthropus erectus*, striking the first flake from an eolith, groped, afar and unaware, toward mind and thought? The reptile and the lower mammal we know were millenniums the older; but was there an æsthetic force in nature, a humanizing power, more ancient than the heart of man itself? Did Orpheus sing in the morning of the world — and a rock move?

Hastily I sought a little reviewing look into the sequences of geologic time and the findings of palæontologists, to learn what was the correlation, or rather, the entire lack of correlation, between the two events — for I knew there was a vast lapse of time between them, since avian evolution was well differentiated several millions of years before the time of the later mammals had come in.

I found that a thrush 'similar to existing European forms' did exist in Mid-Pliocene Europe — that is, a million years, more or less, before any respectable sort of a *homo* had arrived.

<sup>1</sup> H. F. Osborn: *The Age of Mammals*.

This, indeed, is not saying that that particular thrush sang, but it is a somewhat reasonable conclusion that he had reached that stage before the end of these years — or the appearance of proman.

Whatever the possibilities, they all centre around the facts of geologic time-appearance, unless, indeed, the palæontologists have some possible settlement of the question by way of anatomy. Even the color of Persephone's wing was knowable after the lapse of more than two million years.

As I pondered these things, the old questions about the 'personality' of the thrush came back. What was that inwardness, whose outward form was such divine melody; that quality, whose voicing called always to beauty and feeling in the mind of man? There was little answer to such questions, even if intimate intrusion into the bird's life and environment were possible. Such intrusion produces instant unnaturalness; and manifestly, one did not study thrushes as one did chipped flints, on the corner of one's desk.

Then all at once there seemed a congruity between the two things, which fascinated me. Both held their secrets of the ages, the one in his golden throat, the other in its immutable story. Why not study the thrushes there? They could not be more inscrutable than certain of my flints.

But in the nature of things, the idea seemed bizarre, impossible. A natural bird was full of fear and shyness. A thrush would not lend itself to observation at first hand, barring some purchased specimen. But I had wandered through bird stores more than once. That kind was far from my idea. It would not serve my purpose, which was to get a glimpse into the real nature of the bird and his individuality.

Yet in the end, — dismissing, of course, all connection of my specula-

tions with the subject, — in spite of all the difficulties, a thrush I meant to have. I would have it just for my own pleasure. I could not have imagined what an interesting experience it would be.

### III

And so, shortly, I fared forth in quest of it. It was plain that, with the conditions which I had laid down, only a nest of young thrushes would furnish a source of supply. Therefore, to take one just out of the nest was my aim; and I turned to the small country boy, who is almost sure to have at least one 'swamp-robin's' nest in his list. Though this is as liable to be the olive-back or Wilson's as the hermit, — they are all 'swamp-robins' to him, — it was the only opportunity I could think of.

I will not recount all my disappointments. Two nests, one of which I knew to be the hermit's, were destroyed while the eggs were in them. My scheme was very easy to propose, but far from easy to accomplish. First, to know of a nest of young hermits, and then, to know with some certainty when they should leave it, which is somewhere about the eleventh day, to have no accident befall them, and to be able to get one at the last moment, requires, not only nice observation, but a deal of luck into the bargain. In all my efforts I failed that year.

My ultimate success the next year was due to the invaluable help of a friend, who has a genius for finding birds' nests. But we, too, had our disappointments from loss of nests before we were successful. We watched our third nest from the day of the first egg, but dreading on every visit that we should find that something had befallen it. We went as infrequently as possible, in order to make no faintest trail to its vicinity.

On the tenth day of the birds, we

dared not risk another twelve hours, for, if they escaped harm, they were due to be out of the nest within twenty-four hours; so that, at five o'clock in the afternoon, I took my thrush. It was well-timed, for one of the remaining two left the next morning, the other in the afternoon. I had never known this experiment to be carried out before, though doubtless it had been.

I can hardly define my delight as I held the little fellow in my hand. He seemed a big little bird, dark-eyed and handsome. I carried him in a small covered basket, bedded with hay-scented fern. I had about two miles to walk out of the woods and home. The sun was lowering as I hurried over the last half of my journey.

Then an unexpected thing happened. Suddenly he sent out a loud, long, richly musical call, — clear and full, and distinctly double-toned or fluted, — exactly that tone which people try to make plain — and not wholly in vain — when they use that much-worn word 'fluted.' It was so melodiously and plainly double as to seem almost like two harmonious notes held on the keyboard.

I was astonished — not so much that the bird should attempt to call, considering the circumstances, but that in this, the first sound of its life, the vocal cords should be in such full and native form, capable of such loud, musical, typical thrush tone. Under normal conditions, the thrush may be heard to perfect advantage nearly an eighth of a mile away. The fact that the full, ringing sound was practically in direct contact bridged the difficulty for me in a very sufficient degree.

The experience was one of delight. I had hoped for some pleasure and enlightenment in this scheme of having a thrush 'loose' in my house, if it could be done; but I did not expect, from so immature a bird, a single note. To hear measurably the clear, true thrush

sound was not among my wildest hopes.

My great concern was his fright and wildness, which I expected to meet when I should open the basket that night and in the morning. I had lively recollections of a young red-eyed vireo, which I had possessed for half a day, and which I struggled to feed till I was in despair. I did not know, till I had learned from experience, that there is a considerable time in the life of a young bird — at least, of many species — when it will starve to death in the very midst of plenty, unless the food is put into its mouth, or rather, into its throat. Helping itself is a matter of slow learning.

Though his call was the greatest of my surprises, I had others. When I reached home, I knew that he ought to have food, but was doubtful whether I could get him to take it before morning. But when I removed the piece of netting from the top of the basket, the little fellow held up his head, opened his mouth, and remained in that position till I had inserted in his throat the piece of shredded beefsteak that I had previously prepared. It was a perfect success. I was immensely relieved. Whatever else had happened to him, at least his 'reflexes' were all right, and his responsiveness was a sort of 'sweet reasonableness' which was wholly unlooked for. It should be said, however, that these things are governed entirely by instinct, and not by 'reasonableness' of any sort; and the necessary stimulus was, in this case, the little commotion above him of removing the netting.

This finished the day for us, though I was of many minds and uncertainties all night as to his welfare. I was up at four o'clock, to find my fears unfounded. He was bright and vigorous and eager for food, which I gave him without the slightest difficulty. It seemed like the most charming amenableness of manners, the most surprising sense.

But what interested me more than everything else was the fact that he had not the slightest fear of me or of his surroundings. To the uninitiated, this may seem nothing out of the ordinary; but all species of young birds large enough to be out of the nest, with very few exceptions, show strong fear of human beings and contact with human hands. While, in this case, it was modified by the matter of food, yet, as compared with other birds, it is the nature of the species. This thrush is neither shy nor afraid.

It was a thrilling moment when, as I started to take him out of the basket, he voluntarily adjusted himself with a firm grip on my thumb, and stood looking at me with calm, fearless eyes. There was no sound or flutter — nothing but an air of prolonged interest and perfect dignity, as he gazed serenely at me. I returned his scrutiny fourfold.

When we had taken stock of each other several minutes, I deposited him in a large, shallow clothes-basket on the floor, in which I had put branches and a bottom of moss. He would have none of it. He suddenly found his legs, and for ten minutes he quietly traversed it over and across, up and down, till he finally got onto the edge of it.

Much of the room was white. I felt that he did not like this — it set at naught all his protective color, and it was now also flooded with sunshine. Down one half of the window, outside the screen, was a woodbine; and reasoning that to give him a sense of being hidden was the right thing, I placed him between the muslin curtain and the screen. It suited him at once. The sun had warmed the window-sill, and he stood straight up and puffed out his feathers, to let the warmth steal in to his body. The sun was a great discovery — he had never been in it before, and he was so well contented with it that he sat down. He was full-fed and

warm, the new sunshine was delightful, and with the royal serenity of his race strong within him, he began to take life with tranquil enjoyment.

When he had spent nearly an hour behind the curtain, he seemed to remember his legs and wings, and scrambled and tumbled from the sill to the floor. Being a ground bird, this new region, with its shadows under the furniture and the feel of the straw-matting, quite suited him. He trotted about a good deal, though I could pick him up any time, which I was obliged to do, since I had to feed him every half hour or oftener.

His one occupation for all time was preening his feathers — removing bits of the little remaining quills at their base. He began this before leaving the window, by drawing every feather of his wing, one by one, through his bill. He did this over and over, then stretched it to the utmost. Next to eating, this was always the chief business of the day. But it was varied by the most captivating little doings, whose fascination I could no more resist than if I had been hypnotized. In fact, the bird monopolized me while I had him. I abandoned everything else. He would yawn prodigiously, scratch his head, and take many naps. It was an event when he could scratch his head without losing his balance and falling over. One of the drollest things he ever did was when a partly disabled fly was put before him. He would lean far down, open his mouth wide, and wait for the fly to get in. As this never happened, he would come a step nearer, and turn his mouth sidewise, first one side and then the other. It was days before he would pick it up and swallow it.

His daytime sleeping surprised me — half a dozen naps a day, or more. There was no place which he so habitually sought as the cupped palm of my hand. It was the prettiest sight in the

world to watch him settle down, his handsome eyes closing drowsily, his little head tipping to one side till it rested on my thumb.

Though he had the freedom of three rooms, his particular quarters were a quantity of leafy branches in a screened window, until he discovered the fireplace. He took possession of that at once; and when I had put in some branches, a shovelful of earth, and a litter of old moss, the whole dusky interior, with the rough black andirons, met his color-protection beautifully, and he knew it. That instinct at least was satisfied.

Speaking of instinct, I have always held that it accounts for most things in true wild life which have often been ascribed to something else. But a somewhat wide latitude must be conceded to individuality. It is useless to go to either extreme. For instance, this thrush did not care for his baths, taking them gingerly or not at all. But a hermit I had the next year could not be kept out of the water. Wherever he heard it running, he appeared, a big iron sink being his special delight. There he would patter about till every feather was sopping wet, and I would have to take him out and put him in the sun to dry. When this was accomplished, he was quite likely to do it all over again if he got the chance.

While my thrush spent long hours in the fireplace and the window, he flew about a good deal, often flying to my knee and standing there motionless, watching me. If I looked at him at these times, his soft gaze met mine as directly as if he were pondering my entity as deeply as I was his. In his flights, he took notice of all small objects, especially if they were black. If I was lying down, my eyelashes and eyebrows came in for investigation, and I often had to rescue them from his too vigorous attention. A black pin

always challenged him, and a lead pencil he could never leave alone. When I sat down at the table to write up my notes, if he was on the other end, or anywhere about, he always came over, got into the middle of the notebook, and began to work on the pencil. If I gave it up to him, it would eventually roll across the table and drop off, when he would look over the edge to see it fall, and then fly down and begin another tussle with it.

Discovering the scissors was always an occasion of lively interest. When young birds are about to be fed, they 'twinkle' their wings, that is, quiver them excitedly, begging for food. All the raw beef I gave him, I first cut with a pair of bright scissors into little shreds. Whenever he ran across these scissors in his wanderings, he would stop short and twinkle his wings, coaxing them to feed him. When they did not respond, he would dance all round them, trying from all sides.

His one sickness was due to swallowing a length of yarn, — for he was always bewitched by a string of any sort, — and no little 'jackdaw of Rheims,' with his cardinal's curse, ever looked nearer disintegration than did he. Yet he survived, and got as well as ever, after a night when I was sure he would die before morning.

One thing which I was told he did almost constantly when sitting still, and which I had never known was possible, was to make the softest, most musical little whispering of song in his throat. It came almost to be the rule with those who came to see him, to listen and say, 'He is singing.' If he had been an older bird, I should not have thought it strange. After I knew it, I could well conceive, as I watched him, of its strange hushed sweetness.

Having his picture taken at a studio proved a matter-of-fact affair. When I went to interview the photographer,

however, I was told it would be impossible — it would require 'time-exposure,' and perfect 'posing,' and various difficult things. When I stated that all these things were quite in my thrush's line, the photographer was incredulous. It proved a simple task.

When he had become well developed, strong of wing and leg, I used to take him out of doors every day. I did it, primarily, to induce him to pick up the running insects. While he would pick up the little black ants crossing the walk, certain larger insects he eyed askance and would not touch. All his food — his shredded beef, bread and milk, fruit, berries, insects, and water — had appeared before him whenever he wanted them, and his air over this new business was one of being vastly bored. It set me to thinking.

But the world above him held his attention. His gaze was always turned upward to the wide blue spaces of the sky, the waving elms, and the sound of the wind. These called to him. He flew actively all over the lawn and into the shrubbery. When he would fly far up into a tree, I always wondered what was to be the outcome. Eventually, he always flew down onto the back of the seat where I was sitting.

It had always been my intention from the first to put him back into the woods, in due course of time. But I began uneasily to understand that this meant more than I had thought. Apparently, he was absolutely without the sense of fear. He knew nothing about hunting for his own food, and was indifferent to it. If left alone for half an hour, he would dash across the room as I opened the door, and alight on my head or shoulders. In fact, the influence of changed environment had been so much greater than I had had any idea it could be, that I found I was con-

fronted, in the end, with a bigger question than I had been in the beginning. In short, if one is to make such an experiment, he must devote time and care, at the last, to readapting the bird to his natural life — to making him once more a wild bird. But if he is kept long, it is a question in my mind whether this can be done successfully; and as a matter of fact, I do not recommend this experiment with young birds, generally speaking. I justify myself only because the case seemed somewhat different.

Only a part of the history of this bird can be given — bits here and there from many pages of notes. All the story of those interesting days would be much too long. Likewise, his restoration to the woods was almost a tale in itself. Doubtless it had the faults of inexperience; but these were amended with the thrush of the next year, although he, indeed, was truly a bird of another feather.

But I had had my study — a thrush on the corner of my desk, among my flints, who had watched me for hours from that spot, who had kept me sweet company, and made soft music that I did not hear. In the early hours of resplendent mornings, I had waked to find that he had flown to my room, and stood within reach of my hand, waiting and watching for me to begin the day. Much of the way of a thrush had certainly been revealed to me: the ingrained poise and refinement, the charming dignity, the high-bred patience, the calmness of temperament — all the serene beauty of the tribe. Truly, no other bird is like him. I perceived that with the ineffable beauty of the thrush's song went an exceeding beauty of personality. He was indeed fit to have called in the voice of melody to the primal heart of man.

# THE GARDEN OF HANS KRISTOFFER

BY ELIZABETH TAYLOR

## I

It is a little garden of the North, far up in the sixties, on one of the Faroe Isles. The years of the garden are seventy-six; those of Hans Kristoffer are eighty-four. His forebears, Norse Vikings seven centuries ago, were not garden-lovers, and the chief interests of their descendants are codfish, whales, sea-fowl, and half-wild sheep. But the parsonage gardens of Denmark are noted, and back in the eighteenth century the daughter of a Danish pastor 'married in' to this old farm. And I think that ancestral memories of far-away Danish gardens, a heritage of garden lore, have come down to Hans Kristoffer from that 'Ann Lisbit, born Svabö.' I think it is to *her* that he owes his garden.

One spring morning he stood, a little boy of eight years, in the doorway of his father's cottage. A mighty pile of ashes and refuse was close by; a rocky, boggy slope, a marshy bit at the bottom, where a cow stood, knee-deep. Hans Kristoffer surveyed it all, and something stirred to life in his heart. He had never seen a garden, but now he said to himself, 'Here I will have a garden; here I will make things grow.' And having made this resolve, he began straightway.

Permission was given him to do what he chose with the land; permission, but no help. And it would be a labor of years for one small pair of arms to dig and drain it, and build a dike around it. So, to encourage himself at the very

outset, he went to the wild moors, dug up violets and catchflies and little orchids, and planted them on the outskirts of the ash-heap before he began the task of clearing it away. And that was the beginning of the garden.

I saw it first fourteen years ago, when I had been in the Faroes only a week. My destination was Myggenoes, an interesting bird island far out in the West; and a friend in Thorshavn had planned for me a short stay, midway, at Hans Kristoffer's, and had written to tell him of my coming. Five hours of tumultuous seas, glimpses, through mists, of cliff islands of strange shape, with storm-clouds flying from their summits, and then I was deposited on the sea-rocks, cold, wet, and forlorn.

No Hans Kristoffer was visible. A curious crowd collected, faces peered at me from windows and around corners. Then a merchant appeared who spoke English, and to him I explained that I wanted to go to the King's Peasant at Ryggi.

'To Hans Kristoffer's? Yes, to be sure. He was here a moment ago. Ho! Hans Kristoffer!' he called. And at the word a little old man came forward and bade me welcome. It was Hans Kristoffer, and he had been there all the time. That was my first lesson in Faroe etiquette. The stranger, it seems, must make all the advances.

Then we started for Ryggi, Hans Kristoffer paddling softly by my side in his Faroe moccasins. Not far away, I

saw a long, low, grass-roofed cottage, with flowery beds half-hidden in a shrubby growth of trees. Five minutes more, and Hans Kristoffer opened a high door in a stone wall, and I passed into the garden. I had only a glimpse of yellow bands of primroses, and nodding daffodils, and then I saw the house-mother, Fru Johanne Katrine, smiling a welcome in the doorway.

As I have no garden of my own, I am obliged to dig in those of other people. In my bag were some seeds and roots that I thought might be new to the Faroes; and even before Johanne Katrine brought in the coffee and kringles, Hans Kristoffer and I sat down side by side, he with a Danish-English dictionary on his knee, I with one in English-Danish on mine, for mutual enlightenment. And when we had finished the coffee and kringles, we went out and planted the roots and seeds, and have been fast friends ever since.

I went to bed that night in a little bed of puffin feathers, hearing the soft rustle of leaves close by, and the *hush-ah-hush* of surf on the strand. Later, after midnight, there were other sounds, a puzzling, yet apparently friendly presence in the garden. I peered out into the silvery twilight. It was that short hour of the Faroe summer night when the sunset glow has passed away, but the sun delays its coming. The fjelds appeared bolder and sterner, and soft wreaths of mist gathered about their summits and filled the upland hollows. The sea looked like a great brimming bowl, exactly as if it would mount higher and higher and overwhelm the land. Only a faint, far sound came from the distant bird-cliffs — the wakeful kittiwakes' cry, '*Trud-lar-il! Trud-lar-il!*' And Hestö and Kolter, strange shapes out at sea, seemed more than ever like sentient creatures heeding the command, 'Keep silence before Me, O Islands!'

It was the hour, too, when the Vættrir come out, the little folk that give Christian service, and stay only where there is peace and good-will. And something was stirring out among the flowers — a small brown figure, bending, lifting tenderly a bruised stalk, freeing a struggling plant from a weed, strewing a path with fine sand. Though small, it was too large to be one of the Vættrir. It was Hans Kristoffer, refreshing himself after long hours of toil in the home-fields, by tending his beloved garden.

After breakfast I went out with Hans Kristoffer, to make a closer acquaintance with the garden. In front of the cottage is a large bed of perennials with a little golden locust tree on the upper border. The taller plants are lilac and white lupines, a flowering currant, a fox-glove or two, cottage lilies, yellow larkspurs, and one of bright blue monkshood, montbretia, monkey-flowers, Jacob's-ladders, Shasta daisies, feverfew, mauve and white rockets, doricums, Fair Maids of France, an oriental poppy, two peonies, and starry astrantiums. The lower plants are sweet Williams, pyrethrums, lilac and white horned violets, forget-me-nots, potentillas, Iceland poppies, a bleeding heart, Scottish bluebells, geums, catchflies, daffodils, Spanish irises, spiræas and wood hyacinths.

And then there is the border. First, a wonderful band of primroses. Never, no, not under Devon hedges, have I seen such a wealth of blossoms, hardly a leaf showing among them. Then comes a band of London pride, or *Saxifraga umbrosa*, or Mother of Thousands, as you choose to call it. And the inner band is Poet's narcissus. First the primroses bloom, then the Poet's narcissus, and then the Mother of Thousands.

Below the large bed is a circular grass plane, with eighteen little beds



following its circumference, each just large enough to hold a clump of sweet Williams, or clove-pinks, or pansies. And in the centre is a tiny spruce. The garden lies on a slope facing the sea, and when the great sou'easters rage, I wonder how any mortal plant can survive. But even when mourning some damage done, I remember what charm this sharp decline gives the garden, with the lovely tints of sea, strand, and sky as a background for the blossoms. Between the laced branches of little trees are long white bars of surf and the flashing of white wings; and you should see a big clump of Grandis daffodils against the gleaming purples of the strand!

There are gravelly paths that curve and wind down the slope, as paths should do, and all are bordered with primroses and the Mother of Thousands. They pass under the tiniest trees and between the biggest currant bushes that I have ever seen, and lead to a store-house, or to a sheltered nook among elderberry bushes, where there are benches and a table, or to seats by the sea-dike, or to the top of the garden with a wide view over sea and fields. And the only help Hans Kristoffer had in planning his garden was a bit of advice given him by a Danish pastor: 'Don't make squares, Hans Kristoffer, make *curves*.'

Though most of the flowers are in the large bed, there are not a few in odd nooks — a Thunbergianum lily, irises, beds of vinca, sweet Williams, and several rose bushes that never bloom.

By the time I had seen everything and we sat down to rest on the bleaching grass above the garden, I had discovered that Hans Kristoffer's little trees and his primrose borders are the pride and joy of his heart. I was new to the Faroes then, and did not know that not a tree, not a shrub grows wild in the islands. But the garden bore

traces of conflict: the little trees were browner than they should be, and some seemed to be perpetually blowing to the northwest, and others to the southeast, according to their exposure. And I fear they will never be much larger, much *taller*, though with the years they may learn to bow to the storms and curve low their branches within the shelter of the dike.

Indeed Hans Kristoffer reminds me of his own little trees. Small, brown and brave, with budding hopes cut down by cruel frosts and sprouting anew in the spring. Hans Kristoffer had many questions to ask me about the trees of America, and drank in greedily all I told him about the redwoods of California, and the yellow spruces of Alaska.

'And that is far north too — Alaska,' he said wistfully. 'But no, they would not grow like that *here*, not if they lived to be a thousand years.'

And the primroses? These bare fjelds and barren slopes did not look at all primrosy. Yet, half a century ago, Hans Kristoffer found some pale blossoms under a ledge of rock on another island — the only place where they grow in the Faroes. He brought a few roots home, and years of patient and devoted care have made these wonderful borders. As we entered the bay, I had seen them shining like golden ribbons in the wan sunlight.

The garden grew slowly in its infancy. Some native flowers, some seeds from Denmark, cuttings from a Danish official's garden in Thorshavn, little trees that voyaged adventurously in a sloop from Norway, southernwood that was once a sprig in a posy sent to a Faroe skipper's wife from a Shetland Island port; and later came contributions from a Scottish Border garden, from one in South Devon, and from bleak Aberdeen. But few survived when sent from English gardens.

## II

During the next five years I often turned up at Ryggi, after stirring adventures by land and sea, looking like a drowned mouse, and being revived by Johanne Katrine with hot milk and a good fire of peats. Never before had such a chance to dig been mine; but I worked in ignorance, and often longed for advice, preferably from some Norwegian scientist, versed in the vicissitudes of a sub-Arctic climate in a storm-centre where Gulf Stream and Polar current strive for mastery. He might have told me why foxgloves, a Crocum lily, and English irises thrive here, and German irises, hollyhocks, and Madonna lilies fail. Many plants struggle along doubtfully through the alternate soakings and freezings, the pitiless downpours, and violent gales; sprout often in February and are frozen in March; sprout again and are cut down in May; get the better of their troubles, show great promise of a flowery future, and then die quietly in June.

I usually took my meals alone, with catalogues of plants, bulbs, and seeds (from Barr of Covent Garden) propped open before me. Such treasures one could get for sixpence! New and improved varieties of snowdrops, crocuses, and narcissi, to replace the old inferior kinds, and English wood-hyacinths, pink, white, and blue — it was such an exhilarating thought that, after I had sailed away from the Faroes, those flowers would dance down a long vista of years, and through the medium of Hans Kristoffer's many godchildren and friends, bloom in future little gardens of the seventeen inhabited islands.

There were evenings when, over-weary, I have said to myself, 'It's only a poor little garden. It would hardly be noticed in any other land.' But I said it without conviction, and took it back again next morning. For, more

than any garden I know, it is an epitome of the life of the people. On this soil during seven hundred years honorable, hospitable, brave men and women have toiled and suffered and kept their faith. Their old-time industries I can see from the vantage-point of the garden. The wind that blows over it brings messages from the home fields and the far-encircling sea and fjelds. Blindfolded, I can tell from which 'airt' the wind is blowing. In the garden, years ago I heard the whale-message going like wildfire over the land. And within these precincts we welcomed the Governor, when he came, one happy day, to bring the Cross of Danebrog, bestowed by the King of Denmark on Hans Kristoffer, for good service to his fellow men.

Johanne Katrine often comes out with her knitting, and paces to and fro with a mind divided between pleasure at my efforts and mortification that any guest of hers should look so bedrabbled and neglected. Johanne Katrine has a fine spirit of her own, but in all that pertains to the garden she is meekness personified. She never tries to help. She has, indeed, been sternly forbidden to give assistance of any kind. There is, of course, a reason for this. She told me, herself, the story of that fateful day when, Hans Kristoffer being absent, she thought she would help by weeding the beds in the grass plane, the little servant assisting. It was too early in the spring for flowers, and clove-pinks, when not in bloom, certainly *do* look like grass, and who could have dreamed that those tufts of common-looking leaves were sweet Williams, *Hans Kristoffer's* cherished dark-red sweet Williams? The brook, close by, was in full spate, and the little maid quickly gathered up the 'weeds' and threw them in the brook, and a strong west-fall tide swept them all out to sea.

But Johanne Katrine has a certain

small privilege of her own — to make little posies for departing friends: a white clove-pink, a sprig of southern-wood, a spray of the bleeding heart, which is her special property. And of course she can gather as many prim-roses as she wishes.

Somewhere she has picked up the Latin name of a certain species. And I often see her nodding complacently at the primrose border and murmuring, 'Primula veris! Primula veris!' as if to say, 'I am not as ignorant as they think.' Dear Johanne Katrine! They are *not* Primula veris; but who would have the heart to tell her so?

I was five and a half years in the Faroes without leaving the islands. Then, in the autumn of 1905, I went south to Scotland, to stay during the winter and return the next spring for another six months. When I went to Ryggi to say farewell, I found Hans Kristoffer in trouble. The spring before, he had enlarged his garden, including a strip of new land, and on it nothing would grow. Potatoes gave almost no return, carrots made only a hard disk and rootlets; flowers grew an inch tall, blossomed, and died. Something had to be done. And so, when I went to Scotland, I took a little bag of soil to be analyzed. A seedsman in Edinburgh advised me to go to the University and ask advice of the Professor of Agriculture.

In his den, in the old gray pile of buildings, the professor was finishing an important work on the domestic animals of Great Britain and contiguous islands. Only one thing was lacking, — information about Faroe sheep, — and how to get it? At that moment, a knock on the door, and I appeared, carrying a bag of soil. From the moment the magic words 'Faroe Islands' were uttered, my welcome was assured. Did I, perhaps, know anything about the sheep of the islands?

Did I not! I had absorbed sheep-lore for more than five years. I had a personal acquaintance with scores of lambs. I knew the length of their tails, the set of their ears, the shape and color of their spots, and I had photographs and statistics. The professor was given the information and illustrations he needed.

He analyzed the soil and found it most attractive in its lacks; and when I returned the following spring, I was preceded by a beautiful present from the professor to Hans Kristoffer, of three kinds of fertilizers, the only stipulation being that they should be tried in three separate sections, and the comparative results noted. That autumn carrots and potatoes were well grown, flowers bloomed abundantly, and since then all has gone well.

### III

And now I am back again in this month of May, 1914. I thought I was never again to see Hans Kristoffer and the garden, but a fairy godmother made it possible. Influenza and a late spring have delayed farm-work. That must come first, though the garden suffers. And *my* working powers are in abeyance. Only by making promises to an Edinburgh doctor, am I here at all, in honor bound to climb no fjelds, to have no exciting adventures, and to return to Scotland before the big storms of September.

I am in the garden now, taking notes of the changes of eight years. I weed a little, tidy up the perennials, put the refuse in a cracker-box (*anglicé*, biscuit-tin), replace the cover and sit on it, resting under the lee of the currant bushes. How narrow-minded I was during my first years in the garden — how priggish my attitude toward these currant bushes! I thought that they should be pruned to increase their bearing, and only my ignorance of the

proper methods saved them from vigorous measures that would have grieved the heart of Hans Kristoffer. He seemed to think the pruning of a bush an unkind act toward a friend. So they grow in peace, making tall leafy shrubs, pleasant to the eye, and giving shelter from the keen sea-winds; and that is better than berries.

Hans Kristoffer is somewhere near. All day he has been carrying crates of seed-potatoes on his shoulders, from the house attic to the fields at the bottom of the hill. It is now five o'clock, and he appeared a few minutes ago, looking a little weary (he is eighty-four years old), but in the best of spirits. He says that he thinks he has earned a little recreation. So he is crawling on all fours under the big currant bushes, scraping from the soil the thick moss that has grown there since last summer. Now and then he emerges, looking rather flushed and scratched, and all covered with fluff and dry leaves, and we chat a little until he disappears again.

'Seems to me the little spruce in the grass plane has done very well.'

'The top's crooked,' replied Hans Kristoffer gloomily. 'It had made a beautiful green top six inches long, and one day a mean old starling came along, nipped off the top, dropped it, and flew away. Right before my eyes he did that. *If he had only put it to some use!*' lamented he. 'And then a lower shoot had to be bound up to take its place. But it was always askew. It has never looked the same.'

'Did I tell you about the thrushes?' asked Hans Kristoffer on one of his brief visits. 'No? Well, some little time after you went away, the currant bushes stopped bearing. I could n't find out what was the matter. During two years we had n't a berry. Then, in April, a great sou'wester blew a flock of red-winged thrushes onto the island's

west coast. They were on their way to Iceland. I suppose they could see the trees from afar,' said Hans Kristoffer with a gratified smile, 'and they crossed at once to the garden. And then they could n't go, for the storm changed to a hard nor'wester, and they never start in a hard wind. They stayed for a fortnight. We thought that there were a hundred and twenty-five in the flock. They were busy all the time among the currant bushes. Even the soil beneath the bushes looked as though it had been worked with garden tools. We were very careful not to disturb them, and went on tip-toe if we had to go to the storehouse after they were settled for the night. And we kept the cats away. You should have heard them sing. I did n't know that any birds could sing like that. I don't know what they did to those currant bushes, or what they found there, but we had a fine lot of berries that year, and since then we have had no more trouble.'

It is very cold. The snow lies white on the fields, and now and then there is a sudden hissing and rattling among the currant bushes, — fine dry snow and hail, — and down-dropping veils shut in the garden.

Suddenly I remembered the primroses. I had not thought of them before. Even with this cold, they should have been in full bud now. I looked at the border nearest to me. Only the Mother of Thousands was there. Just then Hans Kristoffer appeared a few yards away.

'Why, Hans Kristoffer,' I cried, 'where are the primroses?'

Hans Kristoffer turned a little from me and stood a moment looking over the bay. Then he came nearer, and said in a low tone, 'They died.'

'They died?' I echoed in dismay.

'Yes, they had a sickness, and it spread, and I could n't save them. I did all I could, all that people told me to do. Oh, yes! I did my best, but nothing

helped. In two years they were all gone.'

I looked at Hans Kristoffer, seeing him dimly, through a mist, and I cannot say that his eyes were quite dry. For a moment I felt that I could not have it so. I would write to America, ask wealthy friends to help. My dear old friend should have his primrose borders again. But no — the distance and the difficulties are too great, and after all, the Mother of Thousands is fair to see.

But he shall have more polyanthus primroses. They will not make borders, but they are pretty in groups, and strange to say, the few that I left here eight years ago have not been affected. I have seeds with me. I will sow them to-morrow, and perhaps they may be large enough to transplant before I sail away in September.

June 15, 1914.

In former years the garden had few neighbors. Now there are many, and in each house are children, cats, dogs, chickens, and ducks — enemies of the garden in effect if not intention. It was not with malice prepense that two dogs had a fight yesterday among my seedlings. Nevertheless, to-day only five remain out of one hundred and twenty-five. And I cannot blame the hens, that they like to lie on their sides and kick in the large flower-bed. It is a pleasant place to kick in. But this cannot go on. Hans Kristoffer is growing worn with all these losses and disappointments. So I have decided to write to that kind professor in Edinburgh, who has become a friend, and ask him to get an estimate of the cost of chicken-wire to top the stone wall and the dikes around the garden. I fear it will cost too much, and I will say nothing about it to Hans Kristoffer. But I must have measurements, and I have revived an old plan we had, to make a map of the garden.

And now Hans Kristoffer and I prowled about — he with a long fishing-pole marked off in *alens*, and I with a dress-maker's yard-measure. We have an abstracted and solemn air, and mutter as we go, '50 by 100; 40 by 75 by 150.'

August 3, 1914.

Only thrice have I left the shelter of the garden for longer trips. The last time it was to a hamlet on the western coast. People were kind, and there were wonderful cliff islands, but I was homesick for little trees and encompassing walls. When I opened the high garden-door, there stood a clump of beautiful English irises in full bloom. Not white, not gray were they, but like the shadow cast on white by dancing leaves. I had been in storm-swept spaces, where no fragile leaf could grow; and to see these stately flowers, their petals so fair and perfect, made the garden seem 'the veriest school of peace.'

Then I saw Hans Kristoffer coming toward me, and his eyes were troubled. 'The Governor has sent a message,' he said. 'There will be war. It is thought that Denmark will be drawn in, too. People are frightened.'

And now there is no more peace in the garden. The cottage is the gathering-place for troubled souls. No wonder they are afraid. They remember too well the old tales of the Napoleonic wars, when the Faroes were forgotten, the yearly supply-ship did not come, and children lay dead on the sea-rocks where they had crawled to eat seaweed. Four German cruisers have been seen near. There is talk about the places of refuge high up among the fjelds, where people fled from pirates in the old days. They are cunningly concealed, yet one can shelter several hundred, and a few stout men hold the entrance.

The S.S. Chaldur has come in, and is anchored in the bay. The captain is called to military service in Denmark,

and must take the vessel to Copenhagen. It will be crowded to its utmost capacity with Danes called to service — students, patients for hospitals, summer visitors, merchants; and there are two English officers who came for a few weeks' fishing. I have been acting as interpreter for them. They think that England *must* join the war, and they will soon be on their way to France. It is believed that Denmark will be at war before the Chaldur can reach Copenhagen. It has no wireless, no cannon. The Captain's family is on board.

August 10, 1914.

And now the Chaldur has gone, and all is quiet again. These are dark days, made more depressing by dense fog that wraps us in like a pall. Great flights of sea-fowl, made bolder by the fog, gather close to the village. Their wild, raucous cries, the confused clamor, like frightened human voices, add to the sense of foreboding. And the other day, when two great creatures emerged from the mists in Thorshavn fjord, the people of the little capital gathered on the sea-rocks and awaited their fate in silence. The Dreadnoughts anchored, a flag was run up, and it was the *British* flag. Then the people said, 'God be praised!' and took courage. England has joined the war.

Thrice above the sound of haymakers' voices has sounded the dull booming of cannon. Denmark has canceled all sailings. The little fleet of motor fishing-boats rocks idly at its moorings. No more busy coming and going, the soft *chug-chugging* echoing along the cliffs. For there is no petroleum. Supplies are low. Denmark, England, and Norway refuse us food. There is only a little tea. This is a serious matter, and Hans Kristoffer has recalled a bit of plant-lore told him long ago by a Danish pastor's wife: that the leaves of a little trailing Northern raspberry, when

dried, make a good substitute for tea. With much enthusiasm we went in search of it, dried it, made a brew, and bade the family try our war tea. But the emphasis with which the proffer of a second cup was declined showed that it was not a cup that cheers.

I have been transplanting baby polyanthus primroses, each a tiny rosette of leaves. Johanne Katrine watches me with a half-smile on her anxious face.

'I like to see you do that,' she says. 'You seem so pleased, so satisfied with your work, as though you expected that someone would be alive next spring, to enjoy them.'

A really delightful thing has happened. The Edinburgh professor, instead of sending me an estimate of the cost of chicken-netting, has bought it himself and sent it to Hans Kristoffer as a present. Not only chicken-netting, but barbed wire, and rolls of strong-meshed netting warranted to keep out cows and sheep. But, the first surprise and joy past, Hans Kristoffer has gone about heavily, with a troubled face. 'It is too much,' he murmured. 'I can do nothing in return. It is not right.'

I saw that stern measures were necessary. 'Hans Kristoffer,' I said, 'cannot the professor be permitted to use his own money in the way that pleases him most? Would you begrudge a kind friend a pleasure? I think you are showing a very evil spirit in this matter!'

Hans Kristoffer's face brightened. He had not looked at it in that light before. Of course, he could not deny such a kind friend a pleasure.

And then began the work of putting up the defenses. There is enough, not only for the garden itself, but for the kitchen-garden and for a field of potatoes. We are nothing if not militant nowadays. And this morning Hans Kristoffer announced happily that he

thought the fort was now impregnable to land forces. But only by attacks of the enemy could possible weak points in the defenses be ascertained. Nothing, he added sadly, could protect the fort from the devastations of that miserable air-ship — a half-time thieving crow.

*August 27, 1914.*

To-day came a cable message from an Edinburgh friend, 'Advise return immediately.' But I cannot return. On the Continent ambassadors and consuls must be shepherding flocks of wandering Americans, but nothing of the kind is happening to me. There is no consul, no passport, no mails, no money, no ship to the outside world. The Thorshavn bank will not cash a cheque. Leith has closed her port to us, and I must stay, perforce, probably the only American marooned in the far North.

We must not speak of the war to Johanne Katrine: her heart is weak, and she cannot bear tales of bloodshed and suffering. The all-too-brief bulletins are telephoned from Thorshavn and pasted on the doctor's window so all can read. When I bring home the news, Hans Kristoffer and I exchange glances, and then separately and casually retire, to meet again in sheltered paths among the currant bushes. If Johanne Katrine appears, she finds us talking loudly and cheerfully about the flowers.

*September 12, 1914.*

As the British cruisers have cleared the North Sea, the outlook seemed brighter. Two Danish boats came with supplies for the Faroes and Iceland, and if I could get permission to land at Leith, a return to Scotland seemed probable. And then the German mines began their devilish work. Disguised as trawlers and other fishing craft, and flying the flags of Norway, Denmark, and Holland, the Germans set the

mines under the very noses — or bows — of the British patrol. Two large Danish steamers were the first to go, and scores of other vessels, large and small, followed, most of them neutral. Of course, this is all in defiance of international law, this sowing of mines — and floating mines, too — on traffic routes of the high seas.

*September 21, 1914.*

And now the big storms of September have begun. The time has come to say farewell to the garden of Hans Kristoffer. In Eide, far to the North, as far as one can go, lives a young Faroe-Danish house-mother, who will bid me welcome to two little attic rooms, where I can keep house during the winter. Then, the war over, the seas clear, the port of Leith open once more, I will fare away to Scotland in the spring — in the spring, if God wills it.

The potato-planting, barley-sowing, peat-cutting and drying, the fishing-vessels coming and going, the curing and drying of fish, the haymaking — all these have I seen this year from the vantage-ground of the garden.

And I have seen the coming of the whales!

The close of the season's work I saw years ago, one delectable October day and night — a rarely quiet day, the fjelds white with new snow, and gleaming with alternate bars of purple and gold, as the sunlight glanced across the layers of basalt. The blue peat smoke drifted across the fields from the 'Sodn-huser' — little cabins where the half-ripe barley was drying on rocks above the open peat fires; the fragrance of coffee, a snatch of an old ballad, the throbbing of flails. 'One — two! one — two!' say the flails, and that emphasis tells that *three* women are down on their knees beating out the barley on the earthen floor. From the fjelds comes a confused clamor, the shouting of men,

the yap-yapping of dogs, the bubbling cries of sheep, the shriller notes of frightened lambs. It is the *fjall-ganga* — the 'mountain going,' when sheep are driven down for slaughter. And that night many sheep are killed in Hans Kristoffer's large outer kitchen, with its floor of beaten earth, its open loft overhead, with great beams on which fishing rods, whale spears and harpoons are laid. The air is thick with smoke and dust, and the steam from wet woollen clothes. There is a large group of sheep waiting in one corner. Others are in the adjoining cow-byre. The tired dogs are stretched at full length on the floor. The puppy, to-day, has made his 'maiden run.' His skin twitches with fatigue and his paws are red with blood. The sheep are silent except for one slight convulsive struggle as the knife pierces the throat and the vein is severed. Then comes the splashing of blood in a bucket held to receive it.

And seated below the one lamp that hangs from the rafters, where the light falls on her work and on her fair bowed head, is a slip of a girl in a faded blue cotton frock, knitting a bit of lace.

Outside, the moon shines cold and clear, and in the north, pale streamers and shafts of green and yellow dart like search-lights across the sky, or fall, wavering and shuddering, to the horizon.

Hans Kristoffer is busy bearing to the storehouse at the foot of the garden, troughs of livers and hearts, crates of heads and feet; and, later, the other men will help to hang the 'Krops' — the carcasses that are to dry in the salt-laden air, hanging in the open store-houses.

I remember, too, when Hans Kristoffer received the Cross of Danebrog.

This is bestowed by the Danish King for some act of valor, for public services, and other reasons. The old custom is to have it given in church after service, the recipient coming up the aisle and standing before the altar. But the Governor was a man of heart. He knew what an ordeal that would be to Hans Kristoffer. And so one day the little Pigeon Hawk came from Thors-havn, with the Governor, his three little boys, and a learned Doctor of Divinity from Denmark. Johanne Katrine brought out her best tablecloth; there was good fare and a profusion of flowers; and, after dinner, as we sat there with coffee and little cakes, the Governor, saying only a few heartfelt words, pinned the Cross on Hans Kristoffer's homespun coat.

I know the surroundings so well that if you should blindfold me, twirl me about thrice and let me take one long sniff, I could tell you from what 'air' the wind is blowing. Is there salt sea-air, fragrant grasses, a suggestion of roses and cocoanuts from delicate sea-mosses? It is low tide and the wind sou'east. Infields and sea, and the pungent odor of salt cod drying? — wind in the south. Mild humid breezes, peat fields and moors, rotten cods' heads, refuse and manure? — *west, due west*. A tang in the air blowing from wild fjelds, wild thyme, crowberry and heather? — ah, that's the north wind, undefiled by man, and best of all when in its summer mood.

And afterward, — as if to give the garden a share in the feast, — we went out and paced up and down the little paths, a very gay little party, as both the Governor and the learned Doctor had special social gifts and a very pretty wit.



## TAHITI

BY LISA STILLMAN

ENCHANTRESS of the South! Thy potent spell  
Still holds my heart enchained to thy love;  
The sea-breeze wakes a fever in my blood,  
And all my soul is crying out to thee!  
Well I remember every golden hour  
When, lying on thy breast, I drank full deep  
Of those sweet joys which thou alone canst give.  
My memories now, alas, are all I have:  
Palms limned in black against the sky of rose  
Set with a single star; the haunting voice  
Of trade-winds, crooning legends strange and sad;  
The moonlight shimmering on the restless sea,  
Turning to molten silver every wave  
That broke upon the reef; the warm, still nights  
When all the stars seemed intimately near,  
And Mystery and Beauty, hand in hand,  
Passed through the perfumed darkness, unafraid.  
Those times are gone, and I, Beloved, from thee  
Have wandered far, and still may not return;  
Yet though I never see the Southern Cross  
Glisten again above thy sighing palms,  
Still will I count it happiness enough  
Once to have loved thee, Sorceress divine!

# 'TO WILL TO GO'

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

## I

SOMEWHERE Emily Dickinson has said that she could never hear the word 'escape' without a fluttering of wings. Ann Eversole could understand this; only for her the master-word, which stirred that secret poignant throb, was 'pilgrimage.' To come upon it in her reading, to say it over to herself, to visualize its color and shape, — for certain sounds possessed color and form for her, — opened a sudden door in her heart giving upon release and freedom.

Once she caught a swallow, which had flown down the chimney, and out in the room was flinging itself violently against the windows in a mad panic of terror; and carrying it out to the porch, had opened her hands, giving it a little toss into the air. Never, as long as she lived, could she forget the bird's leap into space. How it flew, and flew! Frightened at first, and then, realizing its release, drunk with the ecstasy of freedom. Nothing that she had ever done for anyone had brought such intensity of delight. She used to think whimsically that probably, in the next world, her crown, supposing she had one, would be wrought, not from all her careful goodness, but just from that little gift of freedom to the swallow, together with similar favors that she had bestowed upon dejected wasps, and brown butterflies, which, drifting in-doors, had been imprisoned on the window-panes; for she had a conviction that freedom was a big gift, even if its recipients were only birds and insects.

It was something of that swallow's leap into the air that the word pilgrimage brought to her. It had wooed her for some time, opening itself before her with a delicate insistence; but the summer that she was twenty-eight it became much more than a vague allurements — it seemed a deep spiritual necessity, a gateway toward which she was being impelled, and through which she must pass if she were ever to find — To find what? Well, put crudely and simply, she desired to find God, if haply He were to be found; and of this she was not sure. Yet it seemed to her that she was more likely to find Him if she might escape for a space from all her accustomed routine, and go on a pilgrimage to some sacred spot. Not that the place really mattered. She knew that God is to be worshiped neither in Jerusalem nor in the mountain, but rather in spirit and in truth. Yet the attitude seemed easier to obtain, if one might go away to some place that was accustomed to prayer and meditation.

To go away! Oh, to go away! How the wings of her heart lifted and quivered at the thought! Indeed, she must get away! Her everyday life was falling into chaos, and becoming dim and unreal. She had always had an enormous appetite for existence, but now all the vitality seemed to be going out of everything. Life for her had become like a tree withered at its roots. It might still stand for a while, but all its greenness and sap was gradually drying

up. All that seemed real to her any more was this, at times, violent craving of something within herself for a Something without. It assailed her occasionally with such intensity as to be almost terrifying. There was, for instance, the afternoon when she and Patty drove over to Webster, to do some shopping. The accustomed meetings with friends, the little details of their errands, and the drive home, — all of which in the past would have been full of zest, — now drove her frantic; and torn this way and that by the world without and the world within, on the way home she was startlingly cross to Patty.

'I think,' Patty said, flicking softly at Billy's flea-bitten gray sides with the whip, 'I shall certainly get that blue dimity instead of the organdy.'

This was the third time that Patty had commented on her possible purchase. As they turned from the village street into the dusty highway, she had said that that organdy was a lovely shade of pink, but Mr. Smiley could n't make *her* believe it would hold its color. Again she mentioned it as they passed the old Stone Church; and now she spoke of it for the third time as they paused in the ford to let Billy drink, and just when Ann was finding a little peace in watching Billy's velvet nose meet the water, and in his tranquil acceptance of the brook's gift, and thinking that, if she might have just a little respite in which to be still and look and look into the heart of clear water, all that strained seeking in her might snap, and she be free.

'Oh, *do* be still!' she broke out sharply, to her sister's last announcement.

Patty withdrew her dreamy eyes swiftly from the silver ripples, hurt and startled, and ready to snap back; but the misery on the other's face arrested her.

'What *is* the matter, Ann?' she demanded with concern.

Ann suffered a stab of contrition. How sweet Patty was! But fast in the clutch of that terrible inner absorption, she could not voice it.

'Oh, *do* let us get home!' she said breathlessly. 'Billy stopped drinking long ago. He's just pretending now, and every time he stamps at a fly, he splashes me all over.'

When they reached home, after helping Patty out with their bundles, Ann hitched Billy to the apple tree, and bringing in the robe, folded it up and put the whip away, while she answered her mother's questions as to their expedition.

But at last she was free to escape to her own room. There she locked the door fast, and throwing off her hat, sank down on her knees by the bed. 'O *God!*' she whispered desperately. It seemed to her truly that she might go crazy if she could not find what she was seeking, or what sought her.

What had given birth to this tremendous craving and restlessness? Certain books she had read had no doubt fostered it, but they had not originated it. It was the craving, indeed, that had driven her to the books. In them — they were the lives and meditations of some of the world's great spiritual geniuses — she found the same struggles, the same hunger and seeking, that she herself knew in a lesser degree. They seemed her spiritual kin, however distantly related; and the experiences of a St. Paul, of a Ruysbroeck or a Kabir, were of infinitely more interest to her than all the conquests of a Caesar or the discoveries of a Columbus. Perhaps it was because she found in herself a deep desire to get at the foundations of life; and here were people who steadily refused all surface-allurements until they should be anchored on the ground of their being. Then, too, their splendid recklessness, willing to fling away all that paler, less vivid men valued, for

the sake of what they sought, thrilled her. Also, they seemed to her the freest people of the world, gloriously independent of either time or circumstances; so that to use a whole life in the pursuit of their Kingdom of Heaven, and perhaps then not more than brush the hem of its garment, was no tragedy. They were citizens of eternity, and so could well afford to be spendthrifts of time. But —

Here her meditations were interrupted by a tap at her door. It was Patty.

'Please go away, Patty!' Ann begged.

'Just let me in one minute — one little minute,' Patty's voice pleaded.

Holding herself together as best she could, Ann rose and unlocked the door.

'I only want to put my hat in your deep drawer; it's just too big for mine,' Patty explained, slipping in past her, and standing beseechingly, with her big black hat held against the yellow ruffles of her summer frock.

Her fragile beauty, delicate and vivid, was usually a deep delight to Ann; but now, though she saw it, there was no emotion in her to respond. She was conscious once more of the terrifying unreality of the world she lived in. She said nothing, but stood rigidly holding the door open while Patty tucked her hat away.

Patty lingered maddeningly.

'Are you at work on a new story, Ann?' she asked.

'No — no! I'm not. I have n't written anything for months,' Ann protested.

Still Patty would not go. She was frightened and worried, but she would not ask again what the trouble was. Instead, she treated it with an oblique tenderness. With a little caress on the other's shoulder, she said, 'I like your hair done that way.'

'Patty,' Ann burst out, 'if you don't go and leave me alone I — I —'

With a last frightened look, Patty

fled; and locking the door fast again, Ann sat down and cried.

She was as frightened about herself as Patty looked. All her hitherto happy outside world seemed to be withdrawn from her, and nothing given in return. Oh, if she might only get away just for a little while, to find herself!

After a space, she dried her eyes, and drawing her chair to the window, rested her head against the frame and gazed across the valley to the Jewett Mountains opposite. There was a great peace and restfulness in looking and looking at the mountains, with their clear outlines sharp against the evening sky, and with the deep shadows in the hollows. There was also the sense of a dim response, a feeling that, if she looked long enough, a veil might be lifted, and something strange and new come suddenly forth. Was it a vague groping for this response that had bred in her all that restless dissatisfaction with everyday life?

The thought brought back to her a remembrance of her little-girlhood. At that time there had lain in the spare bedroom, tucked away in a bureau drawer, a photograph of one of the well-known paintings of Christ. A terrible picture — the head thorn-crowned, drops of blood and sweat on the brow, with the black arms of the cross in the background. Terrible, and yet serene in that supreme moment above all terribleness. The picture became for her a secret of the spirit. Time and again she stole into the spare room, and locking the door, — which was something of a feat of courage in itself, for at that time she was subject to a terror of being locked into places, — she would go over to the bureau, and with the deep excitement of one who unveils the sanctuary, draw forth the picture and gaze and gaze upon it. What it did to her she never knew, but she gave herself to it completely, knowing that she was in the

presence of something transcendent, something bigger than she could ever touch, and yet which touched the biggest thing in herself. And for all its supreme moment, and a world's agony, the Face seemed not unmindful of a little girl's deep surrender.

Surely, that response must have been there, or a happy child who went rabbit-hunting, rode horseback, and played three-old-cat with the boys, would never have been drawn back again and again to this secret encounter. Either that, or else something in her was deeply satisfied by a complete consecration to the biggest thing she knew. With a wise sobriety, she did not go very often, fearing that too great frequency might dim that intoxication of the spirit. Perhaps it was this experience of long ago that had sown the seed of the desire which appeared now to be coming to a violent fruition.

'Ann! Ann, are you there? Please come down and show 'Hontas about the salad-dressing for supper. I'm afraid it may go back on her if she tries it alone.'

It was her mother's voice calling up to her from the garden. Ann rose at once in response, but she was conscious of a wild revulsion of feeling. Was she *never* to have one moment in which to possess her own soul free from blue dimities, hats, and salad-dressing?

## II

It was while she instructed 'Hontas — whose whole name was Pocahontas, but who graciously said they might call her Pokey or 'Hontas, whichever they liked — in the art of salad-making, that Ann definitely made up her mind that she *must* go away. But how was it to be managed?

She might easily have achieved a few hours' seclusion every day, without going away, if she had simply announced

that she wished it for her writing. She had already written several stories, and had even published one novel; so that time for that would be understood and respected. But she was not writing, — the zest even for that seemed to be withdrawn, as it was from all her other activities, — and to pretend that she was, required more deception than she was capable of practising. To confess what she really wanted the time for was completely impossible. To speak of those things would have been like tearing away the last veil from the sanctuary. How ridiculously she was inhibited by her reserve and her sincerity! she thought angrily to herself.

And then, in the midst of all her despair, a little miracle happened. She sold a manuscript. Such a hopeless, defeated manuscript, — one in which she had lost all faith, but which suddenly, instead of returning its unwelcome self, sent a sort of 'Hail and Farewell,' in the shape of a polite letter from an editor, and a substantial check. It was the check that set her free. Strange that one should require gold to achieve one's Kingdom of Heaven! She admitted the incongruity, yet told herself that, however the seekers of old might have ventured into the desert without so much as a penny, such a pilgrimage was impossible for her.

She began now to plan for her journey — secretly and ecstatically. She knew just where she would go. A friend had told her of the place a year before, and ever since she had refreshed her heart with the thought of it. It was a little secluded island set in a green river, where people were in the habit of coming to pray, so that one more pilgrim would not be noticeable. That was what she craved — inconspicuousness, but also the fortification of many people seeking what she sought. Moreover, there nature came straight up to the doors of the sanctuary, so that all one's

prayers and meditations need not be made within four walls. This, for her, was essential, for, if some say that they are of Paul, and some of Apollos, she was, first of all, a disciple of the woods and fields, used to worshiping in country churches, where the outdoor sounds of insects and birds came in and mingled with the chants. Once a dull sermon had been lightened for her, and all the worshipful delight in life intensified, by the glimpse of a little chipmunk whisking across the vestry steps. And once, as she waited kneeling at the Communion rail, she had glanced out through a half-open window at the tangle of meadow flowers waving in the breeze; and it might have shocked the clergyman when he presented the chalice, had he known that she had invited the yarrow and ironweed to share with her the great mystery of love and companionship. Yes, she must be able to turn to nature in her retreat, but there must be more conventional worship as well. The Spirit was no doubt in the whole of the universe; but sometimes, if it were confined and compressed within four walls, it distilled itself with more force into the expectant heart.

She had not, as yet, said anything of her plan to the family. It was difficult for her to speak of it, and she told herself there would be time for that when all her arrangements were made. She dedicated the first two weeks in September to her pilgrimage. By that time most of the summer preserving would be over, and she did not begin her teaching of the little Wetheril children until the first Monday after the 15th. That left her two clear and beautiful weeks. Halcyon days they were to be, during which something wonderful might come to birth.

Then one day, as she was washing the breakfast dishes, Patty called excitedly, 'Ann, here's a letter from Mary — she and Bob are coming for a visit.'

With a dreadful premonition that her skies were falling, Ann hurried into the sitting-room, still clutching the tea-towel and cup she had been wiping.

'Ann,' said Patty apprehensively, 'Bob is all run down and tired out from his work in the summer school, and Mary wants him to have a real rest before his winter lectures begin. His nerves are dreadfully on edge, Mary says; and so,' Patty wound up, 'not to keep a good thing to himself, he's coming here to put *our* nerves all on edge too.'

'*Patty!*' Mrs. Eversole warned gently.

'Well, just listen to what Mary says,' Patty said, dropping her demure, bright eyes to the letter. "'Bob *must* have rest and quiet. The doctor even suggested a sanitarium, but the idea frightened us both, so I am trusting to my own dear home people to help me through this difficult time." Why, of course,' Patty interpolated. 'What are the dear home people for, if not to be door-mats for Bob! "We would have gone to a quiet hotel somewhere,"' she hastened on, to avoid her mother's protests; "'but Bob is on a strict diet, and of course that is so difficult to manage at a hotel!" — And so easy for the home people!' Patty threw in. "'I know I can count on Ann's delicious cooking. And just one thing more: you know how noisy the spare bedroom is through the day; so I wondered if Ann would be dear enough to turn out of her room, and let Bob have it for a study."'

'But — but *I'm* going away!' Ann broke in desperately, at this point.

Her mother and Patty looked at her in consternation.

'*Going away!*' Patty cried in horror; and her mother said, 'O Ann, darling, you can't go away just now! Wait until their visit is over — it's only to be for two weeks.'

'But it's the *only* two weeks I have! — You know I start teaching Susie and

Jack on the fifteenth,' Ann said. She was acutely conscious of everything — of the whole sunny, familiar room, of her mother's gentle concern, of Patty sitting in a low rocker, with the morning sun bright on her hair; most of all, conscious of herself, of the blue border of the cup she wiped, and of the smell of yellow soap.

'What is the matter, Ann? You look absolutely flooded!' Patty cried suddenly.

Her mother said nothing, but Ann was conscious of deep, serene eyes, questioning her.

'I — I was going away,' she repeated breathlessly. 'I'd been planning it for so long.'

She kept on wiping the cup in a helpless way, looking hard at it. She had a feeling that the only thing that kept her from bursting into tears there before her mother and Patty, in all that terrible bright sunlight, was an intense inspection of the cup's blue border.

'O Ann, we *can't* spare you!' Patty pleaded. 'You never can depend on Hontas to get things right; and you know I *always* rub Bob the wrong way, even when he's well.'

Her mother still said nothing, but waited, with that tender, enfolding question in her regard.

'O Ann! You can't go now!' Patty repeated.

For a moment longer Ann stood and wiped the cup. 'No, I know I can't,' she said at length. Then she turned and went back to the pantry, where she thrust her hands violently into the hot — almost burning — dish-water.

How her own inhibitions — her sensitive reserve, and her conscience — hedged her about! Even suppose she had been able to do violence to the former, and, breaking through, had explained why this trip meant so much to her; still, if she deserted her mother and Patty in the midst of all the domes-

tic difficulties that were sure to be distilled under the pressure of Bob's nerves, her doing so would leave little hurt, reproachful spots in the family relationship, which would continually accuse her. And yet — was she being unselfish, or was she just being weak and following the path of least resistance? Would she ever be able to achieve some great smashing blow that would set her free? Was not a complete break of some kind with one's everyday life always necessary, if the spiritual freedom she craved was ever to be obtained? How ridiculous and impotent to be so defeated simply by a brother-in-law's upset nerves? Suddenly she found that she was crying, shaking all over, and struggling breathlessly to control herself. In haste and terror lest Patty should discover her, she dashed the wet tea-towel across her eyes, all her little silver dream of a pilgrimage, which had nourished her heart so long, dissolving in a smudge of soapsuds and futile tears.

### III

It was two days later, the afternoon on which Bob and Mary were to arrive. Ann went slowly up the steep path leading to the bench at the edge of the woods. She was discouraged and unhappy, acutely dissatisfied with herself, and, most of all, extremely tired. It had been a fatiguing day. At the last minute Patty had suffered a sudden contrition over Bob, and in an orgy of repentance had insisted that they make Ann's room into a real study for him. This, of course, necessitated a great many changes, which Patty's creative and artistic brain devised, but which her strength and patience were incapable of carrying out; so that in the end all the finishing up descended upon Ann.

Now, however, everything was in order at last. Patty and Mrs. Eversole had gone to lie down, before Mary and

Bob should come; and Ann, dispossessed of her own room, and seeking a little oasis of peace after the burden of the day, made her way up to the woods. She carried with her a volume of collected prayers and meditations. It was a book new to her, which she had bought to take on her pilgrimage. But she was not thinking of it now, her mind being chiefly worried as to whether 'Hontas's rolls would rise for supper. They looked depressingly indifferent to their responsibility in the matter the last time Ann had lifted the cloth to question their fallow dough faces. If they did not rise, they would have to substitute soda biscuits. Bob regarded a soda biscuit as almost immoral, certainly as shiftless and an insult to his digestion; and to offer him one on his first night would be to begin the visit disastrously.

Ann sank down on the bench at the edge of the woods with a little sigh. Leaning her dark, beautifully shaped head against the trunk of the maple tree that backed the bench, and crossing her slender hands in her lap, she gazed sombrely out over the valley. How very tired she was! And how dispirited and baffled! Worst of all, how wan and monotonous her whole world had become, with all the green sap of interest and enthusiasm dried at its roots. The little valley lay before her, surrounded by its enfolding mountains and shining in the soft effulgence of the afternoon light. Her father's farm stretched across the lowland, to the wooded slopes of the opposite ridge; while just below her the house snuggled against the hill, with the bright flower-garden at the back. Ann could see it all distinctly, a panorama of her home-life — the brown earth of the kitchen garden, with its bright emerald row of vegetables, where old 'Uncle Hiram' was hoeing; and the back yard, where Pocahontas, in her blue cotton dress

and white apron, had come out to feed the chickens, and where the hungry fowls greeted her in a wave of outspread wings and scurrying feet, while she fended off with her wooden spoon the big turkey gobbler's furious attacks upon her.

Ann saw it all, and in other days it would have moved her to a delighted response; but now it was all pale and dead at the heart, until she should come upon that foundation in herself, which she had hoped so ardently to discover upon her pilgrimage, and without which there was no longer any zest in life. As she sat there on the little bench, none of the valley's beauty moved her; she was conscious only of how very tired she was, and of the annoying fact that she had forgotten to take in the pillows of the spare bedroom. They still lay out there sunning on the roof, and she would have to go down sooner than she had hoped, to get them in place before Bob and Mary arrived.

Then, quite suddenly, and wholly unexpectedly, it happened. In the space of two short minutes, she went on her pilgrimage, and came home again all changed.

With a little sigh, forcing aside her fatigue, she had picked up the book of meditations, turning its leaves idly, when all at once two or three lines from St. Augustine stared at her from the text, giving themselves to her with almost a sense of laughter, swiftly and simply, flowering exquisitely out of all her perplexity.

'Thither,' she read (that is, toward God), 'one journeyeth not in ships, nor in chariots, nor on foot; for to journey thither, nay even to arrive there, is nothing else but to will to go.'

'*Nothing else but to will to go.*' With a dawning excitement and happiness she read the passage all over again, letting the words possess her. Her first reaction to them was an overwhelming,



rejoicing, and restoring mirth. How simple it was! And yet, how she had struggled, and suffered, and beaten her wings! It seemed to her all at once that God was more simple than man's attitude toward Him. Before she even started to find Him, she had thought it necessary to seek out a time of quiet and meditation, to discover what she actually believed about Him; but if this revelation were true, — and the words came to her with such sudden conviction, cutting so swiftly the Gordian knot of her perplexity, that she could not doubt their truth, — why, then it was not what one believed that mattered, it was only the desire — 'to will to go' — that was the golden passport for her pilgrimage, that was her scrip, her staff, her gray habit for the journey — nay, it was even the scallop-shell of attainment; for to journey thither, *nay, even to arrive there*, is nothing else but 'to will to go.' Pascal's words came also to sustain these: 'Thou wouldest not seek Me, if thou hadst not already found Me.'

And so she had arrived!

She sat there on the little bench, so completely happy that there were no tears, no laughter, big enough to express her ecstasy, only an utter waiting stillness of the spirit. And as she sat there, all the everyday life, which she had rejected until she should have discovered the foundation of existence in herself, came flooding back upon her, to pour itself over her in torrents of love, refreshed and re-created, filled to the brim once more from the clear eternal well-springs of life. And now all that was in her rendered a response of transcendent joy to the scene below her — to the green prosperity of the valley, the golden sunlight on the mountains, the cosy house snuggling against the hill.

And as there was an unspeakable love at the heart of the universe, so too there was an extravagant mirth. The

blue-clad figure of 'Hontas in the yard below, battling grotesquely with the turkey-gobbler, was comic beyond Homeric laughter to voice. Yet it seemed, somehow, to be voiced by the zig-zag staccato note of a katydid in the branches over her head, who began to fling forth into the expectant air a sudden ejaculation of 'Yes! Yes! Yes!' For some whimsical and yet amazingly true reason, Ann found the katydid's comment completely satisfying — the only adequate expression that there could be at that moment of the great affirmation of life. Half-laughing, yet deeply moved, she flung back an answering 'Yes! Yes! Yes!' she and the little green invisible companion chorusing in ecstasy, as even the morning stars had sung together at creation. It seemed to Ann that not even the elation of the sons of God shouting for joy could be a more perfect tribute than the katydid's chirp; for in the new world unrolled before her, nothing was too little, and nothing too great, to declare the glory of God.

And now here was all her old life given back to her. It seemed, indeed, to have been waiting, marking time with a delicate courtesy, until she should have found what she sought. Now, the gray house below, the garden, the rolling farm-lands, all the happiness, the beauty, the exquisite dearness of her accustomed world, flung out wide, unseen arms to her, inviting her to participate in its infinite zest and laughter, and Ann's whole heart went out to meet it, like an actor stepping forth to play a part in some great and deathless drama. Unconsciously she rose, out there on the mountainside, all alone, stretching forth her arms to the whole beauty and significance of life. As she did so, it seemed that somewhere an unheard overture was being played, a silent curtain was rolling up, the performance had begun, and the other

actors invited her exquisitely to take her part.

Suddenly she caught sight of the pillows waiting still on the roof to be taken in. Here, it seemed, was her cue. Clutching her book fast, she began to leap down the hillside, intoxicated with life, exulting in the gusts of evening air against her face, and the resiliency of her feet over the uneven ground.

As she bounded down the back steps, 'Hontas, abandoning her duel with the gobbler, came waddling in haste and excitement to meet her.

'Hey! Is de company done 'rived a'ready?' she cried.

'No,' Ann retorted, 'no, the com-

pany has n't arrived, but *I* have — and it's time to take the pillows in!'

'Well, fo' de *Lord's sake!*' 'Hontas ejaculated, 'is *dat* all you come leaping down de mountains for — er lookin' like you is heard good news!'

'Yes — all for the Lord's sake!' Ann cried breathlessly, and flashed past her into the house and up the steps as if she could not go fast enough to meet this new-old world opening before her. As she went, she found that she was repeating absurdly, and yet with the sense of an immense discovery, — one that could only be thus expressed, — 'Why — why, the *katydid* knew it all the time!

## JEW-BAITING IN AMERICA

BY RALPH PHILIP BOAS

### I

THE present Jewish outcry against anti-Semitism in America, though easily explicable, is, nevertheless, an outcry against something that exists in the minds of so few men, that to fight it as Jews have done and are doing is to insult the intelligence of sensible Christians and to lower the self-respect of all Jews. A foolish book charging Jews with a conspiracy to dominate the world in divers and contradictory ways, a series of articles in a single insignificant journal — these are the only reasons for an unparalleled outburst of resentment and denial by Jewish leaders. Similarly foolish charges against other groups, creeds, organizations, and principles are published every week, and

meet with the complete neglect which they deserve. But Jews, in every publication, from every pulpit, in every society which they control, discuss the revival of anti-Semitism as if life were tumbling about their ears.

And yet the whole matter has no basis in experience; the most violent denouncers of anti-Semitic propaganda have no evidences of actual race-hatred to adduce. Jews go about their business in the same way as before these articles were printed, and their Christian neighbors are aware of anti-Semitism only by the violent Jewish attacks upon it. The outcry is nothing but a case of overwrought nerves on the part of a sensitive and excitable racial group,

which has been subjected to persecution, dreaded persecution, and dreamed persecution until dreams have assumed the shape of reality. Centuries of humiliating, debasing terror of racial hatred have left their mark in a morbid sensitiveness.

And yet, in spite of the manifest absurdity of the whole discussion, one can find reason enough for the pathological state of the American Jewish mind. The American Jew has learned from the lips of immigrants and returned travelers the bitterness of Jewish life in Europe since 1914. He realizes that the Poles and Roumanians have regarded their Jewish countrymen as the conservative Southerner regards the rural negro; that crippled, starving little victims of pogroms hide like hunted animals in rubbish heaps in Ukrainian villages; that American emissaries who went to their relief were murdered. He hears of the cruelties of Poles and Cossacks, and, with the cries of helpless folk trapped in narrow ghettos ringing in his ears, looks upon his children, all unconscious of racial hatreds, and thinks, 'So, but for the grace of God, might these have been.' When, therefore, the old charges of a world-wide conspiracy once more appear, he feels his security in America getting shaky; he dwells upon the real or fancied slights that every sensitive person must experience; he magnifies the statements of a few men into the voice of a nation; and he is certain that the age-long fate of the Jew has at last sought him out in the land which he believed to be immune to the poison of racial prejudice.

Though anti-Semitism does not exist in America, it is indubitable that in Europe it is having a flourishing and threatening revival. Where Jews are regarded as an inferior race, they are treated as an inferior race is treated everywhere: are looked on with suspicion, slandered, and, above all, feared.

At the root of European anti-Semitism undoubtedly lies the shuddering hatred that men always feel for that which they cannot kill. The amazing vitality of the Jew is sufficient reason for believing any tale that is whispered of him; his survival smells of the devil.

Yet, powerful as inherited connotations are, they are but a part of modern anti-Semitism. Jewish religious persecution died with the Inquisition. The modern anti-Semite dreads the Jew as a hostile economic force or as a bar to nationalistic individualism. Give the Jews freedom of action and equality of opportunity, he argues, and they will inevitably, by sheer persistence and intellectual ability, dominate their surroundings. Such domination, he is perhaps willing to admit, might lead to their assimilation, but he is hardly likely to look quietly upon such an experiment.

Though the jealousy of modern nationalism and the dread of economic rivalry are the most important part of anti-Semitism, there are undoubtedly many contributing causes. Ordinary men do not philosophize their hatreds. To them the matter is far more simple. Since the war dozens of new hatreds have arisen, and the Jew has his share in all of them. There has been no group more hated than those who became rich during the war. That this group contains many Jews is inevitable, since merchants, stock-brokers, real-estate dealers, and bankers number many Jews among them in every country in the world. And since whatever the Jew does he does vividly and with all his might, it is an easy matter to brand all Jews as profiteers; to see them in Germany, battenning on the misery of a defeated people; in England, pushing into the places of those who impoverished themselves that the Empire might live; in America, running off with the spoils of a short-lived national extravagance.

But all Jews did not grow rich dur-

ing the war. The revolutionary Radical has become as obvious as the profiteer, and seems infinitely more dangerous. And it is plain that there are enough conspicuous Radicals among Jews to give the popular impression that Jews and Bolsheviks have something in common. The popular mind is not interested in scientific statistics; it seizes upon Trotsky, Liebknecht, the New York Socialists, and a sprinkling of radical journalists. Add these to the Jewish Socialist vote in the great cities, and the popular idea of Jews as revolutionists is complete. It has at least this much truth: that many Jews are by nature rebels — individualistic, impatient of restraint, eager for social progress, lacking in a sense of expediency, and daringly Utopian in thought. This is enough to cause every frightened man to see, behind every movement that he hates, the face of a Jewish plotter.

The bitter injustice of anti-Semitism does not lie in its hatred of evil Jews — nobody cares to defend evil: it lies in the hatred of Jews because they are Jews. Anti-Semites are not interested in moral qualities. They will continue their agitation just as long as Jews remain — to the outsider — a separate group. They will continue wherever these separate groups grow in wealth, power, and self-assertion. It is not generally recognized that race-hatred exists only where there is fear of the subordinate race's attaining power. When the negro is docile, subservient, mindful of his place, there is no negro problem. When the South European immigrant dumbly toiled in mine and mill, turning a deaf ear to organizer and agitator, there was no immigrant problem. If the European Jew would remain in a ghetto and uncomplainingly starve, he might receive contempt for his dirt and his lowliness, but there would be no Jewish problem. Trouble begins with the first sign of Jewish self-assertion.

When, therefore, one considers the origin of anti-Semitism, and its real nature in places where it is most at home, one realizes that the remedy is not simple. It does not lie in the moral improvement of the Jew. Alleged Jewish wickedness is not the issue. If all Jews were angels, anti-Semitism would still flourish. Jewish angels are not wanted in countries where one-hundred-per-cent uniformity is the ideal. Nor does the remedy lie in the pathetic protests of many Jews, that they are like their fellow citizens in everything but religion. They are, as everyone knows, different in heritage, tradition, manner, and blood. All the protests in the world are not sufficient to explain away the fact that, while many blood-Jews are non-religious, the Jewish religion exists — except in a few negligible cases — only among blood-Jews. Nor does the remedy for anti-Semitism lie in appeals to fair-mindedness, justice, and reason. The anti-Semite is beyond fair-mindedness, justice, and reason. He is obsessed by the necessity for the preservation of his national individuality, untainted by alien influence. The Jew may protest with all his might that he is not an alien: he may show that Jews died in battle for their country; he may compile long lists of Jews who have done commendable public service, but he will not convince the anti-Semite. The premises upon which anti-Semitism rests are beyond the reach of evidence.

But the fact that anti-Semitism is a wicked thing, involving the abnegation of reason, justice, and fair play, does not justify American Jews in losing all sense of proportion. Anti-Semitism is not an American movement. Jews have, on the whole, always been treated in this country with good-will and kindness. Blind racial persecution is contrary to the American spirit. Americans have traditionally befriended Jews as persecuted people, and have welcomed

them with other groups who have fled from oppression. Moreover, it is not in the American nature to take much stock in theories of racial purity. The American theory of nationality is one of realistic union rather than of romantic unity. Besides, the Jew has been, to the great mass of people, neither obvious nor threatening. Yankee shrewdness and business tact have had nothing to fear from the Jew's famous business ability. Finally, — and this is perhaps cardinal, — until the Russian Jewish immigration of recent years, American Jews were rapidly assimilating in manners, blood, and practically in religion. Even to-day, though the Jew has become obvious, though he sits in the seats of power, though he dominates certain fields, and in the great cities has formed foreign-speaking groups with social and economic ideas that reflect Europe rather than America, the charges of the few American anti-Semites have fallen flat.

All this, however, is not to say that Jews have no problems of social adjustment to face, or that both individually and in groups they have not met with social discrimination. There has always been much harsh criticism of Jews and bitterness over some of their failings. Many Americans resent with special bitterness the intrusion of Jews into circles where they are not wanted. But it cannot be said too often that social discrimination is not anti-Semitism. It is rather a form of social protection. It is directed against Jews only as Jews happen to be the one strongly marked group that challenges it. The chamber of commerce of a Connecticut town is banding together all property-owners in an agreement not to sell or rent any real estate in that town to Jews. In a North Carolina winter resort, every lease and every deed transferring property contain a covenant designed to prevent Jews from settling in the com-

munity. Were any other group, with the marks of their ancestry strongly upon them, to begin in large numbers the settlement of desirable suburbs and resorts, the same discrimination would be applied to them.

The majority of the Jews of the great cities of the East are marked men, instantly noted as different in manner, bearing, and social customs. These differences are distasteful, even shocking, to many Americans of Anglo-Saxon ancestry. The old inhabitant sees his accustomed environment threatened by an annoying invasion. His habits will be changed, his way of life altered, and sooner or later he will be driven away by these vigorous upstarts. Is not his attitude of self-protection comprehensible? The average man distrusts a foreigner; and to him foreigner means, not one of different political allegiance, but one of different appearance, manner, habits. And Jews in groups, at least, are likely to be distinctive.

Indeed, it is safe to say that the question of Jewish social adjustment in the United States is not a matter of morals, but of manners. The day when all Jews were regarded as swindlers, thieves, and firebugs has passed. Shylock and Fagin are anachronisms. It is rather the abnormal self-conceit and obtrusiveness of some successful Jews that arouse antagonism. Men will forgive an infraction of the law, because a law-breaker is adequately punished, if he is proved guilty, by the sentence that the law provides. But there is no legal punishment for the vulgarity of new riches, no solitary confinement for shameless aggressiveness, no adequate fine for flaunting and tasteless luxury. Too many Jews have no sense of proportion in the ostentatious display of their wealth or their talents. As a result, non-Jews often feel an irritation against Jews, which, because it can have no legitimate outlet, expresses itself in an unreasoned

dislike of all Jews, whatever their manners. It is well for Jews to remember that the effect of one man's wrongdoing upon the reputation of a race is in direct proportion to the distinctiveness of the race in the country in which it lives.

And of all non-Saxon groups Jews are the most obvious, because of their temperament, their appearance, their ability, and, above all, their fatal gift of complete absorption in the game of life. They have never acquired the habit of nonchalance. Every Jew has in him the making of a thoroughgoing fanatic. It is his greatness and his doom. It has placed him in the front rank of greatness and it has made him a marked man, the prey of a complex of repressions and of fears. He cannot hide himself if he would; and wherever he is, he must live with the eyes of the world upon him.

Jews are not accustomed to take stock of their own shortcomings. Persecution has saved them the trouble. To be alive at all after twenty centuries is in itself a triumph, which can excuse a few faults. Moreover, Judaism as a religion has been but little given to spiritual introspection. The consciousness of a guilty soul, the dread of eternal punishment, the longing to be one with God, the search for salvation, all the yearning mysticism which, to the Christian, is the very life and essence of religion, means comparatively little to the religious Jew. The Jewish religion is a stately monotheism, with a dignified and noble system of ethics and a theology and code of laws which lie at the basis of modern civilization. But this religion is an intellectual possession — it is not a haven for perturbed spirits, a beacon for the troubled wayfarer, a life-giving draught for parched souls. Jews, when attacked, do not rally to the defense of their religion: they rally to the defense of their good name as a social group. It is but rarely that Jews talk of religion: they take it for grant-

ed. But they talk vehemently of their rights as an oppressed people, or of social justice, or of their contributions to civilization. The triumph of prophetic Judaism over the Judaism of the Psalmist explains the shortcomings of Jews in the very points that are made most of by their critics. The greatest Orthodox rabbis are interpreters of the law; the greatest Reform rabbis are prophets of social righteousness. There are few to preach that teaching which Jews most need — personal consecration to righteousness, humility in success, a gentleman's regard for the sensitiveness of others, a willingness to yield one's legal rights before the quality of mercy. And yet it is this very preaching that thoughtful Jews the country over are craving, hardly conscious of what they crave. The time is ripe for the coming of a personality who will interpret in his life and his teaching the spirit that is dimly conscious in the hearts of many Jews.

## II

These shortcomings of the Jews explain the concrete criticisms that Americans constantly make, not as conscious anti-Semites, but in all friendliness and good-will. They see that Jews form large settlements in our great cities. Are the cities better for their presence? They see that Jews virtually control certain businesses — for example, the clothing trade, the theatre, and the department store. They ask themselves if these businesses are the better because of Jewish control. Has Jewish domination of the theatre improved theatrical art and morals? Has Jewish domination of the clothing trade shown an example of the progress that can be made toward industrial peace? And these questions are asked, not by foolish theorists, who shrink at the spectacle of Jewish world-domination, not by anti-Semites, who are impervious to ideas of justice and

fair play, but by thoughtful and fair-minded Americans, whose memories are long enough to recall a day when Jews were refugees from persecution, craving sanctuary in a land of freedom.

And it is these questions which Jews proud of their heritage and jealous of their good name would gladly avoid answering; for the truth is painful and disillusioning. There is but one answer. Theatres and clothing trade alike are controlled by two passions: a passion for wealth and a passion for power. Thoughtful Jews have no defense for the condition in which the theatre finds itself to-day: the drama gone, driven out by salacious and gaudy spectacle; the moving picture keeping just within the law, seemingly ignorant of any artistic responsibility, and as carefully devised for the extraction of dollars as a window-display of women's finery. It is the bald commercialism of the whole business that is so discouraging — its utter lack of moral and artistic altruism, its cultivation of a background of triviality and immorality. That the American public has allowed itself to be artistically debauched is no excuse for the men who have served up the poisonous fare. They have betrayed their heritage and their race; they have been worse than a wilderness of anti-Semites. For they have created a condition in which their success has furnished a fuel for racial attack that no amount of regulation anti-Semitic propaganda could have furnished; they have made the great refusal. A chance that no theatrical producers in the world have ever had was theirs, and they have, with deliberate cynicism, thrown it away. Their argument that they were merely giving the public what it wanted is worthless, for they have created their public. Nor is their other defense any better. What they have done, it is maintained, they have done, not as Jews, but as other Americans. Yet

they remain Jews to themselves and to the world. And they are not as other Americans. They are marked men, heirs of the noble ideals of a race which gave Western civilization religion and morals. And they have betrayed their race for twenty pieces of silver.

In a lesser degree, the same is true of the clothing trade. Sweating of labor, cutthroat competition, an utter inability to coöperate and compromise, chicanery, pettiness, reaction — all these have characterized this industry. And although, fortunately, some of the great clothing manufacturers have shown a wisely progressive spirit in their relations with their employees, and have set a standard that others would do well to follow, yet it is certainly true that in one of the greatest sections of the clothing-trade, obstinacy, an exaggerated individualism, and stubborn reaction characterize the employers; fanaticism and doctrinaire social theories characterize the employees. The sobering fact for the Jewish apologist is that, in too many cases, when Jews control an industry, they do not improve it: they merely make it more lucrative.

All this is, of course, only to say that Jews, being highly imitative and adaptable, have thoroughly mastered one kind of American business method, the method of driving and selfish efficiency. What the Steel Corporation has done on a large scale, the clothing manufacturers have done on a small scale. Jews have learned well the lesson of American industrial exploitation. But the defense, true as it is, will bear little weight with the public; for the Jews have the misfortune to control enterprises that are constantly before the public. Christian control of steel mills and copper mines may be even worse than Jewish control of clothing shops and motion-picture theatres, but the steel mills and the mines are beyond the view of the great American public, while every-

one comes in daily contact with the theatre and the clothing shop. Jews in their business life have a fatal obviousness — all the world reads their names on the signs of Fifth Avenue and Broadway; who visits the steel mills of Bethlehem, or the mines of Anaconda?

Moreover, the fact is that, rightly or wrongly, more is demanded of a marked group than mere conformity to the minimum of national virtue. Just so long as Jews maintain even a semblance of racial individuality, the nation will demand of them a higher standard of social and personal morality than it demands of its non-conspicuous members. This is the fundamental fact of Jewish life — a fact which may be just or unjust, but which persists with the inexorable logic of existence. What is forgiven to others will not be forgiven to Jews. All the protest in the world will not argue away reality. And it is well that life should be so. For the Jew has power beyond that of common men, intensity of purpose, keenness of intellect, strength of analysis, imagination, and artistic skill. All Jewish history shows that these qualities are ever ready to merge into the commonplace, that adversity is the only begetter of strength. Ironically enough, when the Jew merges with those about him, his strength disappears. His chief enemy is prosperity.

But after all, though there is much for which Jews in America must be apologetic, there is also much of which Jews may be proud. It is a heartening fact that the great majority of Americans do more than tolerate their Jewish fellow citizens: they accept them with few reserves and with friendliness and confidence. The reason is that ordinary Jewish folk have the same likable qualities that ordinary folk have everywhere. This is a fact that professional Jewish apologists will, seemingly, never learn. When they defend their race, they always point out the exceptions

— the great lawyers, the great artists, the great journalists, the great philanthropists, and the great scientists. Will they never realize that the contribution which a few exceptional men make to a nation is not the contribution which, in the end, is most valuable? Indeed, the method of apology by the citation of exceptions is positively dangerous, for every great man can be balanced by a scoundrel. Neither the philanthropist nor the gunman is truly representative of American Jews: the real type is the humble workaday man who goes quietly about his business, a good citizen, a good father, peaceful, productive, generous, and kindly, grateful to the country that gives him a free chance to earn an honest living, to educate his children, and to walk in the ways in which his fathers walked.

If all the Jews who are so obvious in our great cities were to disappear in a moment, there would still remain the great mass of quiet, God-fearing men and women who, possessed of no great genius, are afflicted with no great vices. Few non-Jews know the hard-working Jewish masses; few Jews who speak in their name pay much attention to them. The Jewish spokesman has so long shone in his own light and in the brilliance of a few great names, that he forgets that the Jewish contribution to American life is going to be made by the common run of men and women, of whose existence most people are unaware because they attract no attention.

Few people know their quiet, affectionate home-life, their courtesy and hospitality, their eagerness to do well by the country in which they live, their interest in the education of their children and in the welfare of those of their race who are unfortunate. It is becoming the fashion nowadays to say that the proverbial sanctity of the Jewish home is being broken down by the distracting influence of a new environment; but



every careful observer will testify that the exceptions, glaring as they are, are vastly outnumbered by the homes that retain a beautiful and touching solidarity. Heine's 'Princess Sabbath' is, even now, not altogether a curiosity.

### III

The Jew who emigrates to America expects to work hard and to do his best for his new country. The charge so often made against Jews of lack of patriotism is nonsense; on the contrary, they are starved for an opportunity to be patriotic. They want a country which they can love and serve. But they want to serve it dynamically; they want to add something to it. No people are more docile, more grateful for opportunity, than they. Every teacher in Americanization classes has a genuine respect and affection for his Jewish immigrant pupils. Their friendliness, their perseverance, their gratitude to the public interest that supplies the funds for their teaching, far outweigh their faults. Unfortunately, however, they live only in Jewish sections, see only the Jewish point of view, and have their opinions formed for them by Jewish leaders whose interests are best served by keeping them a group apart. They are exploited by Jews who are Americans only in that they have absorbed the most obvious and the cheapest aspects of Americanism; and becoming resentful at their exploitation, they charge it to the American spirit.

New York is the curse of American Jewish life. Its meretricious glitter, its premium upon material success, however acquired, its boastfulness, its suspicious and sophisticated isolation, degrades and cheapens the good qualities of immigrants into a flashy imitation of Americanism, or else drive men into a disillusioned radicalism, which must needs create Utopia to escape despair.

The solution of the problem of Jewish social adjustment lies, not in ill-advised denunciation of an imaginary anti-Semitism, not in a glorification of Jewish virtues, not in plaintive appeals for justice. It lies rather in a new conception by Jews of Americanism. Jews have tried to be good Americans; but their conception of Americanism has, in too many cases, been merely the acquirement of wealth and the attainment of power. Having these, they have wondered why more should be demanded of them; not realizing that Americans measure all new groups by ideal standards, and not necessarily by standards to which the mass of older Americans have attained. Jews have come to America to merge their lives and the lives of their children into the nation. They cannot be satisfied with a mere mechanical and unconscious contribution; they must know what they are doing and whither they are going. Conscious and deliberate choice of road may be impossible for a large group, but it is possible for such a relatively small group as the American Jews. What is needed is an end of constant defense and apology, and a fixing of the mind upon a genuinely creative group spirit. Nobody objects to Jewish cohesion and unity, if such cohesion has as its aim better living, wiser thinking, and nobler acting, than can be secured by individual action; but people do object to Jewish cohesion if it means merely the perpetuation of all Jewish characteristics, good and bad alike.

There is enough good in American Jews to make their name one of dignity and honor, but the good can overcome flamboyant and obvious evil only by steadfast and perhaps heartbreaking effort. For centuries the Jew has managed to survive persecution; can he with equal success compass the infinitely harder task of surviving ease and free opportunity?

## WHAT DO TEACHERS KNOW?

BY GEORGE BOAS

PROFESSOR WEST's article on what students do not know, which appeared in the March *Atlantic*, analyzes the results of certain information tests that were given a group of college students and urges that teachers study the matter and meet the issue of undergraduate ignorance 'sanely and efficiently.' The information tests given range from ordinary biological questions, such as the identification of certain vegetables and animals, to literary questions, such as the identification of certain authors. The result he reaches is that students do not know the world which lies about them, and that they are 'taught to answer quite glibly academic questions of a decidedly erudite character.'

Both of these conclusions seem just enough, but it is to be regretted that he did not push the matter further. He should have asked whether students are any more ignorant than they ever were, and if so, why. Or, if he did not care for that line of inquiry, he might have asked whether the facts that the modern student does not know are worth knowing? Or he might have asked the really fundamental question, what the teachers of these benighted ones themselves know.

The tests that should be given college students ought not to sound a man's knowledge of facts, but to determine his adjustment to his environment and the facility he displays of moving without friction in the *milieu* where his life is to be spent. The students Professor West examined might think Leghorn was a breed of cows; it

is questionable whether boys bred on farms would make the same mistake. So far as I am concerned, it may refer to hats or hens, and I know that, not because I learned it in school, but (a) because I have a sister, and (b) because I once read *Country Life* assiduously as a child, thinking, foolishly, to keep poultry in an urban back-yard. Even if I did not know it, I am afraid I should not bewail my ignorance. If the word ever swam into my ken, and I found a use for it, I would soon discover its meaning. If I am to go on being a bond salesman, or a street-car conductor, or a man who reads gas-meters, or even a professor, it is an open question in my mind whether being totally ignorant of the meaning of Leghorn would sadden my life.

Again, four men out of a hundred may not know where Yale is; but a hundred men out of a hundred Harvard men will know. As soon as information becomes necessary or interesting, the human mind picks it up in some mysterious way. The students Professor West examined think an artichoke is a fish; my California students would laugh in their faces. But my students are no wiser than his: they simply are used to seeing artichokes grow in their back-yards. Just as they told me, recently, that Dante was a Greek poet, so they would probably announce that breadfruit was a species of wheat.

It is easy to find ignorance of facts in all people. Stevenson, if I am not mistaken, thought stern sheets were sails. Frederick Locker thought the opening

word in Corneille's '*Marquis, si mon visage*' was a title, whereas it happens, says Austin Dobson, to be the given name of the lady Corneille is addressing. Lord Bolingbroke implies that Virgil preferred the histories of Livy and Tacitus to that of Herodotus, but, as Disraeli, *père*, points out, Virgil died before Livy's history was written and before Tacitus was born. Any handbook of literary curiosities will give a writer who wishes to make the gesture of learning dozens of other examples.

Not only do well-known writers make these errors, but the more obscure, and, unfortunately, not less influential, professor sometimes slips. Nineteen per cent of Professor West's students may not have known whose ally Bulgaria was, but a Harvard Ph.D., a chemist and philosopher, a writer on logic and the history of thought, and an officer in the R.O.T.C., once naively asked me whose ally Serbia was. A professor of history did not know the family name of Spain's ruling house, and apologized for his ignorance on the ground that he was a professor of Swiss, not Spanish, history. A professor of philosophy, specializing in aesthetics, admitted that he had no idea who Vico was, and that he had never read Benedetto Croce. A young American teacher recently asked me who Thomas Jefferson was.

There is a certain excuse for all these people. They have been crammed into the specializing machine and forbidden access to any subjects outside their specialty. Their ignorance is more deplorable, perhaps, than their students', but equally explicable. They are ignorant because they cannot be widely read and be scholars.

You cannot have intelligent students unless you have intelligent teachers. Intelligence does not come from the acquisition of facts, and no information test can reveal its presence or its absence. To test intelligence by informa-

tion is like testing gold by water. Intelligence is insensitive to a mere fact; it reacts only to ideas.

If knowledge of facts were important, then Lord Acton would have been wiser than Socrates. Indeed, how could anyone living before the twentieth century dream of claiming knowledge as his? All those people who believed in Ptolemaic astronomy, in Aristotelian physics, in pre-Columbian geography, in Galenic medicine, in Euclidean geometry, in Augustinian history, must have been fools. They certainly could not have passed an information test. I doubt whether Plato could have told what an artichoke was, or when the battle of Lexington took place. I can well imagine Lucian, when asked whether Rodin was a painter or a musician, putting his thumb to his nose and insolently replying the Greek equivalent of '*Je m'en fiche*.' The ancients were interested in interpreting facts, not in accumulating them. To be sure, there are always the men who collect menageries, whether of animals, or sea-shells, or postage-stamps, or facts; but it is not to those men that civilization turns for help in her hours of need.

Of course, neither Socrates nor Plato, neither Zeno nor Epicurus, was a modern professor. They were not Ph.D's. If Professor West really wishes to know why his students are ignorant, he should note that their professors also are ignorant. A Ph.D. must perforce be ignorant. In the first place, he can scarcely get his degree unless he writes a treatise on something that nobody else has ever thought of before. That excludes him at once from the ranks of general scholars. Then he must soak himself for three years in that one subject until he knows it thoroughly. As the old adage says, '*All selection is rejection*'; and while the candidate for a Ph.D. is boring, face down, into his problem, the world floats by in the clouds, and he is

about as aware of its floating as a lam-prey is aware of logarithmic functions.

Now the Ph.D. is invested, and he is given a chair. Does he begin to teach the general subjects the ordinary man must know? Not at all: he continues to develop his specialty. Thus you find in my own university, in a subject close to mine, courses in Elizabethan poetry, Spenser, Elizabethan prose, English prose from Malory to Bacon, the Bible in English literature, the age of Milton, Restoration literature, eighteenth-century prose, eighteenth-century poetry, Johnson and his circle, English satire from Bishop Hall to Thackeray, nineteenth-century poetry, later Victorian and Georgian prose, Browning, liberal thought in English literature, Shelley, Keats, and Tennyson, the development of narrative art, the criticism of the novel, the Anglo-Celtic poets, twentieth-century poetry, Celtic influences in English, history of American literature, American authors, the American novel, Scottish literature, Sir Walter Scott. These take in only lecture courses and courses in modern literature. Courses in philology are omitted. To analyze them would be to invite rebuke from my colleagues and friends; but anyone at all accustomed to American university life knows that half of these lectures are a waste of time and money, and are given merely to afford a professor a chance to lecture on his specialty.

What do teachers know who permit such things? Do they honestly think that the literature of one man is as good as that of another? Do they honestly think that it makes no difference whom a student studies or reads? The chemists do not offer courses in the chemistry of Roger Bacon, Paracelsus and his time, Raymond Lullius and the philosopher's stone. The mathematicians do not lecture on magic squares, Pythagorean hypostases of cardinal numbers, the influence of mathematics

on psychology in the Academy. For the sciences have a definite subject-matter in which truth and falsity seem to be somehow distinct. The arts and the humane letters consist in antiquarian interests, apparently. Yet the literary instinct is still potent, and history has not stopped; men are continuing to ponder and reflect, and the good and the bad are still with us.

What do teachers know? Do they know the human soul, or do they know facts, or do they know that there is such a thing as a problem of knowledge? In those evasive and melancholy fields where a man's character is formed and his outlook upon life is sharpened, do they realize that what is needed is understanding and intelligence and critical power? In such fields, if Professor West will pardon me, artichokes and chameleons and Yale and the date of the battle of Lexington have very little place. A benevolent and humanistic skepticism, and a willingness to weigh and balance, to expound and elucidate, are all that is needed. For teachers in such fields the Greek sages are the best models. Who could better typify the teacher of philosophy, the sculptor of character, than Socrates? There are no facts to be accumulated here: there is only a sublime ignorance. Socrates spent his life in questioning and in analyzing and in observing, with quaint good humor, the experiences of beliefs. Though he never stamped his foot and thumped his fist on a desk and thundered out the truth, men have turned to him for ages when they wanted to know the truth. They have seen in his sweet reasonableness a genuine understanding and intelligence, a satisfaction in not being dogmatic, and enough sportsmanship to take a chance with error.

It is just the absence of that Socratic quality which marks us teachers of today, who think our subject-matter more important than our students. Just as

the American business man is often said to make his life subservient to his business, as if his business did not exist for his life's sake, so we young teutonists, with our ardent Ph.D-ocracy, are willing to sacrifice ourselves and our students for what we think is scholarship. At this moment I know of a university which is asking for the resignations of certain instructors because they are not Ph.D.'s. The work of these men is said to be perfectly satisfactory; no fault is found with their methods of teaching. But they will be discharged and Ph.D.'s employed at twice their wages, to give exactly the same work, with no guaranty whatsoever that they

will teach as well. The pathos of such a sight never strikes a man within the university; because he lacks the perspective; but when one returns after a year or two in other pursuits, such as the army, the university seems to one as a kingdom of shadows where ghosts teach living men.

Professor West wishes to meet the issue sanely and efficiently. The issue is the education, not of the student, but of the teacher. The Freshmen are wonderful — keen, eager, and hungry. The Seniors are disillusioned, cynical, and fed up. They have been through it all, and their young hearts know that there is nothing in it.

## A LITTLE BOY'S UTOPIA

BY MARGARET WILSON

My little nephew was three and a half when he began to talk about 'the Stewart Country,' and between five and six when he gave us to understand that the subject was forever closed. The origin of the name was a mystery we never fathomed. Asked why it was called so, he would say, 'That is its *name*,' with the patience born of answering many foolish questions. He described it as 'that far land where I lived when Mulla was a little gayl, too little to be my mulla'; and professed to be able to visit it at will. It had taken a long time to come from it in the first place, but it was no distance to go back; there was *nothing* between here and there. Nothing for him, that is to say. 'If you went, you'd have to go in a ship, and you could n't, because the sailors don't al-

low any ladies to go on board that ship.'

It was the perfection that atoned for all the imperfections of this world. Did the supply of milk run short? 'In the Stewart Country the milk jug is always full; you can keep pouring out and pouring out and it never gets empty.' Was he refused a coveted toy in a shop-window on the ground of cost? 'In the Stewart Country you would just walk into the shop and ask how much it cost-ed, and the shopkeeper would say, "Nothing," and wrap it up in a parcel, and give it to you.'

The economic question, that crux of idealists, was settled in a delightfully simple manner.

'There's just one cent in the whole country. You pay one cent and eat as much as you like, and the next person

that wants to eat anything pays the same cent. You can get all the dinner you want there for a cent. It's not like the dinner you get here. You go out and pick it, and then you sit down on the grass and eat it. Grapes and oynges and pomatoes and apples, as many as you want.' And by a beautiful arrangement of the digestive system one was secure against the fatality that overtakes little boys in this world when desire fails before the dessert appears. 'In the Stewart Country, your dinner does n't get on top of your appetite. You slip your dinner under and the appetite stays on top.'

When cross-examined as to how one fared when the fruit season was over, his answer seemed to me then, and still seems, an extraordinary flight into metaphysics for a mind so young.

'*Time does n't go away in the Stewart Country: it's time all the time.* Grape-picking time does n't get past,' he went on to explain — he was helping, more or less, to pack away the last gleanings of our small vineyard in boxes of cork sawdust as he spoke. 'It stays grape-picking time. Little boys don't grow up to be men. I was just the same size I am now all the time I lived in the Stewart Country. I only died down into a little baby at the end of the jayney, when I was coming to my mulla.'

I don't know whether there is any other boy on record to whom the phrase, 'When I'm a man,' was absolutely without charm. He was never going to be a man. He'd lawtha stay just a little boy. When it dawned upon him that he had no choice in the matter, terror seized him. 'But I don't *want* to be a man! *Can't* I stay a little boy?' Helpless rage succeeded. 'I *won't* be a man!'

Then was proved the wisdom of having a second world in reserve.

'I won't be a man' — gently, this time, if firmly. 'Before I grow up, I'll go back to the Stewart Country for

good. There are n't any men there — not a bit of a man.'

Not a bit of a woman, either. No grown-up people, no babies, no girls. It was a world of boys, eleventy and a hundred strong. And being so many, they had fine times — the wildest, recklessest, uncarablest times; why, they did the very things they *knew* would give them colds; only in the Stewart Country there were no colds. They had more fun than even the ten little Donaghues playing leap-frog in their backyard — who, after all, were only ten times better off than an only child. In his more pessimistic moods, this only child was wont to declare that when *he* went out to play he sat silent on the lowest rung of a ladder with his feet in a pile of ashes. Can one play leap-frog alone? he asked you!

'When I lived in the Stewart Country' — I can hear the change of tone that marked the familiar opening: it was a kind of half-sad droning, a tone that seems naturally to associate itself with reminiscences of happier days. The eyes, too, lost their habitual laughter and took on a faraway look.

'I lived in a blue house with a yellow roof. There was green grass all around it and a tree with oynges on it. I sat on the grass and my Stewart Country lamb climbed up into the tree and threw the oynges down to me.'

One could imagine that absorbed gaze fastened upon the actual scene.

Grass was a prominent feature in the pictures he painted for us. In that ideal climate the grass was always soft and warm and dry and green, and you could sit down on it any day of the year. It never rained in the Stewart Country, never froze. If little boys wanted to skate, an accommodating Jack Frost made mica and stuck it onto the ground instead of taying the water into ice. No blankets were needed there, no beds. In fact, there was no bedtime. If you

were toyd, you just lay down on the grass and rested in the sunshine; it never got dark. The horses ran knee-deep in grass all the year round, and had n't to go into stables or be fed with hay.

His mother suggested that perhaps it was of heaven he was thinking. But no. 'In heaven we are n't.' A reflective pause; then uneasily, 'Mulla, I feel as if I would n't be able to see any surroundings in heaven. Will there be other persons onto us then?' No, screw up his eyes as he would, he could n't get heaven into focus. He turned with relief to the vision of the land so evidently real to him. 'There I'm the same little boy I am here, and I can see all the way to the trees where the sky bends down to the ayth, so far away they look like only half-breeded trees.'

'When I lived in the Stewart Country,' — 'When I go back to the Stewart country' — Magic phrases both, and full of solace; but there was a third that yielded more solid satisfaction than either. 'That's nothing! You should see what I saw in the Stewart Country!'

We others, who had only a restricted sphere to draw upon for our good stories, were at a disadvantage; the small boy could easily cap the best of them.

It was the description of a skillful feat in a log-rolling contest that drew forth this trifling effort of imagination: 'In the Stewart Country I saw a boy do that very same thing, but while he was doing it he wove both feet gracefully round his head twice.'

'My Stewart Country lamb' was the hero of many of those wonderful tales. It was the Stewart Country lamb that swam out to his rescue and towed his canoe to land, when he lost his paddle in the middle of the pond. It was the Stewart Country lamb that climbed upon the yellow roof of his blue house and putted out a fire. The capabilities of the animal seemed equaled only by its good-will. It never waited to be

asked for assistance: you had only to look toyd and it took your work out of your hands and finished it. Sewing gold braid on a blue velvet suit, curry-combing Bat and Crochet Needle — it made no difference what: the Stewart Country lamb was ready for it all. It became a family proverb for versatility and resourcefulness. 'The S.C.L. could not do better than that!' we would say.

One day a relic of some past era of domestic art was unearthed from the store-room — a huge pincushion of white canton flannel in the shape of an animal. But what animal? The question was being discussed in the language of the old primers. 'Is — it — a — cat?' 'No — it — is — a — goat.' Someone was trying to lift it by an imaginary tail, to see if it was a guinea pig. The little boy sat gazing at the object in a kind of trance.

All at once his arms opened wide.

'My Stewart Country lamb!'

The contrast between the animal of our proverb and this image of ineptness was almost too much for us. It is to our credit that no audible laughter marred the impressiveness of that reunion.

Not long afterward, I had a further illustration of how hard to follow is the line between reality and make-believe in a child's mind. Winter had set in with disagreeable abruptness, and I had been begging to be taken to the land where it was always summer, only to be met by a reminder of the inexorable sailors, to whom no woman need apply. When an attack of neuralgia laid me low, 'This would n't have happened,' I reproached the small boy, 'if you had done as I asked.'

He regarded me seriously.

'Payhapse,' he said slowly, as if the words were being dragged from him against his will, 'just for one time the sailors might let just one lady on board. Be ready to-morrow and I'll call for

you and take you to the ship. Have your suitcase packed. I'll go home now and pack mine.'

He had told me some weeks before of seeing a butterfly start off to the Stewart Country to escape the cold weather, with a melon-seed for a suitcase and a pine-needle for its handle. I imagined to-morrow's trip a flight as fanciful — or at the solidest, such a sleigh-ride as Peer gave his old mother. It was a distinct shock to have a small boy appear at my bedroom door next morning with a field-glass slung over one shoulder, always the last touch when he dressed for actual traveling.

'Are n't you ready to go to the Stewart Country? The sleigh's at the door.'

I somehow found it hard to meet those wide-open eyes.

'Would n't it do to go in the bed?' I temporized. 'You see, I'm not able to get up yet. I'd be afraid to go out on such a cold day.'

'Afraid! Why, nobody's ever sick in the Stewart Country. The minute you get there you'll be well. Hurry up, or the sailors will be gone home to dinner before we get to the ship. Never mind your suitcase. Mulla said never mind mine when she saw me packing it.'

The scene was described to me later — an old suitcase open on the floor; in it a bottle of cologne, a cake of shaving-soap, a hand-mirror, a necktie, a pair of kid gloves; the small boy intent on turning drawers inside out.

'She would n't let me put it into the sleigh. But it does n't matter about clothes in the Stewart Country. We can do with what we have on; and if we want any more, my Stewart Country lamb will make them. C'm' on; Sam's waiting for us. Hurry up! The longer you lie there, the wayser you'll get.'

He had such a forge-ahead, full-steam-up air, that to this day it is matter for regret that I could n't have got dressed and gone down with him

to the sleigh, if only to see what would happen next. Where would he have ordered Sam to drive? How long would he have kept that look of resolve fixed in proportion to the struggle it had cost? And in the end, would he have acknowledged it all a game? I can't believe it. In some dark corner of my mind there lingers a suspicion that I did on that morning lose my one opportunity of visiting the Stewart Country.

As matters were, I had to bear the odium of calling the journey off myself. It is n't pleasant to be looked at as that small boy looked at me.

'Good-bye, then. I may as well go home. You need n't ask me to take you ever any more. The sailors said they'd let you on board this one day, but it was the last time. And the sailors don't like to be fooled.'

As might have been expected, it was upon the economic rock that this Utopia was finally wrecked, although the daily growing strength of rival interests in our own world may have been a contributory cause.

'I have n't heard you speak of the Stewart Country lately,' I said one day. 'Don't you ever go there now?'

'No,' was the decided answer. 'The last letter I got said, "You need n't come here any more unless you've got a lot of cents in your pocket, for you can't buy anything for one cent now."'

After this, it plainly annoyed him to be questioned about the land he had once described so willingly. At last he found a way to put an end to all such questioning.

'There is no Stewart Country. It was mine to do what I liked with, and I blew it up with dynamite.'

'And the little boys?'

'I put them all on the ship and sent them away first. Then I waited till it blew up and came away on the burst.'

A marvelous country, even in its dissolution!



# SECRET LETTERS FROM A BOLSHEVIST PRISON

BY BARON WALDEMAR VON MENGDEN

[THE writer of these letters, a Russian subject, belongs to an ancient noble family that emigrated in the fifteenth century from Westphalia to the Baltic province of Livonia. He studied law at the University of Dorpat, and was for nearly thirty years engaged in the banking business. He also took an active interest in the theatre and the arts, and was connected with various cultural and benevolent societies; but had never taken part in politics. He had traveled much in many countries, and was something of a collector.

In the winter of 1919, he was imprisoned at Riga, by the Bolshevik government, for no known reason. These letters, describing his experience to his sisters and to other close friends, were written secretly, in pencil, all correspondence being strictly prohibited. They were inscribed on scraps of paper, and in some cases on the bottom of earthenware pots and dishes. Many never reached their destination. When Riga was taken by the Baltic militia, on May 22, 1919, the Baron was set free.]

*January 18, 1919 (afternoon).*

MY DEAR,—

I have just been arrested — at two o'clock. It must be a misunderstanding. I went with three of my colleagues to be inscribed at the Professional Union of Officials for Financial Institutions, according to orders from the Deputy of the Lettish Financial Commission, to avoid a sequestration of our bank, and confiscation of valuables; also to retain appointments and lodg-

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ings for our servants and subaltern officials. Besides our ordinary passports, we were provided with certificates from the Counsel of Deputies of our bank, written according to the new rules, with red ink, and furnished with red seals. All titles or signs of nobility had to be avoided. This change in our denominations roused suspicion; and unfortunately, one of our servants, an honest Esthonian peasant, bore the same name as Mühlmann, a Jewish millionaire and usurer. A Lettish commissioner, of gigantic height and insolent expression, wearing a big purple hat, examined us, without rising or ceasing to smoke. He inquired whether we had organized the 'White Guard,' a Russian troop, of which we had only read in the newspapers. He would not believe that some noblemen possessed no estates, but declared that we had lived all our lives on the sweat and blood of others. Perhaps some part of the truth dawned upon them when we unanimously declared that this was not the case. They took us to the nearest police guard, where, after waiting some hours, we were all subjected to a short examination. Then they took away all our documents and conducted us to staff headquarters; the soldier who accompanied us received the order to fire in case anyone tried to escape.

We passed near the graves of several victims of the late revolution, all draped with red. We were forced to walk in the middle of the street, where we roused the curiosity of the passers-

by. I am at present at the principal military staff, Alexander Street, 37, and with me are about twenty-two companions, almost all Germans, among them the chief representative of the German Republic, Captain Dr. Scheubner Richter. He hopes soon to be set at liberty, and in that case I will profit by the opportunity to send you news and money, as I am afraid it will be taken from us. However, it is possible that we may meet before then. It appears to me that they have trumped up some pretext to arrest us; as I am certain of my absolute innocence, I feel sure of being soon released. You must not do anything for me, as it might involve you. Only the servants can do anything for us in these turbulent times. If the subaltern officials of our bank undertook some steps in my favor, it would certainly have some effect. I do not wish my own servant to risk anything, or expose himself by his zeal and honesty. If possible, send me all my meals; it is allowed. You know where I have hidden my valuables. I am anxious about you; send me a word if possible. If I could but spare you and know that you are in safety and that my lodging has not been pillaged!

*January 19.*

I am terribly anxious for you. The soldier who took away the dishes yesterday accused me of having given you a note in secret, and threatened to examine you personally. With these beastly fellows we may be prepared for anything. This torments me exceedingly. I could not sleep—not only because I lay on the floor and shared the thin coverlet with Mr. S— R—. My companions are simple people, kindly and inoffensive, mostly German merchants and tradesmen. A feeling of community unites us to these men, who till now did not interest us in the least. Each time that the door opens,

I hope and expect a deliverance, or at least an explanation. But always in vain. We get no answers to our questions. I will try to send you the money that I still carry with me. Thanks for the food you sent. The blanket and the small pillow are not quite sufficient, but here and in our next place, which will probably be still worse, one does not like to have any good things, because of the dirt and the vermin. The sailor who tidies our apartment is insolent and provoking. The armed women, female soldiers, are still worse. I fear I shall not be able to send you this letter; but all the same, it was a comfort to write it.

*January 20, in the evening.*

Ever since this morning there has been a rumor that we are not to be set free but to be transferred to some other place. Mr. S— R— was released at four o'clock. Let us hope that he is free, indeed; we do not know if we can trust them.

Soon after, we were summoned; but not to be sent home, alas, no; but we were sent into the street and with many others led to the Central Police. It was a strange sensation to walk through the streets as a prisoner, under military escort. Our procession was not attractive—about forty gentlemen carrying linen, bedding, crockery, and bottles. It seemed to me that many looks of compassion and pity followed us.

Here we are, about fifty men, shut up in a room that is much too small, without any beds, and too few tables, chairs, and benches. Oh, what a dreadful night!

*January 23.*

A terrible situation. We lie on the floor day and night. Everything is lacking; several among us are ill, as is my friend and colleague, who is in delicate health. Nothing is as it should be. Heating, ventilation, closets, wash-tubs, and everything are dirty and

nasty. New victims arrive every day. We are fifty-eight men and two women, crowded into one room. We, the political prisoners, are shut up with all kinds of criminals, cheats, and usurers. It is not possible to appeal to any judge, or to reach any friends. There is no protection whatever; it is the mob that reigns. And besides, the endless fears for our nearest, our homes, and all our possessions.

*January 25.*

It seems, at last, that we are to leave this hell. But where are we going? Perhaps into another prison. They say that the rules in some prisons are still more severe. Here, at least, we can from time to time see through the door the messengers who bring us things, and it is a comfort to see them, even without speaking.

11 o'clock at night.

It is worse than ever, worse than I had ever imagined. They took us into the prison for women. Bodily examination followed. We try to keep with those with whom we are acquainted. As we passed through the street, the idea came to me of trying to escape by flight. But the chance of success was too slight. Besides, where could we hide? We should endanger anyone who offered us hospitality.

*January 26.*

They have, after all, separated us — that is, six of us, who wished so much to remain together. A commission, composed of drunken men and women, who could not even hide their state of depravation, questioned us and examined our pockets. My companion is the son of the late Mayor of Riga, who was a man of exceptional worth and merit. His son was made to suffer by their ironical and insolent remarks. It was by a mere chance that Mr. A—, a merchant of considerable fortune, of English origin, and father of a family,

shared my fate. They took everything they found in our pockets — money, watches, pencils, and, in some cases, even the rings.

What followed was horrible. They pushed both of us, with a third man, a tall hotel waiter, into a small and perfectly dark cell, containing five narrow benches to sleep on. It was already crowded with ten men — Russian soldiers and Jewish dealers. We were compelled to sit down on the damp and dirty floor, in close proximity to a stinking bucket. Fortunately for us this disgusting situation lasted only a few hours. It was past midnight; but at last our unceasing complaints and supplications, through the closed door, moved the guard to take us into another cell, meant for but one person and containing only a single bench. This cell was fourteen feet long and six feet broad; it had a window, very high up, closed by a tin shutter, so as to cut off any view. I remember having read that the shutters had been put up because the window looked out on a big public marketplace, and the visitors sometimes threw vegetables and other victuals through the window, to feed the famished prisoners. The boards of the floor were covered with vermin. Under the window stood a single table, narrow and rickety; on the floor were two buckets, one for drinking water, the other for the toilet. We were obliged to empty and refill them, and clean them twice a day. The lids were missing and were replaced by filthy rags. An iron support of the bed had been torn out of the wall — the feat of an athlete, or rather, perhaps, the result of long and persevering labor. The walls were covered with inscriptions carved with great care and in good handwriting. You can imagine how painfully impressed we were to read: 'I have suffered here innocently for four years. All happiness gone — a broken heart.'

We have a fourth comrade, a German soldier, very dirty, of middle size and inclined to talk very big. This morning the two others were led away, and A—— and I had the cell to ourselves.

*January 27.*

We are but two now. The soup that is brought in twice a day is simply uneatable. Soup is not the correct expression for the liquid, just filling three plates and composed of boiling water in which swim some leaves of fermented cabbage, or the skins of one or two potatoes, or a few small peas. Luckily something is sent to us every day from home. The ration of black bread is very modest, about the eighth part of a pound; but the bread is of good quality. We have no watch; we can hear no clock strike; we must follow the sun to know what time it is; but even this is hindered by the shutters. When I think of my terrible situation, a feeling of despair takes possession of me, and yet it rouses a sense of energy. I am afraid of losing my physical and spiritual powers, and I try to exercise my memory, to practise gymnastics morning and evening, to repeat verses learned as a child. I try to translate Goethe's poems into English. It is hard to have no pencil or paper and, above all, no books. Sometimes we have been able to obtain a newspaper hidden in the baskets of food; but they are Bolshevik papers, and their contents are infamous. My companion is greatly to be pitied; he is tormented by many anxieties, self-reproaches, and fits of despair; he is hysterical and often quite apathetic. I try to divert him, to occupy our thoughts by playing various games. But it is all in vain; he is often in tears. We pass the night lying in turn on the bed, — which is nothing but a board, — or on the ground. The room is not sufficiently heated, and it is very cold. The guard does not

refuse our cigarettes, or the soup that we gladly leave for him, but that makes no difference in the severe regulations, and we are completely cut off from all the world outside. The vague fear of being entirely forgotten must be conquered by good sense.

Outside the door of our cell stands the general wash-tub. There is a small hole in the door of every cell, opening on the passage, so that the guard can look in at the prisoners without their knowing it. Through this small hole we try to make conversation with those who come to wash in turn before our door. Twice a day an inspector appears, whom we are obliged to salute, standing in military fashion. This inspection is a mere farce, and it would be perfectly useless to make any complaints or requests.

*January 29.*

This night we were surprised by receiving two new comrades: one, a young Russian officer of German origin, — a nice boy, twenty-two years old, good-looking, cheerful and amiable; not very cultivated, — a student of the Polytechnic School; the other, a Jew, age twenty-nine, sly, an atheist and a rationalist, full of irony and sarcasm. We got on very well together, as good comrades. It is easy enough to exchange ideas at a distance; but it is hard to make so small a space suffice. We have too little room, now that we are four, for sleeping, sitting, and moving about. Three of the unfortunates suffer from not being able to smoke, because the guards steal most of the cigarettes and matches sent to them; it may also be due in part to the enormously increased prices of these articles. They are thus often stolen only to be sold again, and I am glad not to be dependent on them.

It is said that misery and misfortune make people better; but was so large a number of unhappy mortals required

for this? Was the whole world in need of these violent convulsions? I for my part try to make the best of my misfortunes and to take advantage of this opportunity of learning to know men of an entirely different sphere, with quite different views and opinions. It is true that my nerves are irritated, and I suffer extremely from the close proximity of perfectly strange and heterogeneous persons; but my good sense tells me that I must be grateful in spite of all. Our manners with each other are exquisitely courteous and help to tide us over many human miseries.

*February 6.*

The days pass, and man grows accustomed to everything. We have begged in vain for books. For some days we have been allowed to go out of doors and walk a quarter of an hour in the court; we are escorted by armed soldiers, but there are moments when we are able to speak to the occupants of other cells. Through a narrow slit between the window and the shutter we can see many other prisoners during their walk, and we are deeply moved to watch those newly arrived, as innocent and blameless as ourselves. There are some ladies among them — wives of clergymen and the Countess C—.

To-day I recognized my brother-in-law, the husband of my sister, a gentleman seventy years old and in weak health. His crime consists in having two estates and some fortune. He is a quiet, peaceful man, not fond of society and accustomed to a certain luxury. How he must suffer! When I think of my poor sister, I could scream, and my heart is in a tremor of despair. My companion A—tries to persuade me that I am less to be pitied than he is, as I am unmarried and he is tormented by thinking of his wife and children. But who can measure the inner pangs

of deepest emotion in each heart, and judge between individual sufferings?

Yet to conquer weakness, overcome despair, not give way or succumb, that is our first duty. All sublime principles, till now only known in theory, must in these days influence our lives. Not to lose reason and patience — therein lies the secret of enduring this existence.

I expect a close search of my lodging; if only they do not rob me of my property, and the valuables that have been confided to me! I have public documents of importance, and several sums destined for works of beneficence. If I could but get free!

*February 8.*

To-day the Jew who had been detained with us was set at liberty. He, as well as the young officer, had been interrogated several times, and I always had the impression that their affairs stood well. B— will come to you, but I intrust him with nothing written; it is too dangerous. The sending, the expedition, and the receipt of letters from prison are all equally threatened with sudden pain of death. You know where I have hidden my money; take it and procure what is wanted for me. It is very painful ever to be receiving and to have nothing to give in return. I am not used to it. The food here is such that you can neither live nor die by it; according to the opinion of doctors imprisoned with us, the rations do not contain even the fourth part of what is absolutely required to live on. A strong, healthy man may stand such fasting for a time, but in case of illness the body has no strength to resist, and death ensues. You understand. For heaven's sake, send me eatables, as many as possible, for a part is always stolen. I implore you not to forget yourself; take everything and provide for the servants, who have proved their faithfulness in these disastrous times.

One day the guards refused to do their duty, because they had been accused of theft; and during twenty-four hours we got nothing, and were obliged to eat the disgusting soups. Now it is arranged. We give receipts for the food delivered to us. And yet the other day, when a prisoner refused to give the receipt because he discovered that a portion of his provisions had been stolen, he was threatened with never being allowed to have anything more. I am very anxious about you.

*February 10.*

Yesterday there was a great change. A—— and I were transferred to a big cell containing twenty-two men; eight among them have passed through the university or an academy and seem well informed. Finding myself among so many gentlemen of respectable position and superior education, I thought of the words of Count Leo Tolstoi, the celebrated Russian philosopher: 'In Russia there is but one place worthy of honest men — prison.'

We can have books now; there is a small library here, containing some good books — classics even; most of them have been given. Lately the number of volumes has greatly increased by frequent confiscations of books sent to the prisoners. There are only Russian, German, and Lettish books; no French or English ones. The French books sent to me have been confiscated; I have not even seen them. We play various games. For playing chess we have ourselves made the figures from cigarettes and matches. The chess-board is rudely sketched on a bench. The cell is extremely close and confined; the air is bad; there are lots of vermin, especially millions of bugs; but the company is of a superior order and well educated and informed. Man is a strange creature. I parted with a certain feeling of regret from the small

cell where I spent two never-to-be-forgotten weeks of terrible suffering, and now I am quickly growing accustomed to my new environment. Every morning and evening a Lutheran clergyman, imprisoned with us, celebrates a short service, with a prayer and reading from Holy Scripture. All listen devoutly, even the Jews. Feeling his own weakness, man seeks support in One mightier than himself. This is probably the origin of all religion.

In the evenings we have short unpretentious discourses. I have given several accounts of my travels. I spoke about the position of women in the East, and related some episodes of Russian history. A very well-informed First Commissioner of Woods and Forests spoke about his studies, and told us some of his adventures in Russia during the war. Food for our minds is not wanting; but alas! we suffer most dreadfully from hunger.

*February 15.*

Two of my colleagues, who were imprisoned at the same time as myself, told me that they had been interrogated. It had been most painful, for the most harmless occurrence was twisted to appear like treason, according to the ideas now uppermost. The judge was so uneducated that he was not able to write the report; the accused had to do it for him. But he seemed good-natured, and told them that they had every reason to be satisfied with the long duration of their trial, because, according to the new arrangement, the personnel of the tribunal was changed every month; the first set had been cruel and bloodthirsty in the highest degree, and quite unreasonable, like wild beasts, issuing nothing but death-warrants. By degrees it seemed that more reason prevailed. The longer the trial lasted, the greater the chance of just and reasonable results.

I was glad very to hear this, and I shall not make use of the permission given to ask for a speedier judgment. I am tormented by scruples whether I am to confess the truth, that I have been part of the civil militia for defending the town, and likewise a member of a harmless organization quite independent of politics, solely aiming to keep peace and order in the town, and prevent crime. But according to the logic of the present day, these are offenses deserving the death penalty. If I avow it, I risk my life; if not, and I am tried and convicted of the fact, I incur the penalty of death.

*February 19.*

To-day we were again registered. I believe it was for the tenth time. They took away every scrap of paper; all pencils, which some of us had kept in secret; even bottles and glasses. They destroyed savagely the bits of paper that had served us for playing-cards, the chessboard and the rest, crushing them all on the floor. A peasant in our room has had an apoplectic stroke and is paralyzed; he is lying there without any help whatever. The prison authorities and the doctor do nothing for him, from fear of being accused of indulgence and partiality. Terror is the first and sublimest law in the Bolshevik state. Another prisoner suffers every day from epileptic fits. Out of sheer pity his comrades give him part of their food, and the sick man, who is quite out of his head, eats too much and thus aggravates his malady.

*February 22.*

To-day a certain number of prisoners, myself among them, were taken to the office of the prison, where a commissioner of the Republic ordered us to sign papers, informing us of what we were accused. I know now that I am a counter-revolutionary — such is

the term. But what this means, of what I am accused, what I have done, I know not; no one would tell me. The commissioner insinuated that, being a nobleman, I could not expect to be more closely interrogated or to be released. After all, a distinction is made in this supremely modern republic between one merely accused and one actually condemned.

*February 27.*

This morning, after a lapse of eighteen days, we were again taken into another room. It is impossible to guess the reason of these constant changes; it is most probably done only to hinder the growth of kindly relations between the prisoners and the guards. In general, inconsequence seems the principal law of our government. All is done without system, without foresight — the trial, the providing of quarters, the interrogatory, the condemnation. The total want of education among the judges is constantly causing mistakes and misunderstandings. They do not understand, for instance, what 'nobility' means; they will not believe that many noblemen have no estates; they know nothing of professions, societies, companies, or what is meant by a club. Intending to imprison all belonging to the upper classes at Riga, they began with the alphabet; all those whose names begin with A or B are already imprisoned. Later, they changed this system, and that is why the C's and D's are still at liberty.

*March 9.*

For a fortnight I have received nothing — neither food nor linen. I hear that a certain number of prisoners, either from Communist sympathies or to gratify the government, have petitioned that the wealthier citizens should no longer be allowed to continue the luxurious life they manage to lead even here, living as in a grand hotel, receiv-

ing roast meats, delicacies, linen, in fact, everything; while the less wealthy and the proletarians suffer from hunger. All that was sent in should be put together and equally divided among all, according to the judgment of the tribunal, who should name those who were to take part in the distribution. Thereupon the tribunal ordered all prisoners throughout the town, numbering several thousands, to be divided into two categories, proletarians and citizens (bourgeois). The latter included all the counter-revolutionaries and the politicians. The first were allowed to receive all that was sent to them three times a week; the latter only twice a month, the first and last Sundays.

I have begun to feel that my strength is diminishing. I have grown very thin; a general experience, besides the other consequences of want of nourishment: eruption of the skin, cramps in the calves, etc. But even aside from the welcome food after the insufficient and nauseous prison rations, there was in the messages from our families a communion in thought with them; we appreciated their care in the choice and preparation of the dishes, even in writing the addresses. All this had a great moral value, and is a comfort the loss of which would be most sorely felt.

These last days they took away our boots and shoes, leaving only those that were much worn; all that could still be used were confiscated and replaced by sandals made of plaited matting without soles. Luckily my boots, bought long ago at Berlin, were so much worn that they let me keep them. A doctor, who objected that he had but one pair of boots, which would be quite indispensable to him when he should again visit his patients, received the answer that, when he was shot, he would not want any boots.

*March 16.*

What a terrible night! At midnight we heard two autos drive up and stop at our prison. After a short time, our big dim room was suddenly lighted up, and several judges of the tribunal entered and began questioning the frightened and sleepy prisoners. The answers were written down in a small notebook, without any explanation being given us. About one o'clock some of our comrades were called — as we later heard, thirty out of our prison. It was about two o'clock when, from the little garden near the courtyard, we heard the sound of gun-shots, and at that moment we understood what was passing. Our terror grew when we heard the dreadful cries of the wounded, of those who were not fatally hurt. The impression this made on our companions was most horrible. The last few days we have had among us three young commissioners, Russian Jews, who had served under the Bolshevik government, but who were accused of having stolen part of the confiscated sums. These brutal and cynical fellows, who never ceased their arrogant, obscene remarks, uttering blasphemies and praising themselves, now revealed their cowardice and weakness. They had attacks of hysteria, a physical and psychical diarrhoea; they began to lament, to pray, and had fainting fits. What miserable creatures men are! And shall such as these be our brethren? Never!

*March 19.*

During two successive days we were kept in doors and not allowed to take our accustomed walk, perhaps to prevent any communication with the other excited prisoners. While walking out to-day, we heard the sad news by degrees; we heard who had suffered that cruel and unmerited death. Thirty prisoners and one guard, my brother-in-law, P——, and H—— were among



the victims, and A——, my companion of many sad days, a Lutheran clergyman, and a Russian general of German descent, who was accused of having betrayed and sold Warsaw. When, how, and where? Vain questions! Not until now have we understood how serious and dangerous our situation is. The bodies of the thirty dead are still lying in the garden, stretched on the snow, bloody, forgotten. They can be seen from the window of cell 16.

*March 20.*

This night was, if possible, still worse. Yesterday evening we were transferred, and the greater part of the inhabitants of our room were taken to Number 16, from whence the windows open on the little garden, the scene of the murders. I know not from where the rumor came, and the general feeling we all had, that we should be put to death this night; each one of us believed it. We saw through the window the bloody traces of the shooting on the dirty snow. A dead body, forgotten till now, was carried off before our eyes. We saw sentinels passing our windows, besides other signs; we could not doubt that our turn was approaching and was very near. Who can tell what took place in our hearts? how can one dare to speak of it? In such moments our whole bygone life passes through our minds and consciences like lightning; all things, great and small, suddenly loom up in our memory. Where are all our hopes and plans? And the impossibility of uttering our last wishes, our last decision; of taking leave, of speaking our farewells, of saying what we have neglected to say — too late now for everything, too late! A lot of men thrown together by mere chance, and all without hope. No one spoke, not a word was said; and it was very cold; everyone lay down, and in the universal darkness covering

so much misery, a voice was suddenly heard repeating slowly in trembling, solemn tones the words, 'Our Father, which art in heaven.' Voice after voice joined, and the words of the holy prayer sounded through the cold darkness; and after the closing 'Amen' a thrill passed through these poor, feeble human creatures.

But nothing happened, and the next day we learned that the tribunal had decided not to sentence us to death but to keep us as hostages, to be enabled thereby to enforce their demand against their enemies. Everything remained as it was, and a new period of our adventures began, comparatively peaceful, and of long duration. I suffer most cruelly from having no news of my own people and receiving neither food nor linen. All appeals are in vain. Several times I have asked those who bring provisions to my comrades to tell my people that I am suffering terribly from hunger and unclean linen and want of news. When may I hope for a change? I take gymnastic exercise. I walk about as much as possible and exercise my memory.

*March 26.*

My birthday! At last, the first parcel after four weeks and a half. I knew that I was not forgotten. A thousand thanks for the linen and food.

*March 27.*

For some time there have been rumors of some great change. It came this way. To-day we were summoned to collect our dirty rags, and were taken through the whole town to the governmental prison, the citadel. Here it is still more filthy, still darker, and still more insalubrious. We are under quite new rules.

*April 12.*

I have little to tell of the last two weeks — the same close surveillance, worse nourishment, no walking out of

doors; the windows looking out on a tiny court, dismal and deserted. We are no longer obliged to clean our room, to carry wood, to heat the stoves or the like, but are ordered to do public work outside the prison. We are led along the streets to the churchyard, where we must dig graves, work with spades and hoes, etc., more than six hours running, with short intervals for eating the cold and nasty soup. My body has grown so weak that I cannot possibly stand this life.

*April 19.*

They constrain us to daily labor. At first we all went willingly, even with a certain gladness to be able to breathe fresh air; but now they try to cheat us and drive us, especially the noblemen and clergymen, threatening to use violence and shoot us in case of refusal. On the streets we excite the compassion of the passers-by, and in secret we are sometimes given coffee and bread. The guards permit it, as they too receive a part of these benefactions. By such means one or another is able to get into communication with his family. When will this torment be at an end?

One of the prisoners in our room, Baron G—— V——, gives thirty-five roubles a day—about 100 francs—to a guard, and in this way exchanges daily letters with his wife. The rest of us have not the same means. She wrote to-day that my lodging has been pillaged and devastated, and that my servants can do nothing for me. Everything is enormously dear; it is painful to receive all this food, knowing that those outside the prison suffer equally from hunger, in order to be able to provide for us. My confidence in my faithful and honest servant is quite unshaken. It is possible that he can do more for me than my sisters. I have placed in his charge my lodgings and all my property, which might be used for my benefit, or sold to procure some

money. But if there is nothing more left? Whoever tries to serve a counter-revolutionary risks his life.

*April 23.*

Sixty of us, mostly those of the higher classes, have been sent by train, in a railway car, destined for transporting cattle, to the country, and we are obliged to labor in the forest, hew down trees, saw logs, and carry them to the railway. I thus assist the Bolsheviki to rob my own nephew. My back is not strong enough to bear these exertions, and I cannot stay with the rest, as my inability increases the tasks of my companions.

During four days I exerted myself to the utmost. But I cannot go on any longer. In spite of the cold sojourn in the railway car, with thirty companions; in spite of the insufficient food, — for our appetites increased by being in the open air, — I would have preferred to remain out of doors in the first awakening of spring, rather than return to prison, with its infested atmosphere and numerous typhus patients. But it is impossible. I reported myself as being ill, and was obliged to walk twelve kilometres, carrying my parcel, and I reached Riga more dead than alive, to be shut up in my prison-cell.

*April 30.*

There is no such thing as medical aid. I have a rather high fever and most dreadful headaches, the forerunner of typhus. Several from our room have been taken to the hospital; but those who remain are just as ill. There is no doubt that I have an attack of typhus.

*May 1.*

They still keep me here. They do not trust me, and declare that the nobles dissimulate. We are devoured by millions of lice, and I have no longer energy or strength enough to fight against them; and they multiply.

*May 3.*

They have at last brought me to the hospital, or rather they obliged me to walk seven kilometres, with a temperature far above normal, to the hospital of the central prison. I was only allowed to place my small parcel on a car full of corpses and dying men. While walking through the town, I was often constrained to sit down for rest on doorsteps, and I arrived at last, nearly dead from exhaustion, always accompanied by a military man who could not quite hide his compassion. A German doctor is here, and I have found some pitying companions who try to help me.

*May 13.*

Without assistance I should not have survived. I can no longer stand on my feet, and cannot walk a step. The doctor does nothing, for fear of compromising himself. The thermometer is

useless, as it is only given to us for two minutes. So I do not know my temperature; but it is very high. Almost no medicine, insufficient food; what is sent to me is stolen before it reaches me. In two days eight corpses were carried out of this room. It will soon be my turn. My sisters have spoken to the doctor and sent me some messages. Thank God, they still exist; but how?

The hour of deliverance has come, and I am still alive! After a prolonged bombardment, Riga is taken and in the hands of the Baltic militia. They have just set me free, and told me that I am at liberty to go where I like. But it seems unpardonable to carry among others the lice that cover me — those worst conveyers of contagion. I will first return home, when I have bathed and been disinfected. My trust, and my firm resolve to live, have saved me.

### EPILOGUE

During Baron von Mengden's imprisonment, his family and friends were constantly distracted by rumors that he had died in prison from the privations he had suffered; that he had been shot; and, finally, when he was released, that he was in a state of utter exhaustion and seriously ill with typhoid.

When at liberty, he could not return to his lodgings, as these had not only suffered from repeated pillaging and requisitions of provisions, clothes, linen, books, and furniture, but even more from the systematic devastation by the militia and their officers, who occupied his apartments with their

wives and children. Beautiful old furniture had been taken away and sold. Drawers were rifled and everything of value stolen. Among other things, an iron casket, containing the records of various societies and foundations, valuables and family documents, had been broken with a hatchet and emptied. The Baron's brother-in-law had been shot, his sister had died in prison, and other relations had been turned out of their homes and completely ruined by frequent and merciless requisitions. The Baron, shrunken to skin and bones, reduced to half his former weight, was literally unable to walk unaided from the prison.

# ENGLAND, MY ENGLAND!

BY ALBERT KINROSS

## I

AFTER four years of absence, one comes back to England much as a lover might approach the bower of his mistress. One is in a romantic mood; one even expects to be received romantically. But one's best friend is inditing a letter to his landlord — a very important letter; the lady to whom one hastens has an appointment with her dress-maker; and only the very young or the very old seem to have the leisure and the enthusiasm that one had imagined would attend the wayfarer returned. And then there are those ever-ready shopkeepers — tailors, hatters, hosiers, and bootmakers. They have the time for one. Supple as serpents, false as foxes, and ravenous as the vulture, they lie in wait.

I dare say it was the same everywhere throughout the Western world — in Paris as in London, in New York as in Berlin. The years 1919 and 1920 will be remembered as the years of greed, of everyone for himself and the devil take the hindmost. So it was most emphatically in London, materially, and even in the subtler realms of the intangible; for those who had nothing to buy or sell were equally insistent and equally mendacious with their *isms*; with their political, moral, and spiritual nostrums: Communism, Activism, Spookism — the list is as chaotic as it is interminable. 'Try and keep sane, I said to myself, 'and you will be one man in a thousand.'

There was nothing much that was

new in all this. Wordsworth has recorded a parallel chapter of decay, induced by similar causes — by wars, by discontents, by revolution. One turns to the great sonnets. Ridiculously apt they seem; and reading them in this new light, one is inclined to put away pen and paper, knowing that all has been said, and better said than we can say it, better felt than we can feel it. And as we turn to Wordsworth, so, exactly, did Wordsworth turn to Milton, who doubtless turned to some old Prophet of the Hebrews, with whose library I am unfamiliar, and so must halt at that.

I cannot, however, resist the luxury of quotation. All is so pat, so 'modern.' If you cut his lines, they bleed.

These times touch monied Worldlings with dismay;

Even rich men, brave by nature, taint the air  
With words of apprehension and despair.

Inevitably one feels that Wordsworth was acquainted with the Northcliffe newspapers. Or, rereading the sonnet that opens, —

When I have borne in memory what has tamed  
Great Nations, how ennobling thoughts depart  
When men change Swords for Ledgers, and desert  
The Student's bower for gold, —

one feels that the poet has witnessed the processes of demobilization, and has watched a favorite disciple accept a lucrative engagement with a popular journal.

Finally, it is difficult to resist the hackneyed

Milton! Thou shouldst be living at this hour:  
 England hath need of thee: she is a fen  
 Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen . . .  
 Have forfeited their ancient English dower  
 Of inward happiness. We are selfish men —

How well you know us, Wordsworth — how more than well! And how you manage the magnificent baldness of those great lines! But still, we *did*, somehow, get over those old troubles, and reach, if not the Golden, at least the Victorian Age. We *did* jingle sovereigns in our pockets again, and read our Dickens, and cheer our Palmerston or our Peel or our 'Dizzy' or our Gladstone; we *did* follow Darwin and Huxley to their last conclusions, or Newman, Manning, and Pusey to theirs. We *did* actually revive and play our part in the world — a not ignoble part, and, in fact, on the whole and all things considered, a pretty decent part, as national parts are cast. So, by the same token, though the individual may suffer, — and the individual is often suffering cruelly just at present, — I see no reason for ultimate despair. England and the British Empire are not yet off the map, or gone to the bottom like some old ship dry-rotten.

In London, as in all big cities, one loses faith. I go away from London and regain it. The train stops; and as I leave my bag with the porter at the little wayside station, and sniff the keen night air, I am taken out of myself and become renewed. One loves this place; gladly one would live for it, and, as gladly, die for it. There must be millions of us who feel a like impalpable devotion. The other places we have known were inns and taverns; but this is home.

The moon lighting me, I walk over the stubble where the partridges are sleeping: I pass the burrows under the hedge; I look up to the familiar patterns of the trees. The heavens above and the earth below whisper of some-

thing intimate and near; the very smell of the place, even were I blind, or deaf, or ailing, would make me welcome. One seems to belong here as one belongs nowhere else. I dare say the Frenchman feels the same about his France, the German about his Germany — and so throughout the world. I know for certain that, as much as the blackbird in the hedge, the rabbit in the burrow, the partridge in the stubble, I am at home here; am made of the English soil I tread, the English air I breathe; and that no other soil or air could ever be quite the same to me. There are millions of others who feel as I feel — whose love is beyond reason, beyond will, or strength, or counting up of cost.

The city robs us of this heritage. More and more it seems to have no nationality; more and more it seems to produce a creature of a different species — a restless, unhappy kind of being, who dares not think, who flees from his own thoughts as if they were a poison. It has fashions instead of values; most of its art is a drug that will help it to forget; and all the *isms* it has concocted are but the symptoms of its malady, the outcry of its effort to escape. I may be wrong, but it seems to me that Socialism, Communism, and all the rest of them, were discussed in Palestine two thousand years ago, and that wherever man has been unhappy and oppressed, he has rediscovered the ancient formulæ, only to make wreckage of their hopes and all their promise.

## II

The England to which I am returned seems to be composed of three kinds of people. There are those who, directly or indirectly, fought the war; there are those who did not, either directly or indirectly, fight the war; and there are the robbers of the widow and the orphan. Of the first class, it may be said

with some certainty that they will not easily fight another war; of the second, one can only report what one knows; and the third is better left to the Almighty. But among these three one seems to move uneasily. It is a pity that the government allowed such distinctions. And with that, one comes immediately to politics, which, nowadays, seems to be the main obsession of every social gathering. The pent-up bitterness of all that we suffer in silence finds a relief in these discussions, where every public man in turn, is held responsible for our misfortunes. The newspapers seem to batten on these hatreds; never, in recent years, have they been so mendacious, so personal, so filled with spite and venom. And the politicians themselves, largely a gang of nonentities, hungry for office and nursing their fly-blown reputations, speechify and go through the old wearisome performance of abuse and self-justification, until, occasionally, one feels that the best thing that could happen to this old country of ours would be a complete clearance of all these comedians and strayed play-actors, and the election of a new Parliament to which nobody would be admitted who had approached politics before.

According to one's temperament, one laughs or weeps over this dubious conflict between the Outs and Ins. One reads the press, and even the political speeches of the Coalition, Liberal, and Labor leaders; and in every instance their insincerity appalls one. On any subject of which one has special knowledge one 'finds them out'; they teem with 'bluff,' misstatement, suppression, and every artifice of the special pleader; until at last one realizes that the whole thing is a game, and that each is trying to mesmerize the unhappy voter, who asks for nothing better, so it appears, than to be promised everything and to be given nothing. A friend of mine

had invested a good deal of his savings in a company that failed. 'They promised you enormous dividends?' I asked, when he told me of his loss. He admitted as much. The ordinary voter of our free and enlightened democracies resembles my friend, in that, the more he is promised, the more he is magnetized and inclined to part with his vote. A fair and reasonable return would fail to attract him.

Beneath all this comedy, 'eye-wash,' and pretence, there is, however, a fund of seriousness. One talks to a responsible member of the responsible government and finds that he is not entirely mad. Quite the reverse, occasionally, and just as wearied of the theatrical element in his trade as you are. One learns, for instance, that the much-abused continuance of the excess-profits duty was a deliberate measure imposed by a cabinet which had foreseen the trade-boom that would follow on the cessation of hostilities, and had resolved that the country should profit by it as well as the trader. This aspect of the case has never been presented by what is called the 'Capitalist Press,' which, rather, has encouraged the notion that this special tax was a blow aimed at the expansion of trade.

Or, again, one learns that the devolutionary processes, which are giving new legislative bodies to Ireland, and to Egypt and India, are part of a considered programme, which must ultimately lead to the establishment of similar bodies in England, Wales, and Scotland. So that, before I die, I may see an Imperial Assembly devoted to a consideration of the general questions that affect the British Empire, while each nation, from New Zealand to Ireland, is left to work out its own personal problems, undisturbed and self-contained. For England itself this would be a notable advance; as we here need Home Rule more urgently than Ireland,

and a government which, instead of being preoccupied with the affairs of half the world, could concentrate on those internal problems which so bitterly divide us.

I find myself, willing or unwilling, an apologist for our present Coalition Government; but when one reflects that to it attaches the responsibility for a peculiarly dangerous crossing, and to its opponents the joy, by fair means or by foul, of dragging it down, it is difficult for the spectator to hold to any other course. I am told that Mr. Lloyd George is a rascal; indeed, the moral obliquity of Mr. Lloyd George has become an obsession with his opponents, who seem to look for a white dove in a position that nothing white or dovelike could maintain for half an hour. More than by Mr. Lloyd George's alleged rascality, am I affrighted by the unreality of Liberal eloquence and the pathetic fallacies of Labor. Both of these parties, at the moment, remind one of a lover, anxious to get married, and possessed of no other assets than good-will and the intensity of his emotions.

Turning from all these voices and the distraction and the discord of them, it is a curiosity of the times that the most democratic age England has ever known should listen with confidence and respect to but a couple of its prominent personages, and these both royal. An unflinching instinct has led the common Englishman — or the Canadian or Australian, for that matter — to discern that neither the King nor the Prince of Wales is open to the charge of mendacity or double-dealing. It may be that this immunity appertains to their high positions; but, on reflection, one is convinced that, apart from opportunity, the matter is one of character and a loyal sense of duty. And for this the average man is grateful.

Trusted widely in a lesser degree, but nevertheless trusted, are the three or

four political personalities who are obviously free from the taint of self-interest. Among the Labor members, there is Mr. Clynes; among the Tories, Lord Robert Cecil; among the Liberals, Lord Grey of Fallodon. Pondering over the transparent honesty and the devotion of such men, whom the hardened Parliamentary might describe as 'unemployable,' I occasionally wonder whether the future may not belong to such a Central Party, composed of the Conservative Left in union with the Labor Right; for in England there is far more sympathy and understanding between the upper and lower classes than between either class and the Liberal partisan who stands midway, with his hands in the pockets of both.

Beyond these more artificial than real political divisions, one is conscious of a difficulty far more vital. The three kinds of people whom I instanced in the opening paragraph of this section must have time for fusion and forgetfulness. Through 1919 and 1920 one could not but feel that the bitterest struggle of all was that being waged between the returned soldier and the man who had taken his job. The civilian too often regarded the soldier as his natural enemy; the soldier felt himself dispossessed and disliked by the civilian. There was jealousy in this conflict, and a world of disillusion. For the soldier had been promised so much and had been so much in the limelight; and the civilian, who for several years had suffered in nerve, in vanity, in his own as well as in the popular estimation, was now afraid of losing the little or the much that he had gained by staying at home. Time is smoothing these distinctions — they will pass, and are, indeed, already passing. And even the third class, that of the profiteer, is now losing in the slump a large part of what he made in the years of unlimited demand and short supply.

## III

I look round upon this altered world, and, apart from the divisions I have instanced, find myself moving amid three generations — the old, the mid-dling, and the young. The old has had its day and is done for; it lives by its prejudices, its pride, its fears, and its slender hold upon the past. Of us all, perhaps, it has suffered most cruelly by the war — in pocket, and by the loss of those young lives to which it looked for warmth.

Toward my own generation I am still feeling rather fierce. Throughout Europe it seems to have had the means of saving us from disaster. But it muddled along, short-sighted, selfish, bent only on immediate gain, immediate purposes. After it might come the Deluge; but it seems that the Deluge was less backward and not so easily appeased. The present dog-fight between Capital and Labor is largely of its creation: the indifferent schools, the squalor of our towns, the 'interests' that block our way at every turning. It sees the whole duty of man as business organization and money-making, sustained by golf, by auction bridge, by overfeeding and long cigars. Such, more or less, are our masters; and to-day we are paying for their folly — and, incidentally, for our own.

The third and youngest generation, so it seems to me, is made of finer metal. A hard-bitten lot, perhaps; but what would you of young people who have been up against the nudities of war? They took the brunt of it, — young men and young women, — felt all its terrific sanity as well as its Satanic madness. For war is a paradox, an art and a sacrament as well as an inferno of evil passions and cruel deeds. This younger generation is made of a tougher material than its fathers; fundamentally it is more open, more clearly allied

with those who toil. It does not regard the wage-earner as a unit to be exploited; it has known him as a man and a brother, as well as a number on a pay-sheet. One feels that this younger generation will make hay when it gets the opportunity; that it will lead where its fathers trod over-cautiously; and that it has it in its power to be trusted and followed with a confidence that is to seek to-day.

I am well alive to all the qualifying circumstances: that in my own generation there are numerous brilliant exceptions, and that in the younger generation there exists a pretty good sprinkling of shirkers and of 'rotters.' But it seems to me that the above generalizations will hold good. It is only our older men who talk lightly of future wars; who, incurably pugnacious at their juniors' expense, still cling to the old conceptions of international rivalries and international hates. It is only the older men who regard Labor as the ordained antagonist, with the inevitable result, and Capital as something sacrosanct, which must be fed with countless lives. The younger generation is more human, more rational. It has suffered; it too has known fatigue, discomfort, and the darkest hours; it is without sentimentality, perhaps, and without cant; and, maybe, it is most abominably disillusioned. But not unlike it are the men and women it will some day be called upon to lead, or among whose numbers it will find its partners and associates.

Any impression of the England of to-day must be incomplete unless one takes account of the children, in whom so large a hope is centred. Just now there is a set-back, a disconcerting wave of unemployment and privation; but they have had five good years, and, where the parents are employed in any of our vital industries, they are still prosperous — well clothed, well nourished, and content. The change that has



been wrought is something of a miracle. I spent a fortnight going through our Cornish fishing districts, and it seemed as if the lower strata that one knew before the war had been completely washed away. Poverty was unknown there. And it was the same in the agricultural counties; while railway men and miners were never so affluent. All were investing their increased earnings in the children.

Throughout England one marks the change occasioned by the five good years — good, in so far as the wage-earner's children are concerned. And it is not only the body that has been touched; for this latest generation, poetizing the war, as children will, has had its share of high emotions, altogether a more heightened life than the generations that grew up in times of peace. One feels inevitably that, given favorable conditions, a host of gifted men and women will spring from it; that it is, perhaps, the most precious asset that England now holds. And speaking of these children, I cannot refrain from outlining an unforgettable picture, one that must fill anyone who cares for the future of this country with hope, and even with optimism.

At the end of last summer school-term, I went to Victoria Station, my mission being to gather up and carry home two youngsters whose parents were abroad. Every train that drew in to the particular platform where I waited discharged its load of healthy boys and girls. Wonderful kids, fit as prize-fighters, and all delighted to be free of the restraints of school! Train after train, loaded and packed with them and their belongings, rolled into the terminus; and it would be exactly the same in all our large cities. True, they belonged, or seemed to belong, to our more fortunate classes; but behind this gathering, as well as luxury and easy money easily spent, one divined a

vaster fund of sacrifice, unselfishness, and love. One knew, among one's own acquaintance, parents who stinted themselves, who gave up much, so that Jack and Jill should have their chance — an outdoor life, good teachers, and plenty of simple food and exercise, in preparation for the difficult years that lie ahead.

#### IV

Your ordinary Englishman expresses himself in action; the passive, the critical, the reflective ways of life are foreign to his genius. When there is a thing to be done, he does it; and when it is done, it is over, and he sees no reason why anybody should 'make a song about it.' And he usually does the right thing, relying in the main on common sense. There are other and more brilliant kinds of sense, which are approached through the mind; but common sense is instinctive and requires no intellectual elaboration. Hence, the ordinary Englishman is often voted 'stupid' by his more gifted neighbors, or 'dull,' or a 'barbarian,' or anything you please. But give him a job to do, something concrete that he can take hold of, and the probability is that it will be done before his more scintillating friends have finished arguing about it. This native and rather inarticulate capacity may account for his survival. For you cannot destroy a people that simply will not grow up and get old. When matters get too hot for him at home, he goes off and founds the American Colonies, or New Zealand, or Australia, and carries on, not very much changed, except as a tree is changed if you give it elbow-room and light and air. In England we are grown too close together.

It is, of course, a rash undertaking to generalize about any nation, and more especially a nation so cut across with foreign blood and influences; but leaving one's own opinions aside and rely-

ing on an observer of another race, one at least arrives at an interesting comparison; for all such estimates must be comparative, and I invariably find that the Englishman who takes pleasure in vilifying his own people — no uncommon object, nowadays — is one of those perverted idealists who have never mixed with the peoples of other lands.

At Salonica, in the late war, we were an army of six nations — French, Italian, Russian, British, Serb, and Greek. Of these the British were the least well known to the local population — not known at all, in fact, till the city was burned and 77,000 of its people rendered homeless. Mr. H. Collinson Owen, in his admirable description of these events, in *Salonica and After*, writes:—

‘There were many warm tributes, individual and otherwise, made to the work of the British during and after the fire. Of these, we will take one from the Greek journal *Phos*:—

‘The refugees were led on the night of frightfulness and destruction, with indescribable affection, far from the flames, and found themselves under the protection of an elect race whose name is spoken with gratitude by those who have been so greatly tried. . . . The life of these ardent apostles of humanity and goodness amongst us has been unstained and clean, and the Greek appreciation of it has been sincere and warm. . . . Although there has been but little time in which so difficult an installation could be effected, nevertheless, British energy, which is the marvelous and amazing quality of this great race, was able to gather humanely, shelter, and feed a great number of refugees. The houses in which the refugees are sheltered are well-roofed, and the tents placed in perfect line, with English exactitude. There lives an entire population, which yesterday was happy, but to-day is ruined and living on the charity of powerful friends.

‘Or, again, I will cite the words of Mr. Repoules, a former Greek Minister of Finance, uttered on a different occasion:—

‘The British are practically worshiped throughout the whole of Macedonia. . . . What is the power behind the goodness of character? And how is it gained? By nature? No! By bearing, education, and will. Their intentions are always straight, their thoughts innocent, and they never misuse their power. . . . Not even the most ill-educated Englishman, even when intoxicated, molests anyone, hurts anyone, hurts an animal, touches a fruit tree, or displays any vicious tendency. Heredity has not left in the British character a trace of brutality or barbarism.’

All this is more than a little flowery; but, as Mr. Owen remarks, ‘we must remember that this comes natural to the Greek who is writing with a pen dipped in enthusiasm’; and I may add that these tributes, far from turning the heads of their recipients, led to skits and parodies innumerable, making fun of a situation that was quite outside the range of our self-consciousness. We could not see ourselves that way, at all. Here, for instance, were 77,000 poor wretches homeless, and one helped them as a matter of course; though some of the more logical of our allies considered this the right occasion to relieve them of their valuables. It *was* a good opportunity; so much must be admitted; and many of these refugees had not been over-nice with us.

I dwell on these two unsolicited testimonials, not because I am proud of them, but because, in spite of their romanticism, they actually *do* offer a pretty good key to the leading characteristics of the common English man or woman; to that fundamental decency upon which our statesmen might count with confidence, and even with assurance. Instead of lying to such a people; instead of fearing them as an unknown quantity, or regarding them as so many cattle that must be kept in subjection at any cost, it might pay to be open, to come out with the truth, and with many things that are neither smooth

things, nor things of pleasant hearing. The common Englishman can stand the worst of them; and, in any case, he invariably ends by finding them out for himself and footing the bill for them, in blood, in treasure, heaped with compound interest.

All this — which ultimately amounts to the condemnation of a party system that virtually puts the country up for auction and sells it to the highest bidder — was more penetratingly stated, a good many years ago, by that great patriot and teacher, Professor Spenser Wilkinson. To those who wish to follow this line of thought to its conclusions, I recommend his 'plea for a national policy,' entitled *The Great Alternative*. The whole Irish question, thrown to the wolves of party when it might have been settled by agreement a generation since, is but a tithe of the price we pay for an idiosyncrasy which, framed for compromise, in this and in many other instances becomes a crime.

## V

The quarrel of Indian, Irish, and Egyptian Separatists is not so much a quarrel with England as with Western civilization. Emerging from dreams that unveil only the alleged Beauty of the Past and almost totally ignore its shadows, they are confronted by a Present and a Future of disconcerting wakefulness and actuality. But Western civilization has come to stay; or, failing it, the populations of the world must fall to a good many millions below their present figure. When I was a boy at school, in the eighties, I learned that the population of India was some hundred and fifty millions. It is now well over three hundred millions. And the population of India is but one of many populations which have doubled or trebled within living memory. Without what we call Western civilization, this

would have been impossible; and without what we call Western civilization, the support of any such rapidly increasing multitude will be equally impossible in the future. It is the merit, or the fault, of England that in this expansion she has played a leading part; has done so much to evolve a civilization which, whatever its failings, has enabled two human beings to grow in the place of one.

I look at what, for want of a better term, I will call Eastern civilization, but which might equally well be described as the Western civilization of the past. In the main, and apart from its alleged beauty, it is an interminable record of famine, pestilence, enslaved populations, and of perpetual warfare waged at the behest of great or little tyrants; of rapine, slaughter, and the sacking and firing of inoffensive homes. Its vaunted empires as well as its petty kingdoms were based on a servitude that left the ruling minorities defenseless in a time of crisis. Little by little emerged the free peoples who are the dominant factors of to-day. It is these who, even in despite of such difficult passages as those we have recently crossed and are still crossing, have made it possible for the earth to support its doubled and redoubled populations. The Bolshevik experiment, if it has proved nothing else, has at least proved this. It has demonstrated that Capital is even more a servant than it is a master, and that, if you lop off the head, there is not much life left in the body.

It is at once the glory and the misfortune of the English-speaking peoples that, in this intensification of life and human industry, they have played a more important part than all others; and if, in so doing, we have created cities that are an offense, and a social and material organization stained with individual cruelties and injustices, there is ample evidence to prove that we are

alive to most of our shortcomings and are making an honest effort to correct them. We have not accepted this Western civilization of ours as final. It dates barely from the conclusion of the Napoleonic wars, which, historically speaking, means that it is in its infancy. It is most firmly rooted among the peoples who have accepted Democracy and the implications of Democracy, which means that it cannot stand still. So that, if it possesses no immediate beauty, — which is arguable, — it does possess the beauty of growth; it does possess the beauty immanent in any force that is able to look ahead, to peer into the future; that aims at distant goals, which, being perfect, and human nature being imperfect, in all probability it can never reach.

The claim that the Englishman is dead to beauty, a congenital materialist with a passion for the ugly, is as absurd an inference as has ever been put forward. At Penzance in November I met an Englishman who had walked all the way from London, with no other object than to feast his eyes upon our autumnal foliage. He had walked for three weeks. One could go through all India, Egypt, and Ireland without coming across such gardens, small and large, as may be met with in a single English county. The Englishman is wise enough to discern that beauty is not of the past, but of all time, and that Mr. Yeats's 'stars grown old with dancing silver-sandalled on the sea' — a singularly lovely image — are not 'old' at all, because for them is neither present, past, nor future, but only a Oneness in which our human reckonings do not exist.

A material test is not always a vital test, but very often it answers; and looking round for a touchstone by which to measure whether our Western civilization has stood still or whether it has advanced, I can think of no bet-

ter way than to compare the earnings and comfort enjoyed by the working-man of to-day with those tolerated by his parents and his grandparents. In farm, mine, or factory, whether it be number of hours worked or purchasing power of wages, there is simply no comparison: in every direction there has been an immense stride forward, heavily accentuated by the bloodless revolution that has accompanied these later years of readjustment. And turning with a similar curiosity to my own hazardous profession, I recall how the youthful Emerson, visiting England, 'paid his respects' to Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Carlyle. One can imagine a similar pilgrim presenting himself to Thomas Hardy, Rudyard Kipling, and John Masefield. He would find these writers settled in easy homes, their works assured of an immense public, themselves free of every rank and condition of society. I reread Emerson and find that their precursors were little removed from pensioners or paupers.

## VI

In a civilized country it is the mass of the people that counts, rather than any efflorescence which may adorn or vulgarize its upper and more evident manifestations. It is in the mass that one looks for the heart and inmost nature of a people; and from the mass itself rise and flower those representative and abiding exemplars by which the main body is judged — is extolled, or, perchance, condemned. Among all the European peoples — and I have come into pretty close contact with most of them — I know none more sound than the English; nor one more capable of assimilating and using those parasitic and often orchidaceous growths that are inevitable in any country so open to the world, so little burdened with intolerance.

In the scramble and general hurry of the last two years it has been hardly fair to judge us — to judge any nation, for that matter: when industry has been a gamble and politics a dilemma; when trade has degenerated into speculation, and mankind has lived from day to day, from hand to mouth, in a condition not far removed from inebriety. Out of these artificial conditions, imposed by an economic situation entirely without precedent in human experience, mankind is slowly emerging. The bubbles have burst — real values are replacing artificial, and the days of reckoning are upon us. We must hang together or disintegrate; we must face the facts of life, or, clinging to a Fool's Paradise, must dissolve with it. The years of carnival are over.

One reaches the heart of England, and can form some estimate of its real quality, more by a study of the provincial press than by that of London. The London press, with but two or three honorable exceptions, — of which the *Daily Telegraph*, perhaps, is the leading instance, — is a neurotic press; more international than national, opportunist, unbalanced, and barely concerned with the city from which it is addressed. Against this it may be urged that London has no common life, no centre, no circumference; that its citizens have no knowledge of one another, and are so many units, drawn together, recruited, and dispersed by the hazards of existence. In the provincial world all this is changed. The provincial city is manageable. One is aware of an identity of interest, a local as well as a national patriotism; one feels that these towns make men rather than devour them. Here the citizens are known to their neighbors. Instead of being monstrous and imagined, they are familiar figures, who come and go openly; so that even the most famous have faces that have been seen, voices that have been heard,

and strength and weaknesses that are in common knowledge.

The Londoner has no such personal evaluations. It is a curious instance of this segregation, that there are millions of Londoners who, consciously, have never spoken to a peer or even seen one, or to the proprietor of one or another of our world-famous business houses, or to any figure more conspicuous than the ordinary policeman. In a provincial town, on the contrary, including the largest, every class has its contacts, and there is nothing very legendary about the existence of a duke, a captain of industry, a celebrated scientist, or, it may be, a cabinet minister. Everyone knows him by sight, and has heard him speak, or, perhaps, has exchanged a word with him, and has come to the conclusion that he is much as other mortals.

In this English England resides the essence of our nation: its soundness, its toughness, its national consciousness and strength. And though you may see these scattered over county after county, you will find them gathered together and beating as one heart before any such collective symbol as the Whitehall Cenotaph, or the tomb of the Unknown Warrior laid to rest in Westminster Abbey. Here London may achieve its purpose as the centre of our circle. Yet the spirit behind those monuments; and the tears and homage which encompass them, are not predominantly of that city, but rather of those plainer aggregations, within sight of sea or moorland or of open country, where memories are long and fidelity is more enduring.

The main issue between man and man in this age is that which divides Capital and Labor. The struggle between an aspiring middle class, describing itself as Liberal, and a privileged class, describing itself as Conservative, is ended. Each has swallowed what it could digest of the other, and to-day

only the echoes of that old warfare remain with us. But the newer conflict has in it a something of reality. In each country of the West, and even in the East, it is being fought out with the weapons that come handiest, and in accord with the national temperament. Traveling through Europe and mingling with divers peoples, one finds it of interest to observe how these particular forces vary: how what is regarded as advanced or radical in one country is denounced as slow and reactionary in its neighbor — and the less advanced the neighbor, the more slow and reactionary! An English Radical, for instance, looked upon as red hot in his own country, becomes merely tepid in Italy and stone cold in Russia. Perhaps this was what a leading Continental statesman meant when, discussing the English character and his own difficulties, he observed that, 'The British people is in its civilization two hundred years in advance of any nation in Europe.'

This struggle has been accelerated and intensified by the fantastic earnings of certain industries favored by the war. One can understand the revolt occasioned in the mind of the wage-earner who discovers that the colliery or the shipping company that employs him has paid its shareholders a dividend of three hundred per cent, as in more than one case has actually happened. One can understand that, after fifty years of compulsory education, voices should arise, which question the legitimacy of even a far smaller return. One can understand that, in these days of discussion and inquiry, the whole system may be questioned and condemned. One can understand that Organized Labor, taking a lesson from its opponent, should regard their joint venture as a struggle wherein the spoils go to the stronger party. The fight has proceeded with enormous spirit these two years

past; until circumstances, more powerful than self-interest, have brought both parties to a halt. The industrial world, after an unprecedented and fortuitous innings, is faced with readjustments that go deeper than a division of the spoils. The righting of this new situation — and it must be righted if the country is to survive — will take years, not of conflict, but of statesmanship.

In times of crisis the best men come to the top; such times grant them their opportunity. Given the worst of stable governments, this law holds good; and even Russia had her Witte in the days before Kerensky. England has never lacked men possessed of the glorified common sense that meets a difficult occasion; nor does she lack them at this moment. Temporarily they may have been obscured, intrigued against, and shouted down; but signs are not wanting that the shouters are beginning to lose their nerve, that the Utopians are seeing reason, and that the intriguers have become discredited. In the Labor Party there are still leaders who have the good sense to see that Capital, whatever its other qualities, is often a synonym for self-denial, courage, and imagination; and in the opposing camp the strongest heads are working for ways and means of reconciliation.

It is not the purpose of this paper to dwell on schemes of reconstruction, or to do more than record the impressions of a vastly interested contemporary. In England just now one endures and suffers; yet if one has any hold upon life, or any knowledge of one's fellow creatures, one cannot but be aware that the mechanism by which we live is still in motion; is, indeed, moving with a certain precision toward definite aims and purposes. The patient is recovering and approaching convalescence.

There are many signs of returning health, and more of returning sanity. It is, for instance, admitted now that

Unemployment, the spectre which, for a hundred years, has embittered the life of the wage-earner, is not a necessary and inevitable evil, to which we must submit or offer palliatives. Both parties to this vital and predominant question are working toward a considered solution.

My friend Basil Worsfold, who is regarded as an authority, assures me that agriculture can now offer inducements equal to those offered by the industries that have seduced so much capital and so much labor from the land; and that a free use of machinery and more scientific methods of cropping are tending to reverse this process, thereby restoring a balance more than a little dislocated by the collapse of Russia and of Central Europe. And again, a sys-

tem of selective and state-aided emigration is being planned by our Dominions overseas, working in conjunction with those in authority at home.

All these are vital issues, and many might be added to them. Politicians will discuss them, and claim what credit they may for their inception; but the real initiative has sprung from the Nation — from those deep reservoirs of common sense and practical ability by which, in the end, every matter that affects the welfare of this country is resolved. These activities and these capacities are still as strong with us as in our heyday; and so long as we possess them, are loyal to them, and will submit to them, one feels that there is no need to despair of the England that was, that is, or that is yet to come.

## HUNTING TROUBLE IN ARMENIA

BY ELIZABETH ANDERSON

### I

AFTER two years in France with the Red Cross, I went home in the autumn of 1919, determined to 'get back to normal,' and settle down. But I soon discovered that normal is a synonym for dull, and I just could n't make myself settle.

One morning after I had been normal for about a month, I received a note from Miss Andress: 'Will you go to Tiflis with me in two weeks?' I would, yes; and we sailed on November 22, my sister and I.

We were assigned to duty at Delijan in the Caucasus, where we passed a

busy and not uninteresting winter, in charge of six orphan asylums. On the first of April, we received orders to move on to Kars, where I was appointed Director of Education and Agriculture. I was just getting things started — the fields ploughed and the five thousand children separated into classes — when, on May 2, we suddenly received orders to evacuate the Caucasus.

After a seven-days' cruise down the Black Sea, on the U.S.S. Pittsburgh, — fifty-six women on a battleship! — we arrived at Constantinople, and were quartered on one of the islands.

The first week in June, 1920, came a wireless from Colonel Haskell, asking for fifteen women to be sent to Batoum, as things had quieted down. We traveled up the Black Sea from Constantinople on a 1500-ton cargo boat, and were greeted by the news that we were to turn right round and go back again, as the British were really evacuating the port this time, and under the circumstances it was decided not to send women into the interior. Fortunately for my sister and me, they were short-handed at headquarters, and we were asked to stay and help out. I went to work as a typist, while my sister took charge of the officers' mess.

The military control of relief in the Caucasus ended on July 1, and Colonel Haskell turned the organization over to Mr. Yarrow. My sister and I volunteered to go in under the new régime, and were accepted; and the fourth of July found us in Kars, the first American women back in the field. It was worth waiting for.

Spring had transfigured Kars. It had rained every day during May and most of June, and when we arrived, the hills were ablaze with flowers; I have never dreamed of anything like them outside of a florist's window. And then, besides, there were lots of funny little bright-colored birds, and skylarks singing high up against the sapphire sky.

Kars was one of the strongest fortresses on the old Russian frontier. It is ringed round with forts of modern construction, some dating only from 1914. The modern town was built by the military, and must have been quite imposing. The Armenians partly destroyed it in their retreat before the Turks in 1917, when the Russian Army turned Bolshevik; and there is little left except the wide, well-paved streets and a few smoke-grimed façades to show what the town once was. The garrison during the Russian régime numbered

thirty thousand, and there were many fine stone barracks, both in the city and in the valley where our personnel house was situated. The committee was caring for six thousand children in these buildings when I went back to Kars.

Mr. Fox, the District Commander, had worked tirelessly after our withdrawal in May, and had not only kept the organization in fine order, but had made many improvements.

There were seven orphanages and six hospitals to look after; my sister was assigned to the orphanages, and I went into the hospital department.

I once took the Red Cross course in 'Home Care of the Sick,' but there was nothing in it about how to be a hospital superintendent. I also worked in a New York hospital for three weeks, and learned how to clean bed-tables very thoroughly. In France I was assigned to duty in evacuation hospitals, served through three big drives, and grew very proficient in washing feet. But I had never run a hospital. In Kars I managed seven, and was responsible for about eighteen hundred patients. I lost twenty pounds and my sweet disposition, but the death-rate did not increase.

In the Caucasus a 'sister' is a very superior thing. All you have to do to become one is to wear a white head-dress and talk about prestige. Prestige means that you can't make beds or open a window or bathe a patient; and night duty is unheard of, for it gives you wrinkles and interferes with your social engagements. I had sixty sisters on my staff, and only three of them knew how to give a hypodermic.

One of the first things I did was to establish a nurses' training-school — and I almost started a revolution at the same time because I insisted that the pupils should learn to scrub floors and make soup before they were allowed to dress wounds and give medicines.



Prestige and closed windows were my greatest worries. But they were not the only ones. Every morning my desk would be elbow-deep in notes. The Armenian loves above everything to write letters, and will do so on the slightest provocation.

One of the doctors could write what he thought was English and some of his problems were very vexing; for instance:—

To MISS BETTY ANDERSON, Hospital Manager.

It is stated by the housekeeper of the hospital No. 1 that the pigs of the hospital do not receive food and they *do not obey* to the pig keeper. She prays therefore, to have ordered an arrangements about that pigs, who never want to obey, without food, to the pig keeper, please.

And then, no sooner was the pig question solved, than I received the following:—

To MISS B. ANDERSON.

To-day no drop of water too. No baril coming no pipes giving. Please have done your insinuations about.

I was on my horse from morning to night, making my rounds. In about six weeks an American doctor arrived and took some of my cares, but I still had enough left to keep me amused.

The District Commander and my sister struggled tirelessly with the orphanages. Mr. Fox decided that something must be done to make the listless, morbid children more like human beings. All day they would sit in the sun, and rouse themselves only to eat. So he designed merry-go-rounds, swings, and see-saws; and for weeks went to the orphanage and demonstrated the broad jump, high jump, quoits, and blindman's buff. The children loved to watch him and would mechanically do as they were told; but immediately

afterward would sink back into their lethargy. The teachers were ordered to *make* the boys play; and so each in turn was forced to swing or see-saw or something, for five minutes at a time. They looked so thoroughly miserable, and play seemed so utterly distasteful to them, that at last the playground was admitted a failure. My nurses, however, loved the swings, and whenever I missed one on the wards, I would know just where to find her.

My contract with the N.E.R. expired on September 30, and I planned to leave at once, with my sister and Mr. Fox. Toward the middle of the summer, three girls and a man arrived to replace us, and we felt free to go as soon as our contracts were up.

It was just about this time that the wood-problem became serious. Kars District is barren of forests, and all our fuel was brought by rail from Sarakamish. During the summer months there had been constant fighting between the Armenians and the Kemalists. The Armenians were confident of pushing on to Erzerum, and had mobilized every man of fighting age (incidentally leaving the harvest to take care of itself). The British had sent equipment, arms, and ammunition for an army of forty thousand men, and prospects seemed bright. And then, suddenly, on September 28, the Turks captured Sarakamish, an important strategical stronghold on the Armenian frontier, about sixty versts from Kars.

We had heard rumors that things were not going well, but at that time we looked upon the 'war' as something rather amusing, and not likely to affect us at Kars. With the capture of Sarakamish, however, things began to look serious: our wood-supply was cut off, refugees came pouring into the town from the villages, and the people of Kars were panic-stricken.

On the night of September 30, the

Kemalists advanced again and entered the village of Begliahmed, about fifteen versts from Kars. At a meeting in town late that night it was decided to evacuate the women and children. Up to that time no one had been allowed to leave the city, because it was thought that it would have a bad effect on the morale of the troops. A panic started, and at one o'clock in the morning a message was sent to us at the personnel house saying that the situation in town was bad.

Up to this time we had all been sleeping at home. Mr. Fox made late nightly rounds of all the institutions, and it did not seem necessary to change our usual routine. He had assigned a post to each of us in case of trouble; and on the morning of the panic we were aroused from our peaceful sleep, and having swallowed a hasty cup of coffee, scattered to our various duties.

I mounted my horse and rode away in the dark to make the tour of my six hospitals. The two in the valley were quiet, although the personnel besieged me with questions and begged for advice to stay or go. We could not assure protection, of course, as we had no idea what attitude the Turks would take toward the Committee; but Mr. Fox promised to do all he could for our native employees and their families.

When I reached the outskirts of town, swarms of my hospital personnel met me and clung to my stirrups, the horse's tail, my hands, sobbing, kissing my feet, begging to be saved. I could only urge them to be calm, and beg some of them to go back to the hospitals, where they had left the sick children entirely alone.

With daylight came a return of confidence. The authorities decided to let no more civilians leave the city; report had it that the Turks were not advancing beyond Novo Salem, about eighteen miles away, and the morale improved.

I slept in the hospital that night, — at least, I did n't sleep, because there were fleas, — and the fact of my presence seemed to relieve everybody's mind. If they had known how extremely small I felt, and how scared I was, I don't believe they would have been so confident. However, nothing bothered me except the fleas.

## II

Kars, after the capture of Sarakamish, was overrun by the Mauserists, or Volunteers, a semi-military organization under a leader named Sabo. These Mauserists (so-called because of the gun they carry) were not paid by the government, but grew rich from the loot they gathered when they followed on the heels of the regular soldiers. In all they numbered about fifteen thousand, and they were a law unto themselves. Without hesitation they would take supplies from our wagons, and exchange a tired horse for a fresh one out of one of the Russian teams. The Russians belonged to a religious sect called Molikan, similar to the Mennonites of Pennsylvania, and believed in non-resistance. They would sit, stolid, on their wagons, and let the Armenians do as they pleased. So an American had to go with every convoy of wagons, to protect the food intended for Armenian children from the Armenians themselves.

A nurse now arrived to relieve me of my duties in the hospitals, and my days were spent in the saddle, escorting hay- and wood-wagons. It was a pleasant task in the beautiful autumn weather. We would go perhaps fifteen versts, and I would lunch in some hospitable Russian kitchen while the wagons were loading, and then start for home about dusk, always with the prospect of at least a verbal battle on the way. On these trips I was within sound of the guns, and could see the Turkish posts on the heights overlooking the plain.

The Turks held the same line for several weeks. The town gradually quieted down, and nobody was allowed to leave. Hundreds of cattle, which the Armenians had captured from the Kurds during the summer, grazed on the plains outside the town, and encampments of refugees were everywhere.

On the fifteenth of October the Armenians were to make a big attack. Everyone knew about it beforehand, and it was the one topic of conversation. For some reason the drive failed, and the Armenians fell back to new positions. The reason given me for the failure of the drive was that the new British rifles had been issued only the day before, and the soldiers had never fired them; but I am not sure that this is true.

It was shortly after this that Mr. Fox, yielding to my request to 'see the front,' took three of us out to visit Colonel Miramanoff in his dugout. He had been there only two days before; but when we reached the place, we found the camp deserted, and drove on to discover headquarters. We thought that the Armenians must have made a successful drive, for we went on without seeing a living soul. Begliahmed, which is just a straggling settlement of mud-houses, was deserted, and we drove on to Novo Salem. Here Mr. Fox became suspicious, for he knew that the Turks had occupied that Russian village several weeks. He stopped the car and sent the Russian chauffeur ahead for news.

We waited on the hill overlooking the village. It was a peaceful scene: the red-roofed houses, each with its stork nest, clustered beside the winding river, neat fields rising to the snow-capped mountains beyond. It was Sunday, and the Molikans, dressed in the brilliant colors they so adore, were strolling about, or standing to gossip in groups. The moment they caught sight of the

car, the groups scattered, and even the children ducked into the houses, so that presently there was not a soul to be seen.

George hurried back, breathless. 'Turks *here!*' he gasped in Russian, 'and there — there — are Turkish batteries!'

While he was speaking Mr. Fox swung the car around and jammed his foot down on the accelerator. He drove an ambulance in France, but I am sure that, even with whiz-bangs sailing overhead, he never went faster than he did that day. I thought we were crawling at fifteen miles an hour, but he says we were making fifty. For fully five miles we were in sight of the Turkish batteries, and could see the men watching us. We hardly breathed until at last we reached a small group of Armenian soldiers on the other side of Begliahmed. This was the outpost of the Armenian army, but it had never occurred to them to stop us — in fact, I remember they had stood at attention and saluted Mr. Fox when we passed. One of our party, stroking down his hair, which had stood on end during our dash to safety, was heard to murmur, 'This is a hell of a front!'

On the night of the twenty-eighth the Turks cut the railroad to Alexandropol. This was the most serious thing that had yet happened, for it broke our communication with the outside world; and it looked as if we were in for a long siege. At that time we had only about a month's food-supply for the children.

On the morning of October 30 I was conveying wagons of milk and flour to the city hospitals. Winter had set in, with sleet and snow, and the convoy business was no longer a pleasure excursion. Town seemed as usual; the guns were not firing so often, I thought. At eleven o'clock I had just delivered ten loads and was starting back to the

warehouse, when hell suddenly broke loose in the city. People poured from the houses; the streets became jammed with ox-carts, horses, soldiers, dogs, babies, sheep, and animals of every description, with bedding hastily strapped on their backs. A pandemonium of excitement, which reminded me of the great movie scene in the *Last Days of Pompeii*.

'Turk *egave!*' screamed the people; 'the Turks are coming!' Panic-stricken, the throng milled like frightened cattle. My Russian teamsters, stolid and dependable, looked to me for orders. I pointed to the warehouse and spurred my fidgeting horse through the crowd.

We did not go far. A shell burst within a few hundred yards of us, and I saw the loaded wagons coming from the warehouse. Mr. White rode at the rear and asked me to take the head of the column.

As we passed the hospital gate, my sister ran out. 'They say the Turks are in the city, Betty; I'll stay here — take care of yourself!' There was time for only a hurried hand-clasp, and I rode on.

I shall never understand how we succeeded in keeping those forty wagons together in the jam. I kept hitting soldiers off the *fourgons*, already overloaded with rice, flour, and milk. Mothers tried to force their babies into my arms; sheep's horns got caught in my stirrups; my horse shied at a camel and almost climbed into an ox-cart; but still we moved on, caught in that panicky jam of humanity. It was each one for himself in that flight. I saw soldiers, with tears of terror streaming down their cheeks, push women and children aside, that they might gain a pace or two. All had a blank, fear-stricken look that I can never forget. The moans and sobs of thousands mingled with the rattle of the ox-carts, the baaing of the

sheep, and the lowing of the countless cattle.

As we left town and entered the valley, a new sound came to my ears: the crackle of rifle and machine-gun fire. The valley is narrow — you would call it a cañon at home. The swift Karachi flows through it, with a road on either bank, and the sides of the gorge rise abruptly about eight or nine hundred feet, and are crowned by the fortifications. Steep flights of stone steps scale the precipice. I saw Armenian cavalry leading their horses down those steps at a run, while the infantry poured down the zig-zag cattle-paths, throwing their rifles away as they ran. Just across the river I saw two officers try to stop the rout. They dismounted, drew their horses across the road, and shouted at the oncoming mob. Still it came, and the officers fired point-blank into the front rank; two men fell, but the rest swept on and I could not see what became of the officers.

The rattle of fire was continuous, and I could see men on the crest of the hill silhouetted against the sky. I now know these were Turkish soldiers, who had captured the fort and were firing on the fleeing enemy; but at the time I thought they were Armenians.

At the personnel house the supply officer took charge of my wagons, and I galloped on to Hospital No. 2, where I found things in a terrible mess.

It was the first American building in the path of the refugees and soldiers, and they were pouring into it through the doors and windows they had broken. From my horse I banged down with my gas-pipe on the heads below me. I screamed in Armenian that this was a children's hospital and that soldiers must not take refuge there; but with blood trickling from their broken heads, they swarmed in, and I saw that it was hopeless to attempt to stop them. I decided to get the children out and up to

Hospital No. 1, on the hill. They were not bed-patients, but were all suffering from *favus*, the scalp-disease. Mr. White rode on to make a place for them, while I tried to gather them together.

I had a terrible time getting into the building. To get upstairs I had to climb over the heads and shoulders of the people crowded there. The nurses had tried to keep the wards clear; but the crowd had got entirely beyond their control, and the people were swarming in, onto the beds, under the beds, everywhere.

My four hundred kiddies were lost in the mob and greeted me with shrieks of joy, I gathered up the babies and gave them to the bigger girls to carry, then began to strip blankets and sheets from the beds, intending to lock them in the storeroom. The nurses, of course, were hysterical, and the Armenian doctor was wringing his hands.

Suddenly a new sound was added to the din — the crack and crash of bullets breaking glass. One, two, three whizzed in. I knew it would be madness to attempt to move the children under rifle-fire, so I told them to lie flat on the floor, while I hurried down to the door.

Everything was silent in the building now; the people had stopped their moaning and had sunk into dumb terror. The crowd outside the door had melted as if by magic. From the height across the river came the rhythmic *tat-tat-tat* of a machine-gun, and I drew back as a bullet whistled uncomfortably close to my ear.

The Armenian doctor was literally tearing his hair. 'They are coming!' he moaned. 'Soon they will be here! What shall I do?'

Two small rooms used for officers opened off the entrance-hall. The door was locked. A big Armenian soldier stood cowering before it. 'Break open

that door,' I ordered. Then I told the doctor to collect all the nurses and older girls and bring them to me. I have read in novels about breaking down doors with the butt of a rifle, but I never thought that I should take such a keen personal interest in the proceeding. It seemed to take an hour. The big soldier was so frightened that he had no strength; so at last one of the big orphans seized the gun and crashed in a panel.

The first person inside the door was that big soldier.

'Get out! This room is for the women,' I told him.

He started to crawl under the sofa, but I pointed my revolver at him and he crawled out of the door instead, muttering something uncomplimentary about American women in general and me in particular. As I look back on it now, I am horrified to realize that I came very near shooting that creature.

The doctor brought in about thirty women, and I herded them into the back room, where they crouched, almost insensible from fright. Hardly had I got them settled, when a boy dashed in to tell me that there was a regiment of Armenians hiding in the courtyard. I could n't get out of the door, so jumped out of the window and ran round to the back of the house. There I found about a hundred soldiers. Some of them were wounded, and a dying horse was making the most horrible sounds. In Armenian, I shouted to these men that they were endangering their own children by hiding there; but they only stared at me stupidly, and one man, sick with fright, vomited.

The bullets were too thick to let me run round the front of the house again — I could hear them spitting against the wall. So I crawled through a back window and fought my way to the office, where I could at least breathe. The people whined and kissed my feet

as I passed. Some of the soldiers were taking off their British uniforms and putting on rags the refugees gave them. I was seized with a revulsion of feeling — a disgust for the whole cowardly lot of them. I did n't want to die there, penned in with those wretched creatures. I guess I was pretty badly scared, and I believe I would have run away had it been possible.

Fortunately I did n't have any more time to think about myself. Several badly wounded children were brought to me, and I was kept busy. One little girl had been shot through the abdomen by a dum-dum, and her intestines were protruding. There were no bandages available, so I pulled down the window-curtains, tore them up, and stuffed them into the wound. I made the child as comfortable as I could with a blanket and pillow, but I knew it was only a question of minutes with her.

I had just finished binding up the other wounds when Mr. White appeared.

'The firing has stopped,' he said. 'Doctor Surian, up at Hospital 1, is badly wounded; send your doctor there right away.'

Karakashian at first refused to go; but after two or three minutes, when he found that the firing did not recommence, he took my little American flag and started.

Mr. White said that he thought things must be going pretty well, and that the Armenians had repulsed the Turks; but the words were not out of his mouth before Karakashian dashed back. 'The Turks are here — at the door!' he gasped. 'Sit down on the floor!'

The refugees were perfectly quiet — you could have heard a pin drop. All I can remember is the husky breathing of the dying child at my feet. I looked out of the window, and on the crest of the hill opposite I saw a column of men marching as if on parade. At the head

of the column was a red flag bearing the star and crescent.

I have never felt so alone, so entirely helpless, and so thoroughly frightened. I picked up the American flag from the floor where the doctor had dropped it, and stepped to the door. It was a little home-made flag, with just ten stars on it, but to me it felt like armor.

Through the half-open door came a bayonet — slowly, cautiously, about on a level with my stomach. Behind it appeared a face — drawn, sweaty, eager, mean.

'American!' I quavered; trying to say it with a Turkish accent, and holding out my flag. Up went the bayonet, and off went the gun right over my head. It made a terrible explosion in the narrow little entry. I staggered against the door-frame and said, 'American,' again, rather feebly.

I think the Turk smiled. He lowered his bayonet and backed me into the room.

Five or six more soldiers entered and went on into the building. My Turk, I now took time to see, was about six feet tall, and fair-haired. After looking us over he patted me on the shoulder, told me to stay where I was, and left me. Two other soldiers came in and ordered Karakashian and Mr. White into the hall. One of them snatched off my wrist-watch, bracelet, and ring; then he delved into my pocket and took my gun. Next he tugged at my riding-breeches, pointed to his own rags, and told me to take mine off. I shook my head determinedly, but he tugged all the harder.

'They are too small for you and I won't take them off!' I said in English, which of course he could not understand. We argued for several minutes, — he in Turkish and I in English, — growing more desperate every moment. 'I won't, won't, won't!' I protested. Then he laughed, and mimicked me:

'Wo, wo, wo!' I knew I had won, and sent him off happy by geneously presenting him with somebody else's raincoat.

Just then Mr. White came back. At first I did not recognize him, for the Turks had stripped him, leaving him barefoot in his B.V.D.'s. Karakashian followed, clad only in a linen shirt reaching to his knees. They looked so utterly miserable and so entirely absurd that I laughed until the tears ran down my cheeks. As soon as I could stop laughing I handed them each a blanket, which they draped around themselves like togas. They did n't think it was at all funny.

A sergeant came in. Something prompted me to address him in French, and he answered courteously in the same tongue. He had heard of America, but did not know there were any Americans in Kars. He said that he was going to march all the refugees down to his officer on the bridge, and that we must come too.

I begged to be allowed to stay with the children; but he refused. He stooped to stroke the head of one of the wounded kiddies on the floor, and said it was too bad they had to suffer. The nurses had by this time passed from voiceless to vocal terror, and he stepped to the door, spoke kindly to them, and told them they had nothing to fear. Still they howled, and he turned to me with an expressive gesture of the hands which said, 'Oh, these women!'

While this was going on, terrible shrieks were coming from the floor above. Presently the sergeant went up and the noise stopped. Two men in the doorway had either refused, or had been too terrified, to move as the Turks ordered, and they had been bayoneted. As far as I could discover, those two men, one other, accidentally shot, and the little girl, were the only deaths in my hospital, and I do not know per-

sonally of one case of deliberate murder, either then or later.

The order was given to clear the building, leaving only the children. While they were getting the soldiers out from under the beds, I had a chat with the soldier who had almost bayoneted me. We smoked a cigarette together, and conversed in Russian. He knew twelve words and I know eleven, but we got on famously, and he seemed like any one of the thousands of Tommies and Poilus and Yanks with whom I had chatted in France.

### III

Soon the building was emptied and we started down the road. I led the procession (very thankful for my riding-breeches), with my American flag on my arm. Mr. White and Karakashian, solemn, and stepping tenderly over the sharp stones, were followed by the grinning sergeant, and the two thousand or more refugees and soldiers shuffled after.

The road was well-nigh impassable. We had to pick our way over dead people and dying animals, and climb over ox-carts, household effects, sacks of flour, bedding, sheep, chickens, cats. All the worldly possessions of the miserable refugees were there, and already the Turkish soldiers were picking over the loot.

On the bridge we found a crowd of other refugees who had been rounded up in the valley. A smart young Turkish officer, with turned-up black mustaches and snappy black eyes, was standing under a white flag. We went up to him, and through an interpreter told him we were Americans. He was polite but uninterested, and told us to stay with the crowd and march to town with them. More and more people came onto the bridge, but none of the personnel from our other institutions,

and no other Americans. Our Russian teamsters were standing on the parapet, and their huge bodies rocked with titantic laughter when they saw Mr. White's costume.

We were jammed in like sardines. The people had begun to moan again — a low wail, impossible to describe, and once heard never to be forgotten. Directly behind me was an Armenian soldier with tears streaming down his cheeks. Between sobs he told me that he had been to Los Angeles, that God was good and was waiting for us, and that it would n't be long now. A woman sidled up to me and thrust a bit of jewelry into my pocket; she said she did n't want the Turks to get it when they killed her. All the unfortunate creatures seemed absolutely sure that they were going to be massacred, in spite of the kindly attitude of the soldiers and the patient officer.

We stood and shivered for about three quarters of an hour. Then, at last, I caught sight of Mr. Clark and a Molikan on horseback on the road above. I waved my flag until my arm was stiff, and finally they saw me and turned their horses down the path.

Fred, the Molikan, has been in America. He is over six feet tall, with an engaging smile and a fine sense of humor. We had grown to be good friends during the weeks that I had convoyed his wagons.

I went to meet him and took hold of his great horny fist. 'Fred, get me out of this!'

'Sure I'm going to get you out,' he grinned. 'What is this — — — keeping you here for, anyhow?'

He put the question more politely to the officer, and added that the Pasha would be very angry if he learned that I had been held as a prisoner with the refugees.

The officer's manner changed. He said that Mr. White, Karakashian, —

whom we passed off as an American doctor, — and I could return to the personnel house under guard, if we would promise to remain there until further orders.

I asked what was going to be done with the other prisoners, and he said that, with the exception of the soldiers, they would all be released when they reached town.

When I started to leave the bridge, the whole mob tried to follow me. I suppose the heroic thing for me to do was to stay with them; but by this time I had had about all I could stand — my one idea was to get away from the sound and smell of them.

The house was in terrible disorder. Fortunately Mrs. White had locked my room, and nothing was missing. I was beyond caring for such unimportant things at the moment, however, for I could think of nothing but my sister, and what had happened to her. We had always thought that in case of trouble the city would be the most dangerous place; and knowing what I had been through, I feared that things had not gone much better for her.

I had been in the house only a few minutes when I heard the purr of the Dodge coming up the hill, and rushed out to meet it. There was a large Red Crescent flag fluttering from the windshield, and Mr. Fox chatting with a distinguished-looking Turkish officer on the back seat.

I have never been so glad to see anybody. Of course, the first thing I asked was, 'How is Frances?'

'Perfectly all right — no trouble in town. What happened here?'

We had tea while we were telling our stories, and afterward Mr. Fox started off to find the Pasha. The officer asked us not to leave the house again that night, and advised me to make arm-bands bearing the red crescent for all the Americans.



Little by little I pieced together the story of the capture of Kars.

The Turks had advanced across the plain in open formation, and had met with no resistance. Not one of the big guns of the inner forts had fired a shot, and the Kemalists entered the fortifications from one side as the Armenians ran out the other.

The Kemalists captured an enormous amount of booty in Kars. Besides the big guns and great stores of ammunition, there were three hundred new machine-guns recently received from the British, and never taken from the packing cases. I was told that a few of these guns, well placed, could have held the fort for days, as the Turks had to advance without cover over a fine system of trenches, barbed wire, and moats, to approach the strongholds themselves. Many British rifles and thousands of rounds of ammunition were also taken, in addition to food, clothing, and equipment of all kinds. I was told that the Armenian army in Kars District numbered about fifteen thousand, and the Kemalists seven thousand; but I cannot vouch for the accuracy of these figures.

Kazim Karabekir Pasha, the commander of the Turks, made a tour of our institutions the day after the occupation of the city. He was much interested in our system and organization, and spoke kindly to the children and personnel, telling them they had nothing to fear. He asked Mr. Fox to continue with the work as before, and promised every protection and assistance within his power. After the inspection he came to the house to tea, with his aide, and Rushti Bey, who was to be the Military Governor of Kars.

The Pasha is a man of stocky build and of medium height. He has a firm chin, a dark mustache curled upward, a straight nose, and unusually kind and humorous brown eyes. He wore a trig

gray uniform and overcoat, with no decorations or insignia, spoke excellent French without a trace of foreign accent, and had charming manners. He apologized for the soldier who had taken my watch and bracelet, and promised to try and get them back for me. He also congratulated me on having kept my breeches — by this time the story had got around, and I was known as the 'girl who kept her trousers.' 'If there had been five American women stationed on the forts, mademoiselle,' said the general, 'my soldiers would not be in Kars to-day.'

Turks are delightful.

Early in the morning the day after the battle, I plastered myself with red crescents and started out to see what was going on. Hospital No. 2 was the most terrible-looking place I had ever imagined. The Turks had ripped open every mattress and quilt, and one waded knee-deep in feathers. There was a lot of blood everywhere, and the two bayoneted men at the head of the stairs had messed things up frightfully. The building reeked of refugees and rubbish — every blanket and sheet had been stolen, and all the food-supplies. The only things I found were five miserable babies sobbing among the feathers, and a sixth half-drowned in a wash-tub. I gathered these up and went on to Hospital No. 1.

I had also to keep my eye on the three valley orphanages. There were constant alarms, and I would rush out, expecting to find that all the girls were being kidnaped by the terrible Turks. I usually discovered one soldier with a pair of patched trousers, hoping to find a better pair on an Armenian. I would lead him through the orphanage, and if he saw anything that he fancied on our personnel, I would superintend the exchange, give him a cigarette, and send him off happy. They were always most courteous to me and amiable.

## IV

During the day a guard was posted at all our institutions. These were not regular Kemalist soldiers, but Kurdish volunteers. They were ragged, untrained villagers, but thoroughly good-natured, and obeyed absolutely the orders given by their officer. I found my two guards squinting down the barrels of their rifles with great interest, and wondering how the thing went off. I showed them all I knew and they were very grateful, explaining (all this in pantomime) that they relied on their wicked-looking knives when it came to a pinch.

All of our personnel and orphans were in such a panic, that for days we could do nothing with them.

I got Hospital No. 2 cleaned, and the children back, in three days, but I still feel feathers in my lungs. The worst of all was burying the bodies. Armenians are superstitious about corpses, and will not touch them. To move the bodies, I had to tie rope around them myself, and then order the men to drag them out and dump them into the grave.

For a week after the battle I was constantly discovering wounded people who had crawled into secluded corners to hide. It was interesting that invariably these cases were reported to me by Turkish soldiers, who would go out of their way to come and tell me about some woman or child they had found who should be taken to the hospital. This was pure kindness on their part, for, had they cut the throats of those unfortunates, no one would have been the wiser.

The Turks quickly restored order in the town. As is the custom in that part of the world, the conquering army was allowed three days' looting. After that, all offenses were severely punished, and strict martial law was established. All men between the ages of eighteen

and thirty-six were deported to Sarakamish, to work on the railroad and in the lumber-camps. None of the employees of the Near-East Relief were taken, however, and they were allowed every freedom. Our warehouses were sealed, and to get into them we had to ask the permission of the governor. One officer in the quartermaster's department broke into the medical storehouse and helped himself. When this was discovered, the officer was removed and every apology offered.

The Turks seemed well supplied with everything. Some of the soldiers were ragged, but for the most part they were warmly clad. One of the crack regiments wore American uniforms; I saw lots of S.O.S. insignia, and some Second Army — wound-stripes, service-stripes and all!

These uniforms had originally been bought by the British, and sent by them to Denikin's army, from whom they were captured by the Bolsheviks, who sent them to the Kemalists!

The American personnel were given military passes written in Turkish, and were under no restriction. My pass said: 'This is the little Miss Anderson; do not touch her, and allow her to pass freely in Kars.'

But we were prisoners just the same. Mr. Fox's request that he be permitted to go to Alexandropol was politely denied. Turks never say no flatly, but tell you that perhaps day after to-morrow it will be possible. When day after to-morrow comes they say, 'In two days,' and so on.

During the year I had been in the Caucasus very few Armenians had called at our house, and I had never been invited to their homes except to formal official banquets. But with the Turks it was different. The officers loved to come to the house; and although it was a two-mile walk from the town, they would often come out in the evening,

to sit by our fire, make Turkish coffee, and talk. They were all men of cultivation; most of them spoke French well, and had been educated in Paris or Vienna. For five years they have been cut off from the world.

Jellaladin Arif Bey, the President of the Kemalist Parliament, was one of our guests, and Nuri Pasha, the half-brother of the famous Enver Pasha, another. Arif Bey weighs about three hundred pounds, loves to dance, and never tires of talking about Paris. Nuri is a man of thirty, a dreamer and an idealist. He is a clever artist, and hopes that some day he may go back to Vienna to study.

All the officers spoke enthusiastically about General Harbord, referring to him always as 'His Excellency.' They are eager for American friendship, saying that we are the only nation who can disinterestedly help them. They want American industries and American trade. One and all they hate the English.

We had been led to believe that the object of the Turkish advance was to join the Bolsheviks; but the Turks never confirmed this. They joked among themselves about Bolshevism, discussed its advantages and disadvantages, and even expressed the opinion that it had proved a failure in Russia. I noticed that all these men were plentifully supplied with Russian gold, and I wondered how they had got it.

The situation among the refugees in town was desperate. Two thousand

women and children and old men were housed in one of the buildings that we had once used as an orphanage. For the first few weeks these people lived on the wheat and barley they had brought from their villages; but soon this supply ran low. Toward the end of October they began to starve, and were eating the putrid flesh of the cows and horses that had been killed during the battle three weeks before. The Turks realized the danger of an epidemic, and they were planning to send the people back to the villages, where food, though not plentiful, was not altogether lacking. They were taking a count of the refugees and planning to issue a bread ration.

On December 1 we were at last given permission to leave Kars for Alexandropol. The chief of staff gave us a caboose, and we departed in state. Mr. Fox, Mr. Clark, my sister, and I made up our party, and we were a very cheerful foursome. We were leaving plenty of Americans to swing the job, the Turks were giving every assistance, and the institutions were running as usual.

At Constantinople they wanted to make heroes of us, but we preferred to hurry on and hide our light under the shadow of Eiffel Tower. Somewhere between Constantinople and Paris I was robbed for the last time (I hope!), and lost two handsome gold goblets that had been given me by the Armenian doctor who thought I had saved his life. Nothing is left me but my famous riding-breeches!

## THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

### NOT BUNTING, SILK

A BRITISH flag of silk was what we wanted. Bunting would not serve the purpose. We had a beautiful American flag of silk, and we must have an equally fine Union Jack, to balance the splendor of the Stars and Stripes. America had sent a delegation of three hundred to London, to the world-gathering of the Boy Scouts. During the first week of last August, Scouts were there from all over the world, come at the call of Sir Robert Baden-Powell, the Chief Scout, and at the invitation of the British government. Chile, Natal, Siam, and New Zealand were some of the more distant countries from which delegates had come to this great gathering. It was easy to believe that thirty-two nations were represented there by more than ten thousand boys. And the Boy Scouts of America who were there were truly representative. They had been drawn by careful selection from all over the United States — from New England, from Texas, from Florida, from California; from schools, from factories, from farms; from prairies, from mountains, from sea-coast.

The Tribute to Great Britain, of the Boy Scouts of America, was to be performed in the full arena of the Olympia in Kensington on the last evening of the gathering. Before the soft green drop-curtain a four-stepped dais was to be erected, on which would be placed two gilded chairs. The Tribute was to begin with the orchestra playing that air which is at once 'America' and 'God Save the King.' To this music would come in, from one end of the arena, Britannia, bearing her flag and attend-

ed by an escort of English Boy Scouts, and from the other end, America, bearing the Stars and Stripes and attended by an escort of American Boy Scouts. Once well advanced into the arena, the two nations would stop and salute each other, raising their flags high, full arm's length, above their heads. Britannia would then run forward, reaching the dais before her guest, and there await her approach. When America came up, they would again salute each other, and embrace. This would bring the two up-raised flags together in a brilliant, gorgeous, vertical mass of color above their heads. Then they would turn, and together go up the steps of the dais to the chairs; and the Tribute would proceed in the presence of the two nations and in their honor.

We had a fine, beautiful silk American flag, of the proper size and mounted on a light staff, so that America could manage it easily with one hand. Where could we get a similar British flag? Five thousand of the Boy Scouts were encamped in the Old Deer Park at Richmond, the Americans among them. I had met there a pleasant English gentleman, actively interested in the Boy Scouts, whom I will indicate without naming, by calling him Mr. Derby. It seemed sensible to ask Mr. Derby if he knew where we might successfully look for what we required. I found him that morning sitting in a chair near camp-headquarters, talking with some friends. I made my inquiry, stating the proper dimensions, and told him a little about the Tribute, so that he should see that the flag must be of silk — that bunting would not do.

Immediately he replied, quietly, 'I

have one at home. Now, how can I get that for you?' He thought a moment, and then added reassuringly, 'I will send it to you.'

I thanked him heartily. I was most agreeably surprised at the quickness and ease with which that perplexing trouble had been taken care of.

Curiously, — this may seem irrelevant, but I must mention it in justification of my instinct, — curiously there came into my mind what Owen Wister says, in that sane-minded, sane-hearted little book of his, *A Straight Deal*: that Englishmen often cloak deep feeling in a brevity and undemonstrativeness that sometimes to Americans seem to be indifference. I did not know why this should have come into my mind; for while Mr. Derby's reply had been brief and quite casual in manner, there was, of course, no occasion for deep feeling. But his offer was so prompt, so very kind, and so entirely uncalled for, that I was truly grateful, and I made a prudent note in my memorandum-book to go to see him about it again the following day: 'Wednesday, August 4. Get Br. flag from Derby.' That would still leave me two days in case of any slip-up, as, for instance, if the flag were not large enough, or if — as he might well do — he should forget to attend to it.

That afternoon at about four o'clock I was in the American dressing-room at Olympia. An English Scout came in, saluted, and asked if I was the American pageant-master.

I said I was.

'Mr. Derby told me to give this flag to you, sir.'

There it was in my hands, already. Olympia was a long way from Richmond. Mr. Derby had inquired and found out where I should be, — I wondered incidentally who had made the correct guess as to where I could be found, — and had sent the flag to me. I unfurled it. It was large enough,

yes, and it was silk. It was truly a beautiful flag! I crossed out the memorandum in my notebook. No need to see Mr. Derby again the next day. I was very grateful to Mr. Derby. But I still did not realize the significance of that flag in my hands. I was looking only at the material. Later I was to learn, not only that that flag was, indeed, beautiful silk, but that that simple act of his, too, was pure silk, not bunting.

So the banners of Britannia and America shone forth equally resplendent that last evening, held high together in the Tribute above the beautiful figures of the two countries, truly expressive of the real spirit of the two nations. And the shouts of the thousands and thousands of English and Americans present rose equally high, as the vast assemblage stood and waved and cheered, and tried to express its feeling that those two nations must and would stand together, and that their flags stand for the same things.

The following day, Sunday, I went over to the camp at Richmond early, for I wanted to return the flag to Mr. Derby promptly and personally.

As I was heading for the headquarters tent, I heard Mr. Derby calling me. 'Is that my Union Jack you are bringing back?'

'It is.'

I took it down to him, thanked him for lending it to us, and expressed our sincere appreciation of the special help he had rendered us and our hope that the Tribute might have done something to draw closer the bonds between our two countries in the coming years.

'Yes,' he replied, 'I would not have lent it to anyone but America.'

I thought that a very gratifying, cordial remark for him to make.

Just then one of the English Scout-mistresses came up. Mr. Derby greeted her as Lady Evars, or by some such name.

'Oh, what a beautiful flag!' she exclaimed enthusiastically.

'Is n't it!' I said; 'Mr. Derby lent it to us for the American pageant last night.'

'Where did you get it, Mr. Derby?' she asked him.

He hesitated a moment, and then answered quietly, 'I had it made—the for the coffin of my boy.' And then again, breaking the silence that fell among us, 'I would not have lent it to anyone but America.'

#### TO BE A BOY

In *The Boyhood of Great Men*, published by Harper and Brothers in 1853, but now, I fear, very little read, it is told of Sir Isaac Newton that 'an accident first fired him to strive for distinction in the schoolroom. The boy who was immediately above him in the class, after treating him with a tyranny hard to bear, was cruel enough to kick him in the stomach with a severity that caused great pain. Newton resolved to have his revenge, but of such a kind as was natural to his reasoning mind, even at that immature age. He determined to excel his oppressor in their studies and lessons; and, setting himself to the task with zeal and diligence, he never halted in his course till he had found his way to the top of the class; thus exhibiting and leaving a noble example to others of his years similarly situated. Doubtless, after this, he would heartily forgive his crestfallen persecutor, who could not henceforth but feel ashamed of his unmanly conduct; while Newton would feel the proud consciousness of having done his duty after the bravest and noblest fashion which it is in the power of man to adopt.'

We cannot all be Sir Isaac Newtons, and, although I may wish for a passing moment that some sturdy little school-fellow had kicked me too in the stom-

ach, the resulting sequence of events would probably have been different, and the world would have gained little or nothing by my natural indignation. Having an impartial mind, I should like to know also *why* Sir Isaac was kicked, and what became afterward of the boy who kicked him. As his fame grew in the world, the reflected glory of having thus kicked Sir Isaac Newton in the stomach would presumably have brightened in proportion; but, lacking other distinction, the kicker served his evolutionary purpose and has now vanished. Yet this much remains of him—that his little foot kicks also in the stomach the widely accepted fallacy that boyhood is an age of unalloyed gold, to which every man now and then looks back, and vainly yearns to be a boy again.

'Ah, happy years!'—so sighed the poet Byron,—'once more, who would not be a boy?' And so to-day, as may at least be reasonably deduced from general newspaper reading, sigh all the editors of all the newspapers in the United States. Not, indeed, for a boyhood like Sir Isaac Newton's, but for the standard American boyhood, to which, in theory, every ageing American looks back with yearning reminiscence—that happy, happy time when he went barefooted, played 'hookey' from school, fished in the running brook with a bent pin for a hook, and swam, with other future bankers, merchants, clerks, clergymen, physicians and surgeons, confidence men, authors, pick-pockets, actors, burglars, and so forth, in an old swimming-hole. The democracy of the old swimming-hole is the democracy of the United States, naked and unashamed; and even in the midst of a wave of crime (one might almost imagine), if the victim should say suddenly to the hold-up man,—

'Oh, do you remember the ole swimmin'-hole?  
And the hours we spent there together,

Where the elm and the chestnut o'ershadowed  
the bowl  
And tempered the hot summer weather?

'Ah, sweet were those hours together we spent  
In innocent laughter and joy!  
How little we knew at the time what it meant  
To be just a boy — just a boy!' —

the hold-up man would drop his automatic gun, and the two would dissolve on each other's necks in a flood of sympathetic tears.

It is a pleasant and harmless fallacy, and I for one would not destroy it. I am no such stickler for exactitude that I would take away from any man whatever pleasure he may derive from thinking that he was once a barefoot boy, even if circumstances were against him, and his mother as adamant in her refusal to let him go barefooted. But the fallacy is indestructible: the symbols may not have been universal, but it is true enough of boyhood that time then seemed to be without limit, and this unthinking sense of immortality is what men have lost and would fain recover. One forgets how cruel slow moved the hands of the schoolroom clock through the last, long, lingering, eternal fifteen minutes of the daily life-sentence to hard and uncongenial labor. One forgets how feverishly the seconds chased each other, faster than human feet could follow, when one's little self was late for school, and the clamor of the distant bell ended in a solemn, ominous silence. Then was the opportunity for stout heart to play 'hookey,' luring the finny tribe with a poor worm impaled on a bent pin: and that, in the opinion of all the editors of all the newspapers in the United States, is what all of us always did.

But in the painful reality most of us, I think, tried to overtake those feverish seconds, seeking indeed to outrun time, and somehow or other, though the bell had stopped ringing, get unostentatiously into our little seats before it stopped.

And so we ran and ran and ran, lifting one leaden foot after the other with hopeless determination, in a silent nightmare world, where the road was made of glue and the very trees along the way turned their leaves to watch us drag slowly by. Little respect we would have had then for the poet Byron and his 'Ah, happy years! once more, who would not be a boy?' But even then, when time seemed to stand still, or seemed to fly too fast, we had no consciousness that the clock of our individual being could ever run down and stop; and so happily careless were we of this treasure, that we often wished to be men! 'When I was young,' says the author of *The Boy's Week-Day Book*, another volume which is not read nowadays as much as it used to be, —

'I doubted not the time would come,  
When grown to man's estate,  
That I would be a noble 'squire,  
And live among the great.

'It was a proud, aspiring thought,  
That should have been exiled.  
I wish I was more humble now  
Than when I was a child.'

I wonder what proud, aspiring thought Uncle Jones, as he called himself, just then had in mind; but it was evidently no wish to be a boy again: perhaps he meditated matrimony.

For my own part I cannot successfully wish to be a boy; I remain impervious to all the efforts of all the editors of all the newspapers in the United States to dim my eye; and there must be many another eye like mine, or else I am unbelievably unique. I lean back in my chair, closing this undimmed organ, and do my best; but, contrary to all editorial expectation, I can summon no desire to go barefooted, fish with a bent pin, or revisit the old swimming-hole, —

Where the elm and the chestnut o'ershadowed  
the bowl  
And tempered the hot summer weather.

I prefer a beach and a bathing-suit and somebody of my own age. Yet do not think, shocked reader, that I am unsympathetic with youth. I am more sympathetic — that is all — with my contemporaries; and the thought forces itself upon me that boyhood is a narrow and conventional period, in which, in my own case, my desire to go barefoot was exactly similar to my mother's determination to wear a bustle. Equally anxious to follow the fashions of our respective sets, neither understood the other; and I would no more have worn a bustle than my mother would have gone barefoot.

My father, similarly thwarted in a single desire, would have cared less: his broader interests — politics, business, family, the local and world gossip that immersed him in his newspaper, art, literature, music, and the drama, to say nothing of professional baseball and pugilism (in which, however, many fathers and sons have a common interest) — would have absorbed his disappointment.

But my narrower world, so to speak, was all feet. An unconventional boy, as I think the most erudite student of boy-life and boy-psychology will admit, is much more rare than an unconventional man; and even then his unconventionality is likely to be imposed on him 'for his own good' by well-meaning but tyrannical parents.

'I have known boys,' wrote Uncle Jones, observing but not comprehending this characteristic fact, 'when playing at "hare-and-hounds" and "follow my leader," scramble over hedges, leap over brooks, and mount up precipices, in a manner which they would not have dared to attempt, had it not been for the examples set them by their school-fellows; but I do not remember any instance of a boy imitating another on account of his good temper, patience, forbearance, principle, or piety.'

Naturally not. While you and I, Uncle Jones, might be expected to imitate each other's good temper, patience, forbearance, principle, or piety, — though I do not say that we would, — from the point of view of a boy, these virtues are unconventional. Their practice shocks and disconcerts the observer. The behavior of Sir Isaac Newton when he was kicked in the stomach was perfectly scandalous.

And what is there, after all, in the life of a boy that a man would find interesting? Or that he may not do, if such is sufficiently his desire, to 'make' the time for it, as he makes time for his adult pleasures, and if he is not too old or too fat? He can spend his vacation at the old swimming-hole — but he never does it. He can go barefooted whenever he wishes: his mother can no longer forbid him to do it. He can fish with a bent pin in the porcelain bathtub, adding a gold-fish to make the pursuit more exciting, every morning before he takes his bath. He can chase butterflies: here and there, indeed, a man makes a profession of it, and institutions of learning call him an entomologist, and pay him much honor and a small salary. Nobody forbids him to enlarge his mental horizon by reading the lives of criminals and detectives; and I can myself direct him to many an entertaining book which is at once far worse and far better, morally and artistically, than the sober narratives that Old Sleuth used to write by the yard and boys to read by stealth. He can roll a hoop; in many cases it would do him good to roll it down to the office in the morning and back home at night.

If he can persuade other ageing men, wishful of renewed boyhood, to join him, he can play marbles, 'tick,' 'puss-in-the-corner,' 'hop-scotch,' 'ring-taw,' and 'hot beans ready buttered,' — Uncle Jones mentions these games; I do not remember all of them myself, but 'hot



beans ready buttered' sounds especially interesting),—and where better than in some green, quiet corner at the Country Club? And why, if you *will* raise the question of conventionality, why more foolish than golf or folk-dancing?

But what he cannot do is to assume the boy's unconsciousness of his own mortality. What he cannot unload is his own consciousness of responsibility to and for others. Life, in short, has provided the man with a worrying company of creditors of whom the boy knows nothing—Creditor Cost-of-Living, Creditor Ambition, Creditor Conscience, and Creditor Death. And the boy is unmarried! It is even claimed by one philosopher of my acquaintance that this is why men wish they were boys again. I grant the plausibility of this opinion, for the more a man is devoted to his wife and family, the more he is beset and worried by these troublesome creditors, the more, one may reasonably argue, he feels the need of time to meet his obligations, and is apt now and then to envy the boy his narrow, conventional, but immortal-feeling life.

Uncle Jones misses, I think, this fundamental fact. He is always trying to destroy the boy's sense of immortality in this world by trying to persuade him to read the Bible and prepare for immortality in the next. 'When a boy first begins his A B C,' says Uncle Jones, 'it is terrible work for him for a short time; yet how soon he gets over it, and begins to read! And, then, what a pleasure to be able to read a good and pleasant book! Oh, it is worth while to go through the trouble of learning to read fifty times over, to obtain the advantage of reading the Bible.'

#### THE DISCONTENTED ENGINE

I was sitting on the hillside, scribbling useless and beautiful things on pieces of paper. Above me the ancient

elm who is the guardian of that lonely hillside spread his broad limbs to bake pleasantly in the summer sun. Sometimes we would talk together, the elm and I, of the things that I set down on my paper, and he would tell me that they were beautiful but useless—and why; and I was sensible of his praise, as of his blame, for I am not so old as the elm, nor have I stood guard for generations over a lonely hillside. And sometimes a cool little April breeze, who had lost himself in July and still knew not in what quarter lay his home, would stop for a time and play by himself among the steep branches. And then the elm would sing softly to himself, and I would lay aside my scribbling and listen, for his thoughts are greater than his words, just as the songs and thoughts of men are greater than their everyday speech. And some day I will put on paper those things that the elm sang.

Now, as I sat scribbling, an engine came in sight around the haunch of a distant hill, and with much puffing and panting began to climb slantwise up from the floor of the valley below me, dragging behind him a large number of wooden boxes on wheels. He followed with great care and exactitude a double line of shining silver rails, which were laid, evidently, for his guidance; and I understood that he must pass close to me, for the gleaming rails flowed by not more than a long stone's throw below the elm.

He came up slowly, rolling out great masses of smoke, dense as granite, more beautiful than clouds. There was majesty and great power in his slow approach, and the hillside shook beneath his ponderous tread. The useless and beautiful things were driven from my mind, and I rose and went down the hill to where, beside the rails, there stood on stilts one of those huge tanks from which none but engines may drink. For, I thought, he will stop to refresh him-

self after his climb. And so it happened.

I stood beside him and watched the air rise quivering and scorched from the heat of his steel flanks, and heard his long deep breaths of satisfaction as he drank. And my admiration broke from me in words. I have forgotten what I said, but I believe I praised his steadfastness and power, and the ease with which he followed those thin shining rails wherever they led; and I spoke of the beauty of strength controlled, and of the deep satisfaction that must lie in the bringing of these many wooden boxes of precious things safe to their destination.

He crouched beside the tank, and as I talked I heard strange rumblings of discontent in his interior; and when I had finished, he gave an impatient snort and a thin plume of steam faced the warm sun rays.

'All very fine!' he growled in his iron throat. 'But *you* have n't trudged the same road day after day, year after year, rain or shine, sleet or snow. *You* have n't dragged across leagues of country hundreds and hundreds of wooden boxes containing who knows what, for goodness knows whom! I'm tired of following these silly rails. I'm sick of doing everything that tiresome engineer tells me to. I want to be free! untrammelled! I want to go roaring over the hills in search of adventure. I want to see what's at the back of the horizon. I want to whistle when I please, and see the people of strange distant cities gape with amazement and admiration when I come rocketing down toward them from the mountains; and sleep at night under the stars, lulled by the lisp and murmur of far, mysterious seas.'

I turned in consternation to the engineer, who was leaning from his cab. But he only winked, grinning widely.

'They all talk that way,' he said. 'Hop on front if you want a ride. We're going to start.'

I did as he bade, and as we got slowly

under way, I continued my conversation with the engine. I pointed out to him that, while his desires were perhaps natural, they were impossible of achievement. 'It would not be right,' said I. 'Your duty —'

'Right!' he interrupted rudely. 'If you have a right to these things, why have n't I, I should like to know? Why can't I sit under an elm all day and scribble useless and beautiful things on pieces of paper?'

'That's different,' I said.

'Bah!' said the engine; and a shower of sparks flew from his nostrils.

'It is different,' I repeated. And I told him of the laws of nature and of the laws of man, and how the latter follow the former, and how one transgresses them at his peril. But I saw that he was not convinced.

We were passing a cottage. About the cottage was a garden, gay with flowers, and in the garden a child was chasing butterflies. The engine sighed wistfully.

'I would like to chase butterflies,' he murmured. And, 'I have passed this cottage many times, but I do not know what is inside. Some day I shall go down and look in the windows and see for myself.'

'You would frighten the little boy,' I said.

'I would like,' replied the engine with sudden and terrifying vindictiveness, 'to frighten that little boy into fits!'

Ahead gleamed water, and presently I saw where the rails led across a trestle spanning a stream in which boys were bathing. As I looked, one boy climbed up on the trestle, stood for a moment slender and gleaming in the sunlight, then dove swiftly and cleanly into the water below. The engine sighed again and the hot steam of his breath made a cloud about us.

'I should like to do that, too,' he said.

There was something in his hoarse whisper that filled me with dread. If,

midway of the trestle, the desire to leap should overpower him — With great swiftness I left that engine as he moved ponderously forward toward the gleaming water. The engineer called something after me, but I could not hear the words. I picked myself from the bush into which I had descended, and turning my back so that I should not see that terrible plunge, hurried unhappily homeward. But presently I glanced fearfully over my shoulder. The trestle lay empty in the warm sun. The engine had not jumped.

Many weeks later I again visited that lonely hillside. As I approached the elm, who waved pontifical arms in benediction or greeting, I saw below me in the valley something that had not been there before. A huge mass of red and rusty metal lay in the cool embrace of the green fields. Swiftly I hurried down the hillside, and as I came nearer I saw that it was indeed, as I had thought, the engine. Tarnished and twisted, he lay there, all his might and beauty departed from him. His iron flanks were streaked with rust; his great wheels, which had thundered so mightily across the hills, hurling him, a fierce black comet, down into the plains where the great cities lie, were turned impotently to the empty blue. And I saw that a butterfly had alighted on the rim of the rusty smoke-stack, and was lazily opening and shutting his purple wings — graceful, unconscious, and indifferent.

Slowly I climbed the hillside, meditating the unhappy fate of the engine.

'He is free now,' said the elm. 'He is untrammelled.'

I looked from the narrow track to the wide field where he now lay. 'Yes,' said I, 'he is untrammelled. There is a butterfly there,' I said after a time. 'He is the kind known as a Mourning Cloak. Perhaps —'

'Purely fortuitous,' rejoined the elm. 'But,' he added presently, 'he has one satisfaction.'

'What is that?' I asked.

'He did frighten the little boy into fits,' said the elm.

#### ABOUT TOOLS

I like a knife that makes a good  
Clean shaving when you whittle wood.  
However sharp a knife may be,  
It's not a bit too sharp for me.  
And if I cut myself somewhere,  
I guess that is my own affair.

My mother says I take real pride  
To have a thumb or finger tied  
Up with a rag and piece of string,  
And am as happy as a king.

I am *not* proud; but I would hate  
For fear of pain to hesitate  
At any job I had to do,  
Although I cut myself in two.

The kind of tools they make for boys  
Are nothing in the world but toys.

The kind of tools they make for men —  
Of course, they cut you now and then.

## THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

To Chauncey B. Tinker, Professor of English Literature at Yale, goes the credit of turning up this really astonishing material. This is but a single chapter; but more will follow with the year. We wonder whether there is a more interesting figure in literature than 'Bozzy.' In youth, a puppy combination of Pendennis and Gibbon; in maturity, a supreme artist; throughout, a fool, but an immortal one. To any editor he is, and must be, a patron saint. Where, we ask, is the technique of the 'perfect approach' to the Great better exemplified than in these letters? Vernon Kellogg, a biologist of wide reputation, who served through the war in the most active work of the C.R.B., is now serving the public interest in Washington, D.C. Joseph Auslander is an American poet, now teaching at Harvard University. Jared Van Wagenen, Jr., a new contributor, sends us these reflections born of long experience, from his stock farm in Western New York. It is worth noting that his farm history includes representatives of three generations, all with a common name.

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Philip Cabot is a Boston banker, who has had long and successful experience in the conduct of public utilities.

The basis of his article is not mere gossip, which is too often the stock in trade of social reformers. Recent notable studies and reports upon the subject have been made — among them one, by John A. Fitch, of investigations of the Steel industry in the U.S. during the summer of 1920; another, by Whiting Williams, of a similar investigation in Great Britain during the same period; and an address by Horace B. Drury, delivered at a joint meeting of the Taylor Society, the Metropolitan and Management sections of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, and the New York Section of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, held in New York on December 3, 1920. Mr. Drury, who was recently employed in the Industrial Relations Division of the United States Shipping Board, was formerly of the Economics Department of the Ohio State University; he is the author of *Scientific Management*. The articles by Mr. Fitch and Mr. Williams were published March 5, 1921, in a

special number of the *Survey*, and Mr. Drury's address was printed in a Bulletin of the Taylor Society, February, 1921, together with discussions that followed, and other valuable papers bearing upon the subject.

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William Beebe has just returned to New York, after a winter of fruitful investigation at the experiment station in British Guiana maintained by the New York Zoölogical Society. Mr. and Mrs. Haldeman-Julius are jointly and severally engaged in the pursuits of banking, farming, and raising fine stock, in Kansas. They have lately published, through Brentano's, their first novel—*Dust*. This testimony concerning Francis Bardwell is given us by one qualified to know.

About twenty years ago the Massachusetts Civic League sent out some questions to the Overseers of the Poor of the cities and towns of the state, asking what they did with tramps and what ought to be done. One of the answers showed so much insight and such a tolerant, humorous, unsentimental view of human nature in the unpromising class in question, that the directors of the League followed up the correspondence with this particular official, and have ever since owed much to his counsel and assistance in their work. Mr. Bardwell made such an impression upon the whole group of people interested in charitable matters that, when the State Board of Charity took up the inspection of the city and town almshouses, he was appointed head of that department, and has since then, by his shrewdness, and his sympathy, both with the inmates and with the officials dealing with them, accomplished more for the improvement of conditions than could have been done by a large force of inspectors with less penetrating human attributes.

Mr. Bardwell is interesting, not only as a personality, but as a type of the practical, humane, idealistic New England town official.

And, the editor would add, as a poet.

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James Spottiswoode Taylor, editor of the *Federal Shipbuilder*, is connected with the Federal Shipbuilding Co., at Kearny, New Jersey. Margaret Baldwin is to be remembered by *Atlantic* readers through her essay,

'The Road to Silence,' of all messages to the deaf, perhaps the most comfortable and healing. Elizabeth Taylor, a stowaway during the four years of war in a little upper room in the Faroe Isles, has made her way to England, and finds rest and shelter in a tiny Devon valley. Her room offers, she records, —

No desk for my ink-pot, but a chair, a suitcase, and a writing-pad make a good substitute. The cottage has a parrot, music pupils, 'trippers' who demand tea and flowers; and many motors and much dust surround us. But I can retire, when in special need of peace, to a packing-case under an apple tree.

And it was under the apple tree that these happy recollections of Hans Kristoffer's little wind-swept garden were written.

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Lisa Stillman, a young poet new to the *Atlantic's* pages, remembers, among the present tranquillities of student life at Vassar, the emotions awakened by the South Seas. Margaret Prescott Montague is a familiar *Atlantic* story-writer, whose themes are her very own. Ralph Philip Boas is head of the English Department of the English High School at Springfield, Massachusetts. George Boas, of the Department of Public Speaking at the University of California, has two A.M.'s to certify to his collegiate proficiency, and a Ph.D. in the bargain. To many people, doubtless, his essays will be as satisfactory a testimonial. Margaret Wilson sends us this 'true account of a child's imaginings' from Ottawa. This is still another Margaret Wilson, who contributes now for the first time. The sequel of her tale, it seems, though unromantic, is satisfactory.

The child [she writes] did not quit the world for a better before he became a man, as he threatened, nor did he grow up a poet, as in other ways he gave us reason to expect. He is at this writing too busy providing for his small family to indulge in dreams; and to all appearances he finds the present world near enough to the Heart's Desire.

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The translator of the letters of Baron Waldemar von Mengden is the American wife of the Baron's cousin, of a family that had possessed estates in Livonia since the time of the Crusaders. Her forbears on both sides bore names among the most eminent and highly respected in New Eng-

land history. Albert Kinross, novelist, served through the war in France, Egypt, and Mesopotamia. Returning, he sees his native England with fresh eyes. Elizabeth Anderson, 'neither a missionary, a nurse, nor a professional relief-worker, but just a plain American girl,' has recently returned from the Caucasus, where she worked for a year with the Near-East Relief. She was in Kars, Armenia, at the time it was captured by the Kemalists last October.

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A friend of Japan attacks thus Senator Phelan's much discussed article.

EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC

DEAR SIR, —

Senator Phelan's article in your March issue shows again how race prejudice unfits one to discuss the question of race relations. The very title, 'The False Pride of Japan,' discloses his bias at the outset — the more so, as it has no relation whatever to the subject matter discussed.

He speaks of the ominous and menacing increase of the Japanese population in Hawaii. The United States census of 1920 shows that the Japanese population increased during the past decade from 79,675 to 109,269. This is an increase of 37.1 per cent. When, however, it is observed that the rest of the population also increased very rapidly, namely from 191,909 to 255,912 the facts take on a somewhat different color. Indeed, during the decade the Japanese population increased from 41.5 to only 42.7 per cent of the whole population, a relative increase of only 1.2 per cent. And even during the decade 1900-1910, when immigration from Japan was unrestricted, the increase of Japanese population as compared with the whole population was only from 39.7 to 41.5, or 1.8 per cent. Anti-Japanese agitators uniformly misrepresent the situation in Hawaii, alike as to figures and as to their interpretation.

Race prejudice renders one prone to accept every wild story that comes along. It deprives one of powers of discrimination and of insistent demand for verified facts. The Senator quotes the statement of Mr. Shingle, ascribed to Judge Morrow, that 'in 1927, seven years hence, the majority of the voting population of the Territory of Hawaii will be children of Japanese.'

This statement is quite contrary to fact. The Bureau of Education issued in 1920 a Bulletin (No. 16) entitled 'A Survey of Education in Hawaii.' A section of the Survey (pages 18-25) deals with this question. Statistics are given, which show that, in 1930 (nine years hence), the total electorate, excluding Japanese, will amount to 28,057, while the possible Japanese electorate will amount to 10,915. Ten years later the respective figures will be 34,907 and 30,857.

One of Senator Phelan's charges against the Japanese is their 'extraordinary birthrate.' He has not, in this article, committed himself to any

figures, though in his testimony before the House Committee on Immigration, in 1919, he charged Japanese 'picture brides' with having children 'every year.'

It may surprise him to know that in Hawaii four race-groups had higher birthrates than the Japanese. The Report of the Board of Health for June 30, 1920, gives figures for all the nationalities, of which the following are especially pertinent. Chinese, 29.2 per thousand; Hawaiian, 30.7; Japanese, 43.7; Porto Rican, 50; Caucasian-Hawaiian, 64.7; Asiatic-Hawaiian 80.5; and Spanish, 116 per thousand.

Senator Phelan refers to the 'overwhelming' vote in California for the drastic alien land law adopted November 2, 1920. It is somewhat enlightening as to the real sentiment in California toward the Japanese to know that, although 668,483 voted for it, 222,086 voted against it and that some 400,000 others, who voted for various candidates, were not sufficiently interested in the question to vote either for or against the measure.

As to the question of Americanization of Japanese in Hawaii, the Senator makes the assertion that 'it is yet to be discovered.' This merely discloses the 'blind spot in his eye,' and shows how little acquainted he is with what is actually going on in the public schools, in the churches, and in civic life. Japanese youth reared in Hawaii are, as a rule, so far Americanized that life in Japan is intolerable. Clubs of young Japanese-Americans have been organized, who glory in their American citizenship. They resent and denounce the claims upon them of the Japanese government. However earnestly Japanese parents and teachers may instruct their children to 'worship the Mikado,' that teaching is completely nullified in the vast majority of cases by the teaching in the American schools. The older children and young people, both in California and in Hawaii, rejoice in and are proud of their American citizenship.

The Senator appears to be quite ignorant of the law proposed by the Japanese last fall, and promptly adopted by the Territorial Legislature, placing Japanese language-schools and all their teachers under the jurisdiction of the Territorial Department of Public Instruction, and limiting their hours of instruction to one hour daily after the closing of the public schools.

The reckless character of the Senator's discussion is clearly seen in his alleged quotation from the writer's volume on *The American Japanese Problem*. The Senator has resorted to the common device of unscrupulous writers, who make garbled quotations to suit their own needs. He has taken one sentence from page 16 and another from page 20 of my pamphlet on *Hawaii's American Japanese Problem*, making them appear as a single sentence. The whole purpose of the pamphlet was to make suggestions as to how Japanese in Hawaii might be — because the writer thoroughly believes they can be — Americanized.

'Solved in this way,' I wrote in 1915, 'by provision for the complete Americanization of all Japanese in Hawaii, these Islands will make their important contribution to the solution of the

question on the mainland, and thus to the promotion of permanently satisfactory relations between the United States and Japan.'

The writer by no means contends that there is no Japanese-American problem in Hawaii or in California. There is, and it is a serious one. It merits the best study of the best minds. That study, however, to say nothing of its solution, is not possible with the spirit evinced by the Senator and the anti-Japanese agitators.

Whether or not Japanese in America and California are going to be loyal Americans, as the decades pass, depends very largely on the way we treat or mistreat them. Crass ignorance as to the actual situation, violent misrepresentation, seeing only the bad and utterly ignoring the good, together with discriminatory legislation, are hardly calculated to win the good-will and helpful co-operation of any group of aliens recently admitted to our shores. Such a spirit and such a method merely sow dragon's teeth.

Yours truly,  
SIDNEY L. GULICK.

The whole question of the Japanese in Hawaii is so important that the *Atlantic* will make it the subject of a separate article by an authority — General William H. Carter.

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In a pessimistic and disillusioned world, the only confident serenity, we notice, radiates from the unpublished (sometimes the unpublishable) author. Here is a recent example of the will to be content.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I am here again, with a little package this time. All my previous appearances before you have failed to make good; perhaps this one will fail also. But, anyway, this package is a manuscript called, 'A Woman As She Is,' and its contents describe her in 15 dispositions, or 16 chapters in 204 pages, written somewhat *[sic]* in verse. I am not such a good verseman, but I've done my best. That's about the best a fellow can do.

And this other.

For fourteen years I have sent a poem every year to the *Atlantic Monthly*, and have received it back in my self-addressed envelope, with the promptness of a return ball. I am not discouraged. I have vowed that some day I will write a poem so good that they will take it, and that, without being told that I am 'published in Anthologies, and am a member of an exclusive society of National poets,' etc., etc. I am not telling them now, for this letter is unsigned; but some day I hope to prove my point.

A READER AND A CONTRIBUTOR.

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The correspondence induced by Mr. Alger's paper has been of extraordinary interest. Unfortunately the arguments are

so detailed that it seems wiser to continue the discussion through articles in the body of the magazine, than through clipped comments. We quote this paragraph, however, from a letter sent us by Mr. Moulton B. Goff.

Few farm leaders to-day ask for themselves or their organizations anything that they are not fully willing to grant to all other classes in the community. But no one can prove that up to the present they have even had a fair opportunity to develop their business to a point of efficiency, either in their own or in the public interest. The American farmer, as an individual, has dealt with organized industry and with organized distributing agencies, and has learned his helplessness. The fallacy upon which so much of the opposition to farm-organization effort is based is the failure of the critics to realize that no other large industry in the country suffers its sales and distribution to be handled by interests entirely outside of itself. What factory could maintain any of the brilliant advertising campaigns which we see on every hand, if it allowed others to buy its goods at its own doors, and speculate, store, hoard, or dump them at will. There is no vested privilege which can be defended in the distribution system for agricultural products as it exists to-day. That it is fairly efficient is sure; but that it takes into account the welfare of the producer of foodstuffs on the one hand, or the welfare of the consumer on the other, is merely an incident and not an end of its efforts. If organized farmers believe in merchandising their production, and supplying their own holding and storage facilities, instead of allowing this service to be performed by speculators, who are in many cases the worst kind of gamblers, it should be a hopeful symptom, not a cause of alarm. Why, just because the agricultural production of a single year in this country is virtually completed in four months, should the farmers turn over to others the problem of feeding this quantity of food to the market as it can absorb it? I emphatically deny Mr. Alger's suggestion that coöperation is not more efficient than existing trade-channels, when coöperation is properly worked out. Instance after instance can be shown where, only because of large-scale coöperation, has the public been supplied at all with high-grade food-products, and many glaring cases of apparent ruin of essential agricultural producing areas have been prevented by the reaching out of co-operative enterprises to the ultimate jobber or retailer.

Leaders in agriculture are not blind to the valuable and essential services performed by the large bulk of far-sighted and efficient food-merchants; but they do not want others to be blind to the essential relation of the coöperative programme, not only to the public, but to the large share of the trade-channels as well.

To which Mrs. Goff, in another letter, adds this feminine protest.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

May I add my own selfish protest to Mr. Alger's recent agricultural article? This is the reason. The *Atlantic* is mine; only occasionally read by my husband. Yet I have had scarcely a chance to read a dozen pages in the February number. This aforesaid husband by chance read 'The Menace of New Privilege' on the very day the magazine arrived. Since then it has traveled the length and breadth of our county, to innumerable Farm Bureau meetings, but has seldom reposed on the living-room table. It is torn; it is dog-eared; it has been rolled and unrolled; it is splashed with Ford oil and March mud. The article itself is heavily underscored; the margins carry pithy comments. One day I found the cover hanging on by scarcely a thread. I patched it up, and hoped that eventually it might hide unnoticed in my files. But it soon found its way again into my husband's overcoat pocket. He declares it the best argument he has read for the need of greater understanding between producer and consumer, and more specifically, perhaps, between Boston lawyers and Mid-West farmers. Be that as it may, at this rate I shall need a new copy soon. What I want to know is, who is going to buy it for me? Would you advise me to appeal to my husband, yourself, or the trouble-making Mr. Alger?

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January 26, 1921.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Possibly some of your readers can solve this problem of New York prices, in view of the opening of the question by Mr. Sheldon.

I bought some theatre tickets at a New York hotel news-stand. The price of the seat — \$2.50 — was printed on the ticket, as was the war tax — 25 cents. On asking the price, I was told \$3.30. Expecting to pay the scalper's charge of 50 cents, I innocently asked why the 30 cents. The blonde young thing behind the counter withered me with a glance, and said, 'War tax, of course.'

The problem is — who gets the war tax and how much was it? As I am not a New Yorker, or even a regular visitor, I don't know — do you?

Faithfully,

JOHN H. GARNSEY.

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The following we print with hesitation, as an example and a warning.

SOUTH ORANGE, NEW JERSEY.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

As one of those who love the Hub and its people, let me offer the following to those who 'favor the dust' of her streets.

A little friend of mine, who had been studying her face in a hand-glass, remarked, 'I'm not very pretty, but how could I be? Mother's not much, and father's not much, and grandmother — well, she's the limit! But,' added little Miss, 'I'm glad we were all born in Boston.'

C. R. B.

What college students don't know, our readers probably do. Here is one answer to Professor West's conundrum.

MILWAUKEE.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

When a man publishes an article whose title is a query, he must intend it as a challenge to the reading public to answer. I am therefore taking the liberty, as a college graduate whose contact with the academic world has slipped far enough into the background to afford plenty of perspective, to reply to Mr. West's hypercritical question published in the March issue of the *Atlantic*, 'What do College Students know?'

So-called mental tests of college students appear to be a new form of amusement — or, one may say, a new fad — among college professors, this being by no means the first wholesale derogation of the student mind that has appeared on the magazine pages this past year. Generally the professors' outbursts of sarcastic mirth, however, follow lists of general-information questions, which the brightest of us might decline to answer. It may be a self-gratifying form of wit, and a relief to the pent-up feelings of the long-suffering professor; but if these searching mental catechisms, applied to ourselves, teach us nothing else, they should at least teach us to be charitable. A sympathetic word is due to the much ridiculed youth of to-day.

To begin with, a college education is intended primarily as a mental training — a preparation for life, a foundation upon which to build. It was never devised to turn out a finished product — a superhuman youth, fully imbued with all the knowledge and experience of its elders. With the academic curriculum crowded as it is with daily lecture-periods, laboratory-periods, and preparation-periods involving concentrated reading of history, philosophy, Old English poets, Latin, Greek, and other subjects fully as far removed from the current life of to-day; and with that programme relieved by the equally strenuous recreational periods, full to the brim of social and athletic activities, one can readily see that those students spoke truth who said they had no time to read the papers and magazines. What contact have these young people anyway with other life than their own? They live for the time being in a charmed and self-absorbed circle, within figuratively cloistered walls. The table-talk is bound to be the effervescence of youth, not the stimulating harangue of the armchair diplomat who presides over their home table, or the rehearsed discussions of all sorts, which are brought home by the mother from her club, or by the younger children from their school. Those broadening influences of the home are for the moment crowded out of their spheres.

The leisure to read, however, and the larger contacts of life, will all be revived after the feverish rush of college days is over. How many of us stop to think that our knowledge of geography is not what we have retained from our primary books, but what we have acquired in later years of travel? Our acquaintance with Leghorns and

chameleons has come from contact and experience, — from poultry catalogues or travel-guides, — not from our schoolbooks. Our total knowledge is what we have built, day by day, on the foundation we laid way back in our college days. The process of assimilation has been so gradual, we fail to recognize that we are still learning new things every day.

What a tiresome and *blasé* person the college graduate would be if he came to us so fully equipped that he had nothing more to learn. Fortunately for him, there is still a vast world of people and things unexplored. The day he learns where Tokyo is may hold for him the biggest thrill life has in store; and the day he shakes the rafters with patriotic eloquence in an Independence Day oration may be the occasion that stamps on his mind for all time the elusive date of the battle of Lexington. If his college has taught him the fundamental meanings of things, and has given him the power to read wisely and the courage to think problems through, he has a safe foundation on which to build the weightiest kind of a superstructure of acquired information and intricate detail.

One comes to the end of Mr. West's article with a sense of his counter-question unanswered. It is the outsider's turn to ask the professor for his own reply — not to the query, 'What do college students know?' but 'What, in his opinion, should college students know?'

Yours very truly,

ALICE WRIGHT.

\* \* \*

We borrow the following paragraph from our beaming contemporary, the *New York Sun*.

### THE WOMAN WHO SAW

WRECKAGE

The Association of Collegiate Alumne had dined both wisely and well at the Gotham. It was close to the midnight hour, for there had been six presidents of colleges for women on the list of speakers, with *sauce piquante* in the persons of Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt and Dr. Caroline Spurgeon. Every one of those half dozen presidents had 'done noble,' to quote an irreverent graduate of recent date.

The Woman stood on the lowest stair of the steps leading to the coat-room, waiting for the friend whose homeward way paralleled hers. Glancing down, she saw at her feet a bit of flotsam from the wreck of the evening. Yellow-brown, oblong, and substantial, the object looked familiar. She salvaged it, intent upon restoring it to the owner. Right side up, it revealed it — a copy of the new *Atlantic Monthly*.

Where, the Woman asks her readers, where in all the world would one have found at the midnight hour as wreckage after a banquet, such vage? A glove, a tiny handkerchief, a wilted rose, — any one of these, perhaps, of which poets sing, and novelists write. But the *Atlantic Monthly*!





# ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JUNE



1921

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The Atlantic's Bookshelf will be found toward the beginning of the front advertising section.

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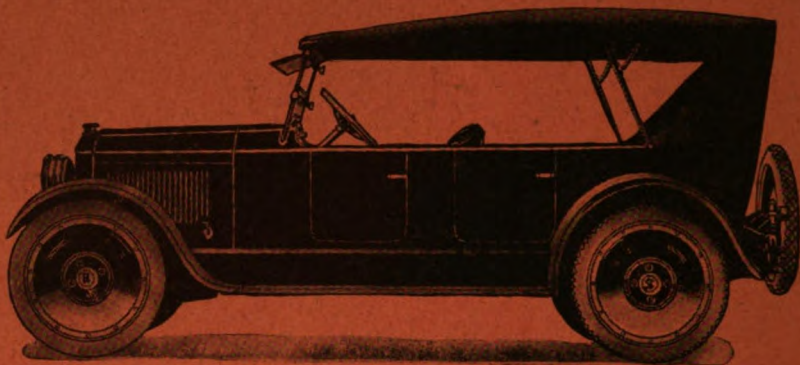
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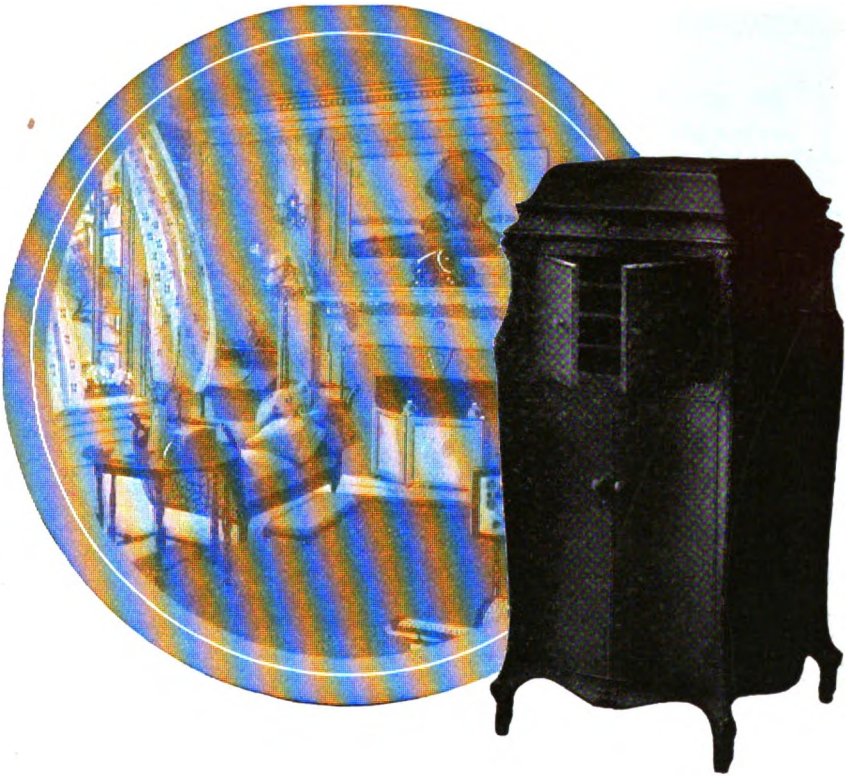
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A paper of great force on a subject of essential importance.

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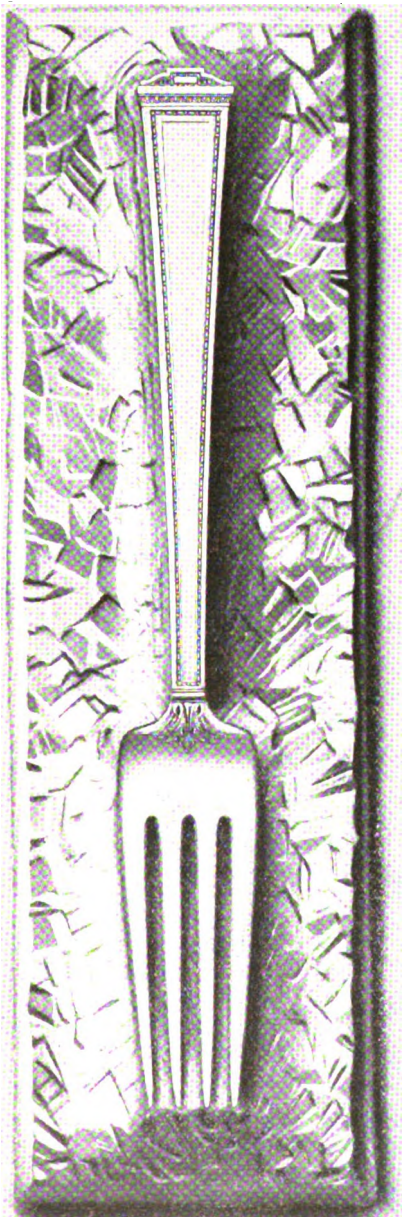
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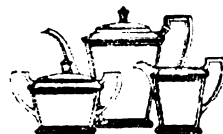
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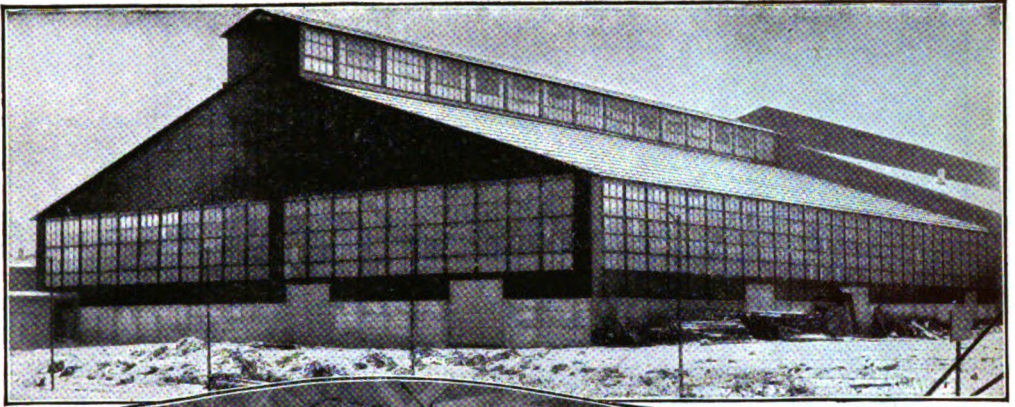
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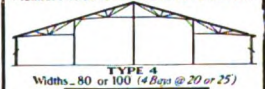
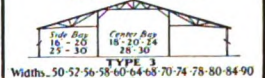
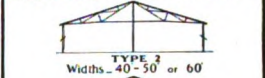
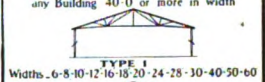
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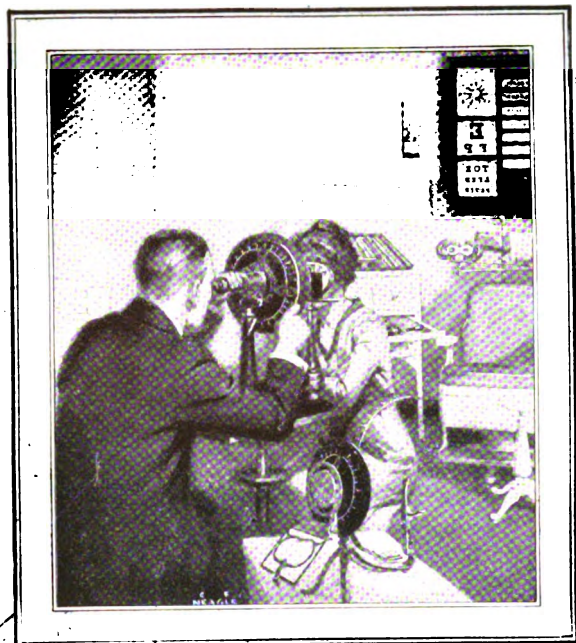
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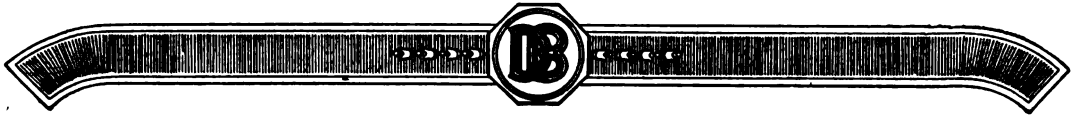
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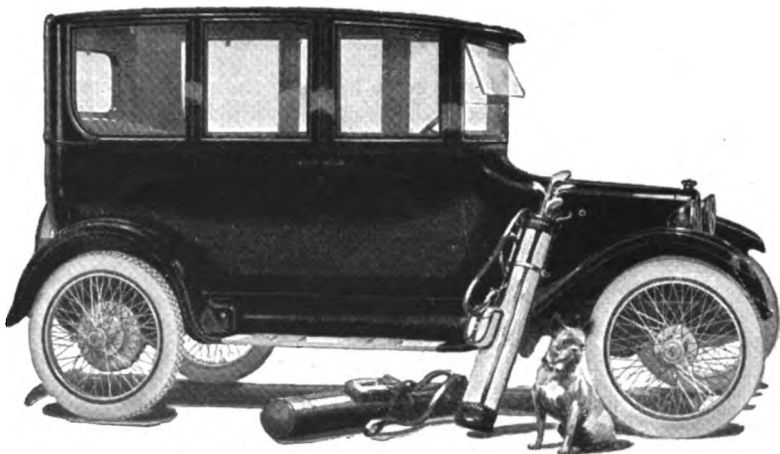
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## Books you would not take to the seashore

**T**HE title of a book serves more than one useful purpose. First, of course, a title is a name, and, like the name of a person, it enables us to refer to one in particular and to distinguish it from others of its kind.

But most book titles do more. They give a fair clue to the character of the book itself. Thus the names of books serve to do in a large measure what our own names can do only to a very limited extent—attract those who are likely to be most interested in what we have to say.

There is that about the title of R. B. Kester's "Accounting Theory and Practice" that would deter you from sending those two sturdy volumes to a convalescent friend; and not many of us would put Esquerré's "Applied Theory of Accounts" beside the hothouse grapes in a steamer basket.

Yet such books as these are none the less valued by the men who buy them for the information they contain, and they are mentioned here because their publishers, the Ronald Press Company, of New York, have seen fit to print them on paper worthy of books that are to be esteemed.

Although these publishers devote themselves exclusively to high-grade business text-books, they believe that business books for business men deserve those qualities which a good paper always gives to a good book. Among those qualities are permanence of structure and legibility, restfulness to the eye, a pleasant response to the touch (the pages of a book should feel good to the finger tips), and the quiet dignity which strength and uniformity impart even to bound sheets of blank paper.

The first of the books mentioned is printed on Warren's Cumberland Machine Book, a hand-sorted medium finish paper. The other is on Warren's Olde Style, antique finish and lightly watermarked.





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# THE ATLANTIC'S BOOKSHELF

These reviews of recent books of unusual value are based upon lists furnished through the courteous coöperation of such trained judges as the following: American Library Association Book List, Wisconsin Free Library Commission, and the staffs of the public libraries in Springfield (Massachusetts), Newark, Cleveland, Kansas City, and St. Louis.

**The Man Who Did the Right Thing**, by Sir Harry Johnston. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1921. 12mo, viii+444 pp. \$2.50.

FROM 1880, when Sir Harry Johnston dropped his pencil and brushes at the Royal Academy, London, to travel in North Africa, he has been known as an undaunted explorer of tropical regions, and a patient, high-minded, far-sighted worker at the rather thankless British task of making black savages into useful citizens of the Empire. He was Acting Consul, Vice-Consul, Consul-General, Special Commissioner for one African region and another. Finally, when he was about sixty, being no doubt well-worn by toil and climate, he returned to England and addressed himself to the art of fiction. *The Gay-Donbays*, *Mrs. Warren's Daughter*, and *The Man Who Did the Right Thing* comprise his product so far. With him, as with William DeMorgan, fiction-writing is taken up after a lifetime given to other activities. But no one need on that account expect to find his work that of the lean and slippered pantaloons. This last novel has action enough in it to supply Mr. Galsworthy or Mr. Marshall with material for a score of volumes.

The heroine, daughter of an English farmer, is betrothed when the story opens to John Baines, son of a maker of temperance drinks, and himself a Dissenting preacher, just about to set forth as a missionary to Africa. The author does not mince words regarding the ignorance and bigotry of the 'Chapel Connection' by which the missionary enterprise is conducted. Indeed, the whole book will not commend itself to those who think that all missionaries, by virtue of their office, deal wisely and effectively with the problem of making savages into Christians. Yet the real hero of the novel writes home from Africa, 'I mostly like the missionaries I meet out here. Even if our religious beliefs do not tally, I do admire their self-sacrifice, their energy and devotion.'

When the pretty, frail, untraveled, middle-class Lucy joins her lover in Africa, her troubles begin, and are as inescapable as the mosquitoes, fleas, rats, and cockroaches of her new environment. To make a bad matter worse, she has crossed the ocean on the same ship with Captain Roger Brentham, and his vigorous personality has dimmed the rather pale affection she felt for her missionary lover — an affection chiefly a reflection of her desire to see 'foreign parts,' and to make friends with 'beautifully spotted leopards, lions roaring at night, hippopotamuses in the rivers, and antelopes on the plains.' The contrast between this romantic dream and the awful realities of Africa is set forth by Sir Harry with thrilling vividness. Anyone who longs for African travel may well read these blazing pages.

John and Lucy, however, are married and settled in Africa, but matters are scarcely beginning to promise success for their enterprise when a raid is made by an enemy tribe, and John Baines meets a martyr's death. Roger Brentham, now consul of the region, rescues some of the women and bears Lucy to safety and eventually marries her. Meanwhile there is a skillful development of the relations between the German and the British colonies in Africa, and an interesting discovery of great mineral wealth in a place called 'The Happy Valley.' Rivalry for possession of these resources begins, between British and Germans, and by way of a surprise and a delightful diversion, who shall appear as the villain of the plot but our old friend of George Meredith's *Egoist* — Sir Willoughby Patterne! Egotism is the dry-rot of character, and it is perfectly natural that Sir Willoughby should have become as cruel as death, as grasping as Shylock, and as black-hearted as any German conspirator. Presently the reader begins to glimpse the approach of war — seen through the East African situation. This is depicted with skill and justice. Sir Willoughby Patterne, after a long list of deceits and brutalities, thinks to find his opportunity for vast looting with the outbreak of the war; but Roger Brentham appears in the nick of time to put the scoundrel to flight, in which, as Sir Harry assures us 'he perished miserably, as they used to write in pre-Wells histories.'

*The Man Who Did the Right Thing* has the double value of being a wholesome and edifying love-story, well wrought and convincing, and a thrilling tale of adventure in a strange land, the writer whereof is a past master in the lore of that land — its flora, fauna, history, religions, racial characteristics, — its past, present, and future. It is the book of a capital novelist, and it is the book of a born colonist — a record, from one who knows, of the highest task of the typical Englishman.

HELOISE E. HERSEY.

**Zell**, by Henry G. Aikman. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1921. 12mo, 326 pp. \$2.50.

*Zell* should take an honorable place on the shelf of novels which interpret American life truthfully and artistically. Its sordidness has not the relentless horror of a book like *McTeague*, though occasionally one thinks of the stark realism of Frank Norris in reading the unvarnished descriptions of Mr. Henry Aikman. Nor would Miss Lulu Bett's family be wholly alien to the Middle-Western entourage of the 'Zell Microcosm.'

Almost half the book, of which Avery Zell is the central figure, is devoted to the years of his early boyhood, and in spite of much good char-

# What Really Happened at Paris

The Story of the Peace Conference, 1918-1919

By AMERICAN DELEGATES

Edited by EDWARD MANDELL HOUSE, *United States Commissioner Plenipotentiary*  
and CHARLES SEYMOUR, *Litt.D., Professor of History in Yale University*

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acter-drawing, the movement sometimes slightly drags. Herman Zell, the boy's drunken and bombastic brute of a father, stands out with the definiteness of a Dickens type; and the utter failure of his weak and well-intentioned wife to understand either her husband or her children forms the material out of which much of the book is made. It is the early influences of Avery's childhood, the reactions of an unhappy home upon a sensitive temperament, which make intelligible, and even inevitable, the twists and tangles of his own mature experience. Winifred Zell is one of the real characters in the book. She sums up to her brother the cause of their differing tragedies: 'There was no one to understand us, to direct us. Home for us was a place of hatreds. . . . We were deprived of our birthright. So we've just drifted, lived stupid, ordinary lives. And the sad thing is, neither of us is stupid or ordinary. We've never been able to get what was in us, out.'

All through this book the second-rate people of a small Middle-Western city press insistently upon us with their crudities and their vulgarities, their artistic strivings, and their petty ambitions. They are so convincingly 'themselves,' that we should become oppressed by their constant society were it not for the humor and the light touch with which their foibles are portrayed. The chapter describing the social evening of the Five Hundred Club is a masterpiece of unexaggerated humor.

Here, indeed, is the material for a Spoon Riverful of hopeless epitaphs, were it not for the nice sense of proportion displayed by the author. He plays fairly, not with loaded dice. Fate is often unjust, generally ironic, and always unkind; heredity and environment join their diabolic forces to mutilate character and to crush all hope of accomplishment, and yet — a spark disturbs the clod, animating with life, and therefore with hope, characters which contain the germ of something not wholly sordid.

On the last page, Avery Zell is able to snatch a sense of satisfaction that his failure in life was not complete. The realization of even that mild victory over fate is enough to turn many a human tragedy into sanity, and its recognition by the younger school of novelists would more often vitalize fiction into life. 'At least,' soliloquizes Avery, on this final page, 'I have not strutted. At least I have not shirked. At least I am no mere pretence of a man.'

Much more than this could the promising young author of *Zell* truthfully say of his own work.

A. L. GRANT.

**The Life of Whitelaw Reid, by Royal Cortissoz.**

New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1921.

Two vols. 8vo. x + 424 and vi + 471 pp. \$10.00.

THESE two volumes are packed full of history, some of which is newly revealed. So true is this, that Mr. Reid's personality seems in this record almost submerged in the flood of events of which he formed a part, or with which he was in contact, as if biography were but a thread upon which to string the larger incidents of a nation's life.

Though this shows how closely the eminent editor was identified with the issues and important doings of his time, it raises the question whether the biographer, in spite of his loyalty and love for his former newspaper chief, may not have failed somewhat in that gift for portraiture which makes the subject stand out from his environment and lends a touch of intimacy to his acts. John Hay emerges from Thayer's biography much more a living person than does Whitelaw Reid from the present work.

But it would be ungrateful to lay much stress on this, for there 'is not a dull page' in either volume. Few lives in American history have been so rich in experience. Boy and college student in the New West; schoolteacher, country editor, Lincoln campaigner, legislative reporter, war correspondent, and editorial writer; thrown into early contact with Grant, Sherman, Hayes, and Garfield in the field, and with Lincoln, Chase, and the other political leaders of the war at Washington; an eye-witness of Shiloh and Gettysburg; one of the first journalists to visit the South after the surrender; two years a cotton planter in Louisiana and Alabama during reconstruction; enjoying an intimacy with Horace Greely and John Hay which resulted in eventual editorship of the *Tribune* and in Hay's association with that paper and the fruitful friendship that followed; a powerful and trusted adviser in national politics through every campaign and Republican administration for nearly thirty years; Ambassador to France, candidate for vice president in 1892, member of the Spanish Peace Commission, American representative to Queen Victoria's jubilee, and, finally, Ambassador to Great Britain, whose range of acquaintanceship embraced rulers, statesmen, writers, and artists of five continents; a New Yorker and a cosmopolitan, with a touch of the Westerner from his California home and his trusteeship of Stanford University; a successful business man and a writer of books of no mean talent — such was Whitelaw Reid. Is it wonderful, therefore, that his biographer finds the very wealth of incident overwhelming, and must perforce portray the man through his externals?

Sound judgment, independent opinion, moral courage, and tact explain his success. He won mark as a war correspondent because he told the truth unflinchingly. As an editor he tolerated no intimidation — either by party leaders or by advertisers. During the moral slump after the Civil War, he fought courageously for sound money and party purity. Always a regular except during the Greely episode, he had warm friends among party opponents — to illustrate by one of many, Henry Watterson.

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vately characterizing the Berlin expansionists as 'all savages who can't eat without gorging, not civilized enough to know when they have enough, unable to resist the sight of raw meat'; the British comparison of Roosevelt and the Kaiser: 'They both talk unconventionally, but your President always makes good'; Lord Rosebery, a former Prime Minister, wearing a Taft button during the 1908 campaign.

But the interest ranges wide, beyond the field of politics either national or international. For instance, there is the account of Carlyle's reading in manuscript and approving before publication Froude's much maligned *Life and Letters*. The book is one that intelligent Americans should read — and the reading will be no burden.

VICTOR S. CLARK.

**The Autobiography of Martin Van Buren**, edited by John C. Fitzpatrick. (Annual Report of the American Historical Association, Volume II.) Government Printing Office. 1920. Large 8vo, 808 pp. \$1.00.

AN account of political movements in the United States for half a century, by one who was by nature and training a master of political management and a leading participant — what could hold out a better promise of historical interpretation? Having reached his seventy-first year, and while in a foreign land, Martin Van Buren undertakes to review his career and his relations with friends — friends in fact, for with few opponents did he fail to come into friendly relations in his last years, and he takes pride in the long catalogue of such reconciliations.

His early activities in the politics of New York State, by which he forced himself into a commanding position, his entrance into national affairs, first in the Senate, and his successive promotions to be Secretary of State, Minister to England, Vice-President, and President, present unforgettable pictures of intrigue, greed, and partisanship, when success demanded an unscrupulous use of agencies. The record is incomplete, ending with the Vice-Presidency, and is thus concerned with his advance, not with his decline, in public favor. He seeks 'to give an inside view of the actions of public men — a view which differs materially from that which is seen by the public,' and he believes he has 'tempered the admitted ardor of his political life as an influence on his judgment' so as to do justice to all concerned. Perhaps he has been a little too successful in moderating feelings, and the continuous stream of commendation tends to become wearisome. In spite of diffuseness and repetition, it is well done, and presents the writer in a somewhat new light.

Not a little sound political philosophy can be gleaned from this volume, for Van Buren had a wide experience, and was not blind to the defects of party government. On patronage and its abuse he is eloquent; on the intemperate abuse of rivals and the trickery of ambitious partisans he writes much, and with full knowledge of the pos-

sibilities — and reactions. Behind his words of praise and between the lines of his narrative may be seen bitterness of disappointed hopes, broken faith, and disillusioned candor. The New York politician of his day was not squeamish about means to attain an end, and in Washington intrigue was on quite as low a level. The characters he draws of his contemporaries are touched with the mellowness of age, but they cannot conceal the fact that the objects were opposed to him, and that his victory over them was costly. Out of the past he calls many an obscure local leader, and the portraits are not untrue. For Jackson his loyalty and admiration are unbounded. It is an unquestioning confidence and the brightest influence in his life. Clay, Calhoun, Adams, Webster, and a host of others are praised as men, but the account of their political beliefs and practices carries condemnation because they were not of the Jefferson-Jackson stripe.

In many digressions Van Buren states each administrative problem from the beginning, applies his individual measure, and gives judgment accordingly. History has long since passed with a touch of finality on these matters, and Van Buren's views often run counter to the decisions of history. Read as a personal record, the volume has an interest even beyond its subject, and as a source of 'characters' it is unusually rich.

WORTHINGTON C. FORD.

**Sociological Determination of Objectives in Education**, by David Snedden. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1921. 8vo, 322 pp. \$2.50.

THOSE who wish to remain undisturbed in the possession of their present convictions and prejudices in education had better avoid Snedden. Ever since he became a figure of importance in the educational world, he has been an iconoclast, an undismayed, persistent challenger of easily accepted tradition and dearly held faith. To many a complacent teacher his very name spells heresy. He refuses to leave any of us content in the uncritical practice of a task prescribed by custom. Yet he does not go about breaking images without providing a goddess of reason to set up in their places; for his questioning is always dictated by a single consideration — the justification of educational procedures in the light of their relation to social progress. The form of his challenge is always the same: What are you teaching this subject, or setting up this type of school, or using this method *for*? And he insists that you press the inquiry far enough to get beyond the immediate situation, the value of your work to an individual or a group; he asks you to justify the individual or the group itself, as it is affected by your work, in its relation to the larger good of society as a whole, of human beings in their collective life.

This present volume shows Professor Snedden at the top of his bent. He insists on the sociological point of view. He will accept no superficial or temporizing answers as to the value of

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One question we are minded to ask in challenge on our own part: Is sociology so much a science, either now or in its outlook, as to be the final basis for the 'determination of objectives in education'? Can we set the aims of education in the light of any body of facts whatever, even sociological facts? The philosophical educator will insist on a critique of pure reason, even amid the growing science of his own field.

HENRY W. HOLMES

**A New England Group and Others, by Paul Elmer More.** Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1921. 8vo, iv + 295 pp. \$2.00.

THIS latest volume in the Shelburne series contains ten essays, nine of which have been printed before, the tenth having been delivered as a lecture. The essays consist of an entertaining examination of the 'asthmatic muse' of earliest New England; two studies, reprinted from the *Cambridge History of American Literature*, of Jona-

than Edwards and Emerson; characterizations of Charles Eliot Norton and Henry Adams; an excellent summary of arguments for and against some current theories of 'psychical phenomena'; a criticism of 'Erewhon' Butler, on the whole sympathetic; a criticism of Viscount Morley's liberalism, by no means so sympathetic; a survey of modern economic ideals, in which Mr. More reiterates his creed; and a discussion of 'Oxford, Women, and God,' in which, not to speak profanely, we are shown how, when woman came in at the door of the venerable university, God flew out at the window.

For some twenty years Mr. More has been applying his critical creed to one author after another. The creed he has stated with precision many times, notably in *Aristocracy and Justice* and the *Drift of Romanticism*, and in his studies of Arnold, Sainte-Beuve, Tolstoy, and Pater, to name only a few titles. His object has been, in part, to lay bare 'the mischief that the romantic ideas have caused and are still causing to literature and to life.' To the support of this thesis he has been able to bring an erudition, in ancient and oriental philosophy, theology and religion, and social and political theory, rare in American criticism.

Georg Brandes, in his *Recollections*, says that he early adopted a 'motto' to guide him in criticism and in life: 'As flexible as possible, when it is a question of understanding; as inflexible as possible, when it is a question of speaking'; and there can be no doubt that Mr. More has presented a remarkable example of inflexibility, and that it has given to his critical writings unusual coherence and intelligibility. His detractors — and an academic critic is certain to have detractors — have objected to his ethical preoccupation and didacticism, or have denied that, 'when it is a question of understanding,' he is as 'flexible' as a professional critic should be; and an unprejudiced reading of the present volume gives some weight to such strictures. He does approach every author with a prepossession that makes him view each work as a 'tendenz' work, as they say in the university. The result is that a reader unfamiliar with Mr. More's critical creed might find his omissions puzzling, not being able to understand, for example, why the essays in general ignore contemporary literature, referring to it if at all with contempt, and why they concern themselves at times so largely with ideas and have so little to say about the artistic. On the other hand, a reader for whom the creed is unconvincing or even false, must, if he is fair-minded, recognize a fine equanimity, if not serenity, of tone throughout the series, and cannot but enjoy comparing his own impressions with those of so ingenious a mind.

ROBERT M. GAY.

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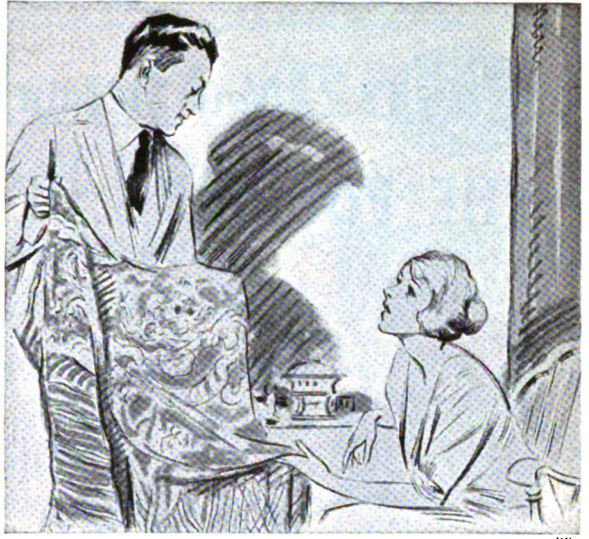
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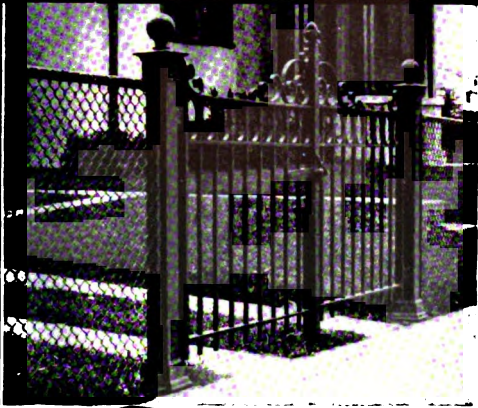
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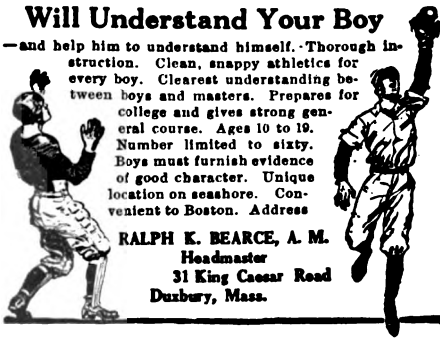
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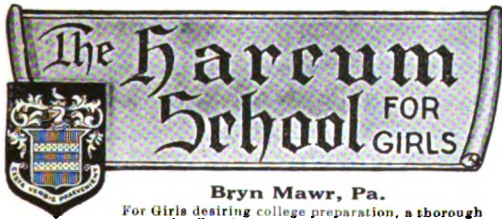
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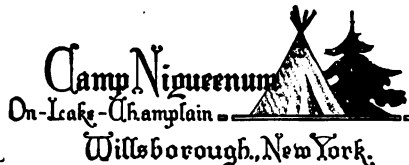
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# THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JUNE, 1921

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BY FREDERICK J. E. WOODBRIDGE

### I

You began your college course in the fall of 1920. I began mine in the fall of 1885. You belong wholly to the twentieth century. I belong mainly to the nineteenth. Centuries are, no doubt, artificial divisions of time and not natural divisions of civilization. In spite of the calendar, your active life and mine will fall within a period of one hundred years; only I shall have preceded you, and ought, at this particular date, to be not only older, but wiser. Yet if the times when you and I became freshmen are attentively considered, it is quite clear that you and I are separated by something else than years or wisdom, by something which gives point to saying that you belong to one century and I to another. As a freshman you are quite different from the freshman of my day.

What I have just said to you would not have been said to any of my class on entering college by an elder who, in his turn, had entered college in 1850. For, as freshmen, the students of his day and of mine were very much alike. They came from the same kind of

homes. Their parents were the same kind of people. As students they had had the same kind of preparation for college, and were destined to pursue the same studies when they went to college. They had the same intellectual apparatus and spoke the same language. By that I mean that they had recourse to a common stock of ideas, which they exchanged or brought to bear upon life, and that they understood one another when they attempted to exchange ideas. Thirty-five years had not put between them differences like those which make 1885 and 1920 look like a contrast instead of a similarity. No; in those days fathers and sons, even grandfathers and grandsons, differed in age and wisdom, but they did not differ in morals, education, or civilization. They belonged to the same century.

This cannot be said of you and me. The differences between us are radical and far-reaching. They are significantly illustrated by our education. You were not prepared for college as I was, and it would be a miracle if you, or any member of your class, pursued in college the

course of study which I pursued. Yet there was nothing peculiar about either my preparation or my course. Both were quite conventional. Both constituted what was considered in my day and in my father's day a liberal education. They expressed an outlook upon life which was commonly understood and commonly accepted. Your education does not differ from mine because mine was peculiar. It differs because mine has ceased to be conventional and accepted. It is no longer standard. That is a little startling when you come to think of it. My type of education was the type of education for generations of students preceding me. Your type of education is not as old as I am.

Yet there is something far more startling about this contrast between you and me. Few members of your class have been, and still fewer will be, educated alike. That could not be said of my generation. You do not, as we did, enter college with a common and well-understood conception of what constitutes a liberal education; and the chances are that your college course, instead of bringing you into closer intellectual sympathy with one another, or giving to all of you a common philosophy of life, will drive you in these matters further apart than you now are. You enter college when the educational world is quite undecided on fundamental matters, and when education no longer expresses an outlook upon life which is commonly understood and commonly accepted. Instead of finding the sea of education mapped and charted, you will find that you will often be called upon to map and chart it for yourself. Instead of finding already decided what it is best for you to study, you will find that question in debate, and you will often be called upon to decide it for yourself, with little experience to guide you.

Regarded from the point of view of

1885, and indeed of centuries preceding, your century, so far at least as education is concerned, looks like chaos and confusion. You are representative of an age which has lost the sense of tradition and precedent, which has no common background of ideas and no common standards of judgment; an age which is progressive and revolutionary, which trusts the new and distrusts the old, and lives excited by visions of the future rather than disciplined by experiences of the past.

Since I entered college, there has been going on an educational revolution. I found it going on when I began to teach, and I have been mixed up with it ever since. Often I am unconscious of it. But I have only to revisit my Alma Mater in an attempt to recover the days of old, or spend an evening with my classmates in recalling what those days were, to have forced upon me a realization of what has happened. Between your college days and mine there is a difference, which is to be defined, not in terms of years or wisdom, but in terms of morals and civilization.

I have called your attention to this difference because it defines, I think, the problem which your generation must solve if the civilization of the twentieth-century America is to be a really great civilization. The fact that in much less than fifty years commonly accepted ideas and standards of education have been overturned is one of the results of many forces, which have operated since the Civil War to destroy the moral and intellectual unity which the American people once possessed. The America of Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, and Lincoln, the America of Hawthorne, Emerson, Lowell, and Mark Twain, the America of the Yankee, the Hoosier, and the Forty-niner, has been passing away, and a new America taking its place. Whether the new

America is a better America is a question not yet decided. It is the question which I believe your generation will decide. When I say that it is a question not yet decided, I do not mean that we have not yet made up our minds about it, but rather that we are not yet in a position to make up our minds about it. The new America has not yet produced a clearly marked type of civilization, nor one stable enough to be compared profitably with other types. To do that will, I believe, be the work of your generation. To do it intelligently and well, it is essential that you understand your country. You must make yourself familiar with the kind of America with which you have to deal. I should like to contribute to that end by illustrating further what I mean by changing America.

## II

America is still called the New World. It is natural, perhaps, to suppose that, in a new world, civilization will be more changing and fluid than in an old world. Australia is a still newer world, and may serve us as an illustration. Its territory is as large as ours, if we exclude Alaska and our island possessions. Its population is one fifth as large. The people there have the slogan, 'Australia for the Australians.' To-day we are crying, 'America for the Americans.' But between these two expressed ambitions there is a difference as wide as the oceans which separate us from them. For Australians are nearly one hundred per cent British. Australia for the Australians means, therefore, a land for a people whose ideas are the same, not only when they look forward, but also when they look backward. It means a land for a people who have a common outlook upon life based upon a common past. It is as if we said that 'America for the Americans' means a

land for the kind of people who fought the War of Independence or who fought the Civil War. Australia may succeed in realizing her ambition. We can have no similar ambition with success. The time has long since passed when America could have been made the land for those people for whom the history of the United States would be the settled background of their life and thoughts. For long ago we opened our doors wide to the peoples of the world and said, 'Come if you want freedom, or if you want an opportunity.' We have tried, on a scale never before matched, to make a nation out of peoples with no common history and with no other spur to unity than the common chance to make something of themselves. We have let anybody make America mean what he liked.

Let me illustrate this from a vivid experience of my own. I met one evening, as I was going south on Fourth Avenue, the hordes of people poured out from the great lofts of the district between Fourteenth and Twenty-third Streets and Fourth and Sixth Avenues. I looked into the faces of strange and foreign men. I saw no signs of friendship or intimacy. I felt profoundly solitary, as if the whole world of aliens were going north and I alone of all my kind were going south. America was to me a British colony grown independent and strong. What was it to those thousands of faces so expressionless to me? Something like terror seized me, as I realized that all they and I had in common was a chance to be something. Would they spare me in a contest, because their fathers and mine had long ago been brothers in a common cause? Was there between them and me any remembrances of common days, which knit men together in sympathy and confidence? All I saw was alien, and I felt an outcast from my own land.

And what did they think, if they

thought of me? Did they say, 'See this descendant of a bourgeois civilization, this respectable person, with his morals of hypocrisy, hugging his property as if it were sacred, going to courts of law for justice and to constitutions for precedents, calling himself American when he is only a smug Englishman abroad! What have we in common with him — we of the proletariat and the revolution, we of the new age and the new order?'

Had they so spoken, I should doubtless have replied, in the mood I then was in, 'New age and new order! Poor children! You are but venting, now you have the chance, your age-long opposition to tyrannies I have never known. America is not the revolution. She is the fruit of revolution accomplished while your fathers still dreamed of freedom. She is the offspring of a people who laid the foundations of liberty centuries ago, and have built upon them steadily, while your ancestors have bowed in homage to men they called lord and sovereign.'

When I was a boy in college, the Yankee farmer still existed, but he was without descendants. Children he had, but they were leaving the land. He remained with his memories. The Civil War was very real to him. The War of Independence was almost as real, for there over his door hung the musket his grandfather had fired at the Redcoats. The French and Indian war was a real tradition for him. The Mayflower had brought his ancestors to the land.

But now he is almost gone. In his place there are Americans; but they have not New England names. The Mayflower means nothing to them. Lexington and Concord and Bull Run and Gettysburg wake no emotion in their breasts. They have the look of a people lately freed from oppression. The thing that makes them feel, that quickens their

pulses, that brings the fire to their eyes is the memory neither of New England nor of Old England. It is the memory of a torn and parceled nation, of injustice done them by the strong, of glories torn from them, of blood shed in vain. To them America is a land without a history. Or, better, their history, the background of their ideas, is not the history and the background of New England. With the real New Englander they have no past in common, no bonds of sympathy formed by common traditions and a common ancestry.

Go with me to our Northwest. How well I remember the neighbors of my boyhood in Michigan, preparing for an emigration to Dakota. Their name was Taylor. Daily I was at their house, watching the preparations, for one of the boys and I had been chums. How I envied him! How I coveted his revolver and his rifle! We talked of the pioneers, of the great Americans who had followed in the trail of Lewis and Clark, and had begun the making of the Great West. We talked of the Indian wars. How splendid to be a pioneer!

What became of him, I do not know. But later I, too, went to the Northwest. The leading citizens were still the kind of people that Taylor and I talked about. I have met the pioneer. One doctor, I remember, who was educated in an Eastern college and had been a student of Pasteur; who had driven smallpox from the state; who had lived his active days on horseback; in whose library was the literature of the world. He used to talk of the days when the pioneer was in his prime, when America was in the saddle. But around him and those like him was growing up a quite different America, which was not the East transplanted. It was a new Scandinavia. The Northwest for its people was not the continuation of the history of the pioneer, as it was to my friend

the doctor: it was a chance to continue something else.

The America of to-day has lost the sense of a single and unified tradition. Not only has she lost it as a common possession, but she maintains it with difficulty even among those whose rightful inheritance it is: those, I mean, to whom the traditions of the English people and the English language are the vitalizing memories of their outlook upon life.

Let me take myself as an example. My father was born in Reading, England; he was educated in an English school, and nourished on the British Constitution. I was born in Canada, but went to school in Michigan. My college days were spent at Amherst. Then for three years I was a student at the Union Theological Seminary in New York, and for two years after that a student abroad. On my return, I was called to a post in the University of Minnesota and from there I was called to Columbia.

But what can now be said of my past? There is none of my family left in Reading, where my father was born; none in Windsor, where I was born; none in Michigan, where my childhood was passed; none in Minnesota, where my first child was born. There is no place in the world where I have any sense of really belonging, although I can remember yet, with a kind of thrill, my mother telling me, when I was a boy, that her father was born in New Hampshire in the year Washington died.

And my life is a sample of millions — a life utterly devoid of any real attachment to a house, a piece of land, or a place of any sort. I am a man without a country, in any real sense, although I am an American citizen. Most of the people whom I call my friends, the people between whom and me there is a rich sympathy of ideas and hopes, are like me. They, too, are people without a

home. They dwell in tents pitched where their work calls them.

This dwelling in tents has had a marked influence on my ideas, just as I find it has had a marked influence on the ideas of my friends. I can best express that influence by saying that we are not very conservative, and we have largely forgotten the meaning of piety. When I say that we are not very conservative, I mean that there are few things which we regard as permanently settled, few things which we naturally take for granted. We are constantly reopening questions, constantly deciding the same question over and over again. We decide every Sunday whether we shall go to church, and every day whether we shall dress for dinner. We are constantly discussing how to educate our children. All the way from little to great matters, we exhibit this trait. We are not like people who have made up their minds, but like people who are making them up over and over again. We are consequently tolerant and lenient toward others, who by their ancestry and training are radically different from us in their outlook and ambitions. We have a great tendency to let others have their way, even when we don't approve of it. In short, we lead the experimental life and not the life of settled habits and convictions. We are tent-dwellers in the land of ideas.

When I say that we have largely forgotten the meaning of piety, I mean that our loyalties are not based on the common natural ties that bind men together and to the places where they dwell. There are few shrines to which we make pilgrimages. There are few sacred places from which we keep the hand of change. Our interest in the old and the venerable is more like that of the collector than like that of the lover. Partings with us are habits and not ceremonies. Our loyalties are matters of the will, of deciding to stand by, to

work for a cause. They are not the natural outbursts of a devoted soul. Attachments by sentiment are so rare with us that we call them sentimental.

I am not speaking of all Americans, but I am speaking of millions of them, and millions who would claim that they are more American than the Italians, or French, or Scandinavians, or Poles among us, because they are descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers, or of people like them. And these millions, who think of themselves as the real Americans, think also that these other millions, who are so unlike them, should none the less exclaim in the words of Ruth, 'Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge: thy people shall be my people and thy God my God.'

There was a time when the history and civilization of America was genuinely the continuation of the history and civilization of our original thirteen states. That time is past. The continuity of our civilization has been broken by a radically changing America — an America unchecked by the restraints of tradition, an America eager to lead the experimental life, an America where, not the memories of the past, but the promises of the future, quicken the pulses of its citizens.

### III

There are decided advantages in living in a land where opportunity is so large and untrammelled. Tradition has worn few paths in which we feel obliged to walk. We are exceptionally free to make our own choices, from the choice of a career to the choice of a wife. We dare not attempt to claim personal position on account of the worth or position of our ancestors. We can claim it only on our own merits and accomplishments. Nor does an unsatisfactory ancestry hang like a halter round our

necks. The names of our men great in position or great in wealth are, to a remarkable extent, names of men who owe their position or their wealth, not to the position or wealth of their ancestors, but to their own energy and resourcefulness. And all this vast opportunity has been thrown open to the world with a generosity and prodigality unmatched in history. America means, and has meant consistently from her foundation as a state, a genuine hope for mankind. We have, therefore, a most precious kind of freedom, which few have enjoyed in a world where custom so often lies upon us like a weight.

Yet we must confess that this great freedom of the individual to make the most of himself has seriously interfered with real greatness in public life. Few of us are proud of our politics, although, morally considered, politics should be the supreme achievement of a democratic people. But with us, public servants are, as a rule, men of inferior ability and almost no imagination. We have not made public life the avenue to distinction which great men naturally seek. The noun politics and the adjective political are terms of reproach. So true is this that one of our leading universities has changed the name of its courses on politics to courses on government, to avoid misunderstanding.

Now such carelessness of public life is possible only in a country with no conscious traditions, and where everyone is engaged, first of all, in making the most of himself. 'Make the most of yourselves' is the best advice that can be given to young men; but to make the most of yourselves supremely, it is necessary that you affect public life in a way that ennobles it. The most of one's self can never be made in a country where public life is not sustained on a high level. With all our wealth of opportunity, we have never produced in quantity, and rarely in quality, such

public men as England has produced. Our great men are found mainly in the private walks of life.

Not only is our public life not on a high level, but our public opinion is whimsical. In my youth a bicycle was a boy's toy; in my young manhood it was a national passion; and to-day it is a vehicle for occasional use. In my youth in the Middle West alcohol and good society were strangers; but not so long ago the golf club and the country club possessed society, and the highball became a social sacrament. Now prohibition has swept the country and lodged in the Constitution.

We do not know what public opinion really is, or who really supports it. It is so unformed and disorganized, so lacking in real leadership, so unsupported by disciplined thought, that almost any well-conducted propaganda can seize it, and temporarily control it to almost any end. The reason is again that we are not in the habit of thinking in terms of public life. We are thinking in terms of individual opportunity so exclusively, that, when we face a question of public importance, we have no clearly thought-out judgment upon it. Our attitude toward petitions, for instance, is, habitually, that they should be signed; for we think there must be something in them, since somebody has drawn them up. An energetic commuter, who traveled by the morning train, which I am in the habit of taking to the city, wanted it scheduled at an earlier hour. He circulated a petition, which many of his fellow commuters signed, to oblige him. The time was changed, to the great inconvenience of nearly all the people to whom the time really mattered. They had to get it changed back again after several weeks of acute distress. And the most amusing thing in this whole performance was that the original petitioner did not use the train after his petition was granted.

This is a trivial illustration, but it is typical. We make a great mistake when we say that public opinion controls in our country. It does not control; it is controlled by whims and factions, because so few are seriously engaged in enlightening it and leading it into a position where whims and factions will be controlled by it.

What I have said about politics and public opinion could be repeated about art, education, and morals. But I shall write further only about morals, for I have had much occasion to observe the morals of college students in particular. By morals I do not here mean the habits of life which touch vice in any of its forms. I mean rather the habits of life which control choice and lead desire.

Let me illustrate what I mean from my experience as a teacher. After having learned that students will not have their work done seasonably unless a definite time-limit is set, I decided to set such a limit for the written work required in a course in the history of philosophy. Three weeks were allowed for the preparation of an essay, although half that time was ample. I knew, however, that times are not always convenient for students. At the expiration of the time a student came to ask for an extension. He said that it was not his fault that his paper was not ready. He had expected to write it during the last week; but unexpectedly the glee club decided to give a special concert, and he had been so busy rehearsing for the concert that he had no time to write the paper. I told him that I could not accept that excuse, because it was no excuse at all. He thought me most unreasonable, and it was some time, and after some heat, before we came to an understanding. It seemed never to have occurred to him that he had made a choice, and should abide by the choice he had made. After I had made it very clear to him that I respected his choice and bore

him no ill-will for making it; that very likely his choice was a wise one; but that singing in the glee club was not and could never be the writing of a paper in philosophy, he reached the same conclusion that I had reached. He saw that, instead of taking himself the responsibility for his own choice, he was trying to make me take it. That was a revelation to him. He was, quite unconsciously to himself, in the habit of expecting that, so long as he did nothing really vicious, others would see that he never suffered inconvenience from the choices he might make. His morality had consisted solely in abstaining from vice and crime. It had never consisted in controlling his choices and desires. He was a very typical student, and he was a most likeable fellow, who always did well what he did do. His lack of positive morality was not the fault of his classmates, but the individual reflection of the common attitude of students untrained in a sense of public responsibility.

And I am led to believe that he is typical of our morals generally. As a rule, unless our choices are positively bad, we expect to be free from responsibility for their consequences. But they have consequences, and somebody else has to take them, often to the great detriment of society. This should have been a country where industrial progress was made sanely and with an eye to large public advantage. But it has been made immorally in the sense I am here meaning. Society is to-day reaping the consequences.

And the strangest thing in it all is the preaching of the doctrine that it is society that is responsible for capitalistic oppression, for labor unrest, for the I.W.W., for poverty, and for disease. The truth is that society is the victim of 'passing the buck,' as we colloquially put it. We have all been so busy in making the most of ourselves and in looking

upon society as the tolerant spectator of us while doing it, that we have never developed a genuine public morality or a keen sense of individual responsibility. The remedies proposed for the consequences are rarely in the direction of a sound morality. They are more often in the direction of the referendum and recall; but unless there exists an enlightened public opinion and a responsible public morality, the referendum and recall amount only to 'passing the buck.'

These things have not always been so in our country. The generation which is just passing away knew a quite different America. The America which had consistently and steadily developed from the time the Constitution was signed; which knew its own past and thereon built the hopes of its future; which was so sure of what it wanted to be that it withstood the shock of civil war, has passed away, and a changing America has taken its place. That changing America is your inheritance.

#### IV

What will you make of your inheritance? Your generation has lived through, in a few years and during the impressionable period of youth, far more than most men live through in a lifetime. It has carried America overseas, to defend principles which our country has always claimed to stand for and which men everywhere expect us to maintain. Your generation has fought side by side with peoples of the Old World against the last threatening power of the Old World's oldest wrong. Yours is no ordinary generation. It is in wonder and expectation, therefore, that the question is asked, 'What will you make of your inheritance?'

That is a question for you, not for your elders, to answer. Yours, not theirs, will be the America of the future. That does not mean, however, that



they have nothing to say to you. It does not mean that experience has nothing to teach. Least of all does it mean that, when we are called upon to consider something of the significance of college in a man's life, there is nothing to voice except wonder and expectation. No prophet can tell you what the new America is to be, but there is no need of a prophet to tell you that, without disciplined preparation, your share in shaping it is not likely to be significant.

What then can be said? One thing, certainly, and that is a caution. Beware of accepting any of the social philosophies which are, and will be, offered you in abundance. Changing America, and the alluring prospect of perhaps speedily entering into a new and a better world, have aroused once more the old passion for Utopia. Plato put the perfect state in the sky, in order that men might look up to it. You are, and will be, offered many a plan of a perfect state, which you will be expected at once to put into the form of human institutions, in disregard of the fact that human institutions grow out of human needs and frailties and compromises toward an ideal, and not out of ideals, as magic forces which have power to alter the very animal substance of all man's life. Love is a wild passion, born of the body's desires and the allurements of sense; but it can be tamed by discipline, by chastity, by marriage, until it leads men to behold what a glorious thing it might be if, free and unrestrained, it swept them aloft. Thus disciplined and seen from that height, the loves of men become transformed.

But free love wrought into a human institution is not an ideal. It is a surrender to the animal in us and fellows us with brutes. A free and ideal society is subject to the same law. For society, like love, has its springs in the body. At-

tained through discipline and control of animal needs, the ideal of a perfectly free society can be a precious human possession. It can make man tolerant and wise. But convert it into constitutions which are not themselves the outgrowth of that discipline and control, and it means barbarism, not civilization. Do not think, therefore, that it is your business speedily to adopt a social philosophy, or to join in promoting those programmes of social reform which promise you that their immediate enactment into human institutions will secure among men a society which is ideal and free.

But it is your business to study them and understand them. They express men's longings, desires, and ambitions. They indicate repeatedly where wrongs and injustice lie, which cry for remedy. They should be studied, therefore, in the attitude neither of sentimental enthusiasm nor of rational contempt. They should be studied with sympathy and liberality. It is not, however, a new social philosophy, but a recovery of what it has lost, that changing America needs. The caution I have written has been written to bring you back to that which I have implied from the beginning — namely, that no civilization is great unless it is steadied by a great tradition, which ennobles public life, gives form and stability to public opinion, and creates a recognized public morality. These civic excellences are not the outstanding traits of changing America. It is your business to assist in making them such. This you cannot do by being what is called to-day reactionary. You cannot expect the millions among us, whose history and traditions are not the history and traditions of the America that has so largely passed away — you cannot expect them to adopt that old history and those old traditions as their own. Neither can you expect yourself to do it. You and

they can, through the knowledge of what America has been, be brought to admire and prize it, as you can be brought to admire and prize Greek civilization, or any other that has made a real contribution to human progress. But all that is quite a different thing from the habit of reliving it in the life of every day. Continuity with it has been snapped, and, in a very real sense, a fresh beginning has to be made. Your college course affords you a genuine opportunity to acquire those habits which are important in the making of it.

You and your classmates represent changing America. The history and traditions of your college are real to comparatively few of you. Yet there you will achieve a tradition. You will achieve it, not by adopting, to begin with, some theory of what a college is or ought to be, or by finding such a theory thrust upon you, but in a much simpler and also profounder way. You will achieve it by starting with what you are, working with what you have, and going on from where you stand. All this you will do in college. And when you leave, you will find that the spirit of your *alma mater*, which has watched over so many generations of students, has watched over you and made her history your possession for ever.

I shall not attempt to anticipate that experience for you, but I would insist on the method of it. You cannot make the college your own by studying its history, by waving its banners, or by shouting with your mates. You must first have a reason for studying, waving, and shouting, and that reason must grow out of something besides enthusiasm and admiration: it must grow out of a habit of life. You must start with what you are. Writing your name on the rolls of the college has been a sacrament, but it has not wrought a miracle. You and your classmates are heterogeneous, different from one another in

preparation, in ability, in social gifts, in physical power, in the amount of money at your command. It is with these many inequalities that you must start, and not with the notion that, since your college is democratic, its name has washed your inequalities away. Far from it: it has emphasized them. It has given to every power you possess an opportunity to be made the most of, so that college is the easiest place in the world in which to go to the heights or to go to the devil. You start, therefore, with what you are, and not with some magical change in you, which your matriculation has brought about.

You must work with what you have. This is both a necessity and a challenge. Your college gives you, as I have already said, an opportunity for the exploitation of differing powers. It is not, however, an opportunity in general which it gives you. The opportunity is made definite and particular. The classroom, the field, the societies, many varied forms of student life, already exist as so many established institutions through which alone your opportunity can be seized. Some of them you may not like, but you cannot change them overnight. You cannot escape them by running away from them or neglecting them. You must work with them. By working with them, you can help to lift college life up to a high level, create a college opinion which will lead and control the whims that otherwise would have students at their mercy, and establish a college standard of morality which will make the responsibilities of college men their pride and satisfaction.

You must go on from where you stand. This is a progressive necessity. Starting with what you are and working with what you have is a matter of going on continuously. You use the past to rise on. You do not let it go until your outstretched hand has firmly

grasped the next position. Thus you give purpose and progress to your movements. It would take a miracle to make a senior out of a boy who had never been a freshman. Yet something like the miracle would happen if the status of senior should involve no memories of verdant days outgrown, and no sympathy with immaturity surpassed. Your progress as a class, from year to year, is thus a symbol of what it means to go on from where you stand. Transferred to the many interests of your college days, it means an accumulating and expanding purpose.

This method, which may be learned in college, your generation should transfer to the nation. You and your classmates, as I have said, represent changing America. The problems which you have to solve in college, so far as they concern associated living, are alike in kind with those which the nation has to solve. You have for their solution a method which is not the reduction of a speculation to practice, but the proved method of successful human experience. Substitute for the college the nation, in all that I have said about that method, and you will discover for yourself how you can gain in college an experience which can be transferred to that larger life which you will enter after a few years as a freshman again. Hold fast to it. Do not, for a moment, let yourself

believe that what changing America needs first of all is a revolution, a new constitution and new institutions. Start with what you are, work with what you have, and go on from where you stand.

What you have, I have tried to tell you. To work with it, you have institutions that were not made in a day. They are the results of a long and tragic struggle for freedom. They are to be used, not set aside, if changing America is to resume the path of a great civilization. Working with them, and going on progressively from where you stand, your generation will indeed achieve a new America, to which many different peoples have contributed, which owns and recognizes a great tradition, and which has found its divinity, to whom shrines will be built and pilgrimages will be made. The past will live again through appropriation. The future will illustrate a steady purpose. What changing America needs is not more heat under the melting-pot, but an intelligent method of using the metals given to it. But our figures should not be taken from a smelter. Men, women, and children are too precious. Our enterprise is humane: progressively to develop, by working with what we are and what we have, the steadying devotion to a great society to which we have discovered that we all belong.

# BELLING A FOX

BY CHARLES D. STEWART

## I

THE fox is so wary of approach, and has such uncanny knowledge of a trap, that the problem of getting his pelt usually reduces itself to a matter of mere brute force. A special breed of hound, having superior strength and endurance, is used to wear him out and, finally, run him down. The foxhound, compounded of the greyhound, the bloodhound and — as some think — the bulldog, for the combined qualities of fleetness, fineness of scent, and tireless tenacity, is a substantial reminder, not to say a loud advertisement, of the qualities of the fox. For the foxhound, aside from the growl and bark of a dog, has a voice like a town crier; and this large part of him has its practical uses in the chase. It enables his master to keep track of him in the distance, to read his mind and emotions, and, by this knowledge of what is going on, to head him off in his work, and get the fox away from him before he has torn it to pieces.

Some writers hold the hound in such high esteem as to pronounce him the most sagacious of the dog tribe; but I could never see a hound in that way. He gets his impressive countenance from the bloodhound; and a bloodhound is not as wise as he looks. He is a dog of one idea, and that idea simply has him by the nose. When he is being led on by a fresh trail, he will run till his feet leave bloody tracks in the snow; and, like all monomaniacs, he lacks the initiative to quit. He is, in short, a hound.

I can see, however, that the proprie-

tor of a hound, or of a kennel of thirty or forty hounds, being influenced by live memories of the hunt, might conceive the same enthusiasm toward a hound that the average man has toward a dog. George Washington, who was a devoted fox-hunter, usually hunting three times a week, had a well-trained pack and a fine stable of horses at Mount Vernon. With his usual attention to detail, he had intimate knowledge of each of his horses, and knew every hound by name and according to his particular merits. Among the hounds were Vulcan, Ringwood, Singer, Truelove, Music, Forester, Rockwood, and Sweetlips. When I reflect upon certain of these names, I begin to suspect that Washington would hardly have shared my sentiments toward the ever-bellowing hound.

Here in Wisconsin we do it differently. We have a method of hunting the fox which employs nothing of this mere conquering force, but moves purely along lines of fox nature and human nature. It is known as belling the fox, and consists in following his trail in the snow and ringing a good-sized dinner-bell. For this work an old man is best adapted, the reason being, not merely that he has had years of experience and is hard for a fox to throw off the trail, but that his weight of years will keep him from getting in a hurry. Youth, becoming wrought up and interested in the chase, unconsciously walks faster and faster. Age and philosophy is willing to save

its strength and to keep trudging along. There is plenty of time to catch a fox. This form of the hunt has regard for the Shakespearean adage that what you have n't got in your head you have got to take out of your heels. Grandpa, who is playing the part of the hound, with the assistance of the dinner-bell, is fully as wise as he looks; and it is an axiom of the chase that haste is not required. He keeps in mind that other old adage — the more haste, the less speed.

Of all the methods of circumventing the fox, this is the one that is the surest of success. It is, therefore, the method of the professional fox-hunter, and has been since before the time when Wisconsin became a state. There are several generations of experience behind it.

The art of belling the fox first came to my attention fourteen years ago, when I took up my residence in the country; and it has been of constant interest to me, for the reason that it is such an infallible clue to the fox's habits. And not only to his habits, but to the workings of his mind. By this trail in the snow, Reynard becomes his own biographer. Every act of his life is written down and made manifest. Here he halted and poked his nose into a burrow, in the hope of getting a rabbit or a mouse; there he crossed over to the swamp in search of better hunting; then he looked into the end of a hollow log and seemed to be curious about a woodchuck's winter quarters. Finally, after much casting about, he caught a rabbit and feasted on it; and having thus made a night of it, and got his stomach comfortably filled, he curled up in the snow to spend the day.

To the man who follows him day after day, winter after winter, it is the true history of the fox written down on the white page of nature. Not a detail is omitted. Every doing of the night is put on record; and the snowy bed whereon he slept bears witness for itself.

## II

If the reader is disposed to follow him through a sample night and day, we will start at the beginning, early in the morning, with Grandpa Wellington Dewey to bear the bell and Charlie T—— to operate the gun. I might explain before we start out, that not for a moment are we going to see the fox — that is, not till the final moment when we have outmanœuvred him and stretched him on the snow. The fox is a natural scout and spy. He has senses that are wonderfully acute, and a nature that is all suspicion. He believes in being neither seen nor heard; and he has every art of precaution that the most accomplished spy could ever think of.

In spite of his superior equipment in the way of ears and nose, the two hunters will deliberately undertake to out-scout him and out-spy him. The sport has a deep and peculiar fascination, entirely aside from the fifteen or twenty dollars at stake. We are coping with the animal, sight-unseen, relying upon our knowledge of how a fox will play the game. He is being hunted in the abstract; and the work combines with this purely mental interest a feature that is generally considered the better element of sport — a square deal for the animal that is hunted. It is a contest of wits, never descending to mere brute force; and it has none of the cruelty of trapping. When the fox is beaten at his own game, his end will be quick and sure.

Having with us an accomplished bellman, and a more active man who will know how to come in opportunely with the gun, we strike out into the country and begin casting about upon the face of nature. During the night a light snow has fallen on what was already a substantial crust; and this is the board on which we are going to play.

Presently we have the luck to discover what we think must surely be the trail

of a fox, and we sing out the news to Grandpa Dewey. He comes to pass upon it, and very soon informs us that it is the track of Farmer B——'s young collie. We had been told to look for tracks that were all in a line, as if they had been made by an animal hopping along on one foot; and so far as we can see, this trail fits the description exactly. A collie trotting in the snow does make a trail that is remarkably straight; and he steps in his own tracks with such precision as to give little clue to the number of his legs. But it is not quite the trail of the fox.

Again we spread out over the territory and continue our search. Finally Grandpa Dewey proves himself the true fox-finder; and he lets it be known with a laconic 'Hyar we are.' Whereupon we all hurry over to the point that is to be the beginning of our travels.

Desirous of learning the secrets of a bellman, we stoop over and bend our mind upon one of these intaglios in the snow. The fox and the dog belong to the same large family, the *Canidæ*; and the more closely we look at this track, the more the fact seems evident to us. There are the same little cushions, the toes arranged around the heel, and the same straight line leading off toward the hills. If the other was a dog, we would be willing to swear that this was a dog, too. Not until Grandpa Dewey and Charlie T—— have united in the statement that the two are quite different do we get our attention down to the matter; and then we begin to see. The difference is like that between two signatures—at first very similar, and then distinguishable at a glance. Reynard differs from the dog in having a pad that expresses slenderness, the toes being more elongated in their arrangement round the heel. His paw is more lady-like and *spirituelle*, and the line of his footfall is, if anything, straighter and more precise than that of the collie.

On the paw of every animal Nature has set the family seal; and this is the Fox, his mark.

The experienced fox-hunter, however, would be able to recognize the trail by its general record, independent of any such assistance from canine palmistry. He notes the wide, light leap as Reynard clears an obstruction, and reads the nature of his quick decisions as he changes his course to this side or that. He knows the Fox's handwriting in general; and, by a knowledge of the swamps and ridges and runways that the fox is likely to have in mind, he makes a guess at the nature of the message.

I have said that there was a fresh fall of snow during the night. By this means we know that the trail is a fresh one. It is not the record of a fox's wanderings two or three nights ago. But while this fresh fall of snow is very welcome to a hunter, as giving him a clean slate, he does not need any such adventitious happenings to tell him whether a trail is old or new. A footprint that has stood long in the cold has its interior covered with fine *spiculae*—a mat, frosted appearance. The bellman knows it at a glance, as a jeweler would judge a diamond or a cameo.

Now that we have Mr. Wily on the line, our interest in him goes up several degrees; and we naturally expect, as we walk along in the direction in which his toes are pointing, that there will be some signs of an intention to hunt the fox. All this while Grandpa Dewey has been carrying the bell by the clapper; and he still continues to do so. It has been about as much use to him as any other dead weight would be—a mere dumb-bell; and he is in as little of a hurry as he was before.

But we readily agree with him that there is no great call for hurry, when he reminds us that, as this is daytime, the fox is sleeping. The fox has elliptical pupils like those of a cat; and being that

variety of animal, he hunts all night and does his sleeping by day. Somewhere ahead of us he is comfortably curled up, taking his nap and digesting the rabbit; and as he has no idea that we are after him, he may be depended upon to wait till we come. His bed may be fifteen minutes ahead of us, or it may be an hour; but, anyway, we have him on the line, and he cannot very well break the connection. We just keep trudging along, and sooner or later we shall find where he put up for the day.

'In his den?' we inquire. It has suddenly occurred to us that we should like to see a fox's den. This alone would make the trip worth while. But it is evident that this query has no meaning to either Grandpa Dewey or Charlie T——. When we repeat the word, emphasizing it, we see that it has no place in the consciousness of the fox-hunter, or of his cousins or his uncles or his aunts. Whereupon we say what we mean — his burrow, his hole in the ground, the place where he lives. But this elicits no look of understanding. It would be impossible to find a fox in such a place. A fox sleeps in the open, even in the coldest weather. He simply curls up and drops down in his tracks; but he always sleeps with his nose pointing back on the trail; for he knows that, if he has callers, they are likely to come by that route. He may make his bed on the lee side of a juniper bush; or, if it is very cold, among the undergrowth of a tamarack swamp; but he is fond of a slope facing south. He has even been known to make his bed on top of a pile of field-stone, possibly because it afforded him a good lookout. A fox finds safety by knowing what is going on around him, not by hiding in a hole, where he can neither hear nor see, and where he would surely be cornered and caught. Grandpa Dewey knew a man who, several years ago, followed a trail that led to a burrow. It was a woodchuck bur-

row, which some fox had enlarged the year before to put her cubs in. But this fox that hid in it was wounded.

As this seems contrary to *Æsop* and the Bible, and even the *Encyclopædia* itself, it is not welcome news. We do not like to see authority put in the wrong. It is even contrary to the expression, a 'fox's den.' But Grandpa settles the whole matter by telling us that the best way is to wait and see. We shall find that this fox has been sleeping in the snow somewhere ahead of us. And so we decide that, as he has been following these records since the early sixties, and the fox has no way of erasing any of the facts by night or day, we had better hold our opinions in abeyance.

When we have come to the place where the fox is now resting, as we surely shall, we shall see his empty bed in the snow; but there will be no fox in sight. And as we should never be able to overtake him, even though we had the swiftest horse in the county, that is another reason for not being in a hurry.

It is a beautiful winter day, sparkling and crisp. The sun shines across the white fields; it illumines the armfuls of snow that the trees have caught in their crotches, and makes the distant tamarack seem all the darker by contrast. And as the fox will know that we are coming, by the rustle of our coats or the squeak of our boots in the snow, quite as well as if we were making what *we* should call a noise; and as he would be likely to smell us if we made no noise whatever, there is no restraint upon us. We are free to admire the scenery and talk things over.

After much trudging up hill and down dale, Grandpa suddenly does get in a hurry. He sees the fox's bed ahead of him — a round place in the snow; whereupon he breaks into a running walk like that of an Indian. The moment he reaches it, he stoops over and passes

his hand round its interior, and then straightens up, with his hurry all gone. Instead of being soft and spongy, as it would be if the fox had just left it, this bed has had time to freeze and form a crust. A touch of Grandpa's finger has been enough to tell the story.

A fox settles down with the intention of spending the day; but he does not always remain of one mind. Something disturbs him; he becomes restless and suspicious, and finally moves on to another locality. This is what has happened here. And lest we should have conveyed a wrong impression by the word *bed*, let us explain that it is nothing that the fox makes. He simply curls up and lies down on the surface of the snow as lightly and daintily as he does everything else; but the warmth of his body gradually settles the snow and melts it, and lets him down into it. Now we know that the fox is not very far away. As we shall presently come upon the bed that finally suited him, we follow along with rising expectations.

Meanwhile we seem to have lost Charlie T——. He wandered off with the gun on his shoulder, to one side of our route and a considerable distance in advance. Now he is nowhere in sight, and we wonder what has become of him. He does not seem to care whether we start the fox or not; and Grandpa Dewey, still carrying the bell by the clapper, does nothing but trudge along.

Again he breaks into his jog-trot and makes for the summit of a little knoll. This time he has started the fox. The inside of this bed is spongy and damp. The fox is only two or three minutes away. Immediately the bell comes into action. Grandpa sets it going at a great rate, clanging away as if it were three or four dinner-bells, and all the dinners in a hurry. He explains that this is to let Charlie T—— know that the fox has been started. Charlie is ahead somewhere, a mile or more away. And then,

having made so much ado about it, Grandpa settles into his former state of calm deliberation and follows along the trail, ringing the bell as he goes. Instead of hastening, now that he has the fox at hand, he becomes even more leisurely; and the bell settles down to a steady, monotonous clangety-clang, swinging with every step and giving forth its note with the uninspired regularity of a scissors-grinder going his daily rounds. It may be a long walk that we have before us, and there is no use in wearing ourselves out. And besides, the slower we go, the sooner we are likely to get the fox. This, it seems, is about all we have to do. Meanwhile, we have learned the art of starting the fox, which is the first step in belling him. And we have learned fact number one, upon which these hunters always depend: which is, that a fox does not live in a den.

### III

Charlie T——, a mile or so ahead, has got to his present position by describing a big circle. And now his business is to keep well ahead and strictly out of that fox's sight and out of his hearing and powers of smell. He must keep moving on in order to do it. He has not seen the fox; because, if he had, the fox would have seen him.

As for ourselves, we need observe no precautions. The fox is perfectly aware that we are behind him. He knew it before we reached his bed, and it took no bell to apprise him of the fact. If we had seen him at the moment he left his bed, we should have seen little more than a streak of reddish color flashing across the snow. Once in a great while you might catch a fox napping. If, for instance, he had his bed on a hillside, and you came up the opposite side of the hill, with the wind blowing your scent away from him, and such snow underfoot that your boots did not crunch



in the least, you might catch a fox in bed. But you would hardly be aware of his presence before he was aware of yours; and then it would be too late to take action. A hunter near Pike Lake came across a fox in such favoring circumstances a few years ago. He had his shot-gun in hand, but could not get it to his shoulder in time. It was, he said, 'just as if a puff of wind came along at that instant and blew the fox out of sight like a leaf.' This was a very good description of the fox's lightness and speed. His coloring, too, is that of the autumn leaf. One instant he flashed upon the sight, and then he was gone.

The three parties to the present transaction, Grandpa Dewey, the fox, and Charlie T——, are now moving along out of sight of one another. Charlie T——, far in the lead, is listening to the bell and trying to strike a position where it will come steadily toward him. By taking a stand and listening closely, he is able to tell whether it is coming straight on or veering to this side or that; and he manoeuvres about accordingly. But when he corrects his course and takes up a new experimental position, he must also move on, and keep well in advance. By the sound of the bell, the fox's route is being projected ahead of him. Charlie is very deliberately dealing with the fox's future, surveying it by sound. The fox is free to go where he will; and if, after he has come straight on for a while, he suddenly strikes off, at an angle, the hunter has got to circle about and strike up another position. Sooner or later the fox will come straight on; and when he does, the hunter will be there to meet him.

All this sounds very well in theory. But it strikes us as being altogether too deliberate a way of working with a fox. So here we begin to ask questions. If Charlie T—— has not *seen* the fox, how does he know that the fox is somewhere between him and the bell?

This brings us to fact number two in fox-psychology. A fox will run no faster than he is chased. This is a fact which may be stated without any reservations. It is no exaggeration to say that there is no limit to the slowness with which a fox will travel in suiting his pace to that of his pursuer. He will stop and look back, curiously. The veriest cripple, a man on crutches, could keep up with a fox as well as the average horse or hound. He will go fast or slow according as it is necessary to keep out of harm's way; but in neither case is he a fugitive. If you were to see a fox at the moment he discovered your approach, you would no doubt think that the panic-stricken animal would keep on running till his fright wore off. But not so. He goes like a streak until he has put his established distance between you and him; and then he does not run at all. How fast he goes after that depends entirely upon yourself. A wolf will not act like this. When he is surprised by the human presence, he simply 'lights out'; he makes tracks for distant parts, with the idea of leaving all trouble behind. He becomes a fugitive at once. But the fox would rather skulk than run. As I have said, he is a natural scout and spy.

A man who hunts the fox with hounds is not in a position to learn this fact; at least, not to its full extent. To see a hound running hour after hour behind a fox who manages to keep just so far ahead, you would be likely to think it was a race. You would say that the dog was almost as fast as the fox. If the dog could only go a little faster! It is nip and tuck! And the owner of the hound, with that justifiable pride which every man feels in his dog, would be inclined to see it in the same way. But this is not the truth in the case. An experienced beller of the fox, understanding the whole psychology of the animal, sees it from a quite different point of view. There is no race going on. The fox will run slow

before a slow hound and fast before a fast one. And, by the same token, he will walk if you do. The fox is simply keeping his distance; and whether he does it by going fast or slow does not alter the essential fact. This difference in point of view is important; for it is by knowing the inner facts rather than by mere appearances, that the man with the bell is able to go out after a fox and deliberately cope with him.

A fox, surprised by a hound in a small patch of woods, will take out across the open at a speed that is surprising. Then, not only will he slow up, but he may sit down on some convenient elevation and look back. He keeps his wits, or rather his cunning, about him; he wants to see what is going on. When the hound has struck his pace, the fox will soon gauge it and lead him a chase accordingly. The spectator of such a chase, knowing that the hound is a slow one, turns admirer of the witty Reynard, and says that the fox is doing this just to 'tease' the dog. Many entertaining writers upon the fox have said this. A veteran bellman would not see it in that way. He knows very well that, when the fox gets half a mile or so ahead of him and skulks along at a set distance and out of sight, the fox is not doing it to tease *him*. This is to humanize the fox without warrant. The plain fact is, that the fox will not retreat before you any faster than he is driven. And this because it is his nature to be cunning and to depend on strategy. And the bellman has, to use a current expression, psychoanalyzed him.

Of all the hunters of the fox, the rider behind a pack of thoroughbred English foxhounds is furthest from any opportunity to learn the whole inner nature of the fox. Some generations ago the English foxhound was a much slower animal; he could wear out a fox in time, but the contest was likely to be long. For the sport of riding to hounds, this was impracticable; the chase dragged

out unconscionably. Consequently, the hound was bred up for speed, until a good pack can now overtake a fox in the space of thirty minutes. Such hounds can push a fox from the start, and wear him down so quickly that the fox is doing his best to keep away from them. A hunter who never follows the fox except under such circumstances would hardly become fully acquainted with him. He would be likely to conceive of the fox as an animal that gets away from you in a panic, and keeps up his best gait to the end. But here the fox cannot very well do anything else. A writer in an English encyclopædia, having seen an American red fox before a hound, put on record his opinion that the American fox was much slower than the fox in England. I think the American fox had him very much fooled.

The art of belling the fox is just the opposite of this. It takes the fox according to his nature, and meets him on his own ground. The hunt becomes pure strategy, scout against scout, spy against spy, and trick for trick. The fox, having taken his distance, will go no faster than he is driven. But, to get within that set distance, you have to cope with an animal whose every sense is bent upon keeping you from doing it. It is practically impossible to approach within gunshot of a fox.

How then, we ask, does Charlie T— expect to do it?

This brings us to fact number three — and the one that gets the fox. The eye of an animal, or of a man for that matter, is not caught by color or form so quickly as it is by motion. Charlie T— is not going to approach the fox. He is going to let the fox approach him. He is going to be a tree, a log of wood, a bump on the face of nature, anything but a man that moves. And he must be careful to have no smell; for which reason, he will place himself down the wind from the prospective path of the fox.

## IV

But we must get back to our belling. While we have been talking, the trail has led us across a wide field in the direction of a range of hills. Suddenly, in the very middle of the field, the trail comes to an end. It stops as abruptly as if the fox had taken wing and flown. Evidently the age of miracles is not past. We had been supposing that a fox, earth-bound like ourselves, could not travel without leaving footprints in the snow. The fox has back-tracked. He has turned carefully about and come toward us, following his own trail. But we have noticed no trail leading off from this one. It must have escaped our eye. The reason is that the fox, before striking out in a new direction, has leaped wide of the present trail, breaking the connection. Moreover, he has been at pains to let every footstep fall accurately into the tracks he made before. The result is that there is no doubt trail to show where he leaped off.

That a fox will double on his trail has been known to fox-hunters since before the time of Shakespeare. A pack of hounds, hunting by scent and coming to this abrupt end of things, would be said to be 'at fault,' or, to use an expression that Shakespeare was fond of, they would be 'at a check.' But the hunter who depends upon hounds, following the trail on the bare ground, is not in a position to observe all this fine attention to detail, which the bellman becomes so familiar with. The hounds in such a case as this would have to spread out in all directions, and scour the surrounding territory, in the effort to pick up the new trail. If they did not succeed, the huntsman might 'lift them,' trying some place of his own purely by guess.

Grandpa Dewey, being his own hound, turns back at once, keeping his eyes about him. The fox has thrown him off the main track and run him into a blind

switch; but he understands all this sort of work. Presently he has found where the fox leaped off. The new trail leads off from the other like the branch line of a railroad, which falls short of connecting up with the main system. So now we are on our way again, *clangety-clang, clangety-clang*, the bell heralding our advance like the bell of a locomotive.

This, of course, is not the only little trouble a fox can make for a bellman. It sometimes happens that his route lies across a ploughed field, where the snow has all blown into the furrows, leaving the clods standing bare. In crossing such a field the fox will keep to the bare places, carefully picking his way and stepping from clod to clod. This puts the hunter out and delays him in his work. Whether the fox does this purposely or not, we shall not presume to say; but the hunter, thus impeded, puts it down to the rascality of the fox.

Again, the fox's preference for the south side of a hill as a place to spend the day helps him in breaking his trail. The prevailing winds being from the north in winter, the tracks on the opposite side of the hill, where he came up and over, are in a position where they will soon drift full of snow. If there is any wind moving, that important part of his trail will be obliterated. Such things so frequently happen just at the point where the fox is casting about and getting ready to go to bed, that the hunter becomes convinced of their deliberate purpose.

There is no question, however, that the fox has an instinct for breaking his trail. Closely pressed, he will run up the trunk of a half-fallen tree, for the sake of making a wide jump and putting a bigger hiatus in his line of scent; and he seems to be quite as conscious of the visibility of his trail as of its telltale odor. A farmer of my acquaintance related to me, with some surprise, the following experience. He was standing

in his woods, thinking of some work to be done, when a fox came along, hotly pursued by a hound. Suddenly that fox ran 'right plumb at a big tree, quicker'n scat.' He struck the tree a considerable distance from the ground; and at the moment of striking, he gave another spring and shot off to one side, making a wide break in his trail. Considering what a fox will do with a tree that is half-fallen, I see no reason to doubt this. It would be but a step further in his practice, to make use of a vertical surface in an emergency, especially as the rough bark would make the trick quite practicable. It is in line with his known instincts.

Many things happen on the trail of a fox, some of them the most evident artifice and some of a nature that might be accounted for as mere chance, but are yet open to doubt. Usually the fox is considered the guilty party, the hunter knowing that he is quite capable of such things. As it is with a man's reputation, so it is with that of the fox. If he is known as a rascal, everything he does comes under suspicion. If he has a reputation for business or political acumen, his most accidental success is imputed to him for surpassing wisdom.

From a few such experiences on the trail, we begin to see that Grandpa Dewey has to be a man of parts. There is more to do than follow a plain track and ring a dinner-bell. He is the detective in the case, the shrewd solver of mysteries, who knows the workings of the fox's mind and cannot be thrown off the trail. Charlie T——, on the other hand, is the scout and spy, the master of stealth and camouflage. While the fox tries to fool Grandpa Dewey, Charlie undertakes to fool the fox.

About this time, things ought to be growing interesting on the other end; so we will leave the bellman to his own devices while we circle round and watch the outcome.

Charlie T—— is still scouting about warily with his gun, keeping well ahead, taking a stand, and bending his ear to determine whether the bell is coming straight on. The bell grows plainer and plainer, neither to the left nor to the right. Several times he has done this; then had to make a large, circuitous forward movement as the fox changed his course. In no case must the fox be allowed to come in sight. The sound of the bell serves to gauge the distance of the fox.

This time he seems to have struck it right. The bell advances steadily in his direction. Charlie goes a little farther down the wind, making a final correction in his position. The bell comes steadily on. He is coming to close quarters with the fox; pretty soon the wary animal will appear on the scene. And now is the time for decisive action.

Charlie T—— has had his eye on a tree that might serve as a screen to shoot from; but this is no longer available. Not far along the route, he sees a small decayed log with a fringe of weeds and brush. He drops down flat behind this, pointing his gun over the top. From now on there must be no movement, no sign of life. The barrel of the gun must not move and wobble about in getting the prospective aim. Anything like that would certainly be noticed. The prospective aim must already be taken. Charlie's cap is of a dull russet color, blending with the weeds and the bark of the log. A red plaid would hardly be advisable. Next to motion, color is the quickest to attract attention. The two together would be fatal. Form is not so important. Even the whole form of a man, if he remains quite motionless, is not readily picked out from the surroundings.

Charlie has hardly got himself into position when the fox comes in sight, picking his way along. Sometimes he pauses and looks back, as if to make sure

that he is well ahead of this strange sound that keeps haunting his trail. But there is no dog in the case, — the fox is well aware of that, — and hence no occasion for hurry. So he pursues his wary way and keeps straight on.

Meanwhile Charlie T—, peering over the log, is as motionless as death. The cap does not bob up and down; he does not become nervous with the gun. It is plain that he has a firm grip on fact number three. He waits till the fox crosses the path of his gun before he takes finer aim and fires. And the next instant it is all over. A beautiful specimen of the red male fox, with his fur at its prime.

Nor need we shed any tears over his fate, thus dishonestly dealt with and craftily waylaid. If he had conducted himself like a wolf, running from evil and giving it a wide berth, instead of flirting with it and placing such cheeky reliance on his trickery, he would not have come to this sad end. Moral: in any situation in life, the simple and straightforward method is the best. Be sure that your cunning will find you out.

Summing up our knowledge, we find that this most effective way of hunting the fox divides itself under three heads — starting the fox from his bed, following him with the bell, and waylaying him. And the uniform success of the method is based upon three facts, which might be set down formally as follows. First, a fox does not live in a den. Second, a fox will not run any faster than he is chased. Third, you cannot approach within gunshot of a fox; but you may make arrangements to have him approach you.

## V

Anyone at all familiar with the methods of the English fox-hunt, or who has read any one of thirty or forty books in the average public library, will find difficulty in accepting these facts as good

natural history. Fact number one will be especially bothersome. The first move in an English fox-hunt is based upon the fact that the fox resorts to a den, not only in spring, when it has cubs to care for, but at all times. The English fox-hunt is a sport usually followed in late fall and winter. Of the various functionaries of a fox-hunting establishment, the one known as the 'earth-stopper' goes forth to prepare for the hunt. As the fox is an animal that hunts by night, the earth-stopper goes forth at night, and stops up the fox's burrow in the covert (a patch of gorse or undergrowth). This has to be done in the fox's absence, for the reason that, when the fox comes home in the morning, he takes to his den; or, if he is lying near it, he will immediately run to it when the hounds are turned into the covert, and will refuse to come forth. To stop his burrow is the only way to get him started. The earth-stopper at the same time visits all other burrows in a large territory, and stops them up, together with any drains or other holes that the fox could get into. For the fox, shut out of his own home, will put out his best speed to reach some other burrow, which he has in mind or can find by the way. His whole instinct is toward a burrow. That this is the fox's habit in England we cannot question. The English fox-hunter knows a fox.

This difference in the habits of the American and English fox would at first present no difficulty to the nature student. We should naturally infer that they are of different species, or wide variations of the same species. But here the plot thickens. Science and history agree in telling us that the American red fox was imported from England. He is not a native of this country. The first red foxes seem to have been imported by the Maryland colonists in 1738, and turned loose along the shores of the Chesapeake. Later, in 1760, others were

brought over and liberated on Long Island; and these stocks multiplied rapidly in the new country.

The colonists, who were good Englishmen and enamored of their national sport, did not find the native gray fox good at the game. It seems evident that there were no red foxes in America, else they would not have sent to England for them. Science comes to the same conclusion in its own way. The bone caves show plentiful remains of the gray fox, but they yield no traces of the red variety. If he was one of the original inhabitants of this country, these places of ancient memory have no knowledge of him.

Thus science and history are forced to the same conclusion. If this conclusion is correct, the American red fox is not only of the same species but is, in fact, the English fox himself. He is the offspring of English ancestors.

How then are we to harmonize the habits of the two branches of the family? I must admit that, fourteen years ago, when I moved into a fox neighborhood, I doubted the word of every old hunter who told me about his habits. I thought that these hunters were faulty observers, like those neighbors who still plant their gardens by the phases of the moon. But the time is long past when I doubted the American hunter's knowledge of the fox. This was one of the disadvantages of a literary knowledge of a subject, without practical experience.

When I had become thoroughly convinced that the fox had no instinct for a den in winter, and would hardly be caught dead in such a place, I began to look narrowly into the fox's habits in spring and summer. The fox, like other wild animals, has got to have a place to shelter and hide her young; and the place has to be visited because the cubs need to be fed. But that is about all you can say about a fox's den in spring. The old foxes do not sleep in it, or be-

tray any instincts toward the burrow as a place of habitation. And never is it a place to hide in. They hunt by night; and by day they give the den a wide berth, sleeping at a distance, but in a location that commands a full view of the hiding-place of the young and of the surrounding territory. If you approach a fox's den, you will hear a peculiar yelping in the distance — a warning to the young to lie low. Very often the burrow is in a location that seems recklessly open to observation. Several years ago, a pair of foxes had their young hidden near my place, on a hill opposite a ploughed field belonging to my nearest neighbor. Whenever the farmer came too near that place, he would hear the warning in the distance. It has been asked (Burroughs puts this query) why it is that a fox will make her den in such an open place. I think the answer is to be found in the fact that the fox finds his safety in knowing what is going on, not in mere hiding.

A fox will not take refuge in a den unless it is wounded or utterly exhausted and unable to go farther. The instances are so rare when a fox has been cornered in a burrow, that old hunters refer to them as the work of 'fool foxes,' the theory being that Nature occasionally produces an idiot, even among foxes. Considering that a fox's trail can be followed, either by scent or by the tracks in the snow, a fox would be a fool to spend much time in such a place. The oldest hunter I know — he began hunting foxes in 1846 and is now 91 years old — remembers but three such cases in over seventy years. And usually these cases are accounted for by the fact that the fox was young; and having been raised in that burrow, dropped into it in passing, by way of a visit.

The English fox resorts to a burrow at all times, regardless of having cubs to care for; and there is no object in such a practice except that of hiding itself

away. The American fox sleeps out in the open in the severest weather, showing no instinct toward a den; and in spring and summer, the male fox gives the burrow a wide berth, remaining on watch, while the female makes visits to it. The English fox clings to a den; the other stays away, when the whole call of his nature would be toward it. Thus my inquiry into the history of the red fox served but to accentuate the difference between the English and the American fox in this regard.

And now, as to harmonizing these facts, I have been able to arrive at but one conclusion. It is that the fox in England is not living in a state of nature.

A wider knowledge of animals in general, and the study of instinct as inherited experience, tends to strengthen this view. Wild animals accommodate themselves to the ways of man more than we are likely to think. We pride ourselves upon our study of animals, forgetting that the animals also study us.

But setting aside any theory of instinct and getting down to the fox's own problems, a study of the English fox-hunt brings the whole matter to a point.

In England, the fox is sacred to the chase. To kill a fox except in fair pursuit with horse and hound is vulpicide, — fox-murder, — a social crime. An Englishman seldom sinks so low in the social scale as to trap or shoot a fox. The hunt is surrounded by laws, some statutory, some social and traditional. The fox was originally *vermin*, and was hunted as such. Though now he is the very opposite of vermin, being carefully preserved, the old view of him is still kept up for legal purposes; for thus the riders get their right to chase him over the farmers' land and tramp down fields that are in crop.

But, aside from the statutes, there are other laws, — gentlemen's laws, — as strong as those of the Medes and Persians. It is not usual, for instance,

to dig a fox out of a burrow into which he has escaped after giving the field a good run. It is sometimes done, as when young dogs are being given a practice run, and it is necessary to give them their first taste of blood. Here the little fox-terrier comes into play, his business being to hold the fox in a particular branch of his tunnel while the spade is being used. But this is exceptional; it is not a recognized part of the sport. So, also, if a fox got into a burrow, in his own covert, which the earth-stopper had missed, the assembled field of riders would not dig him forth and compel him to start out for a run. They would rather go home, however disappointed, and call the day a 'blank.' It is not part of the game.

Consider then the red fox in full flight across an English moor, with a pack of thirty or forty hounds after him and a field of swift riders on his trail. The hounds have been bred for speed, with the object of beating the fox in about thirty minutes. What are his chances for escape? He may, if he should get far enough away and have time, try some of his tricks for delay; but these will hardly avail him with such a regiment of hounds. His one great resource will be to take advantage of law — gentlemen's law. If he has some distant burrow in mind, and his wind holds out till he can get to it, he is safe. A fox in a burrow has escaped. In view of this fact, and a long racial experience, would it not be a 'fool fox' that did not hunt a burrow? Naturally, such a fox would have a burrow to which he religiously came home in the morning, and a complete repertoire of holes in the surrounding country, which he had discovered in his nightly hunts. Would he not be an idiot if he had not? To apply the American language to the case, 'I'll say he would.' There can be no doubt that an Englishman knows a fox; also that a fox knows an Englishman.

I must confess that, when I finally evolved this theory, after much bafflement over the fox in public libraries, it was a great relief to me. A large part of our standard literature on the fox seems to have been taken from English tradition. It is rather disconcerting to read dozens of books and articles on the red fox, every one of which is at variance with your own positive knowledge of the animal.

Thus the facts fall in agreeably with history and the evidence of the bone caves; and no other way will do, so far as I can see. This brings harmony into a set of facts that were very much at outs with each other. In short, the conduct of a fox in the midst of a fox-hunting aristocracy is no indication of what a fox will do who gets back to nature in a free country. And this is good zoölogy.

## WHAT CONSTITUTES AN EDUCATED PERSON TO-DAY?

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

WHEN is a riddle not a riddle?

When there is no answer.

So, when the question that forms the title of this paper was put to me, I felt at once that it was one of the most interesting of questions, and that the answer, if there were any, would be one of the most interesting of solutions. But I was convinced that it was like the riddle of the Sphinx before she encountered *Œdipus* — guaranteed to be insoluble. Nor am I the *Œdipus* who shall surprise the Sphinx.

The fact is, I suppose, that outside of China the question cannot be answered so as to satisfy more than a very small number of people. Each man must make his own definition of the educated person, as each man, in the end, must make his own anthology. There is not a single theory of education, however wild or foolish, that has not adherents among people who have every reason to know better.

Two things are certain: first, that determining the requirements is not so

much a sum in addition as an exercise in finding the highest common factor; second, that education is not so much a matter of results as of the process applied. In other words, two educated people may have very different mental stores, and only the unavoidable minimum in common; also, a man may be educated without being 'cultured,' just as he may be educated without being particularly intelligent. Education is something that is done to you. A man may have true wit, shrewd sense, wide experience of men and things, excellent judgment, may even have read extensively, and still not be educated. On the other hand, a man may have no wit, small experience or judgment, and may have read far less, and still be an educated man. You cannot often say — however much you might like to maintain it — that a man who has acquired a degree at a good university is not educated. Think of all the men you know who have contrived to graduate from good universities, and see how many of



them contrive also to lack culture, or intellectual interests, or mental background. But you cannot say they are uneducated, for they are not. True, you cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear; but you must realize that there is nothing in the word 'educated' that excludes either article. Nor can you demand any single branch of learning as part of the educated man's equipment. Once, you could demand Latin, at least, if not Greek. I doubt if you can demand Latin now, any more than you can demand biology or German. A man must have learned something, if he is to be called 'educated'; but it is a very ticklish business to say what. Personally, I should not dare name even Latin as a necessary element, though to part with a smattering, at least, of Latin goes hard.

This is, I can see, going to be largely definition by elimination, so let me state at once what seems to me to be one thing without which no man can fairly be called educated; that is a power to use his native language correctly. An educated man cannot be illiterate. I am aware that this test will occasionally exclude a full professor in a reputable university. That makes no difference. I maintain that no man is educated whose grammar is shaky. He may have a Ph.D. from any place you like; but if he confuses adverbs and adjectives, he is not an educated man. This minimum I think we can — we must — still demand.

I am not sure that this is not the only point on which we can be absolutely firm. Before determining what, besides the grammar of his native tongue, a man must know, let us proceed with one or two more eliminations.

It would be very pleasant, for example, to say that an educated man must have a trained mind. The purpose of all good education is, indeed, to develop a trained mind; but is it safe to say

that, if you have it not, you are uneducated? Hardly. A trained mind presupposes power to deal with material set before one in a logical and sensible way — whether the facts be of history, of physics, or of language. The trained mind is the mind that has learned to handle facts, in whatever field one has served one's apprenticeship. It has learned a certain method. I say 'a certain method' advisedly; for, fundamentally, there is only one method to be pursued in dealing with a subject — the method that perceives the relations and proportions of given elements, and proceeds to its conclusions by the laws of logic. Your game may be constructive or destructive, research or criticism; but if you do not know how to arrange your material in proper proportion, to distinguish between proved fact and mere conjecture, and to argue logically, you have not a trained mind. No one, I should think, could cavil at that. But what you may demand of the trained mind is far too much to demand of the mere 'educated person.' I should like, indeed, to insist that logical thinking is a requisite. But here the frequent case in point confutes you. Too many obviously educated people fail to think logically. Education does not necessarily prevent your begging the question or juggling with facts.

To take a single example: no one who has read, soberly and carefully, the *Theory of the Leisure Class* will deny that the author begs the question, contradicts himself, juggles his facts, and indulges in supreme contempt for the laws of evidence. Yet is there anyone who feels empowered to state that the author of that book is not an educated man? You may say, if you feel like it, that he has not a trained mind; but you cannot call him uneducated, for he is not. Let us leave to one side the 'trained mind' temptation. It may be the fruit of the best education, but

it is not the test of whether or not a man has been educated. The woods are full of the educated who cannot reason.

The new training in scientific method must be omitted from our requirements, as much as the old stiff training in logic. A man may be educated, though he has skipped the laboratory entirely, as he may be educated if he does not know what a syllogism is. There is no official list, as once there was, of things a student must know, or even know about. All that education must do for you is to teach you something, in a given amount. Could you say, for example, that the best technical schools fail to educate because they pay little or no attention to the humanities? Could you say that Oxford, yesterday, failed to educate because it dealt only in the humanities? We must not be misled by the modern eclecticism of our college curricula. Education does not necessarily mean a smattering of language, literature, philosophy, history, economics, natural science, and mathematics, though the entrance and A.B. requirements of our colleges would seem to indicate that it does. Very likely the smattering is a good thing for the average boy or girl; yet you cannot say that the extreme specialist is necessarily uneducated. I should say that it is impossible to specify the subjects that must have been studied. You can do without Greek, you can do without biology, you can do without mathematics or philosophy, you can certainly do without banking, accounting, and corporation finance — and yet be educated, I mean. But you cannot do without them all.

By and large, I should say, education presupposes some real study in one or two fields of knowledge, and a shrewd suspicion that other fields exist. You do not absolutely have to know any chemistry, or any philosophy, or any Greek, to be educated. Your education may have concerned itself chiefly with

history and certain literatures. But unless you have some notion of the proportional importance of these other subjects, and what their place in the sun is, you are not really educated, I fancy. You do not need to know any chemistry, but you need to know why chemistry is, and what it stands for. If you really know history, you will know as much about sociology as you need to know, to fulfil the definition. If you really know something about literature, you will have enough philosophy to rub along with. Arithmetic is, I should think, the minimum mathematical requirement. And so it goes. All these subjects inevitably overlap.

To put it broadly, an educated man must, it seems to me, have a general notion of the problems of the race. He must have an idea of how the race has tried to solve some of them — either mental, spiritual, political, or physical. He must have oriented himself, well or ill, in time. He must know something about the past — enough, in some field or other, to give him a perspective. You can fulfil these requirements and omit almost any one or two fields of knowledge. Therefore it is idle to speculate as to the exact contents of the educated mind. No doubt the smattering demanded by most colleges will facilitate this proper perspective. It will teach the student what a subject 'stands for.' I suppose that is the reason for the weary hours spent by the humanist in the laboratory, the weary hours spent by the scientist in the literature classes. But a mere smattering does not of itself give perspective; whereas genuine immersion in any vital subject does. If you really know your English literature *au fond*, you are bound to have a notion of political and economic history, of schools of art, of philosophy, of scientific theory, of the rôle and influence of other European languages. That is, if you really know your English litera-

ture well enough, Shakespeare and Milton and Clarendon and Carlyle will have introduced you to history and politics; Bacon and Berkeley and Huxley to philosophy and science; Chaucer and Spencer and Dryden to Continental literature; Ruskin to art, and so forth, and so forth. 'Collateral reading' would do the rest. Unfortunately, we seldom deal with so complete a knowledge, even of a single field. Greek alone would give you a sense of history, politics, art, philosophy, and the possibilities of language. How a biologist can escape sociology, I do not see. The astronomer must have encountered the men of antiquity and of the Middle Ages. The scientist has less chance of getting his education made up to him than any of these others, I suppose. So, no doubt, eclecticism is a good thing.

I seem to have been dealing, for the most part, with the young men and young women who go to college. I do not believe that a college course is necessary to education, but it is certainly the easiest way. The self-educated man is apt not to be educated — because, as I said earlier, education is something that is done to you. The only thing that can do it to you, besides human teachers, is books. The danger of self-education is that a man is likely never to have learned how to read; and that he will have read incoherently and not have assimilated his reading. He has not oriented himself in time; he has not a working idea of the problems of the race, and of how they have been wholly, or in part, solved. His reading is too apt to have been all 'collateral.' There are likely to be deplorable *lacunæ* in his vision of the constituent elements of human existence on the planet. To say nothing of the fact that he may easily not fulfil the requirement of proper use of his native tongue. It takes a much better quality of mind for self-education than for education in the ordinary sense.

I have been desperately trying to avoid the aforementioned temptation of making my own anthology. I should like to say that you are not educated if you cannot spell — but that is manifestly untrue. I should like to say that you are not educated if you have never read Byron, if you really want to 'see America first,' or if you subscribe, for choice, to the *New York Nation*. I should like, in other words, to play about among my own perceptions, or define the educated person by the mere people I happen to know who are best educated. It is a constant temptation, too, to confuse the cultivated person with the educated person, which would be a bad mistake. So many of the latter are not the former; and I have even known the former not to be the latter, strange though it may seem.

I wonder if there is not, in the background of all our minds, more insistence on the school and college requirement than we even like to admit. Do you not always hesitate, when a man has not graduated from an institution of learning, to call him educated? There are people who have had only high-school training, who have gone on for themselves, who can certainly be called educated — whom you would never think of calling anything else. On the other hand, it must be admitted, they are fewer than the high-school graduates — those, that is, who have stopped their formal education there — to whom you would spontaneously refuse the appellation. People who have stopped short with the lower grades very seldom come into the 'educated' category. All of which goes to show that education is, as I said before, something that is done to you; something that it is exceedingly difficult to do to yourself.

A surgeon in Pennsylvania, the other day, operated on himself for appendicitis. Not that the analogy is perfect; but the person who has since childhood

administered his books to himself, and done it with the result of 'education,' is almost as rare a case. He is possible; when he exists, he is remarkable; but there are very few of him. It is certainly true, as I said before, that it takes a much better quality of mind to educate one's self than to submit to the educative process at other hands. That is, doubtless, why, when you find the man who has done it successfully, you find an unusually interesting and valuable person. To offset the lack of educational privilege, he has a native gift that sets him above the ruck. But you do not find him singing in every forest. How often do you hear the comment: 'If — had had advantages, if — had had an education, he would have been a remarkable person'? Which in itself shows how difficult is the single-handed fight for a thing that is essentially a co-operative business.

The minimum, then (according to one rash interlocutor of the Sphinx), is: ability to use one's native language correctly; a general notion of the problems of the race, and an idea of how the race has tried to solve some of them — either mental, spiritual, political, or physical; some degree of orientation in time. Proper cultivation of any field of knowledge will give this to any average mind. Some will get it by a nicely arranged smattering. But beyond this, in the direction of the specific, I doubt if you can go.

One word, in closing, as to the merits of education. Merits do not come into the question as propounded; but we have glanced in passing at the uneducated man who possesses wit, judg-

ment, experience, and a measure of reading. Only a pedant will deny that he is a more interesting person than the educated man who lacks wit, judgment, and experience. Judgment is certainly one of the most important things that educators hope the educated will acquire. They do not always acquire it, as we have said. But, on the other hand, the uneducated man is more likely to be prejudiced, bigoted, narrow. He is more likely to be self- or class-conscious, because he has not been liberated by the consciousness of other points of view. Even if he has gazed at men and things in many places, he is more likely to have done it with an initial *parti pris* that deprives him of some of the finest fruits of his opportunities. If he has judgment — ah, that is a different matter. For even the trained mind counts judgment as its chief asset.

The fact is that this hypothetical person we have referred to — this uneducated man with all these merits — is a rare bird. To be sure, mere experience of men and things, without wit or judgment or reading, suffices to make a man interesting beyond the average university product; for we are all *Desdemonas* at heart. Education does not serve half so well as varied adventure to make a man's talk rewarding. Even grammar can be dispensed with.

But all that is beside the point. The Sphinx did not ask what constituted an interesting person; she inquired, much more diabolically, what constituted an educated person. One Theban has now given an answer, and is prepared to be devoured.

## THE RETURN OF A NATIVE

BY SIGNE TOKSVIG

It is a very delicate matter to visit the country of one's childhood, especially when one has idealized it during an absence of years — fifteen years, to be exact. The country was Denmark in my case, and I left it for America at the age of fourteen and three-quarters. I came from a quiet happy childhood, in a quiet orderly small country, into a strained youth and a noisy, large country. Under these circumstances I could hardly help elevating Denmark into the peerage of dreams, the company of apple islands, the order of refuges from reality. And that is rather an impossible ideal for a good, practical little butter-country to live up to.

Still, in the roar of an American factory one does not think about coöperative creameries: one remembers how blue the Kattegat was, and how white the sand, and how warm the silence among the Rorvig dunes on a summer day. I do not pretend that this is fair to America. Blue seas and silver days are far from being Danish monopolies; in fact, the Danish winter is notoriously gray and wet. But a dream-country has only summer; memory is never treacherous enough to present any month except June in cherry-blossoms. The people too are in perennial June. No one ever crowds and pushes; no one is in too much of a hurry to be gentle and courteous. Nobody here to shove the weaker off the subway. And no subway. And no bill-boards. And in between the cobblestones of Nykjöbing the grass grows, a faint green embroidery, and the houses have red-tiled roofs.

Unimportant satisfactions. Impossible illusions. I knew all that; I knew it so well that I rather carefully avoided meeting any fellow Danes, my partners in exile, because they were usually the first to throw stones at Denmark. 'A petty country,' they liked to say. 'No room for ambitions,' or, 'old-fashioned plumbing,' or, 'too radical,' or, 'not radical enough,' and so on, until, as I said, I fled from my compatriots and almost decided never to go back. Of course, I knew that the croakers were wrong; but still, there is certainly an advantage in distance of time and space, and why risk it willfully?

There is also, however, a fact known as 'losing touch.' I could not help a feeling that this was happening to me, especially when, in expatiating on the charms of my country, I had to admit that my impressions were not exactly recent. And so I was in a way forced to go back. But I cautiously limited the stay to five weeks.

One day in June, with trembling expectations, I stood on the deck of a North Sea steamer, waiting for the shore of Denmark. It had withdrawn from me, fifteen years ago, as a low, dark cloud at the gray water's end. To-day the sun shone, the sea shimmered in soft blues, bluer than my gayest illusions, and against this color there was suddenly a silver line — ethereal enough to be incredible; but it widened into a ribbon and broadened to a coast, a flat shining coast of the whitest sand. Then, little dots of houses on it; then, in clear bright tones, a gathering of red-tiled roofs and

green trees — the little city of Esbjerg, Denmark's only harbor on the North Sea.

Esbjerg is not regarded as much more than a commercial success by the rest of Denmark; but I saw it in a haze of joy. I went around smiling fatuously at children, because they were pink and white and gold and wore sabots that went *click-click* on the pavement. I nodded to women in tiny houses, because they sat behind sparkingly clean windows, with snow-white curtains and gay flowerpots. I loved the windows, because they opened outward, as it seemed to me that windows should, instead of sliding up and down. I pointed out with swelling pride to my non-Danish companion the spotless streets, the immaculate shops, the large, handsome schools, the various coöperatives, the new post-office — which, although new, was clearly in the best of taste, and the order and dispatch inside it filled me with more rapture.

At the hotel where we spent the night, I was a little disappointed in the waiters: they had worked in London and were touched with international languor; but there was a fine democratic chambermaid, and I easily forgave Esbjerg the waiters. This was the beginning of the great discovery I made in Denmark — the simple elemental discovery that defects that I would criticize bitterly in any other country seemed unimportant here, and certainly not to be made as much of as the lovable advantages.

The next day, we went straight to Copenhagen. It takes about eight hours to go across Denmark, and every minute I had my nose in the window. The train really goes through the flattest and most uninteresting parts of Jutland and the islands; but, although I was apologetic for that, I was more aware of gardens and woods, swaying fields, and white, straw-thatched farm-

houses. With twilight a drizzling rain began, and I waited anxiously for the midsummer-night fires. Undiscouraged, they leaped up after a while, here the flicker of brushwood and there the spurt of burning tar. Only those who as children have danced around these fires can know what their flaming welcome meant to me. Perhaps my chief grudge against America was that, having no elves and trolls, it could have no magic fires against them.

We were at last in Copenhagen. I was more afraid of meeting disillusion here than elsewhere, because my visits to Copenhagen as a child were glowing events, and I had remembered the city accordingly. After the height of New York and the girth of London, might not my dream-capital seem too Lilliputian, too undistinguished? It was not. I can honestly say that I loved Copenhagen more in reality than in imagination. Here was a city, and a big city, that was clean, spacious, green with gracious parks, and charming with fantastic spires. It was a city of pastel colors, cool gray houses with slanting red roofs or with roofs of viridic bronze. The sea reached arms into it, and masts rose suddenly behind housetops. The harbor was filled with international shipping, but commerce had not been made an excuse for ugliness.

Langelinje, one of Copenhagen's most beautiful walks, runs along the harbor, and on one of the stones in the water I was startled to see a dark, naked girl crouching, a bronze statue of the little mermaid. In all Copenhagen's many lovely parks I do not remember seeing one tedious, vulgar statue, and there were many of distinguished beauty. And Tivoli, the central amusement park, offered not only merry-go-rounds and loop-the-loops, but some of the best music to be had anywhere, and for almost nothing. The cruder amusements stood meekly in a corner, leaving

most of the space to fine promenades.

I suppose that, among these cruder amusements, one would ordinarily count eating; but, in spite of the Danes who sadly shake their heads and say, 'We Danes eat too much,' I must insist that eating in Copenhagen is one of the higher pleasures. The food is so good that nobody can be blamed for eating too much, especially if he or she has come from London restaurants, where absence of salt and presence of grease do certainly make for moderation in the stranger.

But I find myself using the belligerently demonstrative tone that I so often used in Denmark to my non-Danish companion, who, it seemed to me, did not rhapsodize as frequently and as loudly as I could have wished. As I look back I can hardly blame him. On the whole, my general behavior must have been rather as if Denmark were my special patented invention, which was working out to the inventor's entire satisfaction. I have to confess that this is not altogether unlike the way I felt. I felt at least a sort of family pride in the pleasant achievements roundabout me, and a sort of family longing to throw a charitable cloak over any shortcomings.

When we left Copenhagen for the country, new chances for this vanity presented themselves in inspecting a bright coöperative dairy, a cozy home for the aged, and a free boarding-school for backward and neglected children, most intelligently and lovingly conducted by one Jeppe Hansen in Søndersted, *per* Regstrup. It really was so conducted. The children did not wear uniforms, and each had his or her own particular locker full of his or her own particular toys. And they had sunny blue-and-white bedrooms, and modern schoolrooms, and a splendid workshop. These three things, the dairy, the home for the aged, and the school, were all in

a small country commune of probably about a thousand people. And they had a village hall, besides, where political meetings were held, and lectures and gymnastics and dances and any festivity for which the individual house might not be large enough. A silver wedding had been held there just before we came, to which the whole village had been invited. The artisans and storekeepers shut up shop, 'as if it were a holiday,' the silver bride told me, volunteering other details, such as green honor-gates and clarinet players in the early morning.

From that visit I got the sense that life in the Danish village is decidedly not stagnant, and that a farmer is not, by some occult agricultural necessity, a conservative. It is true, he is not likely to go Bolshevik and give his land away; but in Denmark, at least, he is not afraid to put money into schools, coöperatives, village meeting-halls, good homes for old and young, and a little merriment now and then. And in Parliament, which the farmer controls, he has shown that he is not afraid even to apportion the land more equally, granting aid to the agricultural laborer, so that he may have his own house and piece of the earth.

Is the Danish farmer of a superior mental calibre to, say, the Irish or the backwoods American? I do not believe it, but he is usually a more educated farmer. One of his chief sources of education we visited. It is the folk high-school. The fees are low, but to the young men and women who cannot afford even a low fee the state is generous with scholarships. The high schools refuse direct support from the state, as they prize individualism above all things.

We saw Vallekilde, a school with beautiful buildings and gardens. It was indeed a place of plain living and high thinking. Some people complain that

the thinking is more high than practical, but the high school meets this very well by saying, 'We don't pretend to give you finished technical courses in three or five months. We try to give you the enthusiasm for knowledge and beauty and right living that will make you want to go on from here to specialized education, say the agricultural high school or the technical school.'

Round about Vallekilde we saw farms where its influence could be seen in the simple, pretty furniture and the latest improvements in modern farm-machinery. One farm of about eighty acres was electrically lighted throughout, from parlor to pig-sty—a fact that made a particular impression on my companion. There are many such farms, using electricity stored by their own windmills. Not all, of course, are as fine as those within the immediate radius of a high school. At Vallekilde, when we were there, we found a German minister, one of a delegation which had come to study the Danish high-school system. 'We realize,' these ministers said, 'that the force which raised Denmark after Germany had crushed her in 1864 was the folk high-schools. Now we are crushed ourselves, and we have come to learn from you how to develop without militarism.'

But if I begin writing about Danish agricultural advance, I shall have to go into statistics; and while even these are gratifying to the patriot, it is not statistics that one gathers for remembrance. Far greater than any satisfaction in progress was the joy of returning to my small native town and finding that the grass still grew between the cobblestones. If Nykjöbing had progressed to asphalt, I should have been seriously disappointed. But it had not, and although I looked with great care, I could not see that it had changed one red tile from the day I left it fifteen years ago. And still it had changed in a subtle way.

I never knew until now that Nykjöbing had charm. As a child I knew that it was a pleasant place, full of opportunities to spend the weekly allowance of two *öre*; not as big as Copenhagen, of course, but an impressive town. And now, looking at it with New York clattering in my mind, I felt that I would like to pick Nykjöbing up and hug it for being so tiny and one-storied and red and white and green and quiet. It had the calm of a town which, though small, has stood exactly where it stands since, in the year 800, it moved a little inland from the encroaching sea. I saw it, of course, as a pilgrim to the shrine of my early ego: here we had bought marionettes, there we had gone sled-ding, here was the wood for picnics, there the white beach for bathing. This pleasure went with the feeling that the quaintness and peace were my very own. Denmark as a whole had seemed mine, but Nykjöbing seemed even more so. Perhaps I ought to apologize. The possessive instinct is not pretty. But one must admit it. This time, when I left those oblique red roofs and shady gardens and the quiet harbor by the fjord, I felt that I was leaving the only place in the world that really belonged to me, and where I belonged.

These are not cosmopolitan or nobly international sentiments. I was rather a disappointment to myself in that respect. I had thought, from a long residence in the melting-pot, that any sentiment about flags and things had been melted out of me. This idea I lost in Slesvig — or Sonderjylland (South Jutland), as many Danes prefer to call it. We went down there to see the reunion festivities of the northern part, which had voted itself back to Denmark. We saw the King ride across the former German border, on his white horse, through crowds of people crying and laughing for joy, and we followed him through all of the regained prov-



ince. Everywhere there was singing, shouting, happiness, transfigured old faces, and dancing children. Nationality meant to these people something which the scoffers at small states would find annoying to fit into their calculations. They sang with thundering verve the songs they had been forbidden to sing; they conducted their own forbidden language back with pomp into the schools and pulpits; they waved the forbidden national colors; and all the little boys and girls I saw trailed ecstatically behind the King's Own Royal Guard from Copenhagen, six feet tall, with bearskin busbies on top of that, and with a sonorous band that marched all over, playing 'Den Gang Jeg Dorg Afsted,' and other music formerly seditious.

But it was not the happy crowds, or the songs, or the music, or even the touching faces of the old veterans, that made me feel the futility of trying to denationalize either others or one's self. It was something quite mute and irrational, like the grass between the cobblestones; and it proves nothing except the great and perhaps deplorable influence of symbols.

We were driving through a part of eastern Sonderjylland. It was not very thickly settled, and most of the people were in town for the festivities. I had therefore my first chance to draw a breath and look at this countryside, which had come back to Denmark. To me it seemed absolutely lovely — fresh green woods and hills, abundant grain-fields, a blue fjord stretching in, living hedges by the road, a golden summer peace over everything. 'This,' I could not help saying to myself, 'is *ours* again, and it's well worth having.'

Then, rather far from the road, I saw a small farm, half hidden by its garden. Above the house, against the trees, flew the Danish flag. The white cross on the scarlet ground was like a

living thing in the wind, and that flag, waving alone in the beauty and stillness, remains in my mind as the most impressive of all the celebrations in Sonderjylland.

But a flag, after all, is only a thing. What makes it a living thing is one's sense of kinship with the people who choose it as their symbol. I felt that kinship far more than I had really dared to believe that I should feel it in Denmark. This does not mean that the Danes were the perennially sunny angels of my homesick imagination. We stayed a week at a middle-class summer hotel, and the dyspeptics and climbers and official conservatives and gossips and dull flirts we found there convinced me that summer-hotel people are an international tribe, afflicting every country, not excepting Denmark. But aside from that disconcerting experience, no illusions were broken. The people did generally find time to be gentle and courteous; even in the thickest crowds at the Sonderjylland ceremonies, no one pushed or used rough language; a great good humor permeated the throngs. And as for snobs — well, there may be snobs in Denmark; at any rate, the Danes assure one of that, with their usual derogatory candor about themselves; but we did n't find any. The attitude was more or less summed up by saying, 'We're such a small, poor country, what's the use of *our* putting on airs?' And as for democracy, it seemed to me that the people here were much more democratic than —

But this is a comparison, and I did not mean to make comparisons. That lays one open to the inevitable question: 'If you like your own country better than America, why don't you go back to it?' Granting the premise for a moment, all one can say is this: that, if one has, through the force of many painful circumstances, learned how to play the game of survival in America,

one cannot suddenly shake off that experience and start all over in a new country. And, in the sense of adult experience, Denmark would be a new country to me. It might take me another fifteen years to learn my economical way about, if I went to settle there.

Must one then transfer one's deeper affections to the country where one has learned to make a living? Must one reverse the historic order, and make the flag follow trade, so to speak? Perhaps one should; indeed, it would be nice if one could; but affections are a notoriously difficult lot: they cannot be sent ahead like trunks; in fact, they cannot be delivered or ordered about at all. They can, of course, be won, or, as some might say, alienated. But it is beneath the dignity of a great state to speak

in other tones than those of command.

And yet, I wonder if a country is not rather like that church whose boast it is that, if it may have a human being until he is fifteen, anybody else may have him afterward. The associations of childhood are more enduringly important than those of any other period, because they grow in the unconscious; they become involuntary. Something far deeper than my will rules my emotions about Denmark, my charity for its faults, my rosy appreciation of its virtues. It might as well have been Bohemia, I suppose, or Italy, or Poland, or America. It happens to be Denmark. And I am glad that even the reality of returning for a visit has not deprived me of having a country to idealize. Perhaps that is why I do not return altogether.

## AFTER THE GAME

BY OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN

WHAT is it, Youth, that I regret?  
 Master of gifts, and leaving none?  
 Is it the feet that lightly set  
 Their print where mountain-brows were wet  
 With dewy mirrors of the moon?  
 Bearing a soul importunate  
 To smite the blue sky stone that is the gods' shut gate?

Or mourn I most that braver day,  
 Imperious, and periling  
 High hope that went the gauntlet way  
 Past flame and spear, where whitely lay

The trials of vision challenging?  
Unfearing hope, enraptured driven,  
To set drab tents of man fair on a ridge of heaven?

When destiny, struck by desire,  
Rang back, a bell of magic tone?  
When love let no man walk alone,  
And every heart held altar-fire,  
For every heart was yet my own  
That grew, as flames grow, round the earth  
With fast exultant beat of multitudinous birth?

Or dearer aches my loss when shy  
Ghost hours lead to an idle brook,  
Where, pale with song's sped shaft, I lie,  
And with eternal wonder look  
Upon a moth-wing's brevity,  
Careless against the infinite  
Heaven of a leaf, and tremble watching it?

Regret, O bee that comes with age  
From faded fields to sting again  
To pain's swift red the heritage  
That once was April light to men,  
When will you coldly pass me? when  
Leave me to twilight and the dumb,  
Strange gaze of stars that care not who may go or come?

# THE UNCOMMON PRAYER-BOOK

BY MONTAGUE RHODES JAMES

## I

MR. DAVIDSON was spending the first week in January alone in a country town. A combination of circumstances had driven him to that drastic course: his nearest relations were enjoying winter sports abroad, and the friends who had been kindly anxious to replace them had an infectious complaint in the house. Doubtless he might have found someone else to take pity on him. 'But,' he reflected, 'most of them have made up their parties, and, after all, it is only for three or four days at most that I have to fend for myself, and it will be just as well if I can get a move on with my introduction to the Leventhorp Papers. I might use the time by going down as near as I can to Gaulsford and making acquaintance with the neighborhood. I ought to see the remains of the Leventhorp House, and the tombs in the church.'

The first day after his arrival at the Swan Hotel at Longbridge was so stormy that he got no farther than the tobacconist's. The next, comparatively bright, he used for his visit to Gaulsford, which interested him more than a little, but had no ulterior consequences. The third, which was really a pearl of a day for early January, was too fine to be spent indoors. He gathered from the landlord that a favorite practice of visitors in the summer was to take a morning train to a couple of stations westward, and walk back down the valley of the Tent, through Stanford St. Thomas and Stanford Magdalene, both

of which were accounted highly picturesque villages. He closed with this plan, and we now find him seated in a third-class carriage at 9.45 A.M., on his way to Kingsbourne Junction, and studying the map of the district.

One old man was his only fellow traveler, a piping old man, who seemed inclined for conversation. So Mr. Davidson, after going through the necessary versicles and responses about the weather, inquired whether he was going far.

'No, sir, not far, not this morning, sir,' said the old man. 'I ain't only goin' so far as what they call Kingsbourne Junction. There is n't but two stations betwixt here and there. Yes, they calls it Kingsbourne Junction.'

'I'm going there, too,' said Mr. Davidson.

'Oh, indeed, sir; do you know that part?'

'No, I'm only going for the sake of taking a walk back to Longbridge, and seeing a bit of the country.'

'Oh, indeed, sir! Well, 't is a beautiful day for a gentleman as enjoys a bit of a walk.'

'Yes, to be sure. Have you got far to go when you get to Kingsbourne?'

'No, sir, I ain't got far to go, once I get to Kingsbourne Junction. I'm agoin' to see my daughter, sir. She live at Brockstone. That's about two mile across the fields from what they call Kingsbourne Junction, that is. You've got that marked down on your map, I expect, sir.'

'I expect I have. Let me see, Brockstone, did you say? Here's Kingsbourne, yes; and which way is Brockstone — toward the Stanfords? Ah, I see it: Brockstone Court, in a park. I don't see the village, though.'

'No, sir, you would n't see no village of Brockstone. There ain't only the Court and the Chapel at Brockstone.'

'Chapel? Oh, yes, that's marked here, too. The Chapel; close by the Court, it seems to be. Does it belong to the Court?'

'Yes, sir, that's close up to the Court, only a step. Yes, that belong to the Court. My daughter, you see, sir, she's the keeper's wife now, and she live at the Court and look after things now the family's away.'

'No one living there now, then?'

'No, sir, not for a number of years. The old gentleman, he lived there when I was a lad; and the lady, she lived on after him to very near upon ninety years of age. And then she died, and them that have it now, they've got this other place, in Warwickshire I believe it is, and they don't do nothin' about lettin' the Court out; but Colonel Wildman, he have the shooting, and young Mr. Clark, he's the agent, he come over once in so many weeks to see to things, and my daughter's husband, he's the keeper.'

'And who uses the Chapel? just the people round about, I suppose.'

'Oh, no, no one don't use the Chapel. Why, there ain't no one to go. All the people about, they go to Stanford St. Thomas Church; but my son-in-law, he go to Kingsbourne Church now, because the gentleman at Stanford, he have this Gregory singin', and my son-in-law, he don't like that; he say he can hear the old donkey brayin' any day of the week, and he like something a little cheerful on the Sunday.' The old man drew his hand across his mouth and laughed. 'That's what my son-in-law

say; he say he can hear the old donkey,' etc., *da capo*.

Mr. Davidson also laughed as honestly as he could, thinking meanwhile that Brockstone Court and Chapel would probably be worth including in his walk; for the map showed that from Brockstone he could strike the Tent Valley quite as easily as by following the main Kingsbourne-Longbridge road. So, when the mirth excited by the remembrance of the son-in-law's *bon mot* had died down, he returned to the charge, and ascertained that both the Court and the Chapel were of the class known as 'old-fashioned places,' and that the old man would be very willing to take him thither, and his daughter would be happy to show him whatever she could.

'But that ain't a lot, sir, not as if the family was livin' there; all the lookin'-glasses is covered up, and the paintin's, and the curtains and carpets folded away; not but what I dare say she could show you a pair just to look at, because she go over them to see as the morth should n't get into 'em.'

'I shan't mind about that, thank you; if she can show me the inside of the Chapel, that's what I'd like best to see.'

'Oh, she can show you that right enough, sir. She have the key of the door, you see, and most weeks she go in and dust about. That's a nice Chapel, that is. My son-in-law, he say he'll be bound they did n't have none of this Gregory singin' there. Dear! I can't help but smile when I think of him sayin' that about th' old donkey. "I can hear him bray," he say, "any day of the week"; and so he can, sir; that's true, anyway.'

The walk across the fields from Kingsbourne to Brockstone was very pleasant. It lay for the most part on the top of the country, and commanded wide views over a succession of ridges, plough and pasture, or covered with

dark-blue woods — all ending, more or less abruptly, on the right, in headlands that overlooked the wide valley of a great western river. The last field they crossed was bounded by a close copse, and no sooner were they in it than the path turned downward very sharply, and it became evident that Brockstone was neatly fitted into a sudden and very narrow valley. It was not long before they had glimpses of groups of smokeless stone chimneys, and stone-tiled roofs, close beneath their feet; and not many minutes after that, they were wiping their shoes at the back door of Brockstone Court, while the keeper's dogs barked very loudly in unseen places, and Mrs. Porter, in quick succession, screamed at them to be quiet, greeted her father, and begged both her visitors to step in.

## II

It was not to be expected that Mr. Davidson should escape being taken through the principal rooms of the Court, in spite of the fact that the house was entirely out of commission. Pictures, carpets, curtains, furniture, were all covered up or put away, as old Mr. Avery had said; and the admiration which our friend was very ready to bestow had to be lavished on the proportions of the rooms, and on the one painted ceiling, upon which an artist who had fled from London in the plague-year had depicted the Triumph of Loyalty and Defeat of Sedition. In this Mr. Davidson could show an unfeigned interest. The portraits of Cromwell, Ireton, Bradshaw, Peters, and the rest, writhing in carefully devised torments, were evidently the part of the design to which most pains had been devoted.

'That were the old Lady Sadleir had that paintin' done, same as the one what put up the Chapel. They say she

were the first that went up to London to dance on Oliver Cromwell's grave.' So said Mr. Avery, and continued musingly, 'Well, I suppose she got some satisfaction to her mind, but I don't know as I should want to pay the fare to London and back just for that; and my son-in-law, he say the same; he say he don't know as he should have cared to pay all that money only for that. I was tellin' the gentleman as we came along in the train, Mary, what your 'Arry says about this Gregory singin' down at Stanford here. We 'ad a bit of a laugh over that, sir, did n't us?'

'Yes, to be sure we did; ha! ha!' Once again Mr. Davidson strove to do justice to the pleasantry of the keeper. 'But,' he said, 'if Mrs. Porter can show me the Chapel, I think it should be now, for the days are n't long, and I want to get back to Longbridge before it falls quite dark.'

Even if Brockstone Court has not been illustrated in *Rural Life* (and I think it has not), I do not propose to point out its excellences here; but of the Chapel a word must be said. It stands about a hundred yards from the house, and has its own little graveyard and trees about it. It is a stone building about seventy feet long, and in the Gothic style, as that style was understood in the middle of the seventeenth century. On the whole it resembles some of the Oxford college chapels as much as anything, save that it has a distinct chancel, like a parish church, and a fanciful domed bell-turret at the southwest angle.

When the west door was thrown open, Mr. Davidson could not repress an exclamation of pleased surprise at the completeness and richness of the interior. Screen-work, pulpit, seating, and glass — all were of the same period; and as he advanced into the nave and sighted the organ-case with its gold-embossed pipes in the western gallery,

his cup of satisfaction was filled. The glass in the nave windows was chiefly armorial; and in the chancel were figure-subjects, of the kind that may be seen at Abbey Dore, of Lord Scudamore's work.

But this is not an archæological review.

While Mr. Davidson was still busy examining the remains of the organ (attributed to one of the Dallams, I believe), old Mr. Avery had stumped up into the chancel, and was lifting the dust-cloths from the blue-velvet cushions of the stall-desks. Evidently it was here that the family sat.

Mr. Davidson heard him say in a rather hushed tone of surprise, 'Why, Mary, here's all the books open agin!'

The reply was in a voice that sounded peevish rather than surprised. 'Tt-tt-tt, well, there, I never!'

Mrs. Porter went over to where her father was standing, and they continued talking in a lower key. Mr. Davidson saw plainly that something not quite in the common run was under discussion; so he came down the gallery stairs and joined them. There was no sign of disorder in the chancel any more than in the rest of the Chapel, which was beautifully clean; but the eight folio Prayer-Books on the cushions of the stall-desks were indubitably open.

Mrs. Porter was inclined to be fretful over it. 'Whoever can it be as does it?' she said: 'for there's no key but mine, nor yet door but the one we came in by, and the winders is barred, every one of 'em; I don't like it, father, that I don't.'

'What is it, Mrs. Porter? Anything wrong?' said Mr. Davidson.

'No, sir, nothing reely wrong, only these books. Every time, pretty near, that I come in to do up the place, I shuts 'em and spreads the cloths over 'em to keep off the dust, ever since Mr. Clark spoke about it, when I first come; and yet there they are again, and always

the same page — and as I says, whoever it can be as does it with the door and winders shut; and as I says, it makes anyone feel queer comin' in here alone, as I 'ave to do, not as I'm given that way myself, not to be frightened easy, I mean to say; and there's not a rat in the place — not as no rat would n't trouble to do a thing like that, do you think, sir?'

'Hardly, I should say; but it sounds very queer. Are they always open at the same place, did you say?'

'Always the same place, sir, one of the psalms it is, and I did n't particular notice it the first time or two, till I see a little red line of printing, and it's always caught my eye since.'

Mr. Davidson walked along the stalls and looked at the open books. Sure enough, they all stood at the same page; Psalm CIX, and at the head of it, just between the number and the *Deus laudem*, was a rubric, 'For the 25th day of April.' Without pretending to minute knowledge of the history of the Book of Common Prayer, he knew enough to be sure that this was a very odd and wholly unauthorized addition to its text; and though he remembered that April 25 is St. Mark's Day, he could not imagine what appropriateness this very savage psalm could have to that festival. With slight misgivings he ventured to turn over the leaves to examine the title-page, and knowing the need for particular accuracy in these matters, he devoted some ten minutes to making a line-for-line transcript of it. The date was 1653; the printer called himself Anthony Cadman. He turned to the list of proper psalms for certain days; yes, added to it was that same inexplicable entry: *For the 25th day of April: the 109th Psalm*. An expert would no doubt have thought of many other points to inquire into, but this antiquary, as I have said, was no expert. He took stock, however, of the binding — a handsome

one of tooled blue leather, bearing the arms that figured in several of the nave windows in various combinations.

'How often,' he said at last to Mrs. Porter, 'have you found these books lying open like this?'

'Reely I could n't say, sir, but it's a great many times now. Do you recollect father, me telling you about it the first time I noticed it?'

'That I do, my dear; you was in a rare taking, and I don't so much wonder at it; that was five year ago I was paying you a visit at Michaelmas time, and you come in at tea-time, and says you, "Father, there's the books laying open under the cloths agin"; and I did n't know what my daughter was speakin' about, you see, sir, and I says, "Books?" just like that, I says; and then it all came out. But as Harry says, — that's my son-in-law, sir, — "whoever it can be, he says, as does it, because there ain't only the one door, and we keeps the key locked up," he says, "and the winders is barred, every one on 'em. Well," he says, "I lay once I could catch 'em at it, they would n't do it a second time," he says. And no more they would n't, I don't believe, sir. Well, that was five year ago, and it's been happenin' constant ever since by your account, my dear. Young Mr. Clark, he don't seem to think much to it; but then he don't live here, you see, and 't is n't his business to come and clean up here of a dark afternoon, is it?'

'I suppose you never notice anything else odd when you are at work here, Mrs. Porter?' said Mr. Davidson.

'No, sir, I do not,' said Mrs. Porter, 'and it's a funny thing to me I don't, with the feeling I have as there's some-one settin' here — no, it's the other side, just within the screen — and lookin' at me all the time I'm dustin' in the gallery and pews. But I never yet see nothin' worse than myself, as the sayin' goes, and I kindly hope I never may.'

### III

In the conversation that followed (there was not much of it), nothing was added to the statement of the case. Having parted on good terms with Mr. Avery and his daughter, Mr. Davidson addressed himself to his eight-mile walk. The little valley of Brockstone soon led him down into the broader one of the Tent, and on to Stanford St. Thomas, where he found refreshment.

We need not accompany him all the way to Longbridge. But as he was changing his socks before dinner, he suddenly paused and said half-aloud, 'By Jove, that is a rum thing!' It had not occurred to him before how strange it was that any edition of the Prayer-Book should have been issued in 1653, seven years before the Restoration, five years before Cromwell's death, and when the use of the book, let alone the printing of it, was penal. He must have been a bold man who put his name and a date on that title-page. Only, Mr. Davidson reflected, it probably was not his name at all, for the ways of printers in difficult times were devious.

As he was in the front hall of the Swan that evening, making some investigations about trains, a small motor stopped in front of the door, and out of it came a small man in a fur coat, who stood on the steps and gave directions in a rather yapping foreign accent to his chauffeur. When he came into the hotel, he was seen to be black-haired and pale-faced, with a little pointed beard, and gold *pince-nez*; altogether, very neatly turned out.

He went to his room, and Mr. Davidson saw no more of him till dinner-time. As they were the only two dining that night, it was not difficult for the newcomer to find an excuse for falling into talk; he was evidently wishing to make out what brought Mr. Davidson into that neighborhood at that season.



'Can you tell me how far it is from here to Arlingworth?' was one of his early questions; and it was one which threw some light on his own plans; for Mr. Davidson recollected having seen at the station an advertisement of a sale at Arlingworth Hall, comprising old furniture, pictures, and books. This, then, was a London dealer.

'No,' he said, 'I've never been there. I believe it lies out by Kingsbourne — it can't be less than twelve miles. I see there's a sale there shortly.'

The other looked at him inquisitively, and he laughed. 'No,' he said, as if answering a question, 'you need n't be afraid of my competing; I'm leaving this place to-morrow.'

This cleared the air, and the dealer, whose name was Homberger, admitted that he was interested in books, and thought there might be in these old country-house libraries something to repay a journey. 'For,' said he, 'we English have always this marvelous talent for accumulating rarities in the most unexpected places, ain't it?'

And in the course of the evening he was most interesting on the subject of finds made by himself and others. 'I shall take the occasion after this sale to look round the district a bit; perhaps you could inform me of some likely spots, Mr. Davidson?'

But Mr. Davidson, though he had seen some very tempting locked-up book-cases at Brockstone Court, kept his counsel. He did not really like Mr. Homberger.

Next day, as he sat in the train, a little ray of light came to illuminate one of yesterday's puzzles. He happened to take out an almanac-diary that he had bought for the new year, and it occurred to him to look at the remarkable events for April 25. There it was: 'St. Mark. Oliver Cromwell born, 1599.'

That, coupled with the painted ceiling, seemed to explain a good deal. The

figure of old Lady Sadleir became more substantial to his imagination, as of one in whom love for Church and King had gradually given place to intense hate of the power that had silenced the one and slaughtered the other. What curious evil service was that which she and a few like her had been wont to celebrate year by year in that remote valley? and how in the world had she managed to elude authority? And again, did not this persistent opening of the books agree oddly with the other traits of her portrait known to him? It would be interesting for anyone who chanced to be near Brockstone on the twenty-fifth of April to look in at the Chapel and see if anything exceptional happened. When he came to think of it, there seemed to be no reason why he should not be that person himself; he, and if possible, some congenial friend. He resolved that so it should be.

Knowing that he knew really nothing about the printing of Prayer-Books, he realized that he must make it his business to get the best light on the matter without divulging his reasons. I may say at once that his search was entirely fruitless. One writer of the early part of the nineteenth century, a writer of rather windy and rhapsodical chat about books, professed to have heard of a special anti-Cromwellian issue of the Prayer-Book in the very midst of the Commonwealth period. But he did not claim to have seen a copy, and no one had believed him. Looking into this matter, Mr. Davidson found that the statement was based on letters from a correspondent who had lived near Longbridge; so he was inclined to think that the Brockstone Prayer-Books were at the bottom of it, and had excited a momentary interest.

Months went on, and St. Mark's Day came near. Nothing interfered with Mr. Davidson's plans of visiting Brockstone, or with those of the friend whom

he had persuaded to go with him, and to whom alone he had confided the puzzle. The same 9.45 train which had taken him in January took them now to Kingsbourne; the same field-path led them to Brockstone. But to-day they stopped more than once to pick a cow-slip; the distant woods and ploughed uplands were of another color, and in the copse there was, as Mrs. Porter said, 'a regular charm of birds; why you could n't hardly collect your mind sometimes with it.'

She recognized Mr. Davidson at once, and was very ready to do the honors of the Chapel. The new visitor, Mr. Witham, was as much struck by the completeness of it as Mr. Davidson had been. 'There can't be such another in England,' he said.

'Books open again, Mrs. Porter?' said Davidson, as they walked up to the chancel.

'Dear, yes, I expect so, sir,' said Mrs. Porter, as she drew off the cloths. 'Well, there!' she exclaimed the next moment, 'if they ain't shut! That's the first time ever I've found 'em so. But it's not for want of care on my part, I do assure you, gentlemen, if they was n't, for I felt the cloths the last thing before I shut up last week, when the gentleman had done photograftering the heast winder, and every one was shut, and where there was ribbons left, I hid 'em. Now I think of it, I don't remember ever to 'ave done that before, and per'aps, whoever it is, it just made the difference to 'em. Well, it only shows, don't it? if at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again.'

Meanwhile the two men had been examining the books, and now Davidson spoke.

'I'm sorry to say I'm afraid there's something wrong here, Mrs. Porter. These are not the same books.'

It would make too long a business to detail all Mrs. Porter's outcries, and

the questionings that followed. The upshot was this. Early in January the gentleman had come to see over the chapel, and thought a great deal of it, and said he must come back in the spring weather and take some photo-grafts. And only a week ago he had drove up in his motoring car, and a very 'eavy box with the slides in it, and she had locked him in because he said something about a long explosion, and she was afraid of some damage happening; and he says, no, not explosion, but it appeared the lantern what they take the slides with worked very slow; and so he was in there the best part of an hour and she come and let him out, and he drove off with his box and all and give her his visiting card, and oh, dear, dear, to think of such a thing! he must have changed the books and took the old ones away with him in his box.

'What sort of man was he?'

'Oh, dear, he was a small-made gentleman, if you can call him so after the way he've behaved, with black hair, that is if it was hair, and gold eyeglasses, if they was gold; reely, one don't know what to believe. Sometimes I doubt he were n't a reel Englishman at all, and yet he seemed to know the language, and had the name on his visiting-card like anybody else might.'

'Just so; might we see the card? Yes; T. W. Henderson, and an address somewhere near Bristol. Well, Mrs. Porter, it's quite plain this Mr. Henderson, as he calls himself, has walked off with your eight Prayer-Books and put eight others about the same size in place of them. Now listen to me. I suppose you must tell your husband about this, but neither you nor he must say one word about it to anyone else. If you'll give me the address of the agent, — Mr. Clark, is n't it? — I will write to him and tell him exactly what has happened, and that it really is no fault of yours. But, you understand, we must

keep it very quiet; and why? Because this man who has stolen the books will of course try to sell them one at a time, — for I may tell you they are worth a good deal of money, — and the only way we can bring it home to him is by keeping a sharp lookout and saying nothing.'

By dint of repeating the same advice in various forms, they succeeded in impressing Mrs. Porter with the real need for silence, and were forced to make a concession only in the case of Mr. Avery, who was expected on a visit shortly. 'But you may be safe with father, sir,' said Mrs. Porter. 'Father ain't a talkin' man.'

It was not quite Mr. Davidson's experience of him; still, there were no neighbors at Brockstone, and even Mr. Avery must be aware that gossip with anybody on such a subject would be likely to end in the Porters' having to look out for another situation.

A last question was whether Mr. Henderson, so-called, had anyone with him.

'No, sir, not when he come he had n't; he was working his own motoring car himself, and what luggage he had, let me see: there was his lantern and this box of slides inside the carriage, which I helped him into the Chapel and out of it myself with it, if only I'd knowed! And as he drove away under the big yew tree by the monument, I see the long white bundle laying on the top of the coach, what I did n't notice when he drove up. But he set in front, sir, and only the boxes inside behind him. And do you reely think, sir, as his name were n't Henderson at all? Oh, dear me, what a dreadful thing! Why, fancy what trouble it might bring to a innocent person that might never have set foot in the place but for that!'

They left Mrs. Porter in tears. On the way home there was much discussion as to the best means of keeping

watch upon possible sales. What Henderson-Homberger (for there could be no real doubt of the identity) had done was, obviously, to bring down the requisite number of folio Prayer-Books, — disused copies from college chapels and the like, bought ostensibly for the sake of the bindings, which were superficially like enough to the old ones, — and to substitute them at his leisure for the genuine articles. A week had now passed without any public notice being taken of the theft. He would take a little time himself to find out about the rarity of the books, and would ultimately, no doubt, 'place' them cautiously. Between them, Davidson and Witham were in a position to know a good deal of what was passing in the book-world, and they could map out the ground pretty completely. A weak point with them at the moment was that neither of them knew under what other name or names Henderson-Homberger carried on business. But there are ways of solving these problems.

And yet all this planning proved unnecessary.

#### IV

We are transported to a London office on this same 25th of April. We find there, within closed doors, late in the day, two police inspectors, a commissionnaire, and a youthful clerk. The two latter, both rather pale and shaky in appearance, are sitting on chairs and being questioned.

'How long do you say you've been in this Mr. Poschwitz's employment? Six months? And what was his business? Attended sales in various parts and brought home parcels of books. Did he keep a shop anywhere? No? Disposed of 'em here and there, and sometimes to private collectors. Right. Now then, when did he go out last? Rather better than a week ago? Tell you where he was going? No? said he was going to

start next day from his private residence, and should n't be at the office — that's here, eh? — before two days; you was to attend as usual. Where is his private residence? Oh, that's the address, Norwood way; I see. Any family? Not in this country? Now, then, what account do you give of what's happened since he came back? Came back on the Tuesday, did he? and this is the Saturday. Bring any books? One package; where is it? In the safe? You got the key? No, to be sure, it's open, of course. How did he seem when he got back — cheerful? Well, but how do you mean — curious? Thought he might be in for an illness; he said that, did he? Odd smell got in his nose, could n't get rid of it; told you to let him know who wanted to see him before you let 'em in? That was n't usual with him? Much the same all Wednesday, Thursday, Friday. Out a good deal; said he was going to the British Museum. Often went there to make inquiries in the way of his business. Walked up and down a lot in the office when he was in. Anyone call in those days? Mostly when he was out. Anyone find him in? Oh, Mr. Collinson? Who's Mr. Collinson? An old customer; know his address? All right, give it us afterwards. Well, now, what about this morning? You left Mr. Poschwitz's here at twelve and went home. Anybody see you? Commissionnaire, you did? Remained at home till summoned here. Very well.

'Now, commissionnaire; we have your name — Watkins, eh? Very well, make your statement; don't go too quick, so as we can get it down.'

'I was on duty 'ere later than usual, Mr. Potwitch 'aving asked me to remain on, and ordered his lunching to be sent in, which came as ordered. I was in the lobby from eleven-thirty on, and see Mr. Bligh [the clerk] leave at about twelve. After that no one came

in at all except Mr. Potwitch's lunching come at one o'clock and the man left in five minutes time. Towards the afternoon I became tired of waitin' and I come upstairs to this first floor. The outer door what lead to the office stood open, and I come up to the plate-glass door here. Mr. Potwitch he was standing behind the table smoking a cigar, and he laid it down on the mantelpiece and felt in his trouser pockets and took out a key and went across to the safe. And I knocked on the glass, thinkin' to see if he wanted me to come and take away his tray; but he did n't take no notice, bein' engaged with the safe door. Then he got it open and stooped down and seemed to be lifting up a package off of the floor of the safe. And then, sir, I see what looked to be like a great roll of old shabby white flannel, about four to five feet high, fall for'ards out of the inside of the safe right against Mr. Potwitch's shoulder as he was stooping over; and Mr. Potwitch, he raised himself up as it were, resting his hands on the package, and give a exclamation. And I can't hardly expect you should take what I says, but as true as I stand here I see this roll had a kind of a face in the upper end of it, sir. You can't be more surprised than what I was, I can assure you, and I've seen a lot in me time. Yes, I can describe if it you wish it, sir; it was very much the same as this wall here in color [the wall had an earth-colored distemper] and it had a bit of a band tied round underneath. And the eyes, well they was dry-like and much as if there was two big spiders' bodies in the holes. Hair? no, I don't know as there was much hair to be seen; the flannel-stuff was over the top of the 'ead. I'm very sure it wa'n't what it should have been. No, I only see it in a flash, but I took it in like a photograff — wish I had n't. Yes, sir, it fell right over onto Mr. Potwitch's shoulder, and this face hid in his neck, —

yes, sir, about where the injury was, — more like a ferret going for a rabbit than anythink else; and he rolled over, and of course I tried to get in at the door; but as you know, sir, it were locked on the inside, and all I could do, I rung up everyone, and the surgeon come, and the police and you gentlemen, and you know as much as what I do. If you won't be requirin' me any more to-day I'd be glad to be getting off home; it's shook me up more than I thought for.'

'Well,' said one of the inspectors, when they were left alone; and 'Well?' said the other inspector; and after a pause, 'What's the surgeon's report again? You've got it there. Yes. Effect on the blood like the worst kind of snake-bite; death almost instantaneous. I'm glad of that, for his sake; he was a nasty sight. No case for detaining this man Watkins, anyway; we know all about him. And what about this safe, now? but we'd better go over it again; and, by the way, we have n't opened that package he was busy with when he died.'

'Well, handle it careful,' said the other; 'there might be this snake in it, for what you know. Get a light into the corners of the place, too. Well, there's room for a shortish person to stand up in; but what about ventilation?'

'Perhaps,' said the other slowly, as he explored the safe with an electric

torch, 'perhaps they did n't require much of that. My word! it strikes warm coming out of that place! like a vault, it is. But here, what's this bank-like of dust all spread out into the room? That must have come there since the door was opened; it would sweep it all away if you moved it — see? Now what do you make of that?'

'Make of it? About as much as I make of anything else in this case. One of London's mysteries this is going to be, by what I can see. And I don't believe a photographer's box full of large-size old-fashioned Prayer-Books is going to take us much further. For that's just what yon package is.'

It was a natural but hasty utterance. The preceding narrative shows that there was in fact plenty of material for constructing a case; and when once Messrs. Davidson and Witham had brought their end to Scotland Yard, the join-up was soon made, and the circle completed.

To the relief of Mrs. Porter, the owners of Brockstone decided not to replace the books in the Chapel; they repose, I believe, in a safe deposit in town. The police have their own methods of keeping certain matters out of the newspapers; otherwise, it can hardly be supposed that Watkins's evidence about Mr. Poschwitz's death could have failed to furnish a good many head-lines of a startling character to the press.

# SOME DOGS, AND A CAT OR TWO

BY WILHELMINE DAY

## I

WE have a new kitten. I brought her in a fish-basket from Cornwall. She put her little gray face against the oblong opening in the lid, and mewed miserably, all the way. She is gray all over — eyes and nose and fur and the skin on the small pads of her feet. She stops purring only for the time to sleep and play. If she is roused ever so little from sleep, the returning consciousness starts the purr going automatically. She is a ball of expressive contentment. She is inquiring about everything. She sits on your shoulder and smells delicately at each mouthful of food you put in your mouth; sometimes she reaches out a soft, cold little paw and touches your hand in a gentle effort to deflect the morsel into her own pink mouth.

She just took the top of my pencil and boxed with it a few times, spoiling the word 'delicately.' Did you notice? The Lord is kind and provides for her all that is satisfactory. I have a new shirt-waist, and its buttons, thanks to a kitten providence, are not the ordinary tame, flat affairs. They are globular, and stand out boldly right in the path of a kitten climbing up to sit on my shoulder. Of course, she stops to nibble appreciatively at each one. When H—— goes for his bath in the morning, she gets down out of the warm bed and tries to thrust her diminutive nose beneath the door to join him, mewing in a plaintive half-tone all the time. A warm bed and one person to love her are not sufficient. There are two in this

family, she says, and both must love her all the time.

We want tremendously to send her to you, but her claws *are* sharp, and as she spends a large part of her time walking up and down or around on us, the pleasure of her company is punctuated by anything but pleasurable pricks. Would you like her? Her manners are charming and innate. Her name is Mordkin.

The new English bull-dog puppy has been brought home. Age, about ten weeks. Appearance, a genial clown, mostly head and paws. General characteristics, optimism in believing himself desired by everyone, alternating with wailing pessimism when left alone for a second. Chief activities, chewing, licking, and wriggling.

Because of the latter he has been promptly christened Rigoletto.

He adores Mordkin, the kitten, who mistrusts and despises him.

Here's some more about Wriggles. He loves best of anything in the way of diversion to run with a stick in his mouth, and have me *pretend* to take it away. The difference between pretence and reality is very clear to him, showing that he recognizes this particular form of activity as play. He runs with the stick — I circle about him, reaching for the stick and saying I shall take it away. He growls ferociously every time I make the sham effort to snatch it, and tosses his head and shakes the stick, prancing and curvetting like a spirited horse. But when I say,

'Wriggles, give me that stick,' and walk up to him, he drops down and lays the stick between his paws, with such a dejected air, and such pleading eyes. So you see he realizes, as I said, the difference between pretence and reality, and that pretence is a form of play. Strange, is n't it? because pretending is one of the commonest expressions of play in children, too.

When I refuse to play with him (a self-control that he fails to understand), he takes his ball in his mouth and races round and round in big circles with it. Then he will stop and let it fall suddenly. If it does n't roll, he will nudge it with his nose or strike it with his paw. If it still remains quiet, he takes it in his mouth again, runs a little way with it, and then tosses his head and throws it backward into the grass, so that he does not see where it goes. And then — such a panting fury of search for it. When he recovers it, the game starts all over from the beginning, and continues until he is so exhausted that he collapses, with the ball between his paws and his head resting on it.

I got that far when a diversion was created by Wriggles, who appeared at the door with mournful complaints about being on the wrong side of it. Betty let him in, and in the next succeeding two seconds he had scratched Betty's leg by jumping up on her, frightened the kitten by a lunge in her direction, eaten a mysterious and irresistible something that he found on the floor, jumped on the couch and down again, and is now chasing an eczema around his hind-quarters.

I am trying to train him in a new trick as a surprise to you when you get home. But it is hard work. Not because he is stupid, but because he has an idea that beguilings, in the shape of barks, and kisses, and wiggling, and beseeching paws, will serve his purpose

better, and secure an immediate return of dog-biscuit! Poor dear clumsy creature — so full of infantine airs and graces, and so lumbering in their use. Last night we went out for a walk, with a happy bounding puppy alongside. As we passed the house next to us on our way home, a collie appeared, and from his expression I knew trouble was pending. At first Wriggles was charmed. He twisted and barked and ran toward the collie — who at once made a grab at Wriggles's throat. You never saw such a change of expression. What had been all eager expectation changed to the most abject and astonished humility. He *tucked* up his hind-quarters, and went tearing down the road, with only one idea in the world — to get home, to the safe harbor of front porch and a bed of burlap, smelling comfortably of the tried and known.

He is such an exuberant puppy. We never had another just like him. I think he must be in a constant state of bewilderment as to why happy ideas and intentions of the utmost good-will should be so sharply curtailed by the strange race of two-legged creatures who exert such power over him. Helen said last night that she wished that she could know how it was that I felt about dogs. She can't understand it at all, and of course I can't explain. I wish that I could, because then she might perhaps like dogs. It is just like any other love — a shade more of understanding than we feel for other creatures. Understanding is always a kind of happiness. Do you remember that time when Binks woke up in front of the fire, and as he stood up, I said, 'He's going over to chew the knot on that log' — and he did?

Well, it is that kind of thing that makes us love any creature — when we share its feelings and thoughts.

Did I tell you where Wriggles sleeps by preference, now? He has discovered

his own lair, and apparently its ownness outweighs all qualities of warmth or softness possessed by any other. He gets down into the wood-shed, and by flattening himself unbelievably, he manages to squeeze under the flooring of the piazza, whence he emerges in the morning when I go for wood, with sounds of internal revolution (literal revolution) which denote the furious character of his efforts to face out. Finally, as if pushed from behind, inch by inch, that intensely serious and enormous head of his appears with the most agonized expression, — eyes bulging, ears back, — and then a pause, as he gathers strength for his last expulsive spurt. That shoots him from under the sill as if by escaping steam, panting and victorious.

I am sitting down by the mail-box writing this. Dan'l is standing by me, his whole body eloquent of smells that allure, and of the possibilities latent in those horizons — his head turning gently to follow the wind as it shifts, his nostrils quivering. Every once in a while he paces a few feet down the road and back, hoping and hoping that I may come too. Once he had a distinct, sudden purpose come to him. He pricked his ears and trotted off toward the Bogles, his nose on the ground. About fifty feet away, all the purpose left him, for he suddenly remembered me sitting here so strangely indifferent. He stopped, turned to look, saw that I was still inert, and then droopingly turned back.

Wiggles has been obtrusive, and philosophic about rebuffs, as usual, and has finally settled down to a noisy, slobbering pursuit of ants in the long grass behind me.

It is always strange to me that we know so little about these dog-beings who live with us. They know so infinitely more about us. They are so expressive, too. One day I was walking up Prospect Street and met Chief, a setter belonging to the M——s. Chief

nodded, as it were, but no more. It was plainly to be seen that he was on no idle stroll. He had a purpose of a most compelling and none too pleasurable nature. His destination was known to him, and he was surely reluctant to go there.

When I got to Emily's, I spoke of Chief's cool greeting and his evidently disagreeable preoccupation. Emily said, 'Yes, he came to see us and we had just sent him home with a scolding.'

No one who loved dogs could ever have mistaken the character of Chief's enterprise that day.

We have had finnan haddie for lunch, and the result has been maddening for the cats, and dogs, too! The two cats have both been trying to get into the kitchen. The bitingest kitten, with her nose in the crack, and the littlest kitten, so desirous of having *her* nose in the crack that she had inserted herself *between* the bitingest kitten and the screen door, and the two of them so flattened against it that they looked as if they had been blown and held there by a high wind! Wiggles, with *his* nose also against the crack, over the top of the kittens.

The dogs and I had samp for lunch, which you don't like, so I am eating it up because I do. So do the dogs. Poor souls — their dog-biscuit went to Williamsville, so they have had very little to eat to-day. I found Wiggles incredibly flattened under the ice-box, trying to lick from the drain-pipe a few drops of salad oil that had spilled inside.

That Mordkin cat is shut into the back room downstairs every night; but she always appears at our door in the morning, very early, and makes pitiful sounds at being outside it instead of in. I used to be annoyed, because I thought someone must have been careless and left the door insecurely fastened. So I fastened it myself — and the next morning she was there outside as usual. She



has discovered that, by jumping up, she can press down the thumb-latch and open the door herself. She does n't wholly understand the system, however, for she tries frequently now to open the front door in the same way, and of course never succeeds. That is very trying, for all outdoors is beyond that front door, and she is exceedingly anxious to see what outdoors is like. She has smelt of it once or twice, and one night actually found herself shut out in it. But she got frightened and rang the bell, and I let her in.

When she gets into our room in the morning, she makes a satisfied little sound, not quite a purr and not quite a meow, and jumps on H——'s bed, and eats a little of his hair. She is let to do it until she drools too much in her ecstasy, and then by main force is hauled under the covers and is kept there until he gets up. She still keeps on purring, though it plainly is not so pleasant as licking a furry head of hair that feels much like an almost-forgotten mother. We have decided, lacking any proof of perpetual motion, that her purring arrangement is like a typewriter tape. When it has rolled off one wheel, it takes only a moment's adjustment to set it rolling off the other — not what you would call an appreciable interruption at all. She signs herself always,

Yours drooly,

MORDKIN.

## II

The room is so peaceful. I wish you were here. The fire dead down to a few soft embers. I put some logs on, and they refuse to burn, but the heat is coaxing one of them to give off at least the most delicious fragrance of pine, which is more than compensation for the withheld blaze. We are four — as to people. Wig-wag under the sofa — where he spends a large part of his time lately, as

he has been subject to discipline. Dan'l Boggs at my feet, of course. And an extremely small and spunky kitten curled up in a chair beside me. The kitten is resting, and storing energy for future engagements with Wig-wag. They find each other enthralling —

Just here the kitten sat up, stretched, and then jumped down precisely in front of Dan'l Boggs's nose — where she stopped and stretched again with great deliberation, and, I am sure, with an internal ecstasy of fright; for Dan'l does really try to bite her at times. She then advanced with tense indifference for a few steps, cocked her head at sounds of Wig-wag under the sofa, and reflectively sharpened her claws in the rug. However, she changed her mind and started to play with Dan'l's paws. At once our peace was destroyed: Dan'l snapped at her, and almost caught her this time, — her poor little neck was quite wet, — and at the same moment old Wig-wag appeared, snorting, and the fire burst into flames and sent a great cloud of sparks and embers all over the room! Now the situation is this: Dan'l, having been beaten for snapping at the kitty, has retired under the table; Wig-wag is at my feet, evidently completely conscious of the altered balance of values in my affection for the time being; and the kitty is wild with excitement, dashing at anything, — a button on my coat, the pencil, her own tail, — and rushing at a piece of charcoal, leaping backwards through the air in a great arc — only to attack again. Now she is pensively licking one of Wiggles's toes, while she lies extended on her side between his paws.

Dear, funny, clumsy, great-hearted Wiggles! Nothing could make him hurt her except out of sheer blundering ignorance. He was playing with her this afternoon and rolled over on her and never knew it, until her wee, half-suffocated wails set him wondering!

He has just nosed her off the arm of my chair because *he* wanted to be patted — but all in a big friendly way.

I wish his faults were as unobtrusive as his virtues are unmistakable. What a dear he would be.

Did I tell you that, in spite of the kitten's affection for Wiggles, she can't abide his smell? She will be lying on her back between his paws, clawing and biting his cheeks and ears, and suddenly she will stop and sniff him, and then leap away, spitting furiously. In a second she is back again, playing happily.

She is so contemptuously affectionate toward him. He is so clumsy and so slow, and she knows so well how impossible it is for him ever to foresee anything she does.

Dan'l is contemptuous of Wiggles too — but without affection. He looks upon him as a low vulgarian. The other night Dan'l sat with one paw on my knee, gazing at me with his most beguiling and most high-bred gravity and steadfastness. That Wiggles absolutely did n't know any better than to come up and sniff at Dan'l's chin at such a moment of communion. I knew instantly what would happen, for I felt just as Dan'l did. He drew back his lips, showing all his teeth, and made one quick reach for Wiggles, without taking his paw from my knee or even glancing away. *That* penetrated even Wiggles's tough consciousness, and he hurriedly went out of the room, leaving us to our quiet exchange.

Dan'l is the 'beguilingest' dog, and the kitten is the 'bitingest' kitten. Her little red mouth is almost always open for a nip at somebody or something.

And it does n't interfere in the least with her other chief activity, which is purring. Did you know that they can purr with their mouths open?

When we go out, Wiggles bounds off and races around us and away again in

wild excitement. Dan'l stands quietly for a minute, with lifted head, savoring and enjoying the whole story of the country as it comes to him on the wind. He makes one or two little leaps at us, and then says to Wiggles, 'Oh, running, are you? Why, as for that —' And then he starts, and you never saw anything so beautiful as his movements while he gives Wiggles an exhibition of what running *really* is. He is just a flowing line of gold and white, round and round Wiggles, who makes vain and inglorious attempts to catch him. Dan'l will run straight up to Wiggles, touch him delicately with his nose, and before poor clumsy Wiggles can ever turn, Dan'l is fifty feet away. Then Wiggles becomes excited and lunges at Dan'l; whereupon he turns on old Wig-wag, snaps at him, and immediately stops running, as it is evident that he cannot show the slightest recognition of this underbred creature without his presuming on it and trying to become intimate. You know he really is an aristocrat. All of his appreciations are so keen, and he himself never presumes.

He sleeps in our room. In front of the windows at the foot of the bed is a cotton rag rug. Beside the bed is a lovely thick wool rug, very soft and fluffy and warm.

Of course, both windows are open, but Dan'l always lay on the the rug by the windows. I would call him, and he would come to the side of the bed, rest his chin on it while I stroked his head, and then go back and lie down. One very cold night, after this performance, I got up, lifted him in my arms, carried him over to the warm rug, and laid him down on it. Ever since that, he has slept there. You see? He really likes it better, but he felt that it was an intrusion to take it for granted.

Dan'l *must* bark at anyone who comes up to the house, and at some, even, who do not come up, but merely go by on

the road in clothes that to Dan'l betoken lack of respectability. It is not valor — nothing of the kind, I assure you. It seems to have no meaning; but he just does bark, that's all. There is some inner compulsion, which has no relation with any purpose that I can see, and Dan'l has to obey. When his mistress is very hot and tired, to punish him his nose sometimes gets tied around by a piece of tape, which goes back and ties into his collar or about his neck. This prevents Dan'l from rubbing off the subduing noose. He then goes immediately into the house and lies down in a dark hall, where his ignominy may not be observed. He rests his head against the wall, and as his mistress passes, he rolls his eyes to follow her passing and keep her in sight; but he can't turn his head, because he has to hide the noose by keeping his nose against the wall. Even in the midst of this punishment, if any stranger approaches, he gives half-strangled moans of disapproval; and when he is not thus muzzled, but only admonished by his mistress and told, 'No — no,' he just has to bark a little and growl a great deal, his tail meanwhile wagging a deprecatory apology, and his eyes beseeching forgiveness. He does n't really want to bark, because he knows what an offense it is. That is, Dan'l the person does n't want to bark. But Dan'l the dog is compelled to. I know how he feels, because I do the very things that I most hate, even while hating them.

Yesterday afternoon. I went off to the woods with Ruth, to pick hepaticas. Dan'l and Wiggles came along, of course, and after a time Dan'l was lost. I called and called to him, Wiggles watching each path; and when finally Dan'l came back, Wiggles ran up to him and kissed him on the nose, and frisked back to me in the most joyous way, as if to say, 'It's all right now; we can go on.' He really does love Dan'l,

but Dan'l behaves shamefully to him. Yesterday Wiggles was in my way, and I pushed him violently off the porch, just as Dan'l came up in full time to receive Wiggles's hurtling form against his chest. Dan'l instantly was all outraged feeling. He snarled and snapped at Wiggles, and poor Wiggles had his usual air of not knowing what in the world was the matter with us anyway — either Dan'l or me.

*At night — Late and dark!* — I wish that you could see Wiggles the Protector! The dogs down the road began barking, so I stirred Wiggles up by a few whispered questions: 'Who's there? What is it? Woo-woo-woo!' Wiggles got out of the fireplace, looking stealthily and apprehensively around the room, gave two or three valiant barks, and then hurried behind my chair so as to place it between himself and the door. After peering round my knees for some minutes, he crept under the table, put forth a large frightened-looking face, draped by the red-silk table-cover, gave one or two more barks, and hastily tried to climb into my lap! Having failed, for lack of room, he is lying at my feet, with a reminiscent shiver now and then over the experience. What do you suppose he would do if anyone really did come? Climb into my lap? It is too absurd, for he is *enormous*. Never did anyone see a bull-dog of such dimensions, or so timorous.

Wiggle-Waggle is tied near me on the porch, so that he can't get down to the shore. He's perfectly demented when he gets down there. He is afraid to jump off the wharf because he goes under water; so every time a child screams, he runs up and down the dock, yapping wildly, until his excitement pitches him in; then he rushes at each child, biting its heels and trying to climb on its back for safety

To-day, having planted nothing at all, I feel without adventure. To be sure, Dan'l and Wig-wag had a fight. I rushed out and parted them, and took a stick and tapped both of them, not being absolutely certain who started it, although suspicions always point to Dan'l. Whereupon Dan'l at once showed me a hind leg which he was unable to straighten out at all, until I had patted and comforted him. He then put foot to floor and trotted off, quite normal again. Wig-wag as usual was all apology for his share. I must say he had slobbered up Dan'l's leg pretty well, so I think his intentions were sufficiently belligerent. But when I arrived on the scene, Dan'l, with his sure scientific instinct, was on top of Wiggles, and had him by the throat. He never attacks any other place. A curious left-over inheritance of his wolf ancestry.

Wiggles's race, however, has been bred to other purposes for so long ('way back in sixteen-forty or so they had the perfect type in Spain), that he always jumps for his opponent's nose. Every bull-dog we ever had did this, and woe to the unsuspecting cow who thrust a greedy nose through the pasture fence when a bull-dog was around. There was no resisting such an invitation; and in due time cows' noses became less greedy.

Mocha in this slush is delightful. Her ever-ready enthusiasm and curiosity lead her to endless exploration of the garden; but one can't deny that it is wet, and cold too, to the feet; so she trots as usual with her fore-paws, but her hind-paws gallop, and are lifted off the ground with a kind of hunch of her body, which balances her on her fore-paws for two or three steps and lifts her hind-paws into the air — so she does really save herself a little. When she finds a bone, she snatches it and is forced to run away with it. Of course,

no one is after her; but just the natural dog instinct of secreting herself makes her take the unpleasant journey across the yard. She then starts to sit down and enjoy the bone at leisure, but bethinks herself just in time, how wet it is; so she straightens up and nibbles a little. Again she finds her hind-legs bending, and again saves herself. After repeating this manoeuvre several times, she at last compromises by making a rest out of her tail to balance herself, as a kangaroo does, and then partially squats, her haunches supported by her elbows.

I must go to work now — I really want to write a long letter, for I have a lot of talk to you about.

I might just as well have gone on, for I accomplished nothing, and was interrupted by a guest who brought her sewing and stayed all the afternoon. Mocha was much interested. She sniffed delicately all around the edges of the guest's spats; she then followed the line of her shoes, and then took a good long contemplative smell of the soles. From there she went to the edge of her skirt, and then pushed an inquisitive nose determinedly into her work-bag. All this activity was punctuated at intervals by raising her head and taking a general and comprehensive sniff at the whole aura of the guest.

I suppose all this is to her what a good exciting novel is to us. She has never been out in city streets, or in any houses but mine and Carrie's, and she has very little experience with which to correlate her impressions; but they seem not to pall upon her because of that.

Dan'l lies on the newly turned sod north of the asparagus-bed, and watches me work in the forbidden land of the garden. If he can (unseen), he pulls himself along until he is on the asparagus-bed, whence he is driven by shouts and objurgations. He goes immediately,

but looks so lonely and humble that I have to walk round the garden to comfort him each time. It makes gardening an extra-special long process!

This morning, while I was working, there was a rustling in the syringa bush, but no visible cause. Of course, I raised my voice and called, 'Wiggles, get out of the garden!' I then saw Dan'l emerge quietly, and furtively sneak off, pretending he was Wiggles, and never looking back at all!

Once Julie said to me, with a touch of disapproving asperity, 'Of course, I can't feel as you do about dogs. I love babies.'

At the time I was amused, but also a little annoyed, and said, 'Well, one can love both.' But she really was justified, because puppies have a special significance for me, and I'm afraid babies have not — certainly not until they become personalities.

I went to the Bull-dog Club show one spring, and saw there a most enchanting young thing, a few months old. He was extraordinarily well developed in bull-dog characteristics, and I was quite wild about him; but of course he was unobtainable. The next February, at the Westminster Kennel Club show, I saw my friend and recognized him instantly. I turned to the catalogue and verified the recognition, or else I would not dare to tell the tale, even to dog-lovers, for bull-dogs are generally very different in puppyhood and young-doghood. However, there he was, and Blackberry was his name, if I remember correctly. How many babies would have that much individuality in the first few months of their existence?

The mere sight of a dog creates a special intensity of living for the moment. All your senses have memories, which wake and concentrate as you

look at him. You know how each kind of dog feels under your hand, the texture of his coat, the silky places behind his ears, even if he is the roughest of Airedales, the wet, cool tip of his nose, the firm roundness and ripple of muscle in a terrier's haunch, the sinewy hollows in his leg, the delicious earthy smell of the paws, the flowing finished lines of a thoroughbred English setter, and the ineffable look of meekness that crowns his head — all these are sensations of a delicious intensity to the dog-lover.

I think I could be pretty nearly happy if I could spend all my time with them and have a piano and books thrown in.

*Sunday.* I am just back from a lovely walk up the valley, I took a slice of bread and butter and a tomato and a piece of gingerbread, and started off to Newfane; but when I was in the middle of that hill on the sharp curve this side of Newfane, I saw that there was a river road; so I turned back and followed it up the river, until I seemed so far from civilization that I became a little frightened. So then I climbed down the bank to the river's edge, and ate my lunch. I threw the stem-end of my tomato into the water, and Wiggles was *most* anxious to eat it. He followed it as it floated along, and every once in a while would bite at it! Of course, it would sink a little and he would get a mouthful of water instead! He was so persistent and plucky about it that I finally fished it out and gave it to him! He then sat beside me on a rock, and would occasionally reach out and paw the water a little — the reflections in it interested him deeply. What must they think of things that have such a visual reality, and vanish at a touch?

# THE BIOLOGIST SPEAKS OF DEATH

BY VERNON KELLOGG

## I

I TRIED during the war to tell the American people — so far, at least, as they might be reached through the *Atlantic Monthly* — something of the nature of the German arguments from biology why there must always be war, why there ought to be war, and even why Germany should win in the war then being waged. For I believed that Americans should know something of this feeling and attitude of the German people, or of a considerable, and certainly very influential, part of them. I do not wish to repeat too much of what I have already presented in Atlantic articles. But we need, for the purposes of our present discussion, to recall the essential features of this claim; for this argument from biology of the inevitableness, and even the desirability, of war has been used, and is used to-day, by others than Germans. Indeed, if the German people to-day admit the argument with all of its implications, the result of the war should be accepted by them as a revelation and proof of their evolutionary biological unfitness in comparison with nearly a score of other peoples; and the Germans should not care to recall the argument. But I have heard of no statement from German sources to this effect.

The argument to which I have referred is based on the assumption that natural selection is the all-powerful factor, almost the sole really important factor, in organic evolution. And that, as man as an animal species is subject

to the control of the same major evolutionary factors which control the other animal kinds, his evolutionary progress, or fate, is to be decided on the basis of a rigid, relentless natural selection. It is the argument from a post-Darwinian point of view, of which Weismann, an eminent German biologist, was chief exponent, and which goes much beyond Darwin's own conceptions.

Natural selection itself, as you know, is the outcome of a bitter and persistent struggle for existence, in which struggle the fittest, or fitter, survive, while the less fit become either much modified or extinguished. This struggle has three chief phases.

1. An inter-species struggle, or the lethal competition among different animal kinds for food, space, and opportunity to increase.

2. An intra-species struggle, or lethal competition among the individuals of a single species, resultant on the overproduction of individuals due to natural multiplication by geometric progression. And

3. The constant struggle of individuals and species against the rigors of climate and the danger of storm, flood, drought, cold, and heat.

Now any animal kind and its individuals may be continually exposed to all these phases of the struggle for existence, or, on the other hand, any one or more of these phases may be largely ameliorated, or even abolished, for a given species and its individuals. This

amelioration may come about through a happy accident of time or place, or because of the adoption by the species of a habit or mode of life that continually protects it from a certain phase of the struggle.

For example, the adoption by two widely distinct, and perhaps originally antagonistic, species, of a commensal or symbiotic life, based on the mutual-aid principle, — thousands of such cases are familiar to naturalists, — would ameliorate or abolish the inter-specific struggle between these two species. Even more effective in the modification of the influence due to a bitter struggle for existence, is the adoption by a species of a social or communistic mode of existence, so far as its own individuals are concerned.

As a matter of fact, this reliance by animal kinds, for success in the world, upon a more or less extreme adoption of the mutual-aid principle, as contrasted with the mutual-fight principle, is much more widely spread among the lower animals than is familiarly recognized; while in the case of man, it has been, in connection with high brain-development and the acquirement of the power of speaking and writing, the greatest single factor in the achievement of his proud biological position as king of living creatures.

Altruism — or mutual aid, as the biologists prefer to call it, to escape the implication of assuming too much consciousness in it — is just as truly a fundamental biologic factor of evolution as is the cruel, strictly self-regarding, exterminating kind of struggle for existence with which the Neo-Darwinists try to fill our eyes and ears, to the exclusion of the recognition of all other factors.

This mutual aid, as a biologic or natural factor, has influenced materially, as I have said, the mode of life, the biologic success, and the character of the

evolution of many kinds of lower animals. In their case, it was not, we presume, consciously chosen or consciously developed. In the case of man, however, where also mutual aid has been a fundamental factor in determining the mode of life and the success and character of the evolution of the species, and where in the beginning also it may have been entirely unconsciously taken on, we face an important new thing in relation to it: that is, its conscious development. Indeed, it is the high development of mutual aid, plus a high degree of brain-power, plus the existence of something we call spirit or soul in man, all of these interacting on each other to the advantage of the further development of each, that really distinguishes man from other animals, and makes him human. This conscious development of mutual aid, or altruism, by man demands some further consideration of the problem of war as the biologist faces it.

Man differs markedly from other animal species in having two kinds of inheritance, often confused because of the use of the common term, inheritance, for both kinds. He has a biological inheritance — this is real heredity, inherent in him, and responsible for much of his physical and mental condition, and for that reflex and instinctive behavior, partly indispensable for the actual maintenance of his life and health, but partly no longer indispensable, in his present stage of evolution, as in the cases of various brute performances once necessary to his self-preservation.

He has also a social inheritance, not a part of his heredity, but playing a very important and conspicuous rôle in his life, especially in his less material, his higher life, as we are accustomed to call it — the part of his life that especially characterizes him, and makes especially worth while being human. Man is not born with this social inheritance in him,

as his biological inheritance is in him, but with it all about him, ready for him and certain to be, in some measure, imposed on him. He is born into it rather than with it in him.

This social inheritance consists of tradition, of recorded history, of precept and example — of education, in a word. It is possible because of mutual aid, and speech, writing, and printing. Other animals, especially a few of the higher ones, may also enjoy a certain social inheritance; but man's social inheritance is so incomparably greater and more important in determining the character of his life, that he is in this respect qualitatively different from all other animals.

## II

Now, with all this in his eyes, the biologist interested in the problem of the inevitability of war and the desirability of it sees the situation as reducible to rather simple terms. If man prefers, or surrenders himself, to be ruled in his relation to fighting and war by his biological inheritance, then war will persist. Or if he decides that the best way to develop the highest type of man and human culture is to depend primarily on the natural selection based on a ruthless, physical, life-or-death determining struggle for existence, with a survival and dominance of the materially strongest, then war is desirable.

But if he recognizes that he must take into account, in his study of human development, another evolution factor, not less natural, and of proved effectiveness, which is based on the mutual-aid principle instead of the mutual-murder principle, and one which can be backed by all the force of social inheritance to counteract certain opposing influences of biological inheritance, then war need be to him neither inevitable nor desirable.

The protagonists of inevitable war

declare that human nature does not change. The biologist declares that human nature does change, both by virtue of the influences of strictly biological factors, and especially by virtue of the influences of social inheritance. Human nature to-day, which is certainly not the same as human nature in early Glacial time, is quite as much the resultant of the work of social-inheritance factors as it is of factors of biological inheritance. Human nature — not just the part that is inherited, but the whole of it, including the part that is acquired by each generation — not only changes, but can be made to change in definite direction by education; and it can be made to change with reasonable rapidity—a rapidity that seems very rapid indeed to the biologist accustomed to see change mostly depend on slowly modified heredity.

Let us turn now to one or two more of those problems which especially involve in their consideration this matter, introduced by our reference to the war-problem, of the two kinds of inheritance and the relations between them.

The problems that I have especially in mind at this moment introduce conspicuously the subject of human heredity. Is a man what he is because he is born so, or because he becomes so by education, using education in the broad sense of including all environment?

With the work and theories of Mendel and the three botanists, Tschermak, Correns, and DeVries, as stimulus and basis, there has been an energetic pushing on of heredity studies, with a rapid gaining of many facts and much understanding, until now we are able confidently to make statements about the heredity mechanism and behavior that are really startling in their preciseness and practical importance. We can make enough prophecies about the outcome of many cases of mating, to give us sufficient basis to warrant us in mod-



ifying our social inheritance in directions intended to increase advantages or decrease disadvantages derived from biological inheritance. Not all traits are inherited according to the Mendelian order, but many are. This order can be found out if it exists, and then from it can be predicted the outcome of certain matings.

It must be found out by experiment (in lower animals and plants), or observation (in human beings), for each specific trait in each species of plant and animal, and for man. It will take a long time to work out the order of heredity for all the Mendelizing traits, physical and mental, which the human species possesses; but it can be done; and then we can bring to bear the power of our social inheritance, to make human life rapidly better by encouraging the good and discouraging the bad in biological inheritance.

But we do not have to wait until we know the order of inheritance for all our traits before we can begin to use wisely this new knowledge of heredity, which began with the revelations of the Augustinian monk Mendel, about the inheritance of stem-length and pod-shape and seed-coat of garden peas. We can begin on a basis of the knowledge of the heredity behavior of a single trait. Let me give an example.

For a long time the characters considered in studies of heredity were exclusively physical ones. Just as in the beginning days of anatomical study man's body was considered too sacred to be submitted to dissection, so in the beginning days of heredity study man's mental traits were considered too sacred for scientific analysis. But ever since Galton, students of human heredity have paid attention to the inheritance of mental traits and general mental capacity. It is a fascinating thing to trace the descent of genius or great talent through the succeeding generations

of a family. The Bach family contributed an extraordinary number of notable musicians to the world, in several generations. But, if mental capacity is inherited, so is mental incapacity. It has been fairly satisfactorily proved that the mental condition of feeble-mindedness not only is an inherited condition, but may be looked on as a unit human trait, following the general Mendelian order as to its mode of inheritance. If this is really so, — and it is hardly any longer open to doubt, — it has obviously a most important significance in connection with the whole problem of education. It must make us face squarely the situation that there are limits to the educability of certain individuals, and that we should somewhere call a halt on our vain efforts to put the same kind and amount of education into all kinds of pupils.

This fact of the heritability of feeble-mindedness has also an important significance in connection with a particular social problem — that of juvenile delinquency; for it has been proved beyond much doubt, by the studies of Goddard, Davenport, Kuhlmann, Williams, and others, that feeble-mindedness and delinquency are all too often closely linked in terms of cause and effect.

### III

Now these three matters of war and juvenile delinquency and racial well-being are but three examples of the many problems of human life having obvious and fundamental biological aspects. But how little has the world, although intensely interested in these problems and anxiously trying to solve them, taken any advantage of the special knowledge offered by the biologist in connection with them. And this despite the fact that it has been in recent years quite the fashion to invite the biologist to talk about such problems,

and even to listen to him with a tolerant interest. But why this fashion of listening to his advice, and at the same time the fashion of not acting on it? Well, it is not all the fault of the public: it is partly the fault of the biologist.

In the first place, the biologist seems unable to escape from the use of a terminology that is to be found only in the larger dictionaries — and these dictionaries are at home, while the public is in the lecture-hall. There are hundreds of interesting and pertinent facts of biology that are to-day awaiting intelligible telling in order to be made use of!

In the second place, the biologist apparently has difficulty in estimating the varying degrees of practicalness of his knowledge. Take the very examples I have used in this paper. If the biologist has nothing more to contribute to the discussion of the tremendously important and pressing problem of war than the assurance that human evolution will carry us beyond war in another geologic epoch or two, he may be listened to with tolerant interest, but he will start nothing to help put an end to war.

Of course, I think that he really has more to offer. I have even tried to indicate what it is that he can suggest, namely, to fight the false notion that human evolution must be left to natural selection, and that war produces natural selection; as a matter of fact, war produces artificial selection more than natural selection, and a bad or reversed artificial selection at that. He can also encourage the right notion that a certain biological inheritance, especially that already vestigial, can be largely offset by social inheritance. In fact, it is social evolution, not biological evolution, that we must chiefly look to for future human progress. Most anthropologists agree that the major differ-

ence between present man and primitive man — not man of the early Ice Age, but primitive man of late pre-historic times — lies less in physical differences and mental capacity, than in the possession by present man of methods and technique based on scientific knowledge not possessed by primitive man; that the difference is chiefly one of social inheritance, and modern man has gained over primitive man in this regard with ever-increasing acceleration. His movement of advance has been like that of a snowball, rolling faster as it gets bigger. Many biologists believe that man is already so specialized an end-product of his evolutionary line, that, as regards physical change and actual mental capacity, he has reached the standing-still stage. Certainly man to-day, as individual, is not to be regarded as superior to man of early historic times, of the times of Greek greatness, or, probably, even of the times of early Egypt and Asia Minor.

In connection with the matter of juvenile delinquency and racial well-being the biologist's contribution of facts and suggestions is of tangible practicality. The biologist says that the normal man who married a feeble-minded woman and started a line of descendants of whom four out of five were socially incompetent, and hence burdens and dangers to society, and who then married a normal woman and started another line of descendants, all socially competent, should have been prevented from making the first mating. Don't call this eugenics — call it an application of scientific knowledge and common sense. Think of it as just as important and just as possible as the enforced isolation of a victim of infectious disease, or of homicidal mania.

But not all the problems of human life, in the discussion of which the biologist ventures to take part, exhibit their biological aspects so clearly as the ex-

amples thus far referred to. The approach of the biologist to these other problems, even his right to approach them, becomes more debatable — but, for that very reason, perhaps, more interesting. Can the biologist, with his methods of analysis and his knowledge of other kinds of life than human life, make any, even least, contribution to those things which most of us demand first from existence, namely, personal achievement, personal service to humanity, personal happiness? Can he show us wiser ways of living? He can unquestionably show us safer ways; and presumably for that reason alone it is quite worth our while to call on him to give us the benefit of his special knowledge and his reasoned recommendations. But merely being safer amid danger is not what many, very many of us, are chiefly concerned with. We want continuing to live to mean something continually larger. Has the biologist anything helpful to suggest about this? Or will listening to him mean more pessimism, hopelessness, fatalism? If so, perhaps we would prefer to be blindly hopeful, ignorantly happy.

#### IV

I can understand, although I do not share, a certain feeling of repugnance to accepting the situation forced on us by scientific fact and logical induction. I can sympathize with, although I do not accept, the position of those who persist in wishing and trying to look on themselves and human kind in general as of a different clay, endowed with a different breath, and existing in a different sphere from the rest of life. I can feel the egocentric urge that leads to this position perhaps as strongly as those who take it, but I cannot surrender to it as easily. Scientific observation and cool reason prevent. How can one accept eagerly and gratefully

that knowledge about our bodily make-up and functioning which the biologist gives us, and, on the basis of it, proceed to modify our behavior so as to protect ourselves from accident and disease, and help ourselves in the attempt to adapt ourselves to the actual conditions of the world we live in, and yet reject other no less well-demonstrated facts of the same general category, brought to us by the same biologist, but the acceptance of which involves the recognition on our part of our true place in Nature.

I am inclined to find an explanation for this popular inconsistency in two or three different causes. For one thing, some biologists have gone ahead of the actual facts with their justifiable significance, and have presented the world with hypotheses instead of demonstrations, and have insisted on an acceptance of unjustifiable significance. For another thing, one can never get away from letting one's own observations, with all their limitations as to both scope and accuracy, play a too large part in determining one's judgments about any matter, however technical, and however demanding, for correct understanding, a certain special training and equipment on the part of the observer. This is one of the reasons why the professors of political economy and sociology have such a hard row to hoe. Everyone is his own economist and sociologist, because the subjects are, perforce, under everyone's observation, although this observation may really be very limited, and usually is of a most untrained and unmethodical kind. Professors of astronomy, on the other hand, are accepted unhesitatingly as authorities — so few of us have telescopes.

Now the biologists have a position between these extremes. When they talk about microbes and dinosaurs, their statements are accepted at face-value. But when they talk about hu-

man beings, whom they can study quite as carefully as they can other kinds of beings, there are reservations. When the biologists' talk about human beings is limited to statements about lungs and liver, skeleton and ductless glands, it is not questioned. But when their talk is about the behavior of human beings, about their psychology, their heredity, their responses to environment and education, and their position in nature, then it is tested by the miscellaneous personal observations and prejudices and desires and hopes and beliefs of each individual, and it is accepted or not as it confirms or contradicts each one's notions derived from these things. We all, or most of us, think we know human beings as well as the biologist does. Most assuredly the biologist does not know all that is to be known about human beings; and about that which he does not know we must certainly be permitted to accept our own guess as likely to be as good as his. But we are too likely to think our own guess even better than his.

This latter attitude comes largely, I think, from a feeling, after hearing the biologist talk about human life, that his consideration of this life is too academic, too technical, too detached from most of those things that make up our immediate interests and fill our present moments. The matters that occupy our principal attention are our work and recreation, our clothes and food, our household affairs, our health and our looks, our income, expenditures, and savings, the growing-up of our children and the growing old of ourselves, our family and social relations, our personal contacts with people, and our opinions of them. We think and talk about books and music and pictures, about railways and bridges and motor-cars, about scenery and climate and hotels, about politics and diplomacy and governments. And all the time we give

a fascinated attention to the particular human beings connected with these things, especially the ones we personally know or see. We note and discuss their particular idiosyncracies, their likenesses and differences; we compare them with each other and with ourselves. We are concerned, constantly and immensely, with individuals.

It is right at this point, I believe, that we have a clue to the explanation of the gulf between the biologist-student of human life and the everyday observer of human life. One deals primarily with the species, the other with individuals. One gives his attention to human-kind, the other to particular human creatures. If we knew other kinds of animals as individuals, — and we *do* occasionally, as when we have a particular horse or dog or cat or canary for companion, or scrape literary acquaintance with Lobo the Wolf, or Bre'r Rabbit; I have even come to know individual bees in my glass-sided observation hives, — if we knew other animals as individuals, I say, we should have another point of view regarding them. But, as *species*, they do not interest many of us very much; although it is exactly as such that they do interest the biologist. And it is primarily as species that the biologist is interested in human-kind. That is why the biologist's information to us about man leaves us cold. And why the daily newspaper's information about men fascinates and thrills us. And yet — and yet — the biologist's information, so far as he can confidently go with it, is of huge importance to us as individuals. Taken into account and acted on, it can make wiser, less wasteful, more capable, happier individuals of us. And it need not rob us of the hopes and beliefs that many of us cherish. It may do nothing to encourage them, but it cannot, certainly at present, make us give them up. And I do not think it ever will.

## V

I have had, during the very writing of this paper, the distressing experience of being brought, suddenly and dramatically, to face that problem of human life which to most of us is the greatest of all its problems — I mean the problem of death. One evening, on a train from Chicago to Washington, returning with a companion from a week's association with hundreds of other scientific men, I spent the hours between dinner and bed-time discussing with my companion the possibilities of science in helping us to understand Nature and Life. He was a man who had given thirty years, with all the advantage of great ability and highly perfected training, to scientific study. He was withal a most attractive and lovable personality. We parted at the evening's end with smiles of friendship and mutual encouragement to push on with the task that we had in common. In the morning I found him dead in his berth.

What does the biologist have to tell us of death? Well, first, true to his professional interest, he tells us of the facts and the significance of the death of species. Death of species is at once the revelation and the proof of the struggle for existence, with the consequent survival of the fit. Dead species have been the stepping-stones to new species; their history is the history of organic evolution. Species are unfit, or become unfit, for various reasons; among them, the reason of over-specialization. This is rather surprising, for all organic evolution is a movement from generalization toward specialization; yet, in the very acquirement of this specialization are sown the seeds of species-death. What organisms gain in specialization they lose in plasticity. They become so adapted that they lose adaptability. Progress in one direction involves, as someone has said, the closing

of the gates in countless other directions; progression thus means a succession of lost opportunities. The Irish stag, specializing in antlers, was brought by too large antlers to species-death. The great dinosaurs, lords of their epoch, extinguished themselves by too much muchness. There are even analogies of these biologic happenings in human history. And there are even biologists who see the triumphantly super-specialized species, man, in actual danger of species-death from too much specialization.

But one of the major lines of human specialization is what might be called a specialization in the direction of safety from over-specialization; it is a specialization in general adaptability, not in particular adaptation. Man has become able to follow varying natural conditions. Man's narrow biologic specialization — think of the narrow limits of temperature, oxygen, food, and other conditions, in relation to his mere maintenance of life — is offset by his wide social inheritance and his educability. This gives him the power to withstand and dominate antagonistic nature—even the power to add the forces of nature to his own forces. He fights against natural selection; he substitutes a purposeful artificial selection for it. His possession of consciousness, reason and volition, by which he makes effective a scientific method or technique of successful struggle with nature, seems to insure him against species-death, at any rate in any geologically near future. Cataclysmic world-change would wipe him out easily, so specific is his biological adaptation to present conditions; but slow change—and that seems the geologic rule—finds him well protected, so developed is his power of conscious adaptability and his partial control of the conditions of life. 'What a plastic little creature man is!' said Emerson. 'So shifty, so adaptive! His

body a chest of tools, and he making himself comfortable in every climate, in every condition.'

But it is not human species-death but human individual-death that most of us look on as the problem of death. It is here, as always, in *individuals*, including our individual selves, not in *species*, that most of us are principally interested. What has the biologist to say about this kind of death?

Truly, very little. To explain to us that the human body is a machine that differs from other machines with which it may be compared in that, when it is once stopped, it cannot be set going again, is not in the least to solve for most of us the great problem. Is death really just what it seems, and what the biologist describes it to be, or is it what so many would like it to be, hope it is, and even firmly believe it is? Can the human individual have an ethereal spirit existence apart from, or after, his bodily-machine existence? Is man immortal? That is what we insist upon asking the biologist, who assumes a knowledge beyond that of most of us concerning human life.

The biologist, unless he is a scientific bigot, confesses at once the limitations of his knowledge. He does not claim that his description of individual death necessarily tells the whole story. But he claims that it tells it so far as the kind of evidence which he can accept as telling him things he can rely on now permits. Just because a single part in the complex material machine, or association of engines, that was my friend's body, suddenly breaks down, is that the end of his story? One evening, all that nature and man had done for him were available for our good and his happiness. The next morning, because a trivial mechanical disharmony prevailed during the night over what had been for fifty years mechanical harmony, he is nothing more to us or him-

self. This seems preposterous, incredible. Must we accept it, biologist?

Sadly he answers, 'I can give you no comfort. That same waste of Nature's efforts — if it really is waste — is apparent all through the realm of life. This unconscious waste of Nature is no less preposterous, incredible to me,' he says, 'than that every now and then, consciously flying in the face of what seems to be all self-interest, all enjoyment of life, all reason, millions of men swarm out of their homes, to use all their energy, all their native cunning, all their hard-won scientific knowledge, to kill each other, to bring intense suffering to their wives and children, to destroy their accumulated material possessions, to burn the created glories of their artist geniuses, to work, in a word, all the waste and misery that are the inevitable accompaniments of war. Is this less incredible,' he asks, 'than that Nature should tolerate the extinguishing, after a period of functioning, of the complex of elaborately built-up machines which is the human body?' And he adds that the same extinguishing comes to every other animal machine, to all other living bodies. Do you ask for something to continue after death of the pet dog, the favorite riding-horse, the bird you shoot as game, or the insect you crush under your feet? 'I find no proof, scientific proof,' he says, 'that death is not the end of these creatures. And you do not ask me to believe otherwise because of any desire or belief on your part that death is not their end. Well, no more do I find any proof, of the kind I am familiar with and content to accept, that death is not the end of man. I do not say that death is the end, that I have scientific proof that it really is the end; but I have no proof, yet, that it is not the end. The strong desire and hope, and that next conscious state, belief, which you suggest to me as proof to you that death does not end

all, are not the kind of proof on the basis of which I ask you to accept what I do really feel able to tell you as facts about human life, facts many of which you are inclined to accept on my word.

'Nor have I been able to find proof — the kind of proof that proves things to me — of immortality, by attending spiritist séances, or by reading the volumes of the Society for Psychical Research, or the many other books that recite the experiences of alleged participants in, or observers of, things of after death. I should, indeed, truly be appalled by death,' the biologist says, 'and it would have a terror for me greater than it has even as a possible complete extinguisher of my personality, if it meant that it was the beginning for me of a perpetual personal spirit-existence, in which my thoughts and conversations were to be of the kind exemplified by those recorded in the Psychical Research and spiritist books. I do not wish to spend a spirit-existence responding to calls from earth to describe the quality of the cigars that I am permitted to enjoy in my eternal life beyond.'

But in the same breath the biologist says, if he is not a bigoted biologist, that he has no right to say, and will not say, that there cannot be a human spirit-life.

He cannot authoritatively, and hence will not try to, affirm that there cannot be human immortality. He simply remains agnostic. He does not know.

## VI

Then there is the cognate matter of soul in the living body. The biologist sometimes has a difficult time trying to understand what other people understand by soul. If sweetness of disposition or amiability of character is a symptom of soul, as he is told by some, then he finds soul in many animals. I had two tarantulas once in my laboratory,

one of whom was an ugly-tempered morose brute, who, whenever I approached him with playful finger, became angry and, rearing on his hinder two pairs of legs and unfolding his great poison-fangs, made ready to lunge and strike whenever his malicious intelligence assured him that he could reach and wound me. But the other tarantula, of the same kind and found in the same field, would let me fondle him and would walk in friendly fashion up my bare arm, without ever a thought of hurting me. He was a sweetly dispositioned tarantula.

If you say that I should not attribute character or disposition to these spiders, but should limit myself to describing their manner of behavior, because we do not know that their behavior was controlled by their disposition, — chemical or physical stimuli may have controlled it, — then I reply that I can quite as easily and much more confidently describe the similarly contrasting behavior of two human individuals in terms that we usually limit ourselves to in describing animal behavior. The difference is, we have had so much experience with human individuals, that is, have made so many observations and so many experiments on them, that, in our search for the springs of this behavior, we have become accustomed to saying that such and such behavior indicates such and such kind of disposition, a large or small possession of kindness, or, as some might interpret it, soul. If we knew tarantulas better, we might be able to use the same generalization, and discriminate among them as fairly.

Mother-love reveals the human soul, says one; but mother-love is a commonplace among the higher animals and some of the less high. Love and sacrifice of self for family and community prove soul: well, the worker bee works till it falls dead on the threshold of the

hive, with honey-sac or pollen baskets filled with food, which it is bringing home to feed the babies and queen and drones of the hive. Faith in an all-wise and all-kind God proves the soul in us. The primitive Africans have no less faith, although their God is made of wood or mud. John Muir's dog, Stickeen, seems to have had no less faith in his master, at whose insistence he leaped the dangerous glacier crevasse that seemed too wide. Had Stickeen a soul?

But other people mean other things by soul: they mean the creative imagination, the capacity for self-expression of the wonderful things in them. Yet a simple physical injury or disharmony in these material body-tissues means a prompt end to all these wonders. A boy companion of mine was called, because of what he could do in music, a genius. He fell one day from a gate-post and struck his head against a stone. In a few weeks he was as strong a boy as he had been before, but he was no longer a genius. There was no longer any soul in his music. Was it his soul that struck the stone? Soul seems to mean, or at least to require, continuing mental balance.

The brain is a wonderful instrument in some human beings; in others, whole communities or tribes of others, it now enables its possessors to count no more than five. Trained human reason does wonders; so does the untrained instinct of the social wasps and the fungus-farming ants. The Brooklyn Bridge is a triumph of engineering; so is the orb-web of the garden spider. I do not mean that there is no difference between the brain of man, on which seems to depend a part at least of his soul, and the cephalic ganglion of the ant. But may not this difference be one of mass and histologic differentiation and organization, rather than of fundamental kind or quality; may it not be quantitative

rather than qualitative? For all practical purposes, this difference may be such as to make two very different sorts of creatures out of men and ants; but is one to be assumed to be fundamentally foreign to the other? so fundamentally foreign that one means soul and immortality and the other only carnality and clay? Perhaps it is: I do not know.

Much that means soul and human attributes assumed to be peculiarly and fundamentally derived from some source other than one common to other forms of life, has been plausibly shown by biologists and sociologists to be a highly developed derivative of more animal-like attributes. Love may be a beautiful outgrowth from the animal necessities of reproduction and protection; charity, from the requirements of an advantageous development and exercise of altruism in the case of an animal species that has adopted the mutual-aid principle in evolution rather than the mutual-fight principle; hope and belief may be the by-products of a brain-development that has outrun utility, even as the Irish stag's antlers outran advantage in size.

Emotion itself is a great problem. There are fundamental emotions or conscious states, such as fear and hunger and sex-interest, which are plainly closely related to the animal part of our life; and other less fundamental, or derived, emotions, such as desire, hope, and confidence leading to belief, and doubt and depression leading to despondency, which are apparently a product of our more intellectual life. But that is to say that they differ from the fundamental emotions common to other animals as well as ourselves only because of our more elaborate and superior nervous development. These derived emotions are among the particularly distinguishing attributes of human life as compared with animal life, and



play a great part in all of our everyday living. We see more of them, are impressed more by them and think more about them, under ordinary circumstances, than we do about the more fundamental emotions; but how quickly and powerfully the fundamental emotions dominate us, under circumstances that strip off for the moment our veneer of social inheritance and of so-called peculiarly human qualities. The war revealed this vividly, although it also revealed how some individuals had arrived at a stage in human evolution which enabled them to dominate their brute-inheritance in a most wonderful and encouraging way.

An authorized lecturer, representing a certain organization with many adherents, stated in an address in Washington the other evening, that the world is a mental phenomenon, and hence that all the things we know in it are controllable by mind, or, indeed, are simply manifestations of mind. That rather seems to put in the hands of each person possessing mentality the power to do things to, or with, this old world, and the conditions of life on it, much as he wills to do them.

I must confess that the biologist sees the world differently. He finds it composed of a lot of things, and sees going on, in and about it, a lot of things that are hard to reduce to mental phenomena and hard to make amenable to his desires and control.

In Stanford University a number of years ago, I used to walk through an avenue lined with trees — I believe they were trees — to the beautiful quadrangle of buildings, with a companion, now a distinguished professor of philosophy in an important Eastern university, who proved during our walk each morning, by what was to me a verbally irrefutable logical argument, that there were no trees along our way and no quadrangle before us. However, when,

after successfully avoiding the tree-trunks, we reached the quadrangle, we entered it quite naturally and unsurprised, and went on under its arcades to take up our duties in our respective classrooms in it. We, or rather the professor of philosophy, had simply had a pleasant after-breakfast exercise in mental gymnastics. I had done my gymnastics — other gymnastics — before breakfast.

The biologist is willing to bet his life that much of the world really exists in a material sense. If the philosopher and I were standing on a railway track, with a locomotive engine tearing toward us at fifty miles an hour, he might prove to me, if there was time, by his interesting play of words and logic, that nothing was there, and hence nothing was going to happen if our non-existent bodies continued to stand still on the non-existent railway. But I should win my bet that something very distressing would happen, unless we stepped off the track, and that pretty quickly.

The biologist is a homely and practical-minded person, who is little given to over-refined logic and debate, but much given to observation and experiment. His laboratory tells him what a precarious and fragile thing life is, how material and condition-ruled and circumscribed a living creature is. But his wife and child and his own consciousness tell him how much more, how immeasurably more, there is in life than he learns in his laboratory. It is this extra-laboratory observation and realization of the possibilities and actualities of human life that make it, even to the biologist, the vivid, many-colored, suggestive, and thrilling thing it is — the thing so full of occasionally realized great moments and of glimpses of infinitely great possibilities, that sometimes it seems all mystery, all something more than of this world, and hence all something quite hopeless to study

by the methods of his science, indeed quite hopeless even profitably to wonder about. Why not take it and make the most of it?

And then comes the insistent question: Ah, *how* make the most of it? And he becomes again the patient, struggling student of biology, the student of the laws or conditions of life.

## VII

The goal of the biologist — however unattainable, or most limitedly attainable, arrival at it may now seem to be — is to be able to speak with confidence of the future behavior or fate of living things; of living things as individuals and as groups and kinds. The biologist really aims at being able some time to speak confidently about the future and destiny of human-kind.

If the biologist finds himself quite unable to say much that is worth listening to about the future of human beings after death, he is at least ready to venture some suggestions about the future of the human species in its material relations to the world and world-conditions it lives in, and about the possibilities or probabilities of its further development or evolution.

This evolution is a fundamental element in life. Primarily, it simply means change; but history — geologic and biologic history — has shown that this change has been progressive; it is change forward and upward. What causes it, we do not know, despite our glimpse of some of its factors; what it really is, we do not know, despite our sight of its results. 'Some call it Evolution, and others call it God,' sings William Caruth. But it is real. Human life to-day is what it is, because of it; human life will be to-morrow what it will be, because of it. Is the biologist in a position to hazard prophecy as to the future course of human evolution?

As Conklin has pointed out, progressive evolution of special lines of animals and plants has limits fixed by its very nature. Now man has gone a long, long way in the progressive evolution of his body and its functions. But it is apparently true, that for ten thousand years there has been no notable progress in this evolution. If evolution is carrying man forward, — and we do not doubt it, — it is doing it in a different way. This way seems to be the way of social evolution, based on man's social inheritance and the biologic factor of mutual aid. If so, we have to see man of the future as the possessor of an ever more elaborate and higher development of social inheritance, and more and more capable, by virtue of this social inheritance, of an inhibition of the vestigial brute carry-overs in his biological inheritance. That means, in the ultimate analysis, that future man can be consciously determined by man to-day; that human evolution has been turned over to human-kind itself to direct. What an opportunity, but, at the same time, what a responsibility!

Here is where the biologist becomes the preacher and exhorter. Here is where biology and the appeal to reason, where technical knowledge and common sense, where science and religion join. The soundest of science leads us to the conclusion that man, by virtue of the possession of a social inheritance, as contrasted with the biological inheritance which is all the inheritance that other animal species have, — a social inheritance which gives him the present realities and the future possibilities of a social evolution, in addition to his more personal evolution, — has in his own hands a great instrument for determining the fate of himself as species, the future of mankind. This, of course, is what the preacher and the poet have always said about man, though on a basis of other conceptions as to how

man has been given this power. But whatever the foundations may be for the agreement between scientist and preacher in their common conclusion, the interesting and important thing is that they do agree, and hence that they can reinforce each other in appealing to man consciously to direct his efforts, with all his advantage of scientific knowledge and all his strength of belief, to the production of a higher — a socially and morally higher — future-man type.

Biology is not a science for its own sake alone. It is a science eminently useful and practical to man, and at the same time it is a science highly inspiring to him. For if it be depressing, as it

may be to some, though it is not to me, in that it teaches him that man's life is close brother to all the rest of life; yet it is inspiring, in that at the same time it reveals how wonderfully much has been done by Nature in making man, and how now man has been let into partnership with Nature for making better man.

We are not a foreign matter, or being, imposed on Nature, but Nature's own proudest product. And the power we have for our further and higher development is not our own unaided power, but our own and Nature's in combination. It is a combination that should have almost limitless possibilities.

## INDUSTRY IN UNDEVELOPED COUNTRIES

BY BERTRAND RUSSELL

### I

IN speaking on this subject, I am conscious of great diffidence. I know little of industry, and still less of undeveloped countries; on both, many of my hearers could instruct me. I have therefore not attempted to advocate any very definite conclusions, but only to analyze the problem, and to set forth various solutions that have been suggested, or seem possible.

The problem of industry in undeveloped countries arises in three different forms, according to the nature of the population in the country concerned. There are countries that are practically empty, countries with a barbarous population, and countries where the popu-

lation is more or less civilized, though not industrialized.

The case of a practically empty country does not arise very often, although the Yukon gold affords a fairly recent example. But in earlier times, this case was the most important. The whole of America and Australia come under this head, because the Red Indians and the Australian aborigines were too few and too feeble to count as populations. The settlement of the Western states of America, and subsequently of Western Canada, encountered only slight obstacles from the Indians, and was to all intents and purposes the development of an empty continent.

This case does not present the difficulties belonging to the development of already populous countries. In the development of empty but fruitful regions capitalism is seen at its best. Its harsher features do not appear, while its energy and enterprise are stimulated to the highest degree. The manner in which capitalism tackled the American West was admirable. It is true that there was corruption, and cruelty to early settlers, of the sort described in *Martin Chuzzlewit*. But when we compare the rapidity and prosperity of the expansion from the Alleghanies to the Pacific with the painful and laborious process by which the Atlantic seaboard was made habitable, we cannot but admit that modern capitalism is capable of wonderful feats. The task of developing empty regions is, however, nearly complete, and capitalism is less admirable in its more modern enterprises. This is one reason why, as a system, it commands much less respect than it did fifty years ago.

The outstanding example of the development of countries with barbarous populations is Tropical Africa. The problems that arose there were chiefly — (a) problems of competition among European powers, and (b) humanitarian problems. The former of these I shall leave out of account for the present, as I propose to deal, at the end of this paper, with the question of national rivalry. But the humanitarian problem is more of the essence of our discussion, because industrialism in its early phases tends always and everywhere to be very cruel, and this tendency is most developed in dealing with barbarous populations. The instance of the Congo under King Leopold is familiar. But one gathers that the Rand mines, in another way, involve almost equal damage to the native population, through the spread of disease — especially of consumption. Wherever industrialism

comes across a barbarous population, it tends to use it up recklessly, just as it uses up raw material. This is part of the general character of wastefulness, of living for the moment, in a way that must lead to ultimate bankruptcy. And something of the same character is visible wherever an unindustrial population is industrialized, even though the population is not in other respects uncivilized.

The third class of undeveloped countries, namely those that already have a civilization of their own, is the most interesting class in itself, and also the one that specially concerns us in China. It is in this case that the really baffling and perplexing problems arise, and in this case also that the most interesting diversity of solutions has been attempted. Consider, for example, the three cases of India, Japan, and Russia, each of which affords lessons from which China has something to learn.

The development of industry in India has been in dependence on British capital, and subject to the condition that it should not damage our trade, especially the Lancashire cotton trade. It has been peaceable, quiet, and gradual, with probably less sweating and child labor than there would have been if a foreign power had not been in control. On the other hand, from the standpoint of a patriotic Hindu it may be urged that the development has been too slow, as also that it has not been sufficiently all-round to make India self-sufficient. It is doubtful, however, whether these are evils except from the standpoint of Indian patriotism; from an international point of view they may even be advantages. I leave out of account, for the moment, the effect, for good or bad, of British domination on Indian civilization.

In Japan, a quite different course has been pursued. Japanese industry has arisen in connection with Japan's strug-

gle for independence and power: it has been closely connected with the maintenance of the army and navy. Patriotic needs have dominated the whole development, which has been almost entirely native after the initial stages. This is an heroic course, of which the purpose has been to preserve national freedom. Hitherto this purpose has been successful. But, in order to succeed, it has been necessary to keep nationalistic feeling very intense, and therefore arouse hostile feeling in the rest of the world. It is doubtful whether the ultimate result will not be a clash involving the ruin of Japan, by a process not unlike that which brought about the ruin of Germany. This is always the danger of any policy involving a high degree of national passion, except in a nation capable of defying the whole of the rest of the world. And there is at present only one such nation, namely, the United States.

The course adopted by Russia is different again, though in many respects it is analogous to that adopted by Japan. Russia is virtually undeveloped, and the Bolsheviki desire, above everything, to bring about a great industrial development. The hostility of the world has forced them to consider ways of doing so with little or no outside help, and their Communism requires that the whole development should be undertaken by the State. Their experience hitherto tends to the conclusion that they cannot succeed in developing their industry unless they have a certain amount of outside help, partly in the way of machinery, partly in the way of skilled workmen and technical experts. The development of an industry from the start without any assistance from more advanced countries is a matter of at least a generation, and Russia cannot afford to wait as long as that. It has therefore been necessary for the Bolsheviki to make themselves so for-

midable by arms and propaganda, as to force the capitalist governments to make peace with them. In this, it would seem, they can now succeed, if they show the necessary moderation.

Among all these ways of developing industry, it appears that there are two pairs of alternatives: the development may be native or foreign, and it may be capitalistic or socialistic. It is, of course, also possible, in theory, to have no industry at all. We may therefore consider our problem under three heads. (1) Why not remain industrially undeveloped? (2) Should development be native or foreign? (3) Should development be capitalistic or socialistic?

## II

*Why not remain industrially undeveloped?* — The case against industrialism, considered apart from the balance of forces, is very strong. The world existed without industrialism until the end of the eighteenth century, and in many ways the spread of industrialism has been the spread of devastation. In Great Britain, the destruction of ancient beauty through the growth of factories and mining villages was the despair of every poet from Wordsworth to William Morris; while child labor, long hours, and starvation wages used to call forth the protests of philanthropists and social reformers. Nowadays, we have in the main mastered the evils that philanthropists deplored, and accustomed ourselves to the ugliness that pained the poets. But in a country like China, the process of destroying beauty is still so visible that even the most hardened industrialist can hardly be indifferent to it. As one travels up the Yangtse, it is not too much to say that the only ugly objects one sees are those due to industrialism, from factories and oil-tanks down to sardine-tins. The destruction of handicrafts and all the

unconsciously artistic traditions embodied in them is part of the same evil. At last the very nature of human beings seems to change: they become machine-made, all on one pattern; no longer self-sufficient individuals, but cogs and bolts in a vast machine.

But the æsthetic indictment of industrialism is perhaps the least serious. A much more serious feature is the way in which it forces men, women, and children to live a life against instinct, unnatural, unspontaneous, artificial. Where industry is thoroughly developed, men are deprived of the sight of green fields and the smell of earth after rain; they are cooped together in irksome proximity, surrounded by noise and dirt, compelled to spend many hours a day performing some utterly uninteresting and monotonous mechanical task. Women are, for the most part, obliged to work in factories, and to leave to others the care of their children. The children themselves, if they are preserved from work in the factories, are kept at work in school, with an intensity that is especially damaging to the best brains. The result of this life against instinct is that industrial populations tend to be listless and trivial, in constant search of excitement, delighted by a murder, and still more delighted by a war.

The intensification of war is one of the great evils for which industrialism is responsible. Pugnacity is such a strong instinct in *homo sapiens*, that most men will kill as many of their fellow men as is compatible with securing their own living — doing the killing, so far as possible, by proxy. Industrialism has increased the productivity of labor, and therefore the proportion of the population who can be set aside for the purpose of killing each other. Short of the complete decay of science, there seems no easy way of escaping from this evil. But this is a subject to which I shall return later.

For all these reasons, I cannot regard industrialism as an unmixed blessing. I think about half the Socialist indictment of capitalism ought to be an indictment of industrialism, or, at any rate, of the earlier stages of industrialism. In the early stages it must involve ugliness, the cruelties of a life against instinct, and unprecedentedly ferocious wars. Perhaps its later stages may compensate for the horrors of its beginnings; but that remains, as yet, a purely speculative possibility.

Whether an unindustrial country should become industrial would be, therefore, a very doubtful question, if there were, in fact, any option. Russia and China, to take two important examples, would do well, I believe, from the point of view of the happiness of their populations, to remain unindustrial, if that were a real possibility. But the pressure of the outside world makes it impossible. The only real choice is whether they shall industrialize themselves or be industrialized by foreigners. The world's supply of coal and iron and oil and the other raw materials of industry is limited. When the older industrial nations begin to feel a shortage in the home supply, they look to undeveloped regions to supplement the deficiency. And before that stage is reached, industrial enterprises in new countries begin to be a profitable investment for capital, provided governments can be induced to undertake the expense of military and political protection. The control of raw materials is one of the great sources of national strength; so that in all the Great Powers patriotic and pecuniary motives run hand in hand. The attitude of Soviet Russia toward oil and Persia suggests that the adoption of Communism makes very little difference in this respect.

The essence of the matter is that industrially developed nations are stronger in a military sense than undeveloped

ones, and that they have powerful motives for undertaking, themselves, the exploitation of unused resources in industrially backward countries. It follows that industrially backward countries must either submit to foreign domination (which inevitably accompanies or follows economic exploitation), or must develop their own resources and at the same time create sufficient military forces to keep other nations at a distance.

This latter course is difficult, and requires that advantage should be taken of some exceptionally favorable opportunity. It has been adopted by Japan and Russia. Russia is still in the experimental stage, but Japan has had, so far, notable success. An essential part of the cause of Japan's success was the mutual jealousy of England and Russia before 1907. If Russia succeeds, an essential part of the cause will be the mutual jealousy of Japan and the United States. But if we could imagine a really vigorous league of nations established, such opportunities would hardly occur, and the nations that were still undeveloped then would have to remain permanently subject to foreign domination.

### III

But this brings us to our second question, whether there is, from an international point of view, any advantage in native as against foreign development. This is a question as to which the extreme patriot and the extreme internationalist can have no doubt. The extreme internationalist will say that it is a matter of entire indifference whether China, for example, is developed by the Chinese or by the Europeans and Americans. The extreme patriot will take the view that his own country ought to be developed by its own resources, while every other country ought to be developed by foreign

resources. This, I imagine, would be a not uncommon attitude in Japan; nor is it unknown in other countries.

For my part, I do not think the question admits of a general answer, since there are considerations on both sides, which incline the balance one way in one country and the other way in another. On the side of native development there is the broad argument for national independence in general, namely, that it increases self-respect and initiative, that it avoids the virulent hatred likely to be felt toward dominant foreigners, and that it is capable of producing a more stable international situation than a system in which some nations are tyrants and others are reluctant slaves. It might also be urged that a native capitalist is likely to be less ruthless and inhuman than a foreign one; but this is often doubtful.

On the side of foreign development there are, in many countries, arguments which seem to me at least as strong as those for native development. Industrially advanced countries are, speaking broadly, the most civilized, the best governed, the most enlightened generally. From the point of view of intellectual progress, stability in politics, and freedom from the tyranny of custom, the influence of such countries is likely to be good. One may take the example of South America, which has been developed by Great Britain and the United States. There is, I suppose, no doubt that the needs of the financiers who invested there, and the influence of the businesses they established, have been very beneficial, and have done much to promote all that we call civilization. I am not denying that there have been great cruelties in dealing with Indians and negroes, but they would probably have occurred in any case, and they belong rather to the race-problem than to the problem of industrialism. They could not be worse

than those perpetrated by the Spaniards during their first century in America, when there was no question whatever of industrialism.

Another grave objection to native industrial development in an industrially new country is that it cannot avoid being intensely militaristic, since foreign nations can be kept at a distance only by force. The necessary intensity of militarism can, as a rule, be kept in being only by creating a strong anti-foreign feeling, which is bound to develop into brutality and imperialism. Japan has run through this whole evolution; Russia is still in the middle of it. But we see in both cases the absolute necessity of a powerful army, in order to ward off the hostility of other nations. Without a powerful army, no industrially new nation will be allowed to develop its own industry; with a powerful army, no nation will abstain from conquest and oppression.

Moreover, the anti-foreign feeling will be directed, not only against foreign military and economic aggression, but also against foreign ideas. Japan has adopted just so much of foreign ideas as is necessary for military and industrial efficiency, but (I imagine) no more. Russia has adopted a creed of her own, which, though nominally international, stimulates nationalism so long as no other country adopts it. And Russia is far more impervious than she used to be to Western intellectual influences. That, of course, is an effect of the blockade; but the blockade is an effect of Russia's desire to develop her own industry. Economic and intellectual intercourse go together, and when one is stopped, the other can hardly continue undiminished.

These arguments in favor of the foreign development of industry are, however, academic as addressed to strong nations, and unnecessary as addressed to others. Every nation will develop

its own industry if it is strong enough, and every nation will develop another's industry if it is strong enough. Perhaps China is one of the very few countries where the question may be decided on other grounds than mere force. It would perhaps be possible to rouse a patriotic movement here, analogous to that which secured the independence of Japan; but such a movement could succeed only if vigorously led by men of European education. If such men feel that further foreign intellectual influence is desirable, they may abstain from creating the kind of fierce anti-foreign feeling which would be necessary in order to keep the development of Chinese resources in Chinese hands. And even if a certain anti-foreign feeling is thought necessary, intellectual motives may determine its direction. Japan, America, and Russia all have a chance of acquiring supreme influence in China, and the whole development of China will be very different, according to which of the three succeeds. The question as to which succeeds may be in part determined by the sympathies of the educated Chinese. As between America and Russia, their sympathies will be determined very largely by their attitude to Communism. This brings us to our third question.

#### IV

*Should development be capitalistic or communistic?* — Until the Bolsheviks acquired power in Russia, it was always assumed, even by Socialists, that Socialism was possible only after an era of capitalist development. This was the view of Karl Marx, as Kautsky pointed out in a criticism that roused Lenin to a very bitter reply. The Bolsheviks take the view that they can develop Russian industry practically from the start on communist lines. What existed of Russian industry before has been so nearly



destroyed by the Revolution, that Russia is now practically a new country industrially. Many among the Bolsheviks have had business training in America, and would like to introduce American technical methods. They are up-to-date, modern men, anxious to sweep away from Russia all trace of mediævalism, and to make Russia one of the great manufacturing and producing nations of the world. Hitherto, we have succeeded in preventing them from beginning this undertaking, by blockading them and keeping them busy with a series of wars. Now, however, our fear for India, and America's jealousy of Japan, give hope of a time when the Bolsheviks will be allowed to try their experiment — an experiment of the greatest importance to the human race, which those who prevent it evidently expect to prove successful, since otherwise they would have no motive for preventing it.

The question whether industry should be developed communistically is not unconnected with our previous question, as to whether development should be native or foreign. Native development must, in general, be slower and less efficient than foreign, and must be put through in spite of foreign opposition, both in the way of war and in the way of attempted corruption. Consequently native development probably involves a period of hardship, which will be endured only if there is the stimulus of a strong enthusiasm. A strong enthusiasm is easier for a cause like Communism than merely for the enrichment of native rather than foreign capitalists. The power of resistance that Russia has shown during the last three years would hardly have been possible after the preceding three years of disastrous war, but for the fact that a number of able and energetic Russians were inspired by an intense and heroic belief in the merits of Communism.

I do not propose to consider the merits of Communism as an economic system; I am concerned with it, at the moment, solely as a national policy in relation to industrial development and the international situation. From this point of view its chief merit is the enthusiasm that it inspires, the new hope that enables it to put vitality into men who would otherwise despair, and the theoretical internationalism, which, although prevented by capitalism from bearing fruit in the present, yet remains as an ideal and may ultimately prove the salvation of the world. The chief demerit of Communism is exactly correlative, namely that, in practice, it involves more nationalism and militarism than is involved in letting foreign capitalists develop the national resources, as China has done to a certain extent. And Communism, even if it were universal, would not bring peace if it were still combined with nationalism. A communist Russia and a communist Japan might fight for the exploitation of China just as fiercely as if both were capitalistic. In fact, if Communism were firmly established and fully accepted in both countries, the result would be that a war would not rouse even that degree of opposition which occurs at present among Socialists, who urge that the benefit does not accrue to the working classes; for under Communism the benefit, if any, would accrue to everyone, and pugnacity would always make people expect a benefit, however little rational ground there might be for such an expectation. National Communism, even if it existed in every nation, would therefore do very little by itself to bring an end of wars. It is only internationalism, embodied in a strong international authority, that can do this.

There is only one method of securing the peace of the world, and that is the creation of an international authority.

for the control and distribution of raw materials. Such an authority would, of course, be useless unless it were supreme from a military and naval point of view. During the war it existed more or less. But it will be a long time before people are as anxious to prevent a war as to win it; and until that time it is hardly to be hoped that they will tolerate in time of peace what they endure gladly in time of war. I am therefore not at all optimistic as to the prospects of an international authority for the control and distribution of raw materials; I say only that there is no other radical method of preventing wars.

At the same time, the growth of national Communism suggests possibilities, less radical, but perhaps more realizable. During the war and since, so much use has been made of the blockade that in future no prudent nation will allow itself to depend upon foreign sources of supply for any vital necessity. I should myself now support a policy of making Great Britain self-sufficient as regards food, which I should have regarded as absurd before the war. It is possible that the world may become organized into a few great states, each invulnerable at home and economically independent of foreign supplies. It is possible — I do not say it is either desirable or probable — that Russia may acquire some degree of control over the whole of Asia. If that should happen after Russia achieved a certain measure of industrial development, Asia and Russia together would be invulnerable, and no one would have any motive for attacking them.

The whole of North and South America, owing to the Monroe Doctrine, is one state from the point of view of external policy, and is already too strong to be the subject of external aggression. Russia and America are empires not subject to naval power. If the British Empire could achieve an alliance with

America, the parts of the world subject to naval power would be brought into the same block. In that way, a stable governmental organization of the world might be brought about — the world might be so completely mapped out that wars would no longer seem profitable. It might happen that in the Anglo-Saxon block industry would remain capitalistic, while in the Russo-Asiatic block it would be communistic. Such a division might become just as stable as the division between Christianity and Islam.

Apart from these possibilities, however, there are others that are less remote. We may assume that every civilized country will attempt henceforth to be economically self-sufficient; certainly every country that wishes to adopt Communism will have to be, since, otherwise, the capitalist nations will inevitably starve it into surrender. There will thus be a tendency, assuming that Communism spreads, for nations to become more and more isolated one from another, politically, economically, and intellectually. It is not improbable that for a while they will wage wars for the possession of raw materials. But I think that communistic states, with the theory of internationalism that is involved in Communism, would be far more likely to come to agreements about raw materials. And the trade of each country would be conducted as the government desired, not according to the interests of private capitalists. There would be less foreign trade, none of the friction and hostility caused now by competition of foreign goods in the home market, and therefore fewer irritants to arouse the anti-foreign feelings of the masses. I believe, therefore, that, in spite of the isolating effect that Communism would have at first upon the nations adopting it, it would tend in the long run, if it were adopted by all the Great Powers, to promote interna-

tional agreements and put an end to wars. And if that were once achieved, all other benefits would follow: international government would soon grow up, and nationalism would gradually fade away, owing to lack of stimulus.

## V

The conclusion of the argument which we have been conducting is this: that the development of industrially backward countries is in no degree desirable, but is unavoidable owing to the greed of other countries; that, if it is done by foreign nations, it involves oppression, as a rule, though not always; while, if it is done by the backward nation itself, it involves a very intense militarism in order to prevent foreign interference; that, if it is to be done by the backward nation itself, it is probably better done communistically, since in that way some of the evils of the capitalist stage of industry can be avoided, and the necessary enthusiasm can be more easily generated; and that, although national Communism affords no guaranty of peace, it is probably more likely than capitalism to lead on to an international control of trade and raw materials which would ultimately bring about the cessation of wars.

For these reasons, I cannot but think that the method the Russians have chosen, painful as it is for themselves, is on the whole the best method of developing industry in nations situated as they are. Would it be possible for

China to imitate Russia in this respect?

One finds in China a great desire to develop industry without the evils belonging to capitalism in partially developed countries. I am, however, very doubtful whether it is possible for China to escape these evils. Russia, in spite of Communism, is having to face many of them, such as long hours, low wages, and child labor, owing partly to industrial inexperience, but more to the hostility of the capitalist world. China is less able than Russia to face this hostility, and has need especially of the assistance of America, both intellectually and industrially. I do not think there is enough education or enthusiasm or industrial experience in China to make successful Communism possible except in dependence upon Russia, and dependence upon Russia might in the long run entail just the same evils as dependence upon any other foreign country, with the additional disadvantage of the enmity of all the other powers. It is not impossible that the force of these arguments may lessen with the lapse of time; but for the present, if I had the control of Chinese industrial development, I should look to America, and in a lesser degree to Great Britain, rather than to Russia. And I should endeavor to avoid a too great subjection to any foreign nation, with a view to the gradual acquisition of Chinese industry by the Chinese. Meanwhile, I should not forget the desirability of Communism whenever the international situation made it possible.

# JUVENILE COURT SKETCHES

BY GRACE E. POLK

## IV. THE LOVER

THERE is no justice in the world. Romeo climbed a lady's balcony to immortality; Clifford Lambert shinned up a porch pillar, to pay court at his loved one's window, and found himself next day in Juvenile Court.

Clifford, like another Shakespearean, loved not wisely but too well. Six nights in a movie theatre had taught him the true principles of courtship as they are not, and a grandfather from Tipperary had endowed him with the bold heart that is supposed, no less fallaciously, ever to win fair lady.

As stated, Clifford loved not wisely. For it was upon Annette that he had set his heart's affection. Annette wore an inverted question-mark glued to her fair forehead, and snared young hearts outside the same drug-store inside which she bought her 'Bon Ami Rouge — 642 — for Brunettes.' As a side line, prescribed by a state whose twenty-three counties stood solidly against illiteracy, Annette attended school — the same school at which the helpless juvenility of fourteen summers compelled Clifford's presence.

At the feet of Annette, then, figuratively speaking, Clifford set forth his collection of vows and oaths, acquired weekly from the very best Byrons of the screen. Annette responded not. For Annette was one of those who believe in hearts for hearts' sake. She counted her new hearts as a doctor does his appendicitis cases, or a lover

of antiques his chairs. But when she once acquired a heart, — had, so to speak, entered it in her day-book, — it became historic. What she had Annette desired not. And so, having assured herself that the eyes of Clifford were upon her, she passed on 'in maiden meditation, fancy free.' Which may be an excellent method with the adult male, but found small success with fourteen and the grandson of a Tipperary sire. It was then that Clifford acquired a revolver.

It was a big revolver, short of snout and bristling like an English bulldog. As a weapon, offensive or defensive, it had long ceased to function. But as first aid to a threat, it was in excellent repair.

'Unless you marry me,' wrote Clifford, with the revolver laid conspicuously on the corner of his desk, 'I will shoot you. Oh, my darling, do not drive me to them straights.'

'Straights' did not look exactly as it had been written by Owen Moore, but it was pleasantly reminiscent to Clifford of other dissipations. Then he walked three times past Annette's desk, with the revolver protruding conspicuously from his back trousers' pocket. The last time, he dropped a note, but as dignity compelled him to walk on without glancing to the right or the left, he did not see Packie Smith's foot dart out and drag it in. Annette, seeing all, saw nothing.

Then Clifford relented. 'If you will go to the drug store with me to-night and get some ice-cream,' he wrote, 'I won't shoot you.' And he folded up the paper and tossed it on her desk.

But the eyes of Annette were for her geography only. No lover should be goaded too far.

When his peace overtures were scorned, the disciple of Jack Dean lost all caution. He snatched a pencil and wrote furiously, dotting his *i*'s and crossing his *t*'s resoundingly. Then, negligent even of the wary eye of the teacher, ever alert for the too peripatetic, he walked straight up to Annette's desk, and himself laid his ultimatum, unfolded, under her eye.

Annette's red cheeks told him she had read it. But she gave no other sign.

A minute later, Annette went to class, and Packie Smith's quick, dirty little hand shot out and snatched the missive.

At that moment, Clifford's love became immortal and Clifford's hate undying. 'I'll see you behind Johnson's woodpile,' he hissed to Packie.

And Packie thumbed his nose at him and, having added a postscript of his own, passed the lover's letter down the aisle.

That very night it was that Romeo climbed shadowy balcony and clasped his love to yearning arms. Peering under the cornetists' sounding brass from chewing-gum row, Clifford saw Love's labors won. It gave him an idea. An hour later, he too climbed a balcony, and tapped at Annette's window. But it was not the voice of the loved one that answered his summons. A strong right arm reached out in the half-darkness and, grasping Clifford by the collar, dropped him over the railing, revolver and all, like a puppy dog.

Next day lover and loved one met before the bar of justice. And since no *affaire du cœur* is complete nowadays

without a third, at the witness table sat Packie—dirty little Packie, scoured from head to foot. On the judges' desk lay a very smutty sheet of paper, on which, had the Bertillon expert applied his microscope, might have been found the thumb-print of every boy in Clifford's room.

'Clifford Lambert and Annette, come up here,' said the judge.

Annette took a powder-puff from her bag; deliberately she gave a little dab to her nose, and another little dab to her chin. Then she minced to the judge's desk.

'Clifford,' said the judge, 'did you threaten to kill this girl?'

'No,' said Clifford. His manner was of one upon whom the eyes of a large audience are fixed.

'Then what did you say to her?'

'I gave her her choice of three things.'

'What three things?'

'Death, marriage, or spoiling.'

For the fraction of a second, in the judge's eye there was the far suspicion of a smile, but his voice, when he spoke, was solemn. He held out the paper to the boy.

'Clifford, suppose you read that. Read it aloud to her and to me and to Packie. Packie, come up here.'

The nobility went out of Clifford like a flattening sail, and his face turned red. But he read: 'Darling, be mine. I cannot live without you. As God is my witness, I have tried and I cannot.'

Clifford stopped. The judge waited.

'Well. Come, Clifford, I have not much time.'

Clifford read on. 'Will you not flee with me to-night? What is a parent's wish against our eternal love?'

Clifford stopped again. And again the judge waited.

'That's all,' said Clifford.

The judge leaned over. 'There at the bottom — what Packie said. Read that too.'

It was Packie who flushed now. Clifford gave him a look in which a dozen murders were concentrate. Then he read doggedly on: 'Get onto the movie dope, kids. He thinks he's Jack Dean. String him along; he'll be going to a beauty doctor next. Annette's dibs on it too; she's promised to tell

us the next time he—' Sudden sobs interrupted Clifford's reading.

'This case is dismissed,' said the judge.

It is recorded in the unwritten annals of the Jackson School that a fight was had that night behind Johnson's wood-pile such as even William Farnum, in his screeniest wrath, never dreamed of.

## TO EVERY WOMAN

BY MARGERY SWETT

My years have walked through quiet ways  
That have not bruised my feet too much,  
And I have never seen my joys  
Turn black beneath my touch,  
Nor tasted wild, sweet, willful love  
And all its discontent;  
And yet, most strangely, on a road  
I walk not, I am spent  
By joys and agonies of which my years are innocent.

On golden hills the mad red grapes  
Press Bacchus' purple kiss against my mouth;  
The druid forests hold gaunt shapes  
That I have knelt to; and the south  
Pulls at my heart with every swallow fleet;  
Young children clasp my thighs, and all about  
The dust of Calvary lies hot against my feet.

I sometimes think all joys were mine  
That women ever knew,  
All woes and throes, all soft sunshine,  
All tears, all dreams, all dew,  
And all awakenings; that I  
A hundred times have climbed bleak hills  
To watch my lover die.

## FAIR ROSEMONDE

BY E. BARRINGTON

*In her little low house at Rouen the holy Canon of the Chapel of St. Nicholas noted down these words of Dame Petronille, woman formerly to Eleanor, Queen of Henry Fitz Empress, the Second Henry of England. Even then, at the end of her life, she trembled very exceedingly in revealing these secrets of the great. Yet, for admonition, they should be known. And what is here writ is true.*

### I

Of the Lady Queen Eleanor I would fain say little; yet must I, since all was of her shaping, and as she sowed so she reaped, and by the justice of God will so do for all eternity.

No greater Lady of birth and right dwelt ever in this world; for she was herself Duchess of Aquitaine, that land of the Trouvères and of song, and to the holy French King Louis was she wife, and after, wife to Henry of England, great lords both. Wherefore of this world's glories was she full fain and of them she fed full, and for this her immortal part mourneth in great torment.

I saw this lady first when she sat Queen of a Court of Love in Bordeaux, her chief city. By the river she sat, under a bower of roses — roses about her in myriads; and so strong was the scent of them that the Lady Alix de Coustances, seated at her feet, swooned from the heat and perfume. But the young Duchess drew it in smiling, and it flushed her face like strong wine. A rose herself, all color and bright flame she seemed among those other roses.

The Duchess Eleanor had plenteous hair, dark as night and braided about her head with jewels, for she would not follow the custom that a maid's tresses should fall about her shoulders or braided to her knee. On her head she had a garland of red roses and about her neck sparkling jewels set in fretted gold in the design of a peacock with spread tail, very precious, of Saracen's work, that her suzerain and lord to be, the holy King of France, had sent her. This lay on her bosom, splendid in the sun. She had a kirtle of cloth of silver that fitted her shape and full breast, and over all she wore a long white pelisson of great brocade from Byzantium, edged with fur of ermine because she was a sovereign Duchess. Very haut and proud was her face, and her long golden eyes that, seeming to see nothing, yet saw all. She had a trick of looking sidelong and smiling at a man beneath her lashes; and if on this he dared a return, she would flash a look at him that made him shrink. Yet a very magnificent lady, tall as a young poplar, and showed beneath her robe her silver brodequins that men said were the smallest in Christendom. But I have seen smaller.

Before her stood Bertrand d'Arles, the trouvère, and all round her sat the ladies and nobles to hear him sing, and the song he sang to his lute was a chanson of her own making. Wherefore she listened with a flush of pride and a musing on her that for once softened her into a girl.

And thus he sang: —

'In the orchard the dawn is breaking,  
 Look forth, ma douce amie!  
 See o'er the dewy hills the sun is waking —  
 Monseigneur Dieu! what hath he done to me?  
 Lo, how the sweet night dies before his shining,  
 Slain of this cruel baron the high sun,  
 And I, that for my lady's arms am pining  
 Must weep and weep to see my joys foredone!  
 Monseigneur Dieu, sitting enthroned on high,  
 Remember me, how for my love I die,  
 And grant the pity of her soothfast kiss,  
 A little bounty dropped from thine own bliss.'

She smiled a little when he ceased, and even I could see in the glance she cast from her long amber eyes that there was a secret thought between her and Bertrand; and he was such a man as a lady might well favour, — lean in the body, eagle-faced, — and sang indeed like one of God's choristers.

A Court of Love followed, where was tried the piteous case of the young Comtesse de Saintonges against her old husband; but all this I have forgot. Only I see the Duchess Eleanor seated above the rest, dark and glorious — a great lady.

Very soon came the news that the French King, Louis the Saint, had asked her in marriage, most deeply desiring the marriage between her rich lands of Aquitaine and his kingdom of France. My brother, the Seigneur de Vermandois, laughed aloud when this news came to his Seigneurie; and when his wife asked him why, he said, —

'From a marriage of the dove and eagle what should follow? No peace, but rending!'

And on her replying, 'But our Eleanor is no dove,' he laughed again and said no more. After, I knew that the French King was the dove; and he had need to be to bear with our haughty Duchess.

For she would have none of Paris. Sunless and cold she held it after her warm and languid Provence. Cold and cloistered also the court of the saint; and ever and again she would come riding down at speed of horse and man

to Bordeaux, and laying aside her dolorous royalty, be once more our Duchess, and sit by the clear waters, crowned and throned amid roses.

It was on one of these days that she chose me to be a woman about her, knowing my mother had served her mother with loyal heart. For her sake she loved me a little, but she could love none greatly — no, not even Bertrand d'Arles! So I entered upon the service with great fear, for blows and hard words were plenty in our lady's chamber, though in public all was summer sunshine, for this lady would be loved and feared.

All the joys of this world she tasted, and would have sweetened her lips on the next; for when St. Bernard preached the Crusade at Vezelai, the Queen-Duchess must needs make a plaything of that also. A fair penitent, she knelt before the high altar, and, receiving the Cross from his hand, wore it upon her shoulder like a knight Crusader, and she and her ladies sent their cast-off distaffs to the knights and nobles who shunned the Crusades, to shame them. So that on the Pentecost, when the King of France marched for the Holy Land, the Queen-Duchess and her ladies went with him as fellow soldiers.

No need to tell that journey and the shame she brought on the King! as well may witness Raymond de Poitou, and even the infidel — the Emir Sal-u-din. And from this Crusade of bitterness and defeat she returned, loathing the monkish King, crying aloud for freedom from him and his cloistered ways, weary of her very life because of him, sullen and black-browed with anger.

Behind her chair I stood, when he who should be King of England, Henry Plantagenet, surnamed Henry Fitz-Empress, was presented to her, the shaven King leading him by the hand, and saying, —

'Madame my Queen, show favour



to this damoiseau, Duke of Normandy, who shall rise higher.'

I saw the red glow in her face as he knelt to kiss her hand, for though younger by ten years than she, he was a great gentleman already. Short of hair, gray-eyed, clean-lipped like a boy, strong of arm, light of foot, he moved like a woodman — a hunter and a soldier rather than a man of palaces and councils. The courtiers called him Courtmantle, for he went in jerkin and hose, but yet very splendid with fur and jewels; and for me I compared him with Monseigneur Saint Michael, so much a warrior he seemed with his fighting face and gold head above his furs. He was a goodly sight for such eyes as hers, and when he was gone she sat staring into the wood fire — for it was Christmas and cold — until the monk King returned; then she flouted him until the blood stood on his lip as he bit it striving for patience.

Three years later she demanded her divorce of him as in the fourth degree of kinship, and well I knew the cause, knowing also that she would gain it, as what did not our Eleanor gain when she would! But it was ill to gain, for the King held that Aquitaine and France were one, be he and she what they might, and it was wrenching a cantle from his heart to break that bond. But she had the ear of His Holiness, and what she would she had.

So she departed, taking her great inheritance with her; and when Henry Fitz-Empress heard what was done, he knew her mind, and counted her lands and gold and weighed them against herself, for he loved her not. Piers the Norman that was with him at Courte-lai bath told me that, when the letters came, he frowned all day a black Plantagenet frown, sitting in his chamber of dais; and the next day he sent letters, asking her in marriage, and for answer, he had the one word, 'Come.'

With great pomp they were wedded, and with pomp they sailed for England; and I, who was ever near the Queen-Duchess, wondered in my soul how she should live in that gray land of rain and mist. She shivered when we landed and drew her pelisson of vair about her, and King Henry said, —

'Fair Lady, lose no heart, for the sun shines merry here also when the leaves wax long and green in the shaws. And my English love a laughing Queen; therefore greet your new kingdom with smiles.'

## II

But if she smiled then, she smiled little when we came to London, to the Tower, for among her ladies was Rosemonde de Clifford. Of her I knew nothing, but it seemed the Queen knew more, for I saw her black brows draw together as the noble demoiselle came up to kneel and kiss her hands, averting her glance from Henry, who sat beside Eleanor on a Chair of State. And henceforth I watched.

Very tall was this lady and slender, with great gold hair, braided above each ear like a cup, so that her face was set in gold as the faces of saints in a Book of Hours — pure ivory it seemed against a glory, having little color in cheeks or lips. Her eyes were a green blue like the beryls in the clasp of the Queen's Missal, and the lashes so long that she could look through them unseen, as birds do in the reeds; and so she looked upon Eleanor and dropped them. Her gown of blue sendal fitted her body closely and was set with goldsmiths' work about her long throat, and on her head she had a network of gold chains set with blue jewels. She held herself with a stiff grace, not gliding and languishing like the ladies of France and Provence, but straight like a young saint on a Church banner. No saint was Rosemonde, but most gentle,

patient, and sweet-voiced — with long cool hands, ready to plead or pray, swift in alms-giving, pitiful to man and beast. But this I knew not then.

'Iseult of the White Hands!' whispered our Eleanor bitterly to me, as the fair de Clifford drew back among the other ladies. Very learned was Eleanor in all the loves of bygone days and had herself made a lai on Sir Tristan and the two Iseults — the dark and the fair. But Henry was no Tristan — a swearing, fighting Plantagenet, a lover of the tall deer, no lover of the harp; and had our Eleanor been wise, she had shut her eyes and gone her way. For all kings are not as the monk King of France, to whom a woman was a painted picture; and when she had him, she loved him none the better for the milk that ran in his veins, for a man must be all fire for her and steel for others. But this she did not find — no, not with Bertrand d'Arles, who sang of her as a thing divine, and when he laid his harp aside found solace in Marguerite Spagnolles. This we knew right well, but she did not know.

In the Tower was her son born — a lionceau indeed; and the King laid him in his shield and held him up to the barons that crowded the Queen's chamber. His face was hard and flushed as if with pride, and he cried, —

'Lords, let us receive with joy what God and Madame give us! Here is a boy shall carry the Leopards and Lilies into France and further. Welcome him, Barons all!'

And they clashed their swords, and the Queen turned as she lay and looked on the King. The child she never heeded.

But Rosemonde was not long a Queen's woman. She grew paler and paler, and her eyes feared like a bird's when the hawk hangs on steady wings above him. This I knew, for I watched and pitied.

Later, when the Queen sat by the window that looks out upon the muddy river of the English, the Lady Rosemonde sat before her upon a low tabouret, her hands folded in her lap, an image of patience. Thinner she had grown, so that the small bones showed in her face, and her shape was like a willow wand under her close cymarre. Her hands were so white and frail that in my heart I also called her Iseult Blanchmains as did the Queen. She sat among the ladies as if she were not of them and had no friend at all. And the thing grieved me inwardly, for to me she was ever courteous and sweet of speech.

And the Queen said, 'See — the King passes!'

And we looked out and saw the Royal barge, with Thomas of Ipswich, Lord Mayor that year, sitting at the King's feet, and at his elbow a Bishop, and they rowed down to see the ships at Queenhithe. So the King looked up to the window and saluted with his hand, Eleanor waving her kerchief; and I saw the blood rise slow in Rosemonde's white cheek until it burnt red and brought the water into her eyes under the hard stare of the Queen. A blow had been less cruel than that stare! And when it was past, she rose and knelt before Eleanor, and, in a voice that trembled, she said, —

'Lady, a boon. I ask of the Queen's Grace that I may go down to Hever, to my father's house, for I have a wasting upon me and weakness.'

The Queen's eyes pricked her like steel from head to foot as she knelt with her eyes on the ground. They searched out every secret of body and soul. Indeed, I pitied the damsel, for Henry was a very splendid lord.

'There is none to take your place, fair lady,' said Eleanor. 'She whom King and Queen delight to honour is well beside them. And in this grim

Tower I have need of your skill with lute and voice.'

'Madame, my sister Aloyse is a sweet singer. And, moreover, she is skilled in broidery. I pray you accept her service for mine, for I am ill at ease.'

'I also!' said the Queen, and all the ladies looked upon each other. 'But I must needs endure, and why not Rosemonde de Clifford? Dismiss it, damsel, and content yourself. What! have we not pleasures and merry-makings at court to gladden a maiden's heart? And for the wasting and fever, my own leech shall heal it.'

As she said this, Rosemonde stretched out her hands like one blind and fell forward, swooning at the Queen's feet; and all the ladies looked again upon each other and none gave any help. None but I — and I feared not Eleanor, for I was not high enough for her wrath, or so I thought; and with me the storms came and went. So I raised this Rosemonde in my arms, and summoning the gentleman of the antechamber, we bore her to her bed; and there she lay so long with her lashes sealed upon her cheek, that, thinking her a dying woman, I sent for Maître Pierre, the Queen's leech that she had brought with her from Provence — a learned man, small and gray.

He, doing all his knowledge bade him with strong essences and cordials, at length made the fair dead image tremble, and it was then I said very earnestly to him, 'Sir, is it death?'

And he replied, looking pitifully upon her, 'No — alas! ma bonne dame, but life. Guard well your lips, for this is a King's secret.'

'But the Queen's Grace?' I asked, trembling.

He shrugged his shoulders French-fashion and went his way, a small bowed figure in his gray robe; and turning, I saw her eyes were fixed upon me and staring like a lost soul.

'I have heard,' she said. 'Oh, if it be thus, let me die. Have pity! I would die and be at peace. It is still and quiet in Winchester where the tombs stand in the dimness and the incense floats about them. There a woman may lie and none disquiet her — no passion in the night, no hard eyes in the day; but day and night in a silence of great peace.'

The pity brought the water to my eyes. None ever knew this Rosemonde but loved her, so child-sweet she was, so piteous in gentleness; and nothing witting, I kissed her brow that was cold as marble and the sweat in drops upon it.

'What should I say? Trust me for silence. Speak with the King this night that he may bid her let you go. Talk not of death, sweet lady. She that bears a King's son need not despair. His arm is strong.'

'But how to see him, I know not,' said Rosemonde, lying stark before me, and her voice like a whisper. 'I am beset with spies. With the King I have not spoken in three months; yet must I see him for his sake also, for this is a greater matter than a woman's sorrow and shame. Write I cannot, nor he read. Mother of Mercy, what should I do? There is no way.'

Then in my folly and pity I said, —

'There is this way. To-night I will guard you, and to this the Queen's Grace will agree, that I may spy. And I will speak with the King. What token is between him and you?'

She thrust her hand in her thin bosom and pulled out a ring set with a small gold lion and a balas ruby in his claws.

'He will speak with whoever wears this. But I am watched, and since Jehanne my woman went I have had none to trust. For God's pity, help me now, and I will pray like a soul in Purgatory that though I lie in flame you may sit in Paradise.'

And so, by the choosing of fate, was I made privy to the King's love of Rosemonde. I did not choose it, Saint Katharine knows, but I pitied her as a mother her child, and also I feared for very great harm to all these noble persons. So I left her lying, her long limbs folded beneath her gown like a lady on a tomb, and returned to the Queen.

She had none with her but a page, and him she dismissed to the other end of the hall, where he stood, looking upon the steps. And then she caught my hand.

'Eh bien, Petronille, what has she said? How I loathed her as she knelt before me, her eyes on the ground, pure as a saint to see and with her heart of hell! She would go, would she! But I will keep her here, and her shame shall be her gibbet.'

'Madame,' said I kneeling, 'I know not if you are right or wrong. This is a matter that needs watching and discretion, for the de Cliffords are great barons. Certain it is that she is ill at ease. One should be with her this night. I desire not to intermeddle in great matters, yet if it be your will, I will watch this night, and mayhap she will speak —'

The Queen's face shone with fierce joy; I sickened, seeing.

'Excellently said, my good Petronille. Stay not only this night with her, but many. You she will trust. Your face is like the picture of Saint Anne in the Church of Ouen, and she has no friends. That has been my care. But though my spies could watch her, they could not win her heart. But you will do this and tell me all. Is it not so, my Petronille?'

I bowed my head meekly, but I would not speak. Surely it should be devils that serve the great, for it is devil's work they do! And before I could rise from my knees, the King

entered, bright-coloured of blood with the sharp wind on the river.

I stood behind her chair, as he kissed her cheek lightly, telling her the doings of the voyage down the river and the shouting of the people, and how they should dine with the City of London come summer; and she smiled as if well pleased, and presently, I laid my hand over the Queen's chair, and looked at him.

He was yawning as if wearied, but I saw his eye catch on the ring and stay. He looked straight and hardily at me with a question, and behind the Queen's back I laid my finger on my lips. He continued his tale, and though she watched as ever, she saw nothing.

Two hours later, when Eleanor sat with my Lord Prince, the King called me into the small bower chamber, and looking behind the doors to see we were private, he faced me.

'What says my lady?'

'Sire, that she would see you. She has that to say that brooks no delay.'

'Sol' he said, and looked upon the ground. Then again, —

'But you, Dame Petronille, what do you in this matter? You are the Queen's woman. Is it spying or honesty?'

'It is pity. Let Madame Rosemonde herself tell you of it.'

'Madame?' he said, and up went his eyebrows, as if he laughed. He read my meaning.

'La pauvette! she has no friends,' he said, half sighing. 'If indeed you are one, Dame Petronille, it shall be for your good. Take an earnest!'

And he lifted a long gold chain from his neck, and would have flung it over me, but I stepped aside.

'Not so, beausire. I have done nothing. But this night I watch with the Lady Rosemonde, and there will be no spies. Come, therefore.'

'I will come,' he said, and strode away with his dog.

## III

I alone was present when he came to the chamber where she lay, white as death, but a beautiful girl certainly, with the eyes that take men captive and a body like a swaying reed in her slacked gold loin-belt.

He came, wrapped in a long gown of silk, a noble crimson with the French lilies on it in silver. Great comely men were the Plantagenets, all ruddy and gold, and used this like a weapon with the hearts of women. Even now Eleanor loved him after her fashion — a love so shot with hate and jealousy that she would as lief have killed as kissed him. I stood by the vaulted door on guard, and because I dared not move I heard their speech, and the first word caused me to totter where I stood.

'Wife,' he said, softening his lion's voice to her ear, 'what is this? Come, smile on me and have good cheer. A King is your man, and who shall harm the Rose of the World?'

She said only, 'Husband,' and was silent. Then again, 'Shame!' — and I could hear the sob in her throat.

And he, caressing her, —

'What shame? Ma mie — ma belle amie, were we not wedded of God and Holy Church, and that before ever I took the Queen? Is this not known to Wilfrid of Hampton, the mass priest of Hever, and is it not known to you and me? Then what shame? Doth that not suffice?'

And Rosemonde, sighing bitterly, —

'For me, beausire, it hath sufficed, and I have endured the looks of women and the smiles of men. But for the child — the heir of England — this I cannot endure. Speak out or slay me.'

'Ma mie, would I not set you by me on the throne if that might be? Would I not wear my rose on my helm for all to see? But I cannot. See with me that this cannot be! If it could not then,

how now, that the Queen is beside me and her son born?'

'And my son?' Her voice was like a cry.

'What shame? The sons of Kings are royal and their mothers go proud and tall because of them! This shall be — What name shall he bear? William, from the Conqueror his ancestor, and Longsword because of the great sword I will gird on his thigh. And he shall be a haut Duke and ride with the Lilies and Leopards on his shield.'

'And the bâton sinister?' she said faintly.

'We will make it a charge of honor. Sweet, fear not! Smile as you smiled at Rouen the day I saw you first in your long gold gown, when you leaned from the balcony to see the knights ride in two by two.'

'How can I smile? I die with grief and shame. Who will believe, for none can know, that with mass and ring was I made your wife and true Queen of England. For that last little I care, as well you know, but for the child —'

There was silence, and I knew the man was seeking in his heart how he might bend her will. Alas! he knew her well. Not Bertrand d'Arles played more skilfully on his lute than this man on the souls of women, and most of all on the soul of this sweet lady. So, after a while, he spoke.

'Rosemonde, your mother is with the saints.' (I could hear her weep.) 'But there is a mother of more than your earthly body — there is this land of England. How often hath not my rose entreated me to toil for England, to fight, to pray for England. Remember you not that day at Shene when the thrushes sang in the coverts and all the world was white with May, and you spoke proud and high? "For this dear land I would die. What is there I would not give for England?" Now, therefore, give! For if I put away the Queen, I

put away Aquitaine from England. I challenge France, and you will see this land a province of the French King, and men of England will curse the name of Rosemonde de Clifford. My lady, I am in your obedience in this thing, for I am your husband and the father of this child to be. Choose therefore for me, and from your dear hand will I take dishonor if it be your will. But you shall know first what must be.'

Now I, listening, knew well that Henry would take his own way in face of God or Devil; but this she did not know. Love is blindness and a great weeping. Never have I seen aught else in this world, nor ever shall!

Again there was no word. But alas! I knew and he knew also what would be her mind; for this Rosemonde was a very great lady, true and high and gentle — the dove and the eagle in one sweet flesh. But I caught my breath to hear, and he doubtless did likewise.

And she said, 'England,' and paused. And again, 'England!' like one musing.

And he said not a word.

Then, very softly, she spoke.

'Lord, I am English born and bred. Neither my child nor I would hurt this land that is our mother. True words have you said. It is expedient that one woman perish for the people. I did think — I believed that this our secret was but for a while; but since it is not so, since it is for England, I will endure. Had you but told me —'

And then again she was silent. She would not chide where she loved. The Plantagenet was safe in the shelter of the England that as yet the Plantagenets loved not, for they were but Normans at heart.

He clasped and kissed her.

'O Sweet, most sweet, what a lady have I loved! O worthy to be Queen of the world and not only of this little land! God do so unto me and more also if some day — some glad day — you

sit not on my right hand, the Queen of the King and of all he hath.'

His voice died away in a murmur of love and worship. So it is with men who triumph.

'The Queen?' she said, and I heard the shudder in her voice. 'She knows! Her eyes pierced me like daggers.'

'But I will hide my Rose in a thicket so full of thorns that she shall find no way through. I have mused long and I remembered fair Woodstock by the river, where the meadows are cloth of gold with buttercups, cloth of silver with daisies, and the thrushes sing all day. There is a little house in the heart of the Maze — a house like a bird's nest all hid in leaves, and there shall my Sweet sit, and Dame Petronille, who is the wise and kind, shall be about her, and I will come through the Maze like a knight errant to La Belle au Bois Dormante, and wake her with a kiss.'

I had not thought he could be so gentle. Certain it is he loved this Rosemonde with what love he had; but I think it was little enough, though she, poor soul, fed on it, believed it, worshipped him for the scant measure, as is the way of women. So in all things he triumphed.

At the last he strode out, and his brow darkened, as he beckoned to me.

'If the Queen knows this, Dame, as well I believe, that poor sweetheart's life is not worth the purchase of an old pantoufle! and Woodstock Maze is the only hope for her and me. The Queen is cunning, but my love and I will outwit her. Who is on my side — who?'

So he said, like the King in the Holy Book; and I answered, 'I, beausire!' — for indeed I loved that Rosemonde, as did all who came near her, excepting only the King that thought he loved her well.

It needs not to tell of the plotting; of how I asked good leave from the Queen-Duchess to return to Aquitaine, be-

cause I could not endure the damps of England — and indeed I endured them ill. She gave unwilling leave, but, as I think, suspected nothing, and gave me a jewel at parting, a gold asp with eyes of diamond sparks, but I never wore it, for I loathed the coiled murderer.

So I rode to Woodstock, with Simon of Winchester for my guard; but my heart was heavy, for I knew the mind of Eleanor, and had seen her downcast eyes when she asked delicately and smoothly of de Clifford how fared his daughter the Lady Rosemonde.

But when Simon threaded through the Maze, guiding me, I banished fear, for I thought no creature not a sleuth-hound could nose without the clue through those intricate ways. I scarce could see the sun, and we turned and twisted and doubled in the close walls of green; and there I might have wandered until God's Angel trumpeted, but that Simon held the clue; and what it was, he would not say. So at the long last we entered the little garden close in the heart of it, and there stood the little low house, brown and quiet like a wren's nest in a hedge, and at the door was Rosemonde clothed in apple green, and her great hair in two mighty gold plaits that fell to her knee, twisted with pearls — the very Queen of the wild woods.

The time drifted away in that quiet place like flowers falling — it made no sound nor stir. The days grew to months and the great day came, and we had not seen the King. Simon of Winchester, a good, simple man, but not, as I think, understanding all that hung on his tongue, told us how the Court was at Windsor or Shene, and where not, and how the King had taken ship for Normandy, but would soon return.

So the day came and passed, and we were now one more in the House of the Wood, for the little William Longsword lay in his mother's arms, and praying

for forgiveness, I could but liken the poor soul to the Queen of Heaven, so fair she was, so mother pure and sweet. And then was her poor heart torn again, for ere long came Simon with the King's Sign-Manual to convey the child into safe keeping at York, and his mother must see him go.

But two days later the King came, winding through the Maze by the clue known only to him and to Simon. Great joy was there in the meeting of him and Rosemonde. No longer pale and thin, she bloomed forth like a rose-royal, the Empress of all the garden. I, who have seen the courts of Aquitaine, France, and England, do say that never was such a lady as she, with a beauty of light and laughter about her, beyond all naming or painting, so that where she came the hearts of all naturally waited upon her; and she had been a Queen of hearts had she been a peasant.

So he made great joy of her, she sitting at his feet, and I saw her sigh when he told her that next day he rode to the sea and so to Harfleur.

'Sad life to be a King's wife!' she said; 'lonely days and weary nights and a heart that knows not rest.'

'Yet would you forget the King, if you might, Rosemonde?'

'That would I not! Better a heart that aches with love than a dead heart. But better still, a cot here in the woods, with my King for a simple archer and my little son on my knee, and I to bake and brew for them, and the weary crown forgotten.'

So she sighed; but for Kings is no refuge from the crown but in the high tombs where they lay down sceptre and state.

He stayed but a few hours, and as he went I, looking, saw tangled about his spur a little ball of brodering silk, and I thought, Can it be the clue? But she was at her prie-dieu, and I said nought.

Days went by and Simon had brought confections and sewing silks and gold threads, and a message from the King that in three months he would return, and that with the child all was well.

#### IV

Now on a certain afternoon the air was hot and still, with a leaden sunshine such as comes before thunder. The birds were still in the trees, and on the little garden-plot the rose-leaves fell as if dropping from the heat, and fluttered to the ground.

I sat at the broidery frame, stitching the gold borders on the robe of the Queen Dido forsaken and weeping, in a design that Rosemonde's ghostly father, Wilfrid of Hampton, had made for her, when I heard a step on the grass, and before me came a woman, bending, as if she traced her way by something on the ground. She wore a close coif and a veil that hid her face, but I knew the Queen-Duchess.

Now at such times it is not thought that moves hand or foot — it is the passion that makes the mother deer face the lion if no better may be; and when I saw her put by her veil and gaze at the house that sheltered us, with those fell, fierce eyes, yellow as a lion's, I thought not at all. I fled like a lapwing to Rosemonde where she lay upon her bed faint with the heat, and cried in her ear, 'Fly, while I hold her in talk. Fly. Take sanctuary in the nunnery at Godstowe.' No more; and seeing the white terror of her face as she sat up stark and still, I walked forth of the door quiet as a gossip at a christening and did obeisance to Eleanor that stood and steadily regarded me.

'Greeting, Dame Petronille!' she said, in her hard voice that with her yellow eyes had brought her the name of the Shrew of Aquitaine. 'Greeting! Is this the France you sailed for so many

months ago? Well indeed for you that you are out of England, where the English Queen has still a word to say concerning her subjects.'

So she mocked, but at that hour I knew no fear.

'Madame la Reine, I have obeyed the King's command. And there is none in this house but me.'

She smiled a smile I knew — a cruel smile if ever the great Devil set one on the mouth of a woman.

'The King is in France, the Queen in England. Give way, Dame Petronille! I would see the Rose of the World that a King hath plucked and flung by!'

And still I knelt before her and clung to the skirts of her great velvet robe.

'Madame, there is none but me.'

And this I thought was truth. But as I held her, she, like the she-wolf that she was, drew a dagger of jewels from her girdle. I knew it well — had I not seen Bertrand d'Arles give it her with kisses? She struck at me — and whether she meant it for my throat, God knoweth; but it glanced and took me in the shoulder, and I have the mark now. And even then Rosemonde came forth, white and tall, and stood before the Queen.

'Spare this poor faithful heart, Madame,' she said. 'What is her crime? It is I only that have sinned against you. I give myself to your mercy. But for her I ask grace.'

'My mercy!' The smile of the Queen was dreadful. It crooked her lips like an old woman's, and indeed I saw her for the first time old, with the deep lines about her mouth and her throat bagged like a vulture's.

'What do you standing, wanton?' she cried. 'Kneel — kneel before your liege lady!'

And folding her hands very sweetly, Rosemonde knelt and spoke.

'Great wrong have you had, Madame, though not as you have thought. I



kneel to beseech your pardon for more than myself. I have sinned against you — though I knew it not.'

The leaden sun struck us with blows like a strong man armed. So hot and still that the earth, like the Mouth of the Pit, knew neither coolth nor refreshing. I huddled against the sundial and the blood soaked slowly in the woolen of my gown; but still I watched and prayed.

'Bold to sin and craven to ask mercy! Crawl lower, Rosemonde de Clifford! Swear that never in life will you see the face of my Henry again.'

And Rosemonde, meekly, —

'Would I had never seen it, for it was to his great losing. Madame, I swear this if it lie with me; but for him I cannot swear, and you know it.'

How could she but know that the poor lamb spoke the truth? Who should let the King from his heart's desire? I saw her eyes darken and gloom. Very terrible the woman was, in her coif and gorget stiff as a knight's armor, and the haggard vulture's face above it.

'That is true, and being true there is but one way. So dainty a lady should choose her death. See, Rosemonde, when first I set foot on English shore I knew I was mocked of the King and you.'

'Never that, Madame,' she replied patiently — the sweet soul was ever patient! 'The King's Grace honored the Queen. But true it is he loved me before ever you set foot in England.'

So she held the King's secret!

'Loved! God's pity for Rosemonde! That word had slain her.

'What are words between us two?' said the Queen. And I feared with deadly fear, for I saw her mood was like iron upon her, and stilled her voice and dulled her eyes. She looked like one drunk with wine. 'See here, woman — I have brought this cup and this dagger. Choose.'

She took from her bosom a small

closed cup of gold, set with green stones, and I knew it for that Sal-u-din the Emir gave her when there was that between them that Christian Queen should scorn. And in her other hand was the dagger still wet with my blood. And a faint giddiness took me so that, though I could hear and see, no word could I say.

'Choose!' she whispered: 'the swift stroke or the sleep that lies in this cup. And because I am crowned Queen and Christian woman, I say the cup is the easier way. It is sleep and sleep without pain or dream. Choose, for with either choice the waking is in hell.'

She held out the cup with a hand that did not tremble and in the other the dagger, and Rosemonde, white to the lips and kneeling, said, —

'Madame, I have a little son. Have then pity on a mother. The nunnery at Godstowe is close and sure. Neither King nor baron may enter. Give me leave to hide my head therein.'

And she, —

'Could I breathe the air you breathe? Could I live if you have life? Talk no more, but choose, for the thunder comes quickly.'

And even as she spoke fell some slow drops of rain like blood upon the grass.

Then Rosemonde, still kneeling, put her hands together like a young maid at the Mass, and she prayed, —

'Crowned Queen of Heaven, Mother and Maid, have pity on my extremity, and on my child. For love's sake and my King's.' And again, 'Merciful, have pity, for I have wept and suffered. Receive my spirit.'

Having said this, with one hand clasping the gold reliquary that the King had given her to wear in her bosom, she stretched forth her hand and said in all simplicity, —

'Madame, for this small mercy of the cup I thank you. You have had wrong. I ask your forgiveness.'

But never a word said Eleanor as she unclasped the cup. Sure, if hate could walk the world as a woman, it were thus and thus. So Rosemonde, kneeling, received the cup and drank, and it fell and tinkled as it fell. And the thunder broke upon us like a leaping lion.

No sleep — no sleep for Rosemonde! for the Queen lied in her throat. Sharp pains, rending agonies, dread anguish of soul and body tore her. She fell writhing, with the pains of hell upon her, and Eleanor smiled.

'Madame, the dagger, the dagger! O mercy of God, slay me!' she shrieked; and her shrieks pierced the air, and sure they pleaded like angels at the throne. Was it for eternity she shrieked? — God He knoweth, and not I: but it pierced my ears — my soul; and still she shrieked, and I swooned at long last, and even in my darkness heard the cries of soul and body rent apart in torment.

Now when I waked, the thunder was rolling fearfully away in the distance, and in the wet fresh air a bird sang, and there was a clear shining. I dragged myself to my knees, and looked about me, and beside me lay Rosemonde, gray and still in death, like one wearied and at peace at the end, and her hair like wet seaweed in the grass; but the reliquary was in her hand. So Simon of Winchester, coming later, found us. He knoweth.

Later, Rosemonde was coffined, and in Godstowe stands her tomb covered with a pall of gold that the King gave with many masses for her soul, and upon it these words graved: —

'*Hic jacet in tumbâ Rosa mundi, non Rosamunda.*' (In this tomb there lieth not Rosemonde, but the World's Rose.)

But who shall know the hearts of the great? For I looked that he should see the Queen no more, nor touch her hand in this world nor that to come; and this was not so, for she bore him children, and he and she ruled as King and Queen to his life's end. Also, very speedily he found him a new love, the Lady Aloyse of France; and God He knows that should not have been, for reasons many and heavy. But these matters are above a simple woman like me.

Only this I know — his sons were his scourges, and in and by them no peace had he, and he loathed the face of the Queen. And it is told that as he rode against them in battle he said this to the son of my Rosemonde: —

'True son of mine are you — true son of a true mother, and England is yours as mine. For these are but misbegotten whelps.'

So sin and shame fulfil their day.

Blessings also. For strange it is and true that in the arms of the son of Rosemonde this King died at Chinon, deserted of all else, and laying his head on her son's bosom as one content.

And, O King that sits above the thunder, Judge of the world, deliver us from evil Kings and Queens and all their deeds!

And let all of their charity pray for the soul of this Rosemonde, who with much sorrowing passed through pain to God's mercy.

# RELATIVITY AND THE ABSURDITIES OF ALICE

BY ALEXANDER MCADIE

'Yes, that's it,' said the Hatter with a sigh. 'It's always tea-time and we've no time to wash the things between whiles.'

This sounded pleasant enough, but, of course, odd too, which was due to the fact that Alice lived before 1908. Since that time, and especially since 1913, a number of gentlemen wearing glasses and looking wondrous wise, and no doubt as wise as they look, have proved to us that it can always be tea-time if we care to figure it out properly and get away from a commonplace three-dimensional existence.

To-day any budding physicist can tell you without cracking a smile that 'a conception' of the physical world in its objective four-dimensional scheme would merely be an abridged statement of the correspondence of the subjective time-space experiences in the realm of the various senses, *and nothing more.* Remember, it is not the Hatter speaking now, but the average serious-minded young man or woman at college, who has been taking notes of the lectures on Relativity given by the Professor of Mathematical Physics. The words used above happen to be those of an Oxford Don, but the professors at almost any other University can put the case just as succinctly. Perhaps at the University on the Cam they discuss gravitation, space, and time more than elsewhere, which is natural when we recall that Sir Isaac Newton himself and Lewis Carroll were once undergrads there and, later, professors. The Cambridge Professor of Astronomy

is easily a leader in demonstrating the new Einsteinian theory of gravitation. Sir Isaac never had a theory of gravitation, only a law; but Einstein has both theory and law.

Our professor says that if we would only let him 'interpose some kind of dispersive medium, so that light of some wave-length could be found traveling with every velocity and following every track in space-time, then, if we were looking at a solid which suddenly went out of existence, we should receive at the same moment light-impressions from every particle in its interior, supposing them self-luminous. We actually should see the inside of it.' Now, this would surely have satisfied Alice, for she did so want to know what the flame of a candle looked like after it was blown out. But even Alice did not yearn to see the insides of things-in-themselves; and besides, if it is to be always tea-time, as these professors can easily bring about, it will perhaps be more pleasant not to see more than the insides of the tea-cups.

Alice's friend the March Hare had a watch which he looked at gloomily. He had used butter on it, the best, too; but, as the Hatter said, 'Some crumbs must have gotten in as well.' But that is a trifling matter compared with the six clocks that our professor has on his mantel, all good time-keepers and set right. Yet he can make you view them in such a way that the clock on the extreme left indicates noon, the clock next to it points to eleven, the third clock to ten, and so on. If the mantel-

piece were long enough and he had clocks enough, he could turn to-day into yesterday; and we could all say together, 'How queer everything is to-day, and yesterday things went on just as usual.'

On this side of the Atlantic, a professor at Columbia tells us in a snappy little volume that, if we could only look far enough straight before us, we would in time see our back hair, if we had any. Or if a man goes to the top of a high mountain and aims a gun in any direction and shoots, provided the bullet goes fast enough, it will whiz round the world and on its return hit him behind the ears. Which goes to prove that it may be dangerous to stand back of some marksmen.

Or, again, let a man start for Arcturus. By terrestrial chronology, it will take one hundred years, traveling at the rate of one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles each second. When he arrives at Arcturus, some professor of mathematical physics at the leading University will say, 'How do you do? I timed your start. Of course you have not had breakfast yet?' The explanation is that, traveling with the speed of light, the yard-stick or light year shortened almost to zero in the line of travel. Now here we have one way of getting eternal youth.

Alice longed to be able 'to shut up like a telescope'; and she thought she could if she only knew how to begin. That's just it. One must know how to make the right beginning. And the modern theory of general relativity does seem to prove that we have never started right on earth. We thought we were standing still, while all the time we were hurrying so fast that it makes one's hair stand up on end just to think of it. Why, since you began this article, say five minutes ago, you have flown through space thirty-eight hundred miles.

And that is not all. For no one can be sure of his shape now; because size depends upon speed. All motion is relative. If Alice had moved fast enough, she could have diminished her weight. All students of physics to-day know that mass and energy are essentially the same thing.

Einstein's law is practically this: 'The gravitational mass of a body is equal to its inertial mass.' If, when we were reading Alice long ago, we had in a moment of forgetfulness written the above on our final examination papers in mechanics, it is a certainty that it would have cost us our degree. What distress of mind it would have caused our old instructor if we had said such things — that is, assuming that professors really feel keenly such errors! And to-day the point of view has changed. If a conscientious old instructor in mathematics insists that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points, he will soon be enlightened. Or if someone quotes Herbert Spencer's dictum that the proposition concerning parallel lines not meeting at infinity is undemonstrable, because no one could go there, mathematical proof is forthcoming to show that the lines may meet because of a warp in space which makes them geodesics. Up to now we have lived in a three-dimensional world, but the coming generations will be satisfied only with a fourth.

Now the greater part of the mass of matter is due to concealed energy. What will happen when we come into knowledge of the control of sub-atomic energy? for these small fry move with terrific velocities. Shall we soon be able to release this energy, and later to harness it? Some marvelous discoveries are being made. Alice in dreamland underwent remarkable transformations; but the physicists are changing substances and analyzing structure of atoms in a way that makes Lewis Car-

roll's wildest flight of fancy seem humdrum. Even the grin of the Cheshire cat, which remained after Pussy faded out, is simplicity itself compared with a hydrogen atom losing its electrons and becoming a different gas. The chemists construct all nuclei out of hydrogen nuclei, which means that the ninety-two elements, some not yet found on earth, can be traced back to a common ancestor—the hydrogen or helium nucleus.

And here, strangely, Einstein's work has a direct application. It seems that the mass of a helium nucleus is not just the sum of its four alpha particles *plus* two electrons, but an extra mass due to the energy of formation. (It is C. G. Darwin speaking, reviewing the work of Aston and others with positive rays.)

Surely we are near the transformation of the elements. We can now knock off a few hydrogen particles from nitrogen and oxygen. A new mechanics—the mechanics of the atom—is here; and the old laws of classical dynamics must yield, for they fail to meet requirements. Nearly every month a new chapter is written in this story of the structure of matter. We have moved—we no longer live in Flatland. We do not have to measure our angles according to Euclid: he has had his day. Even that greatest generalization of the human mind, Newton's law of attraction, proportional to the masses and inversely as the square of the distance, gets a jolt. For light seems to have pressure and weight. Sunshine actually punches the earth with a fist that weighs one hundred and sixty tons. A ray of light from a star grazing the edge of the sun is bent, not because of refraction, but is *pulled in* by gravitation as if it were a stream of bullets. The bending has been measured. At the last total solar eclipse, two parties sent out to Brazil and Africa by the Royal Astronomical

Society secured about a dozen photographs in the twelve minutes the eclipse lasted. The positions of certain stars (about seven) are displaced. The shift is not just the amount which a gravitational pull on the light would produce, according to the old law of gravitation,—and Sir Isaac himself hinted that such a thing might occur,—but twice the amount, which fits in nicely with the new law of gravitation, and is very close to what Einstein had said in advance it would be.

May we not say with Alice, 'Curiouser and curiouser! Now, I am opening it'? Gravitation fades out of the scene as a force, and becomes a distortion of space in the presence of matter. It makes one think of the Cheshire cat and its grin.

The new law also accounts for the discrepancy in Mercury's perihelion, which has bothered astronomers for some years. It may, however, be said that most of us did not worry much over this erratic swinging of the long axis of the planet's orbit.

But to return to Alice: Rule 42 read that 'all persons more than a mile high should leave the Court.' Now we know how to get around this rule. On the trip to Arcturus, we saw that change of mass with speed is the same as the time-length change. Hence, if a person moved so fast that his mass was doubled, his size would be reduced one half.

Shades of Augustus De Morgan, return from the mists beyond the Styx! They say, but do not yet prove, that the ratio of the circumference to the diameter is altered when we introduce matter at the centre. Let us suppose that they succeed in squaring the circle—then what becomes of the Budget of Paradoxes?

A resounding chorus smites the air. Minkowski, Lorentz, Larmor, Planck, Silberstein, Eddington, Cottingham,

Crommelein, Davidson, Schlick, Slosson, Weyl, and all the rest sing in a hearty bass, Space and Time are deprived of the last vestige of physical objectivity.'

Einstein's tenor rings clear above the rest: 'Let those who are unfamiliar with physics no longer feel like the wanderer who was unable to see the forest for the trees.'

## HOW ABOUT THE FARMER?

### A COMMENTARY ON 'SPECIAL PRIVILEGE'

BY JOHN D. WILLARD

#### I

'The Menace of New Privilege,' in the February *Atlantic*, voices an orderly protest against the further development of class-cleavages by the grant of class-privileges. In principle Mr. Alger will have the hearty support of thoughtful citizens, yet his choice of illustrative material, and his interpretation of motives and conditions, challenge much dissent. It is with intent to correct misapprehensions, while accepting and confirming principles, that this paper is written.

The major contention of the article is that farmers have been granted initial privilege by the Clayton Amendment of the Sherman Anti-trust Act, and that the motive actuating present efforts to clarify this rather obscure legislation is the desire to form coercive monopolies for price-fixing. It is repugnant to one of judicial training and experience that certain groups may do things under protection of the law, and other groups may do the same things only in violation of the law. Nor is it strange that the lawyer assumes the law to be the criterion and basis of analysis, even while appealing to principle

rather than statute in the support of his argument.

The statement will hardly be challenged, that anti-trust legislation came as a result of abuses. Business groups were able to control sufficient amounts of certain commodities to create artificial price-levels. In some cases this was accomplished by the formation of overhead corporations, syndicates, or trusts; in others by the informal agreement of those in control of like enterprises. To curb this evil, the legislation directed against restraint of trade was developed.

That the evil existed, and that some correction was needed, requires no argument. It is necessary, however, to discover whether the resulting laws, and the Sherman Anti-trust Act in particular, are of such a nature that they can be equally enforced upon all; or whether in the enforcement certain groups are effectually curbed, while others may practice clandestine evasion with impunity. To the jurist the application of the law is a sacred duty; to the citizen, who, in the last analysis,

is the sanction for the law, the all-important matter is whether the law is accomplishing, or is even capable of accomplishing, the purpose for which it was enacted.

The exempting clause of the Clayton Amendment first declares that labor is not a commodity within the intent of the law. Popular interpretation of the matter is that laborers and farmers have joined hands to secure special privilege. Analysis will discover a common reason for the exception of both from the restraints of anti-trust legislation.

If exemption were not granted to labor, could the statute be enforced equally upon all? The relatively small number of employers has always made conference possible—not to say conspiracy—as to the wages to be offered; while the extremely large number of laborers, together with their usual lack of means and education, has made secret agreement and conspiracy impossible for this group. The ordinary business luncheon offers adequate opportunity for a group of employers to reach agreement as to wages; in fact, a conspiracy by employers in restraint of the purchase of labor could be made by telephone, and with only the most remote probability of detection. The existence of business men's clubs and associations, often limited to those interested in a single type of industry, is too obvious to need more than passing comment. It must be recognized that such associations are vitally necessary, and serve a constructive purpose in the welfare of industry. The only matter pertinent to this discussion is that the Sherman Anti-trust Act, without the specific exemption of labor, could do no more than create an effective weapon to be used against those who sell their labor, while remaining quite ineffective against those who buy it. Equality of restraint could not exist in fact, although existent in statute.

Under present conditions the specific exemption of labor from classification as a commodity enables equality both in law and in fact. Either group is able to achieve its ends only as an over-supply or under-supply of labor gives advantage through the interplay of demand and supply; the Anti-trust Act restrains neither party in the bargaining process.

Likewise, it would be impossible to enforce the Sherman Anti-trust legislation equally in the case of buyers and producers of farm-products. The number of wholesale buyers of all our larger crops is very small compared with the number of growers. Buyers are of necessity in touch with one another; conspiracy could not be effectively stopped. The growers are always widely scattered, and any collective effort could not escape detection. The geographical dispersion of farmers makes frequent getting together impossible, and effectively precludes clandestine agreements.

For instance, the greater part of the milk used in the city of Boston is distributed by three large corporations, and comes from thousands of farms scattered through more than forty thousand square miles of territory. Can it be maintained for a moment that the law, without the exemption of farmers, can be made equally effective in checking possible restraint of trade on the part of both buyers and sellers? Instead of creating a privileged class, the exemption of farmers ensures equality of opportunity.

## II

Need for improvement of marketing methods is recognized in the Atlantic article by six distinct references. The field of distribution is described as a singularly inviting and undeveloped one. The progress made by farmers' co-operative marketing movements is ignored, as is also the more important

fact that, unless they were exempted from the operation of the present Anti-trust legislation, farmers would attempt improvement of marketing conditions only at their peril.

With the assertion that marketing methods need improvement, all well-informed persons must be in agreement. Productive processes have been vastly improved; experiment stations, research agencies, colleges of agriculture, and the great system of county agricultural agents are succeeding in establishing more efficient production practice and in eliminating production wastes. The same agencies recognize to-day that the major task is now to improve marketing methods. Students are agreed that gluts, shortages, and the resultant wastes are caused by lack of adequate information as to supplies on hand and shipments *en route*, and by lack of adequate storage facilities and credit to ensure an even flow during the normal consuming period. Farmers are unable individually to effect a steady flow of output, to protect themselves against losses through improper handling by common carriers, and against misrepresentations of buyers as to quality. They are most keenly alive to this situation, for they have improved their methods of production, only to find that their gains are swallowed up in the losses of distribution — losses which, up to the point of retailing, are usually passed back to them. They are eager to do their full part in effecting real improvement; and yet, if they were not granted legal exemption from anti-trust restrictions, every effort on their part to improve marketing conditions would invite prosecution as being in restraint of trade.

It is a calamity if a two-weeks' supply of lettuce arrives in New York in a single day; yet, without the exemption contained in the Clayton Amendment, farmers who discuss the day's market

receipts and price-levels, with a view to planning an evenly distributed supply for the balance of the week, would be guilty of conspiracy. Likewise, it means loss for all concerned if a month's supply of oranges reaches Boston in one day, and a part must be wasted or re-shipped; yet without legal sanction the producers who endeavor to effect a steady flow and to avoid the ruinously low prices of gluts, or the prohibitively high prices of shortages, would be in danger of the courts.

'To try to understand marketing conditions and rules, to try to meet market demands with a corresponding supply, to avoid, wherever possible, the creation of glutted markets, and to try to organize a marketing system under which unnecessary losses are avoided and unnecessary costs eliminated, is a course which common sense imperatively demands . . . the coöperative trust movement has no such plans or purposes.'

It rests with Mr. Alger to define 'the coöperative trust movement.' If he means the few groups that are making futile efforts to ignore the forces of demand and supply, perhaps the charge can be supported. It cannot be supported against the great farmers' coöperative marketing movement as a whole. The California Fruit-Growers Exchange could not function except under the exemption given by the Clayton Amendment, yet it has achieved a monumental success along the very lines which Mr. Alger indicates as necessary. It marketed \$40,000,000 worth of product during the year 1919, yet without any effort to fix a monopoly price on its commodities. It estimates with remarkable accuracy the total output that it has to sell, and the normal consuming season for this output, in order to move the required amount toward the market each week. It effectively avoids gluts and shortages by



securing steady arrivals at all markets. In many larger cities the output is sold at public auction; in Boston, for instance, the daily offerings include lots as small as eight boxes of oranges up to car-load lots; and numbered among the buyers are wholesalers, jobbers, hotel stewards, retailers, corner-fruit-stand owners, and hucksters. The price is fixed absolutely by the relation of demand and supply. Costs of marketing by the central organization have been reduced to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per cent of the sale price, this being accomplished by standardization, shipment supervision, and the creation of an effective information service. Yet it should not be forgotten that the old association of exchanges had to reorganize on the basis of the Clayton Amendment, or face prosecution, although its purpose and practices were precisely what Mr. Alger has indicated as most needed.

Nor is this an isolated example. The Iowa wheat-growers, in contrast to the Kansas wheat-growers, temporarily held back their wheat, only to effect a steady flow, and with full expectation of taking the auction prices on the boards of trade. The Southern Produce Exchange, various potato-growers' exchanges, the fruit associations of the East and of the Northwest, the tobacco-growers of the Connecticut Valley, and scores of other smaller organizations have set a new mark in efficiency, to the benefit of both food-producing and consuming groups, and without the ruthless and purposeless destruction of necessary distributive agencies; yet all these would stand in peril without the legal sanction of the Clayton Amendment. Farmers are employing managerial brains in their marketing, though handicapped in some instances by the under-supply of properly trained managers. The great majority of farmers are convinced that the benefits of co-operation are to be secured along the

lines of economy and effectiveness, and not of coercion.

I can agree heartily with Mr. Alger that coercive or arbitrary price-fixing in the interests of a single class or group is most pernicious. I am equally convinced that in the great majority of cases it cannot be made effective. Since the appearance of the February issue of the *Atlantic*, it is evident that the Kansas \$3.00 wheat movement had little effect on the market. Even one of the most complete of the so-called monopolies — that of the prune-growers — found itself unable to ignore the equation of supply and demand. I cannot agree with the argument that the Lever Act was unjustly lenient to farmers and allowed any kind of gross profiteering by them. Costs of farm production cannot be measured with the same degree of accuracy as purchase costs in the case of middlemen, or as in factory production, where material, labor, overhead, and output are known, not only by averages, but by individual plants and machines. Nor could the Lever Act, by any stretch of imagination, be made to fit the conditions of the producer in the matter of hoarding. Crops mature on a seasonal schedule, and farmers who produced more than was required for their own use were of necessity in possession of a supply which, in any other hands, would have been excessive.

The exemption of farmers from the provisions of the Lever Act was not inspired by the intent to create class-privilege: it was a common-sense recognition of the fact that efforts to enforce it with regard to farmers could result only in a ridiculous failure, and would have been little short of calamitous, could it have succeeded.

With two of Mr. Alger's minor contentions I am unable to agree. It is not customary to retail shoes at the usual jobbing price by the case, or to sell a

pound of nails at the price of a car-load lot, or to sell coal in New England at the Pennsylvania mine price. What, then, is the grievous iniquity in establishing one price for milk to retail bottle-trade, another to hotels, and still another to factories using car-load lots at the source of production? And if the producers of milk undertake to improve methods and conditions which the corporate distributors have been unable sufficiently to improve with years of opportunity, why make it unlawful for the producers even to try? Such, however, would be the deterrent effect of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act without the Clayton Amendment. Nor can I agree that in the appeal to the Federal Reserve Board for assistance, the farmers of the South were asking the use of 'public funds,' any more than the merchant patrons of the New York banks, who sought extended credit, based on Federal Reserve rediscounts, in order to postpone the evil day of liquidation and mark-downs. In both cases the basic funds were private deposits in national banks and trust companies; in both cases the borrowers sought to avoid loss; in both cases the government could do no more than sanction the extending of credit, the amount being limited by the amount of reserves; in both cases the ultimate consumer would have the bill to pay.

To summarize: the farmers' coöperative movement offers more hope for improvement of marketing conditions than any other factor in our present

marketing situation. Positive achievements to date are but prophetic of what the future holds. The American Farm Bureau Federation is employing the very best experts that money can secure, in its effort to get the data necessary for further constructive programmes. This huge organization recognizes the futility of attempting to evade the equation of demand and supply. The majority of farmers' organizations seek to effect their results by eliminating waste and uncertainties caused by ignorance of market conditions.

The Clayton Amendment makes possible the positive results already gained by coöperative selling organizations. It equalizes a business relation in which the disadvantage would be wholly against the farmers, were there no such exemption. It is insurance against class-stratification. Class-cleavage would inevitably result if the advantage were left wholly with the buyer, as was the case in the Boston milk territory up to ten years ago; a cleavage which was begun by failure in the past to give the farmers equality in opportunity and in fact.

I hold no brief for the anti-trust legislation as a whole; perhaps it should all be relegated to the scrap-heap. I do insist, however, that, if it is advantageous to preserve the present law, the exemption contained in the Clayton Amendment, or a similar exemption, is vitally necessary to preserve equality of opportunity, to ensure justice, and to prevent the very social stratification that Mr. Alger deplores.

# THE GREAT STUPIDITY

BY WILLIAM ARCHER

## I

THE cynic who delights in registering human stupidities need never be at a loss for masterpieces to add to his collection. But the masterpiece of masterpieces, the Great Stupidity of these latter days, is surely that of the Britons and Americans who, thoughtlessly or wickedly, say and do things calculated to make bad blood between their two countries.

With those who do so wickedly I am not here concerned. They are not stupid in the ordinary sense of the term, but only as all criminals are stupid. They deliberately subordinate to motives of personal cupidity or spite the manifest interests of their country and, ultimately, of the world. There are, perhaps, more atrocious evildoers, but none meaner or more despicable. In saying this, I have in mind individuals and groups on both sides of the Atlantic.

I put aside also the Irish. Were I an Irish-American, I should probably make use of my opportunities to embroil the two countries with whose destinies that of Ireland is so inextricably interwoven. The historic case of Ireland against England is an enormously strong one, and recent history has enormously strengthened it. No doubt there have been black crimes and egregious blunders on both sides; but that is no defense for England. It was for her, as the stronger party in the case, to show wisdom and magnanimity; and these qualities have been sadly to seek in the record of her deal-

ings with Ireland. Irish-American tactics are not, in my eyes, far-sighted, but they are extremely human. There is no use in quarreling with our fellow creatures because they are not angels.

It is the thoughtless mischief-makers — the people who are moved by mere ignorant and silly prejudice — who are guilty of the Great Stupidity. Here again I have my eye on individuals, on both sides of the water; but the culprits, in the mass, run into hundreds of thousands — into millions. They are more numerous, no doubt, in America, but they are more inexcusable in England. Americans have certain historic reasons for disliking us — bad reasons, but comprehensible. In England, on the other hand, we have no sane reason for disliking America — or, rather, we have precisely as much reason as the English have for disliking the Scotch, or the Scotch the English. The mutual antipathy of Scot and Southron was, as we know, pretty strong in the eighteenth century; and it lingers on to this day in certain quarters. Our neighbors naturally chafe us more than total strangers. Small differences of temperament, of accent, of standards, of sense of humor, irritate us more in people who are, on the whole, similar to ourselves, than in those who are wholly and inevitably dissimilar. Just to this extent is mutual dislike between Englishmen and Americans comprehensible; but everyone knows that these family jars arise from the foibles of our nature, and are

corrigible by a very slight exercise of rational tolerance. The time is long past when the sense of unlikeness-in-likeness between an Englishman and a Scot led them to doubt or ignore the solidarity of their interests.

A patent, yet seemingly unconquerable, fallacy promotes ill-feeling between nations, and is not without its influence between Britain and America. All of us, I suppose, dislike with some intensity a good many of our own countrymen: but we do not, because Mr. Smith is a snob, Mr. Jones a bounder, and Mr. Thompson a tattling bore, go about asserting an unconquerable dislike for 'the English' as a nation.

Many English people, on the other hand, will profess to dislike 'Americans' in general because they have met two or three of that nation whose manners displeased them. Could there be any greater stupidity? I, for my part, know hundreds of Americans, and have met thousands. I do not profess to love them all, any more than I love all Englishmen. There are even some general traits of American manners, — let us say, for instance, the practice of indiscriminate introductions and hand-shakings, — which, I think, might well be amended. But do I therefore dislike America? On the contrary, the more I see of her, the more I am convinced that there is no country in the world where the average of human worth, the percentage of admirable human beings, is higher. The average may be somewhat pulled down, no doubt, by the large importation of the mere refuse and wreckage of Europe; but people are not necessarily worthless because they are unfortunate.

This large importation of alien elements is, of course, a factor in the problem by no means to be ignored. It lends color to the old protest — which Mr. Chesterton repeated the other day,

as if it were something new and startling — against the bracketing of England and America as 'Anglo-Saxon' nations. The term Anglo-Saxon always was unscientific, although not more so than most racial appellations. Ethnology is a science that revises its nomenclature every ten years or so. But though the word corresponds to no ethnological fact, it has a quite real historic and sociological meaning. To be sure, people of British ancestry are no longer largely predominant, in the United States; but it is no less true that the Republic remains, in its laws, traditions, and ideals, predominantly an Anglo-Saxon community. No Englishman in America feels himself in a foreign country, as he does in France, in Italy, or in Spain. America is different, but not foreign.

It is this very fact that makes American travel comparatively unattractive to many English people. Boston, Chicago, Pittsburgh, remind them of English provincial cities on a somewhat larger scale. They have none of the picturesqueness, the romance, the obvious foreignness, of Vienna or Moscow, of Lisbon or Genoa. It takes some effort of imagination to see in them the romantic and fascinating places they really are. It is much more of 'a change' to the Englishman to cross the Channel than to cross the Atlantic. Only after a time does he find in America that peculiar charm which England has for the Scot. He says, 'This is no my ain hoose, I ken by the biggin' o't'; and the very subtlety of the differences gives him greater pleasure than he receives from the obtrusive foreignness of 'Picturesque Europe.'

## II

To an Englishman who is not entirely devoid of imagination, America brings a sense of incalculable enlargement of the powers and privileges con-

ferred upon him by the accident of birth. His mother-tongue has made him free of this gigantic, this illimitable civilization, with all its stupendous achievements and its fabulous potentialities. He is akin by blood to the people who remain, in spite of all admixture, the leading factors in that civilization;<sup>1</sup> and he has no doubt that the non-English elements — all but one — will mean ultimate enrichment of the composite stock. For the calamitous presence of the African element he ought to feel co-responsible, since it is largely due to the sins of his forefathers. America, to put it at the very lowest, is a product, an extension of English history. It is born of the follies of English kings, the bigotry of English prelates, the greatness and the littleness of English statesmen, the indomitable tenacity of British pioneers, the liberal conservatism of British nation-builders, and the magnanimity of two world-heroes who, though they never saw the shores of Britain, were none the less of the purest British blood. An Anglo-Saxon nation it certainly is not; but a creation of the Anglo-Saxon spirit it as certainly is. The Englishman is either an ignoramus or a fool who does not recognize in his kinship to America an inestimable enhancement of his birthright.

It is not for a Briton to say how far an intelligent American ought to be moved by similar sentiments: how far he ought to feel his kinship, by blood or by adoption, to Britain and her history, an extension of his personality, an enrichment of his heritage. Perhaps I may, without offense, put it in this way: if my ancestors of the fourth or fifth generation had emigrated to America, instead of staying cannily in Britain, I

feel sure that no conceivable folly of British politicians, or tactlessness of British tourists, would for a moment tempt me to renounce my hereditary share in the splendors of Lincoln and Durham and Salisbury, the unique beauties of Oxford and Cambridge, the associations of Stratford-on-Avon and the Lakes, of Edinburgh and Westminster.

There are, after all, features in English history which ought to appeal to the very Americanism of Americans. Not to go back to King Alfred or King John, they ought to remember that, if their immediate ancestors 'threw a sovereign across the Atlantic,' it was their remoter forbears who, along with ours, 'garred kings ken they had a lith in their necks' — taught kings that there were joints in their cervical vertebræ. It is easy to argue that that act was, at the moment, impolitic; but does anybody wish it undone? Does anybody doubt that it was, both symbolically and actually, one of the most august of historic transactions?

Again, the reflection that England has, four separate times, at intervals of a century, been largely instrumental in shattering gigantic dreams of World-Autocracy ought not to discommend her in American eyes. She saved not only herself, but the Reformation, when she shattered the Spanish Armada. William of Orange and Marlborough saved Europe, and ultimately America, from falling under the domination of France. Trafalgar, the Peninsular War, and Waterloo baffled the grandiose ambitions of Napoleon. And, last but not least, it was British tenacity, leagued with the splendid valor of France, which brought the furious megalomania of Germany crashing to the ground. In all these historic crises Britain was, in a very real sense, fighting the battle of Americanism.

Nothing can ever undo the fact that,

<sup>1</sup> Of the twenty-nine Presidents of the United States, only two — Van Buren and Roosevelt — bore non-'Anglo-Saxon' names; and Roosevelt, at any rate, was of partly Anglo-Saxon blood. — THE AUTHOR.

in the last and greatest overthrow of autocracy, America bore her part along with Britain and France. She 'won the war' in the sense in which the last straw broke the camel's back; but she was a very substantial last straw, and no one can tell what might have happened if that straw had been withheld. Can anything be more ungenerous than to forget and belittle our gratitude to America on the ground that she ought to have come earlier into the struggle? I do not myself think that this is the case; but supposing it were so, are we to repudiate an obligation because it came a little tardily? Could there be a clearer sign of a base and paltry soul? Was it in a spirit of hypocrisy, or simply with an eye to the political exigencies of the moment, that Mr. Winston Churchill said, on the Fourth of July, 1918, —

'Deep in the heart of the people of these islands, the heart of those who, in the language of the Declaration of Independence, are styled "our British brethren," lay the desire to be truly reconciled before all men and all history with their kindred across the Atlantic Ocean, to blot out the reproaches and redeem the blunders of a bygone age, to dwell once more in spirit with them, to stand once more in battle at their side, to create once more a union of hearts, to write once more a history in common. That was our heart's desire. It seemed utterly unattainable, but it has come to pass. However long the struggle, however cruel the victory, that supreme reconciliation will make amends for all. That is the reward of Britain; that is the lion's share.'

These words were spoken on the eve of victory — are they to be falsified, forgotten, expunged from the international record, with all the fine phrases that were current in the hour of need? Is there to be no limit to the pettiness of spirit that is leading us to throw away

with both hands all the most precious fruits of the great struggle and the great sacrifice?

### III

Whatever be the reason, the fact is indisputable that, after our glorious comradeship in the greatest of wars, an impression is abroad on both sides of the Atlantic that Anglo-American relations are worse than they were before 1914. It was possible for Mr. Bernard Shaw to stand up a few months ago, and say that there was only one nation who hated us more than the Americans, and that was the French. Of course, this was fundamentally false; but it is sad that it should have even the superficial plausibility requisite for a Shavian paradox. The fact that such things can be lightly said and lightly accepted is a testimony to the prevalence among us of what I call The Great Stupidity. If it had been true, Mr. Shaw ought to have rent his garments and strewn ashes on his head before giving voice to such disastrous tidings.

That things have gone askew since the Armistice is, of course, true enough and deplorable enough. But to magnify light-heartedly some temporary disillusionment into a permanent, or even serious, breach between the two countries is to treat the situation with a mischievous levity which is entirely out of place in view of the enormous interests at stake.

Let it not be thought that in appealing to the interests at stake I am lowering the plane of my argument. My plea is, first, last, and all the time, based on frankly utilitarian common sense. Sentiment has no absolute value. It is not a good-in-itself, but only as it ministers to the human well-being. That is the justification even of mother-love and of the love of man for woman; it is the sole and ample justification of the mutual respect and affection which ought

to exist between Britain and America, which does exist in many British and American hearts. If I thought that the welfare of the world, or even of Britain, would be promoted by misunderstanding and enmity between the two countries, I would unhesitatingly join the ranks of the mischief-makers. But that opinion, as matters stand, cannot possibly be held by any rational and honest man. Therefore, I dismiss the deliberate fomenters of hatred (Irish apart) as either criminals or lunatics, while the inadvertent, thoughtless, babbling mischief-makers I set down as victims of the Great Stupidity.

The essence of the situation can be stated in very few words. If Britain and America stand back to back, they are so utterly unassailable that no external enmity need cause them one moment's uneasiness, and they can devote themselves without let or hindrance to the solution of their manifold and pressing internal problems. If, on the other hand, they insist on standing face to face, exchanging glances of suspicion and covert defiance, and even (oh, folly of follies! oh, crime of crimes!) arming against each other, they leave their backs exposed to assaults from many quarters, while they wantonly spend their labor and their substance on that which profiteth not, or profiteth only the profiteer. If they live in amity and act in concert, they have the world at their feet; and the world can afford to leave them in that position, since they have no instinct and no motive to trample on it. Their desire is to live freely among free peoples; nor is there any justice in calling this profession hypocritical because history has brought them into relation with certain peoples as yet incapable of self-government. They possess at this moment — it has been forced upon them by circumstances — that *Weltmacht* in pursuit of which Germany stained her soul and

forfeited her place among the nations. They possess it just so long and in so far as they make the most of that unity of sentiment and purpose which their common origin and common language seem to force upon them; but they can easily throw away their magnificent position of advantage, by listening to the mischief-makers, and drawing apart instead of pulling together. The future of the world depends upon whether enlightened magnanimity or pettifogging meanness shall gain the mastery in the souls of Britain and America.

I am not concerned to deny that the danger of the situation arises more from the American than from the British side. There is more active ill-will in America than in England. The average American citizen has been very imperfectly awakened to his citizenship of the world, and, in the lassitude following upon the war-fever, is even inclined to abjure and deny it. Disregarding the plain evidence of his senses, he yields, consciously and deliberately, to the illusion of the Atlantic, and vehemently assures himself that that ocean still exists, as it did in the days of Washington, Monroe, and Canning. He sees (what is quite true) that England needs America more obviously and immediately than America needs England; and he infers (what is quite false) that to admit the solidarity of their interests would be to acquiesce in a bad bargain. His secular tradition of aloofness, reinforced in some cases by historic rancors and antagonisms, blinds him to the enormous access of power, and economy of resources, that would result from a firm friendship and a working agreement between the two great English-speaking nations.

It is not for me to argue against this quite natural, though unenlightened, frame of mind. It is for Americans to demonstrate to their countrymen the advantage — nay, the imperative need

— of enlightened magnanimity. My humbler task is to appeal to my own countrymen not to make the situation more difficult by impertinent criticism, ignorant condescension, and, in general, by silly chatter. It is an old but very true remark that community of speech, while it is undoubtedly the great bond between the two peoples, is also a fruitful source of misunderstanding and irritation.

#### IV

Sheer ignorance and lack of imagination lie at the root of all that is wrong in the British attitude toward America. We do not begin to realize the magnitude and the majesty of the phenomenon with which we have to deal.

Ask the average Englishman what he associates with the words 'New York,' what mental picture the name evokes for him, and there are ten chances to one that he will express himself in terms of vague depreciation and distaste. He will tell you of a noisy, nerve-racking city, whose inhabitants are so intent on the pursuit of the elusive dollar that they habitually bolt their food at 'quick-lunch' counters, and seek to soothe their chronic dyspepsia by masticating either chewing-gum or big black cigars. He has heard of a clattering abomination called the Elevated Railroad; he has probably never heard of the Subway — most wonderful, if still inadequate, system of urban transit. The word 'sky-scraper' is, of course, familiar to him, connoting, in his imagination, a hideous monstrosity, which the Americans have somehow evolved out of the naughtiness of their hearts. He thanks his stars that such freaks are impossible in England, where municipal wisdom has established a strict correlation between the height of buildings and the width of streets. Furthermore, he has heard of Tammany, a conspiracy of corruption, which keeps

the city ill-paved, ill-lighted, and a prey to the alternate — or simultaneous — tyranny of brutal Irish policemen and indigenous 'gunmen,' who will shoot you as soon as look at you. Here, or hereabouts, his knowledge ends; and he will present this meagre caricature in a tone of pharisaism, congratulating himself that London (or Manchester, or Glasgow, as the case may be) is not crude and corrupt after the manner of New York.

No doubt there are shreds and patches of truth in the picture; but they are wholly inessential. The essential fact is that New York is by far the most magnificent and marvelous city in the whole world — a wonder to the eye and an incomparable stimulus to the imagination. Throned between its noble estuaries, it proclaims, in one majestic symbol, the supremacy of Man over Matter. Here we feel, for the first time in the modern world, — what the Roman of the Empire may have felt in a minor degree, — that, for all our puny proportions, we belong to a race of titans. The sky-scraper was, in its beginnings, ugly and unimaginative enough; forty years of development have made it a thing of beauty, of power, of grandeur. And it is still — I will not say in its infancy, but — in its adolescence. The Singer building, the Metropolitan Tower, and the Woolworth building are not likely to be greatly overtopped. The sky-scraper, essentially a street tilted on end, is also inevitably a cul-de-sac; and a too long cul-de-sac is uneconomic and inconvenient. Besides, the development of the tower form — immense height on a relatively small base — is practically confined to Manhattan Island, with its rock foundations; in few other places would architects dare to pile up such enormous weights to the square foot. But there is boundless room for the lateral development of the moderately



high building — the building of, say, 15 to 25 floors. Every year that passes adds some new triumph to the cyclopean architecture of New York. Park Avenue, though it contains no buildings of excessive height, will soon be like a boulevard of Brobdingnag — without any of the rude disproportion, however, that we might look for in the palaces of giants; and it is doubly impressive when we reflect that, unseen and unheard, the railway traffic of half a continent is gliding to and fro beneath its central gardens.

But this is no place to go into details. My point is that the miscalled skyscraper — the high building — is not a monstrosity, but a thing of great imaginative daring, sometimes ugly, no doubt, but more often truly grandiose and colossal. It first came into being, for topographical reasons, in the congested toe of Manhattan Island; but, in a modified form, it is certain to spread through all great cities. I do not mean that such windy cañons as lower Broadway and Wall Street will arise in London and Paris, but that in all populous places great islands of beautiful architecture will stand out above the sea of ordinary five- and six-story houses.

The typical New York office-building has enormous advantages. Go to see a publisher or a lawyer in London, and you find him installed in stuffy, dusty, insanitary chambers, perhaps in a converted dwelling-house of the eighteenth century, or two such dwelling-houses inconveniently run together — at all events, in a dingy rabbit-warren of a place. In New York you are shot up in an express elevator to the twelfth or fifteenth floor of a vast building. If your business is with a lawyer, you pass along a spotlessly clean corridor, paved and lined with white marble, and you find him in a sunny, airy suite of rooms, high above the noises of the city, and looking out, it may be over the noble

Hudson to the New Jersey shore, or over the series of gigantic bridges that span the East River — otherwise Long Island Sound.

If, on the other hand, your visit is to a publisher, you pass along no corridor, for the probability is that the elevator will land you right in his waiting-room. In all likelihood he occupies one whole floor of the great building, — half an acre of glass-partitioned space, — a busy hive of multifarious industry. It is comfortably heated in winter, admirably ventilated in summer: the grubbiness and stuffiness of London are entirely absent. The publisher's own sanctum is probably in a corner, with magnificent views in two directions over the endless expanse of the city, with its cliffs of masonry and its innumerable plumes of white steam. Air and sunshine penetrate everywhere — glorious sunshine being amazingly prevalent in New York.

Business has put off its grime, and has housed itself in the blue spaces of the sky. And we make it our foolish pride that we are earth-bound, and boast of our determined propinquity to the gutter!

People often ask why the practical Americans use four syllables to designate an appliance which we denote by the single syllable — lift. This is at first sight paradoxical; but after a few days in America, you realize that the two words are admirably appropriate to two very different things. The American elevator exhilaratingly elevates, the British lift laboriously lifts. I confess to taking great delight in the swift, sensitive machines that rush you up in the twinkling of an eye to the twentieth floor of a great hotel or business building. They are to the crawling, doddering British lift as a race-horse to a pack-mule. The tone of mind that professes to shrink in horror from such achievements of 'mechanical civilization' is one

of the innumerable phases of the Great Stupidity.

But 'elevator architecture,' though the most prominent feature of New York and other American cities, is not the only evidence of the constructive genius of the race. In every type of building America leads the world. The finest railway-stations in Europe — Frankfort, Cologne, and the Paris Gare d'Orléans — are paltry in comparison with those vast palaces of marble and travertine, the Pennsylvania and the Grand Central termini, with the Union Station at Washington not far behind them. Each of the great New York stations is a city in itself. There has been nothing like them in the world since the Baths of Diocletian or of Caracalla. The Library of Congress and the Public Libraries of New York<sup>1</sup> and Boston are stately and splendid beyond comparison; and even Detroit, which holds only the seventh place among American cities, is housing its library in a superb white-marble palace. In domestic architecture, again, America easily holds the first place, having gone ahead with giant strides during the past quarter of a century. The typical brownstone dwelling of old New York was cramped, stuffy, and inconvenient. To-day the country or suburban homes, even of people of quite moderate means, are models of convenience and comfort — the abodes, in every sense, of the highest civilization.

<sup>1</sup> In New York the other day I wanted to look up an illustration in a book of my own. I applied to the publisher of the American edition, but he had mislaid his file-copy. 'Never mind,' he said, 'you can get it at the Public Library.' He took up the telephone on his desk, and in the course of three minutes he said to me, 'You will find the book awaiting you at such and such a desk in such and such a room.' I went to the Library, and there it was! Let me commend this incident to the attention of the British Museum authorities — without any disparagement of the courtesy and slow-but-sure efficiency of that great institution. — THE AUTHOR.

## V

I have dwelt thus far upon architecture because it is the outward and visible sign, if not of inward and spiritual grace, at any rate of a people's energies, and, in no small measure, of its imagination. It may seem that I have weakened my effect by overworking my superlatives; but I know not how to convey the sense of stupendous magnitude in words of one syllable. And it is the stupendous magnitude of America, from every aspect and in every dimension, on which I wish to insist. Nature has made her huge, and man, in his efforts to tame her and harness her vastness, is only working to the scale set by nature. I am not, I think, insensitive to the historic associations of England or of Italy, of Egypt or of India; but in America the imagination is thrilled by the very fact that so much of her history is pre-historic. It is only yesterday that the first explorers blazed their trail into her pathless hinterlands and launched their canoes upon her mighty waters. Is there anything in nature so majestic and spirit-stirring as a great river? And are there any nobler rivers on earth than those of America? The traveler who does not study up his map in advance is constantly coming un-awares upon majestic yet uncelebrated streams, which in Europe would be world-famous.

Not long ago, journeying from Massachusetts into New Hampshire, I found the train following for hours a beautiful river for whose existence I was quite unprepared. Inquiring its name, I learned that it was the Merrimac, and was further informed that it drove more spindles than any other river in the world. A little later, business took me to Binghamton, New York, and again a beautiful river lent dignity to an otherwise undistinguished town. Once more I had to confess my ignorance: this was the

Susquehanna, just entering the State of Pennsylvania on its way to Chesapeake Bay.

Yet these are, so to speak, hole-and-corner rivers, not to be compared to the great arteries of the continent. The superb expanse of the Hudson puts Rhine and Danube to shame. No less grandiose than romantic is the confluence at Pittsburgh of the Allegheny and the Monongahela, with the tiny little blockhouse of Fort Pitt still occupying the tip of the tongue of land, overshadowed by the giant buildings of the City of Steel. And the Allegheny and the Monongahela unite in the mighty Ohio; and the mighty Ohio itself is but a tributary of the still mightier Mississippi, the Father of Waters. Without any disrespect to the Nile, the Euphrates, or the Ganges, great rivers of the past, I venture to find these great rivers of the future every bit as thrilling to the imagination.

There is no mass of territory on earth that combines so many natural advantages as the United States. Other vast political units, such as Russia, China, Brazil, Australia, suffer from marked natural disabilities. The United States has temperate climate, great and varied fertility, enormous mineral resources, magnificent waterways, and two, or rather three, great stretches of seaboard, with many noble harbors. It borders on the Tropics and the Frigid Zone, and it faces the sea-fronts of Europe and Asia. In spite of all its diversity, it is a natural unit; and its unity has been vindicated and consecrated in a great war. With all its hundred million people, it is still greatly underpopulated. Unless human unwisdom should defeat the manifest tendency of things, the coming century will see it, incontestably and in every respect, the greatest of nations.

And this giant Commonwealth is English in speech, English in tradition,

to a large extent English in race. Should we not esteem it a marvelous good fortune, which has linked us to it by so many impalpable yet indefeasible ties? And is it not the height of folly to ignore or make light of this providential relation? Is it not the depth of stupidity to convert what ought to be a source of strength and assurance to both nations into a fertile seed-plot of misunderstanding and disquietude?

## VI

The present juncture of mundane affairs is not one in which any nation can afford to neglect sources of strength, or, in Shakespeare's phrase, to 'woo the means of weakness and debility.' It would scarcely be extravagant to cite the ancient jest, and say that, if America and England cannot hang together, they stand a very good chance of hanging separate. Their solidarity is the one sure cornerstone of world-peace; and world-peace is indispensable to the fortunate solution of the internal problems which confront America no less menacingly than England. The founders of the commonwealth, while they sought religious and political freedom, brought with them, unchastened and uncriticized, the then current European views on the subject of property, with the result that the enormous resources of the country have been in a very great measure grabbed and exploited by individuals, to the detriment of the community at large. It is very doubtful whether the United States can properly be called the richest country in the world. It is the country of the richest men — a wholly different proposition. And that very fact is bound to make the inevitable economic readjustment a matter of great difficulty. Capital holds gigantic power, and is not going to see it impaired without a bitter struggle. There is a quite real sense in which

it is to the interest of capitalism to foment suspicion and hostility between the Republic and the Empire; for insecurity is the one possible excuse for militarism, and militarism is the best ally of capitalism all the world over. It is hard to say how far this motive is consciously present to the minds of some, at any rate, of the people who are deliberately working to keep the two nations apart. But the Machiavellian mischief-maker might safely be left to do his worst if babbling ignorance and stupidity did not play into his hands. It is against this inadvertently disastrous influence that the present note of warning is raised.

Democracy will, indeed, prove itself to be incapable of self-preservation, if the mass of the people in England and America can long be blinded to the fact that their only hope of a just and (more or less) peaceful solution of the economic problems of the future lies in a cordial understanding between the two great English-speaking nations. If they are going to let themselves be dragooned into wars, or even beguiled into shouldering the burdens of competitive armaments, the reign of social justice is indefinitely postponed, and can be reached only through bloody revolutions.

In the avoidance of such convulsions, moreover, lies the chief hope that the world may escape the gigantic and devastating color-wars with which it is otherwise threatened. Only by presenting an unassailable front to the possible mass-migrations of yellow and black peoples can the white peoples maintain their supremacy over Europe and America, and the present equilibrium of the races be perpetuated. If the colored races see no hope of mass-expansion, they will automatically check their fecundity, and remain content with the extensive portions of the planet which they at present possess, and from which they are not in the slightest danger of

being ousted. If, on the other hand, they see a reasonable chance of supplanting the white occupants of any considerable extent of territory, they will in all probability justify the fears of the alarmists who prophesy race-wars of unexampled magnitude and horror. It is hard to believe that, after the experience of 1914 to 1918, the white peoples will be guilty of the suicidal folly of failing to show a united front. But a firm Anglo-Saxon understanding is certainly the keystone of the arch of the white world; and should that keystone split, who shall set a limit to the disintegration that may follow?

## VII.

It may seem an anti-climax to descend from world-wars to pin-pricks; but pin-pricks have before now altered the course of history, and gnat-stings have worked greater devastation than fire and sword. The practical upshot of all these reflections is an appeal to men of good-will on both sides of the Atlantic, but especially to my British fellow countrymen, to realize the enormous importance of Anglo-American relations, and not to throw away in childish levity or petulance the priceless advantages which history has conferred upon them. In dealing with America, let us always think twice before we speak once; and when we are tempted to speak unkindly or patronizingly, let us bite our tongue. Let those of us who know nothing of America at first-hand beware of showing off the second-hand prejudices and misconceptions that cluster round the word. Let us remember that we ourselves may say things about England which we should regard as impertinences in the mouths of strangers; and do not let us blame Americans if they are prone to the same foible. Let us not set up a foolish claim to exclusive proprietorship in the Eng-

lish language, and treat 'Americanisms' (which, five times out of six, are good old Anglicisms) as linguistic misdemeanors. Let us realize that any sort of flippancy is painfully out of place in dealing with Anglo-American relations, and that tact and delicacy are even more indispensable among relatives than among strangers.

This is not to say that serious, competent, courteous criticism ought to be tabooed. The time is long past when Americans were morbidly sensitive to the slightest unfavorable comment on their polity or their manners. They are very busy criticizing themselves (is not *Main Street* the popular novel of the day?), and are no more resentful than other people of outside criticism founded on knowledge and animated by good-will. It is the thoughtless jibe, the ignorant assumption of superiority, — in a word, the pin-prick, — that stings and rankles.

I will conclude with one or two examples. Sir Owen Seaman, in the preface, or prologue, to the latest volume of *Punch*, took it upon himself to read America a lecture in which a very thin veil of good-humor did not conceal a rather bitter undercurrent of ill-feeling. This document was too long to be discussed at length. I will only say that, even if Sir Owen's reproaches had been just (which was far from being the case), he was under no compulsion to utter them, and would much better have held his peace. Furthermore, an Englishman who cites the attitude of England during the Civil War as a model for America to-day reveals a disconcerting depth of ignorance. The attitude of the British ministry and the British upper classes toward the cause of the Union is perhaps the episode in our international relations which Americans find it hardest to forgive.

A week or two after this editorial pronouncement, there appeared in the

same paper a brief paragraph that affords an excellent example of the things we had much better leave unsaid: —

'A new type of American warship is expected to be able to cross the Atlantic in a little over three days. It will be remembered that the fastest of the 1914 lot took nearly three years.'

Probably the wit to whom we owe this scintillation intended no ill. He had his tale of bricks to supply, and it seemed to him the simplest thing in the world to throw one of them at the alleged tardiness of America in coming into the war. It did not occur to him that, even supposing she was unduly deliberate, she came in at last, came in superbly, saved a precarious situation, and has therefore claims upon the undying gratitude of all sane and right-thinking Englishmen. How base to go back to past faults, — if they *were* faults, — which have been redeemed, many times over, by conspicuous and decisive benefits!

No doubt it is taking a very heavy line to find baseness in an irresponsible comic paragraph; but my point is that, where Anglo-American relations are concerned, irresponsible flippancy is wholly out of place. Such a paragraph can at best do no good, and may do immeasurable harm: neither the world nor the paragraphist would have been perceptibly poorer had it been blue-penciled. I suggest that, when Mr. Punch is tempted to indulge in such merry jibes at the expense of America, he should recall and follow his own sagacious advice — 'Don't!'

Another form of mildly offensive insularity which might well be discontinued is the habit of pulling a wry face over American expressions, not because they are inherently bad, but simply because they are American. Here is an example from a review by Mr. J. C. Squire of a translation of the Goncourt *Journal*: —

'It is an excellent free version; but one may just wish that Mr. West had not spoken of a pavement as a "sidewalk." We shall be getting "trolley-car" and "hand-grip" acclimatized next.'

I do not pretend, of course, that any sensible American would take offense at a little faddish Anglicism like this; but it none the less indicates a sort of pedagogic habit of mind toward America, which is quite unreasonable and can do no good.

The pedagogue is in this case particularly ill-inspired. The Americans disclaim responsibility for 'hand-grip,' — a term unknown to them, — and may fairly inquire in what respect the illogical and inaccurate 'pavement' is preferable to the logical and accurate 'sidewalk.' The thing to be expressed is the portion of a street or road appropriated to pedestrians; and this, always a 'sidewalk,' is often a 'pavement' only by courtesy; while there are many 'pavements' which cover large areas and do not serve the purpose in question. It would be pedantry, of course, to suggest that we should drop the word 'pavement' because of its inaccuracy; but it is a much more futile pedantry to take offense at the more precise, descriptive, and (incidentally) more English term, because it happens to be preferred in America. As for 'tram-car' and 'trolley-car,' neither word is such a thing of beauty as to dispose me to perish in its defense. For my own part, I think the word 'street-car' preferable to either; but that, too, I fear, is open to a suspicion of Americanism.

The vague and unformulated idea behind all such petty cavilings is that the English language is in danger of being corrupted by the importation of Americanisms, and that it behooves us to

establish a sort of quarantine, in order to keep out the detrimental germs. This notion is simply one of the milder phases of the Great Stupidity. The current English of to-day owes a great deal to America; and though certain American writers carry to excess the cult of slang, that tendency is not in the least affecting serious American literature and journalism. Much of the best and purest English of our time has been, and is being, written in America. Not to speak of books, one may read the better class of American newspapers and periodicals by the hour without finding a single expression with any local tinge in it.

I do not say that the 'Pure English' movement, which is being actively pressed in America, is wholly superfluous. There are undoubtedly classes of the population which deliberately employ slovenly and degenerate dialects; but are there none such in England? The broad fact remains that no such degeneracy is traceable in literature or in the better sort of journalism. If English journalists make a show of arrogant and self-righteous Britishism, it is quite possible that a certain class of American journalists may retaliate by setting afoot a deliberately anti-British movement, and attempting (as an American writer has wittily put it) to 'deserve well of mankind by making two languages grow where only one grew before.' Already there are symptoms of such a tendency, and, though I do not think they are very serious, they point in a disastrous direction. Let us not foment them by a thoughtless and offensive insularism. To make our glorious common speech a subject of carping contention would be, perhaps, the most gratuitous and inexcusable form of the Great Stupidity.

# DOING BUSINESS WITH THE BOLSHEVIKI

BY PHILIP HEMENWAY CHADBOURN

## I

MY chief requested me, as a personal favor, to go to the Crimea to help liquidate his affairs. So off I went; but if I had known in advance what I was going into, I think I might have turned back.

You see, when the corporation evacuated Batoum, they chartered a ship and took all the merchandise to Sevastopol. Smith was in charge. He had succeeded in selling most of the stuff for roubles. I came along just at the time when they had millions of roubles; but that was only part of the story. To make the final realization in trade in Russia, you had to buy something real with the roubles, which was not so difficult; but you had also to get a government permit to export anything from the Crimea; and nearly everything was forbidden to export. The one product in demand in Constantinople was barley; wheat too, of course, but Wrangel, not having much wheat country, absolutely forbade the export of it. So we made a contract with the government that we would buy barley and ship it, ourselves, to Constantinople, consigned to the representative of the Russian government there. He was to sell it and pay us a fixed price representing about 75 per cent of the market-price. The government made the balance at clear profit, having invested nothing and done nothing. Considering, however, that we were to buy the barley fairly cheap with roubles, it left us a potential profit of about 35 per cent also.

Well, we completed the agreement with the government in Sevastopol, and Smith made the contract with a Jew, an ex-banker from Genichesk, to go with Smith, one of our men, up to Genichesk, the centre of the cereal country, to buy our barley and ship by railroad to Feodosia. We had the old Jew, a trunk full of millions of roubles, and \$2500 worth of bailed jute-sacks loaded into a box-car at Sevastopol on the evening train for Genichesk. Smith was to go along to check the Jew, and pay for the barley as he received the railroad bills of lading.

Adams and I motored down to the station to see them off. We broke a spring on the way, so walked down. The station was quite a distance away, and we got there just as the train was pulling out. The train was so long that we could not identify our car, but thought, of course, that Smith was on board. As we walked slowly up the hill, what should we see but a two-horse carriage tearing toward us, with Smith and his 'Russian Princess' in it. His farewells had been too long, and he missed the train. The Jew, sacks, and money were gone.

Adams certainly blew him up, but I suggested that we borrow a flivver from the Red Cross; which we did, and sent Smith off at dusk with the chauffeur, and promised him a heavy bonus if he caught the train about twenty-five or thirty miles up the line. He dashed up to the station there just as the train was

leaving and jumped aboard in true movie style.

A few days later I went by boat from Sevastopol to Feodosia, touching long enough at Yalta to pick up some exquisite water-colors done by celebrated Russian artists who had a colony there. At Feodosia I got in touch with all the authorities, secured a big government warehouse, and got ready to receive the barley as fast as Smith and the Jew shipped it down. About ten days from that time we expected our ship, the *Anna*, flying the Italian flag, which we had chartered to bring a cargo of Fords, gasoline, and other stuff, which we sold to the Russian government for cash at Constantinople, to Sevastopol, with just enough coal to take her straight back to Constantinople; not enough to call at Feodosia.

Adams had to raise heaven and earth to get coal by bribery from the Russian government to make the trip to Feodosia. When she left, Adams jumped over to Feodosia in the Chevrolet we had; but all this time no barley had arrived. It seems that the military authorities had forbidden the use of the railroad at that time for moving anything but government freight, on account of a great dearth of good-order cars (all the sidings were full of bad-order rolling-stock, mostly in need of only trivial repairs). I had kept Adams informed, even to the extent of having the resident general at Feodosia telegraph by conversational telegraph (where the people stand at the instrument at both ends and talk direct back and forth) to our Admiral, M——, in Sevastopol, to tell him that no barley had arrived; but Adams had not authorized the buying of barley in Feodosia, hoping against hope that it would come from the North. So he arrived just ahead of the *Anna*, and we decided to buy in Feodosia.

The first lot we found was held at

2400 roubles the pood (36 pounds). Adams made the error of refusing it, thinking that by acting very independently he could force the price down a bit. But when the small clique of speculators who controlled all the barley in town saw our empty ship standing there, knowing we had to buy, they held a meeting, made a combine, and in twenty-four hours the price went from 2400 up to 4000 roubles the pood, and we were stuck, with the standing-by costing us \$300 or \$400 per day. So, late one afternoon, after having exhausted every means, we jumped into the car and started the long trek up to Genichesk.

You will note on the map the long sand strip about 40 miles long. We followed a country road over this when we were overtaken by night. It certainly is a desert — not a house, and no water; we used salt water in the radiator after our water-feed had broken on us twice. It was a desolate ride in dangerous country. We finally made a village on the main land south of Genichesk, and spent the night in a little hut. Next day we found we could buy barley in Genichesk for about 1500 or 1600 roubles the pood. Before leaving, we had arranged for the *Anna* to come up there if we found it necessary. The engineer and I together had measured his coal, to be sure he had enough. So Adams started back to Feodosia, and I was left alone in Genichesk, to buy a couple of thousand tons of barley.

## II

Genichesk is the last place in creation to be stranded in, especially as I found it after ten occupations — four Red, four White, one German, and one Ukrainian under General Petrula. The place was absolutely flooded and partly in ruins from Denikin's naval bombardments, lasting over four months during



the preceding year. Not even window-glass remained in the windows. I found a little room on the ground floor (nearly all the houses are one-story), in a courtyard, back of a Jew's café. The one window, without glass and about three feet from the ground, looked out on a deserted field containing the dismal ruins of a huge flour-mill. The population of the town was 85 per cent Bolshevik, and it was full of a floating population of malcontents. This big field was filled with hobos every night.

Being the only American in town, and it being well-known that I came to buy a huge quantity of barley, I went to bed every night for two months, beginning with 300,000,000 roubles under my bed and my army Colt under my pillow, expecting nightly to see a shadow appear on the window-sill to relieve me of my treasure, if not my life. My money, by the way, filled three big suitcases. I had nothing else with me except a toothbrush; no clothes at all, because the plan was that Adams was to send all my personal luggage up on the steamer *Anna*. But when he got back to Feodosia, the *Anna's* captain had heard of the floating mines, which the Bolsheviks turned loose at Tagansog, and which floated down through the Straits of Kertch, jeopardizing shipping. So, since the Sea of Azov was not stipulated in our charter, he flatly refused to come; and to shut off the ruinous expense, Adams had no choice but to send her back to Constantinople empty. But, unfortunately for me, he inconsiderately sent all my luggage on her, as previously arranged when she was to come to Genichesk; so I had n't a change of clothes, and all I had on was summer underwear, the little two-piece check suit, and a spring overcoat. During October and early in November up to the time I left, it snowed and I nearly froze.

As Adams liquidated things in Sevastopol,

I gradually received more personnel, until, by the time I finally got the last grain of barley loaded, I had a cashier, six assistants, twelve girls sewing and checking sacks, fifteen to twenty teamsters with teams, five weighers and five checkers, and five to six hundred laborers. I had to create this organization out of nothing, find scales (huge affairs and very scarce; I operated six in a line, six men on each), needles, string, shovels, brooms. It was a battle royal from start to finish, and the complete story of the unthinkable obstacles would fill a book.

I began work at five in the morning, with my courtyard full of teams, the scales loaded on wagons,—I had to take them from place to place wherever I bought the barley,—a gang of girls and workmen. Every night, from dark to midnight, my tiny room was full of peasants, middlemen, Jews, Greeks, and what not, haggling about barley. I would buy in my room at night, issue my orders for the morning about how much was to be taken, and from what places, some lying way out in the country. I hired the only cart in town, a tumble-down wreck, No. 7; and as I had gangs operating in several places simultaneously, I drove from place to place, to control the weights and prevent stoppages in the work. At one place a scale would be broken, and I'd back to town, eight or ten miles, to have a blacksmith make some part; another place would have run out of string to tie the sacks; always trouble, rows, and stoppages. Then the teamsters would arbitrarily stop work, paralyzing everything; and when I arrived on the scene, the workmen, who got paid by weight handled (they sacked, tied, and weighed the barley and put it in the teams), would stampede me, barking and foaming at the mouth, demanding a heavy indemnity for the potential pay lost.

I forgot to mention that, when a courier arrived, saying the Anna was not coming, I was in a mess. I had not only bought a pile of barley subject to my taking delivery in from 48 to 72 hours, but I had chartered a fleet of lighters to load the Anna. At Genichesk ships have to stand way out in the roadstead, about eight or ten miles away, and all the barley has to be loaded and *trimmed* into lighters, then laboriously unloaded in the roadstead, during fair weather only, and trimmed into the steamer. I had to demobilize the lighters, break the contract I had made with the Greek for them, and find warehouses, at a moment's notice.

All the regular warehouses had been taken over by government for its own grain business. So I located two erstwhile shops, now empty of merchandise, and three empty dwellings, and diverted my barley into them. One place had been a huge shop, with beams under the floors about 12 by 12 inches, and the landlord had told me I could pile it as high as I wanted to. About a week later, while making the rounds of all my warehouses at dusk, to see that all the watchmen were at their posts (as windows and doors were gone I had to have at least two men sleeping on every lot of barley), I went into the cellar of the shop and saw that the floor was sagging. I could n't sleep all night for fear that she would go through during the night, and the Jew landlord would come down on me for about ten million roubles damages. Early in the morning, I sent a man to pay him a week's rent and to take a receipt releasing us from all liability, since, I told him, our boat was coming, and we were going to take the barley down to the quay. Then I had fourteen teams working as fast as they could get it out. When the place was empty, the floor looked like a roller-coaster; the huge Russian brick chimney stoves had all been pulled away from

the walls, and the flues had fallen in. Needless to say, the owner was wild, but I had his signature. I have gone into this one instance just as an example of the daily fight to save your skin.

The difficulty in securing more warehouse space, and the double cost of handling, and the inability of the teamsters, and the fact that, when Adams found another ship, we would have to rush it into the lighters to save demurrage, decided me to take the long chance of piling all the barley in one huge mountain on the quay. It was a long chance, because the fall rains might break at any moment and make a heavy loss on the pile loaded in the steamers, where it ferments and spoils a whole hold-full. Also, it was forbidden, because all the quay belonged to the government. But I got the big pile started, then went voluntarily to the port commandant myself, and told him that my men had made a mistake and put it there instead of on another vacant space farther from the quay; but hoped he agreed with me that, since our boat was coming in two or three days, it was hardly worth while to move it. He agreed with me after he trumped up a few storage rules, which made me pay him a nominal fine of about 75,000 roubles (\$3 then).

So day by day the pile of barley grew, and to my great relief the pile of roubles under my bed diminished; meanwhile I kept wondering where our boat was. When the Anna refused to come, Adams went tearing off in the decrepit Chevrolet, riding nights all over the Crimea, trying to find another ship. By great luck he picked up the Truvor, about 2000 tons, belonging to the Russian Steam Navigation Company. He chartered her for \$30,000 for the one trip to Constantinople, and sent her round to Genichesk. But while she was *en route*, the Bolshevik navy sortied from Toganrog on the mouth of the Don, and came down to Genichesk roads and shelled

the fleet of merchant boats that were loading barley, sinking one before they were driven off by a white destroyer from Kertch. But that fracas caused the government to close the Straits of Kertch for two weeks, before the Sea of Azov was declared safe for ships to enter.

That was a trying two weeks, with the inevitable autumn rains drawing nearer, and the situation on the front, twenty or thirty miles away, growing graver since the Polish peace had released many Bolshevik divisions, which were being steadily concentrated just north of us. Also, another part of our merchandise had been sold to a Russian coöperative society, which was to pay for the stuff in barley delivered to us in Constantinople. All along, the amount I had to accumulate was governed by the amount they furnished. They had sent two steamer-loads to us in Constantinople, and were working on the third in Genichesk, while I was working on our stuff. At the last moment they fell down on the quantity they had guaranteed.

When I arrived in Genichesk about September 1, I commenced buying at 1400 roubles the pood. By this time — October 10 — my buying had run the price up to 3500 the pood; not only that, but the government, which was buying in large quantities, made a fixed price of 1400, so that anything over that was illegal. For the latter half of my buying I had to make out one set of contracts based on the government price, for both sides to show, if necessity arose, while we had another contract covering the real transaction. But I had completed my original purchases before the trouble came. Then, the government, knowing that this business was going on and finding it almost impossible to buy for their extremely low fixed price, and being afraid to requisition because of the passive hostility of the erstwhile

Bolshevist population, sent a bunch of officers dressed as peasants out along the roads leading in from the villages. Early in the morning they stopped the peasants driving in with their barley, kicked them off, took the reins, and drove into town as if they were the farmers themselves. They were met along the road in the outskirts by the agents of some of the big buyers, who arrived on the scene after I was nearly through, thank heaven! These chaps offered high prices, paid the money, and were promptly put in jail under martial law. Then the commandant issued an order that anyone caught paying more than the government fixed price would be shot; and I was 10,000 poods short, because the coöperative society fell down on us at the last moment, and arrivals from the country completely stopped, when it was seen that the higher prices could not be had.

I knew there were certain small stocks held here and there in town, and I scoured the place and had to resort to all sorts of expedients to make up my amount. I got 3000 poods out of one man by sending a special courier all the way to Sevastopol, to fetch new shoes for himself and family. I had to promise to take another man to America; but I got the barley, paying the high prices, of course, on the side, trusting that my Yankee citizenship would save my life if I were caught.

### III

When we got the official news that the Sea of Azov was opened again for commerce, I waited breathlessly for the Truvor to arrive. But day after day went by, and finally our man, whom Adams had sent on her, arrived overland after three days in peasant carts. He reported that, during the time they were held up in Kertch, while the Sea of Azov was closed, the Kertch agent of

the steamship company worked 'in cahoots' with the Kertch naval commandant. The latter had the coal on the Truvor requisitioned by naval order, and the former sold it all over town at fancy prices, the two presumably dividing up the boodle; but with the tragic result that, when the Sea of Azov finally opened up and other boats flocked in, with the Bolsheviki and the rains getting nearer daily, our fine big boat stood there without coal, the victim of graft.

I sent a man to Sevastopol again (where telegraph and post were absolutely hopeless), and Adams made another of his mad trips over the Crimea in the car. During one of these trips he ran through the country of the Green Army (Simon-pure Briggs) at night. A bunch of men jumped into the roads with rifles, yelling, 'Halt!' He 'doused the glim,' ducked, and put on full speed. They fired, but missed, fortunately.

When at last a steamer full of coal arrived at Kertch, the company replenished the Truvor's bunkers, and it was one great day for me when I stood on my own mountain of barley, the tallest thing in town, and through my binoculars (which by great chance I had brought along with my gun and toothbrush) saw the Truvor come over the horizon. She was accompanied by a tug and a huge steel barge, which held 50,000 poods at a time.

I could write a book about my trials and tribulations with the Stevedores' Union of Genichesk. When it came to the job of loading the Truvor, I sent for the president and secretary of the Union, and asked them to make me a flat price per pood, to apply to the whole pile transported from where it stood on the quay and trimmed into the hold of the steamer. I had to have something of the sort, otherwise I should have been lost. From quay to hold there were something like twelve

or fifteen different operations, each having a separate price per pood; then a scale of prices for every additional yard of carry from different parts of the pile, all these prices applying from 7 A.M. to 4.30 P.M.; then time and a half, from 4.30 to 6.30, and double time after that. The complications, the unreliability of any agreement, and the impossibility of keeping control with so many gangs working at once, were obvious; so I insisted on a flat price for any time, day or night, from quay to hold. They gave me a price about 40 per cent higher than it came to after adding all the devious operations together. So I took the second long chance and made an arrangement during the night with the officers of a regiment of made-over Bolshevik prisoners, to turn loose the following morning with 500 men. Also, I took on the officers of an armored train, as one gang of 50 or more. The soldiers' and officers' lump price, quay to hold, was 100 roubles the pood; the Union's price had been 480 roubles. That made some difference on 150,000 poods, as our roubles cost us 10,000 to the dollar.

At five o'clock the following morning, Sunday, we turned loose in full force. Since the Union owned all the facilities, such as shovels, gang-planks, etc., I had to scour the town previously and improvise our own equipment out of whatever I could find. All day Sunday I had six endless chains of men running from the barley mountain, through the scales, into the barge. Night came, and I decided to work all night. Everyone was aghast; there was no lighting, and the port authorities forbade me. But I talked them into it, and got our auto down onto the quay, and cocked the two lights, so that one lit up the row of scales and the other the deck of the barge. It was bitterly cold, and I walked up and down all night, too nervous to eat or sleep.

It was touching to watch the tattered gray figures of those undernourished soldiers, bent double under the 200-pound sacks, struggling and tottering up the long narrow planks between the quay and the barge. Many collapsed under their burden, but luckily none fell off into the water. To get the maximum load into the barge took careful and continued trimming (shoveling up underneath the decks, so that she was full to the top everywhere, even farthest away from the hatches). This work is the worst of all, because of the blinding and choking dust. The men put down there to do it slacked as soon as left alone, and none of my men would stay down there. So I spent about half of my time in the hold myself, urging the men on, and throwing out handfuls of cigarettes.

Monday morning, the first gang went back to work, and Monday afternoon at five o'clock barge 56 was loaded as she had never been loaded before; all done in thirty-six hours, and the wisecracks had assured me it would take at least three or four days.

Then we had to pick out 50 men to go out to the roadstead on the barge, to load the barley into the Truvor. When the soldiers heard that we were going to supply the bread for those who worked out in the roads, I was nearly mobbed by hungry men begging to go. I put two of my own men on the barge, to superintend the trimming into the Truvor, and keep track of our own sacks. Most of the barley was in bulk, but I had 8000 sacks full, which had been the double bulwarks around my big pile.

During the loading of the barge, I kept asking the barge captain if he was sure we had water enough along the quay to load her to capacity. He told me not to worry; but when our little tug pulled the first time, the barge did not budge. We tried all kinds of man-

œuvres until dark, even getting another steamer to help; but she was stuck fast in the ooze. So we gave it up when it was quite dark, and I struggled up the hill to my hole in the wall, sore to be frustrated after I had made all arrangements for night-work in the roads, but quite ready for my first snooze in forty hours.

On the way up I had to pass through angry mobs of professional stevedores, whom I had put out of work by using soldiers. They mumbled all kinds of threats at me, and I kept the old Colt cocked that night, expecting that my open window might be rushed. Early next morning, however, there was a wind off the sea, which drove about a foot and a half more water into our inlet, where the barge was; so we finally got her off, to my infinite relief. Almost half of the barley was on board.

While I was at the house, settling up a lot of accounts, the commandant's adjutant came in, stating that I was wanted immediately at his office. I was scared to death, because I had bought so much barley above the government price. I was afraid he had decided to get my hide. When I got there, whom should I see, glowering at me from a corner of the room, but Gabriel Ivanovitch, chief of the Stevedores' Union, and erstwhile Bolshevik Commissar. The commandant told me that he could not sanction my employing non-union labor, and from then on, all labor in port would be under the direction of the Union. If the soldiers chose to place themselves under the orders of the Union, they could continue to work.

I explained that I had wanted the Union professional stevedores from the start, but that the price made for the job was exorbitant. So after a lot of wrangling we compromised on a new price, which was still about a 50 per cent saving over the stevedores' first demand; so we all shook hands and

departed. I had won by taking the long chance, and saved about 10,000,000 roubles; but the incident showed on what thin ice the military authorities were skating; they were absolutely afraid of the local population.

I was congratulating myself all the while that the first barge-load was out in the roads, discharging. I went home to get my field-glasses, to see if I could see the big buckets of barley over the side. To my horror, when I came out on the water-front, I saw my barge aground again on a sand-bar about half-way out. All that day they struggled, and finally got her off at dusk. During the night I went down to the shore, to see if I could see the flares on the Truvor to light up the winch and hatch; but all was dark. The following afternoon the tug came back, and I made her turn about and take me out to see what was wrong. They had been loading all day all right, but the preceding night the men had refused to work, and the officers sent out to command them, finding vodka on the ship, had proceeded to get paralyzed. Both duds were sitting up on deck, allowing the barley to pile up under the hatches, without being trimmed up against the sides of the ship. So I got the officer out of bed, and I stayed in the holds all night bossing the trimming. I looked in a mirror in the morning. I looked like some gray gorilla — absolutely covered, so that my eyelashes were solid cakes, ears full, and hair like fuzzy wire.

Next morning I went back to town and got hold of two steam mud-scows, which were engaged in the barley-loading business. The hopper bottoms were of the kind used to be dumped out and were covered with boards; so the barley had to be piled in in sacks. They carried only 10,000 poods each, but that was enough so that the big barge would be able to clean up my pile in one more trip. According to the new labor ar-

rangeement, I had to take what labor the Union president sent. He picked his own men for my job, of course, because they could make more money on it, owing to the fine way in which I had laid everything out. I was satisfied, because I had them now at a fair price, and one of the professionals worked about three times as fast as the inexperienced soldiers.

They loaded the two scows in the afternoon, and I went out with them. They tied up on the other side of the Truvor, and it did me good to see all four hatches working all night long. I remained in the hold, as with the double flow of barley the trimming required constant attention. It was really awful when the barley got up to within eighteen inches of the under-side of the 'tween-decks. The poor men and myself had only that crack around the edge of the hatches to breathe through, lying flat on our stomachs; they kept scooping it back and up. As each huge iron bucket, full of barley, came down from above, a great tidal wave of thick dust gushed in like an avalanche, with great force, and so thick as to extinguish temporarily the light from the hatch. It was a terrible scene.

#### IV

The whole foregoing story I had to repeat with a second loading of the barge, with variations of unforeseen difficulties and obstacles. Only we had no more night-work on shore, because Adams had to dash off to Sevastopol again. The time in which we were compelled to export all the barley, according to our contract with the government, had expired, owing to the heart-breaking delays with our steamers. The government had granted an extension before Adams had left Sevastopol. But when we went to see the ministry's representative in Genichesk,

he said he had seen nothing of it, and could not clear the Truvor without it. So off Adams went to see what had happened. He never returned, but went to Constantinople again in a United States destroyer; but he sent me by a courier an official copy of the extension. When I showed it to the local representative, he acknowledged that he could then clear the Truvor. He told a clerk to make a copy of the extension. I followed the clerk into an outer office, and while he was copying it, another clerk looked over his shoulder and said, 'Why the representative has had that all along; he received it ten days ago.' So the cat was out of the bag: the ministry's representative was trying his best to hamstring us because I had consistently refused to bribe him.

I must cut this short, as we are getting into Constantinople. I went out to the ship again, and found scores and scores of sacks full of barley being dropped into the sea, because the workmen insisted on piling slings twice too high, and when they swung over and hit the side of the ship, five to ten sacks off the top would crash into the sea. But they had kept right on in that fashion until my arrival, and my men had not been able to stop them. Moreover, the Truvor's captain had declined to furnish a big sail-cloth to hang from the gunwale into the scow, so that falling sacks would slide back to safety.

I went back to town, to make the necessary farewell official calls, and found the commandant dying of typhus. I liquidated all the multitudinous affairs, paying off all employees and laborers, returning all rented property such as scales, and the rest, and finally flying from a dozen or more men who were pursuing me for bribes or damages. I locked myself in the cabin of the tug-boat captain and threw myself into his

bunk. All the documentary formalities on the ship, with various and sundry port authorities, were trying, because any one of them could have held us up under some pretext, and they had to be carefully handled; some had to be bribed to do their routine duty.

Finally the hatches were all sealed; the tug left with the barge, and all the dusty, tired workmen and sack-girls, for Genichesk, and we were all clear, ready to raise anchor the following dawn. When I heard the anchor coming up, I got up and took my last look at that desolate town of Genichesk, with the big shell-hole through the dome of its cathedral. But I found myself trembling like a leaf, and after I fell back in a narrow bunk, I did not know anything more until the gun on a Wrangel destroyer in the Straits of Kertch barked at us to stop.

The other side of the Straits was Bolshevikia, and we crept through at night, all lights out, because the Bolsheviks had placed artillery on their side, to pick off steamers that tried to pass. We had a rough but safe voyage to Constantinople, and it was a great day when we finally dropped anchor off Seraglio Point under Leander's Tower. We arrived too late in the evening for the inter-Allied control; so the captain refused to let me go ashore until morning; but I felt my dear ones calling me, and also the twinkling lights of the great city lured me on; so I bribed the boatswain with fifteen Turkish pounds to take me ashore in the dinghy, after the captain had gone to bed.

The man I left behind in Genichesk, to clean up some details about sacks, and so forth, having escaped safely with other refugees, states that the Bolshevik cavalry captured Genichesk, and all and everybody that was in it, exactly twenty-four hours after I cleared the Truvor.

# THE RELIGIOUS OUTLOOK IN CHINA: A REPLY

BY CHANG HSIN-HAI

M. PAINLEVÉ, French Prime Minister before M. Clemenceau, made, on the return from his recent official visit to China, a few remarks to his interviewers to this effect: 'Everywhere I go in this great Republic, I find new forces at work. All the departments of the national life are showing change and animation. The great movements toward modernization are all but invisible; but gradually and slowly they are doing the work of transformation at the very roots of this ancient civilization, and in time they will manifest themselves in all vigor and strength. I see great promise for this great land.'

M. Painlevé had the double advantage of making a personal visit to the country upon which he made his observations, and of having a keen and philosophical mind, which is not satisfied with the veneer of things, but penetrates into their very heart and essence. His conclusions, which some will perhaps regard as over-enthusiastic, are, nevertheless, perfectly sound. We must constantly bear in mind that, with the mental habits inherited from centuries of a unitary civilization, and with an extent of territory larger than that of the United States and a population exceeding that of any other country in the world, it is no simple task for a people to adapt itself to a new environment, which is *absolutely* foreign to it. The new ideas which M. Painlevé saw stirring the minds of the different classes of people in China must of necessity be slow and steady in their operations; and to those who are not familiar with Chi-

nese life must seem negligible quantities because they are invisible. But they are not negligible. Anyone will admit that if one set of forces plays in any great measure upon another set of forces, it is bound to introduce new phases of activity. Now a set of forces, visibly embodied in all the concessions, extra-territorial rights, treaty ports, and many other privileges forced from her in the last three quarters of a century, has been acting on China, with the inevitable result that she is no longer treading her ancient path; nor is it any more possible for her to do that, even if she wished, than for America to keep herself immune from the influence of European thought.

But the peculiarly interesting and fascinating fact in Chinese life to-day is that, not only is there no passive attitude toward new ideas from the West, but there is every attempt to encourage the people to partake of the discussion of these ideas to the widest extent. For twenty years already, this interchange and communion of ideas has been going on, and to-day, to say the least, the complexity is bewildering. There is no branch of knowledge — from the serious studies of philosophy, literature, art, religion, to the more practical problems of engineering, agriculture, and commerce — that has not been carefully examined and considered. This is a different attitude, indeed — one which we seek in vain, perhaps, in the entire history of China.

It is true that there are objecters who regard this new social ferment as of



dubious value, and whose philosophy of life is not in consonance with this youthful optimism. They maintain, perhaps not without reason, that the idea of progress, for which the Western peoples have shown such a predilection, is beginning to be seriously questioned; and that, instead of placing their ideal state somewhere in the future, these peoples, too, are beginning to revert to previous ages for inspiration, and the solution of current problems. This, as philosophical thinking, certainly deserves much of our respect; but the peculiar form of society that obtains in China makes it somewhat unwarrantable and unacceptable there. The immediate interest of the Chinese people to-day does not, and should not, consist in making experiments with political theories such as would make a contribution to the world-history of ideas; rather it must be of a practical nature, in order that we may create a satisfactory *modus vivendi* in relation to the rest of the world, for the simple end of self-preservation. It is this end that is responsible for the transformation of the old society upon the basis of the West. China is still, at present, in a confused and chaotic condition; but there is every reason to hope that the intricacy will be unraveled, and the whole body of her people will march along the road of prosperity.

## I

In the construction of the new society, the leaders of the people have wisely taken into consideration the all-important question of religion. Mr. Paul Hutchinson did well to call the attention of the world to the keenness and zeal with which the religious problem in China is being taken up.<sup>1</sup> As in other realms of thought, there is no unanimity of opinion. All the different systems

<sup>1</sup> 'The Future of Religion in China,' in the *Atlantic* for January, 1921.

of religious ideas, with which China in her past had come in contact, and the new system introduced from the West, are receiving an equally attentive hearing. There is no one that towers above all the rest. Although it is natural that those which are indigenous to the country should receive a more favorable consideration, in general the people do not embrace them uncritically merely because they are products of their own race. They realize that religion is a living force, a force perhaps even more vital than the establishment of a new government and of a new code of laws, in moulding the habits and prejudices, the motives and sentiments, the passions and activities, not only of the individual, but of the entire nation. They are aware of the fact that, inasmuch as religion and society are so inextricably bound up with each other, the religions inherited from their ancestors cannot remain as they have always been, but must be substantially modified and refashioned, if not in their essentials, at least in their details and externalities, to suit the spirit of the new society. Nor are they ignorant of the fact that Christianity is the greatest single force that has made the Western nations what they are. They realize all this and much more. It is due to the diversity of the different religions themselves, as much as to the growth of the critical faculty, that religious thinking in China to-day is so confusing. It is not likely that in the near future they will agree upon any one system which they wish to see powerfully installed for the worship of the entire nation.

Men of the Confucian school have advanced their views as to why Confucianism should continue to be the national religion. Notable thinkers have willingly attached themselves to this school; they won such support from the people that Confucianism was actually presented to Parliament for rec-

ognition as a state religion. But it failed to receive that recognition. And perhaps in this formative period, when the minds of the people are being gradually shifted from their beaten tracks to new paths of promise, it very happily failed. There are other schools which are seriously claiming the attention of the people, who, in an open-minded and unprejudiced manner, are willing to discuss their ideas, even though these schools be antagonistic to one another. Buddhism, which from 65 A.D. has been almost as much a national religion as Confucianism or Taoism, but which within the last few centuries has much degenerated, is endeavoring to revive. Mohammedanism has for a long time had worshipers among the Chinese, who perhaps would not willingly abandon it, unless driven by dire necessity.

But the most important religion that is now making itself known is Christianity. As Mr. Hutchinson sees it, this is the religion that will ultimately prevail over all the others, and will be embraced by the Chinese as their national religion. He is at liberty to express his personal views, and, for the present, I shall not engage in any controversy with him. He certainly has reason to suppose that Christianity is gaining a hold upon the people, if it has not already done so. The present predilection of certain groups of people for the new religion is the result of compulsion, however. And there is a world of difference, whether a religion — or, for that matter, anything — is adopted as a result of compulsion, or accepted with the due deliberation and sanction of the cultivated and intellectual classes. In the one case, it is the work of circumstances, of forces that are imposed from without, and hence is unstable and precarious. It depends, for its survival, upon external conditions, the nature of which may at any moment be changed; and with the change of these conditions, the

fruits of the labor may vanish as easily as they appeared. In the other case, it appeals to the most fundamental instincts and emotions of the people, because they voluntarily accept it when they have experienced its vitality and its truth; it stirs the very roots of their life; and, in short, becomes part and parcel of their existence, so that it can no longer be dispensed with. Christianity has much to do and much to show in China before the prestige of vital attachment will be vouchsafed to it.

And one may seriously question whether this will ever come to pass. There is no doubt that, in all parts of the land to which the missionaries have for many years carried the Cross, numbers of people, among both the lower and the higher classes, have been converted. But these conversions, except in a handful of cases, have been very superficial and unconvincing. There is a large variety of motives that prompted the people to embrace the new religion; but only a very few have appreciated its essential spirit and lived according to it; in general, the less intelligent have been attracted to this new worship.

All this is, of course, not without reason. The success of Christianity, if it has been a success, has been due to extraneous causes. Christianity has the fortune — or the misfortune, according to the different points of view — to be associated with those Western ideas and institutions which have exerted such a potent influence upon all branches of Chinese society. The people had gazed with awe and horror at the conflict between what is their own heritage and what had been introduced from the Western nations, and had been taken aback by the efficiency of the foe, which ultimately compelled them shamefully to yield and surrender many of their rights and privileges. This is the side of Westernism that will continue to have its appeal — its merciless onslaught, its

tremendous might, its terrible ruthlessness. It is this glamour that has completely dominated their minds. They may have a very hazy idea of what the Western nations really are; but one thing is palpable to them — that their country is impotent when it strives to compete with the foreigners in science and mechanical inventions.

To them, of course, it makes very little difference what Christianity really means. They are not interested in all the intricacies of its theology, in the meaning of its different denominations and sects, in its historical relations, or lack of relations, with the development of Europe and America: in short, they are not interested in the religion *as a religion*. They are interested in the fact that Christianity is the religion of those powers which have humiliated them in their wars and their political struggles. It is very doubtful, therefore, whether, unaided by these favoring circumstances, Christianity would ever have gained the foothold that it has at present. In any fair competition with all the different religions that China has already embraced in her long history, — Confucianism, Taoism, Buddhism, Mohammedanism, and others, — Christianity could probably, at best, hope to win an equal position with the rest. But the fact that it happens to be the *Western* religion has, of course, given it an added impetus. It is by virtue of this prestige that it is turning out 'converts' in different parts of China; but it is difficult to say that these converts have really been won for the cause of Christianity, for the principles which Jesus had in mind. The merits of the religion itself have scarcely been apprehended, but its relations have very tellingly influenced the minds of the converts. It is as if a lady is chosen for wife, hardly upon the strength of her own endowments and qualifications, but upon the strength of her having affiliations with millionaires

and successful business men, whose worldly honors and glory will always have a universal appeal to the masses of the people. A union of this type does not, however, ensure future happiness to the husband. The fascination of her relations and a possible support from their resources are not likely to develop his personality and procure him a truly happy life. These have to depend upon the fascination and the inward beauty of the lady herself. She may have them; but the man, his attention fixed upon the shining gold of her relations, has not taken the trouble to discover them and appraise their value. This may be the source of future unhappiness.

## II

It may be objected that I have done injustice to the Christian religion in treating the results of Western civilization and its religion as two independent entities, between which I have found apparently little connection. The objector would say that it is impossible to conceive the one without at the same time thinking of the other. I readily admit that Western civilization is the product of the Christian religion, and not an independent development; but I admit this only with reservations and limitations, especially as I find that Christian ideals have so far failed to influence the political actions of the different powers in their relations with my country.

Everyone will admit that, without Christianity, at the time when the ancient world collapsed, the beginnings of the new European civilization would have been very different. Society was then steeped in barbarism, people were incessantly engaged in merciless slaughter, and all was chaos. It was Christianity, and that alone probably, that supplied the moral stimulus, elevated the feelings of the tribes above their

mutual antipathy and hatred, and brought them together in a bond of peace and brotherhood. With the progress of the centuries, the religious influence became so strong that for all practical purposes it had the entire control of the greater part of Europe. Culture and civilization were almost wholly the results of Christian beneficence. Art, literature, philosophy, and all the finer elements of human life were fostered and encouraged, and Christianity was such a potent factor that everything was regarded as *ancilla theologiae*.

But after the days of the Augsburg Confession and the subsequent separation of Church and State, so that the affairs of everyday life were no longer subject to the spiritual power, is it not true that the spirit of religion and of practical matters concerning the state began to diverge from one another? Is it not true that Church and State made laws unto themselves, which were sometimes in no way reconcilable? Is this not tantamount to saying that Christianity, in its collective and corporate sense, and Western civilization, as we know it for the last four centuries or so, became two independent entities? Nay, more than that. When the Church saw that it no longer enjoyed the prestige and power that it once had, did it not resign from the high seat of the Areopagus, and, instead of compelling everything to obey its commands, condescend to make itself the *ancilla rei publicae*? Further, is it not true that, because the Church ceased to exert its autocratic influence over the affairs of the State, the scientific developments, the intellectual diversity and conflict of succeeding ages, and the political expansion and the acquisition of power in distant lands by European countries, especially in the nineteenth century, were made possible?

Speaking of the pathetic position into which the Christian religion has fallen,

Mr. George Santayana has this to say: 'Religion [he is speaking of Christianity in particular] no longer reveals divine personalities, future rewards, and tender Elysian consolations; nor does it seriously propose a heaven to be reached by a ladder or a purgatory to be shortened by prescribed devotions. It merely gives the real world an ideal status and teaches men to accept a natural life on supernatural grounds.'

The eighteenth century in Europe, in the judgment of another writer, a historian, was the most unchristian of all centuries. Of the nineteenth century, he says: 'The characteristic of political life was its gradual penetration by the principles of democracy proclaimed by the French Revolution, which make the nineteenth century the age of constitutionalism and parliamentary government in its various modifications. In its intellectual life, the idealistic philosophy of the beginning of the century did not permanently prevail, nor did any definite conception of the universe, to the exclusion of all others; it was dominated by the empirical-positivist, rational-naturalistic tendencies of thought, which make it the century of the natural and historical sciences. In the field of morals, the striving for the complete autonomy of the individual personality asserted itself far more strongly, and as a necessary consequence, the rejection of the idea of authority, and resistance to the authoritative regulation of the individual's inner life. Finally, social life was marked by the full development of nationalism, which brought the differentiation of the Occidental peoples to a kind of conclusion, and raised to a hitherto unknown pitch the national sentiment, the consciousness that each nation has in it certain special endowments and conditions, and has a right to demand its place in the concert of peoples. *There can be no doubt that all these fac-*

*tors were necessarily unfavorable to the religious life.*' (Italics mine.)

Of what Christianity is doing for the twentieth century, we have seen not a little; and if observations do not lead us to Nietzsche's conclusion, that the Gospel died on the Cross, they ought to convince us that the spirit of the Christian religion is none too powerful, particularly if we keep our eyes on the political actions of the European nations on the East. I use the word *European* advisedly, because America, so far as China is concerned, may well be proud of the example she is setting to Europe in trying to observe the elements of morality.

But even with Europe I am not confusing the morality of the nation with the morality of the individual; for although I find nothing in the history of Chinese relations with the so-called Christian powers that would recommend the Christian religion to our attention and appreciation, I can testify that there have always been individuals who lived up to the principles of Jesus. However, if Christianity hopes ever to win a respectable position in China, individual morality will do little to achieve the desired end; for it is always those actions which are performed in the name of the nation that produce the greatest effect upon the destiny of our people; and so long as these are irreconcilable with the teachings of the Bible, it is useless to think that sensible Chinese will take account of the Christian religion.

The missionary will immediately reply that he and his colleagues have certainly done much to carry out in China, on a large scale, the altruistic ideas of the Founder of their religion. The establishment of schools, the erection of hospitals, and the numerous other ways in which they have helped the Chinese people — are they not proof enough that they are working with a disinter-

ested love for the welfare of the country? They have, perhaps, with their knowledge of science and their superior power of organization, alleviated the pain and suffering of many wretched people, and enlightened many young men as to the splendor of the West; but do they realize the many abuses that have sprung up in the trail of the missionary and as a result of missionary work? It was in connection with missionary work that Kiaochow was taken by Germany — a wrong for which the European powers at the Peace Table have not seen the necessity of apologizing. It was because of this example, set by Germany, that the other Christian nations of Europe sought the lion's share, and wrought evil which as yet has shown no sign of diminishing.

The missionaries are usually proud of the schools and colleges which they have helped to establish; but they should spare a little pains to find out what the intellectual Chinese think of their educational projects and undertakings. It is only natural to accord to the missionaries the warmest welcome and appreciation if they are doing things in their proper directions. But the fact remains that missionary educational institutions have always been looked on with suspicion by men of perspicacity and insight, and sending students to their care has never been encouraged. The missionary may wonder why the Chinese have shown such insolence in maintaining an indifferent attitude to what seem to them positive benefits to the nation. The reason is simple. The missionary school, in its anxiety to vindicate the principles of Christianity and the 'superiority' of Western civilization, gives the young men a one-sided education, consisting of a smattering of things European or American, which makes them fit for little more than to become intermediaries between Chinese and foreigners in

business transactions. The missionary school has never endeavored sufficiently to make useful citizens of the young men whom it takes into its custody; for, instead of giving them a wholesome education, with due recognition of their national tradition, it has filled their minds with the superficialities of Western civilization, which neither assist them to appreciate its intrinsic value, nor stand them in good stead in their struggle for a respectable position in Chinese society.

The products of the missionary instruction, the missionary would say, have not been so despicable; for many of the leading public men in China to-day have partaken of the benefits of missionary education. They have become responsible persons, however, not because of this education, but in spite of it. And the fact that they escaped from the effects of their unhealthy education speaks well only for their own intelligence. The missionary has no reason to claim the honor of the result, he who had arranged their educational plans in such a way that they might know as little as possible of the grandeur and dignity of their own national genius, the force and beauty of their own civilization, and the splendid character and discipline of their own great men, to whom the noble and sublime elements of that civilization are due — their accomplishments in literature, art, music, and morals.

This is the reason why I said that Christianity has much to do and much to show before it will appeal to the Chinese intelligence, and be seriously considered. We have always observed a strange gap between the teachings of Christ and the spirit in which the Christian nations do their work in China. The two have not seemed to us to be congenial companions, for what the one professes, the other hastens to contradict in its actions.

James Legge, one of the noted sinologists, once recounted a personal experience with His Excellency Kwo Sung-tao, Chinese Ambassador at the Court of St. James's in 1877. "You know," the ambassador said to me, "both England and China. Which country do you say is the better of the two?" I replied, "England." He was disappointed, and added, "I mean, looking at them from the moral standpoint — from the standpoint of benevolence, righteousness and propriety, which country do you say is the better?" After some demur and fencing, I replied again, "England." I never saw a man more surprised. He pushed his chair back, got on his feet, took a turn across the room, and cried out, "You say that, looked at from the moral standpoint, England is better than China? *Then how is it that England insists on our taking her opium?*"

This little anecdote is significant in many ways; but for our purpose it is a crude example of what I mean by the gap. China may be 'stationary' and 'stagnant'; but, as a nation and as individuals, the Chinese people, as the case of the ambassador shows, desire to live according to the spirit of those moral principles which, through Confucius, have been handed down to the present day. Nor will it ever be the intention of the people to cast away that invaluable ethical heritage, which has elevated the soul of China and formed the one great discipline for so many centuries. The present upheaval in the different parts of the country — the clamor for reform, for modernization largely in the fashion of the West — does seem to promise a new society, which is likely to leave little room for religious and moral tradition. But the far-sighted leaders of the people realize the importance of adopting, above all, those mechanical devices of organization, of invention, of management,

which have given so much power to the West. The spiritual force, the bond of life, will remain substantially as it has been in the history of China. It is to this task, forced upon them by the iron hands of necessity, that the great multitude of thinking men are dedicating their lives. Japan has succeeded, with great credit, and China is doing the same thing in building up a material civilization adequate to cope with the forces from without.

### III

China realizes that only by raising herself to the level of Western strength and efficiency can she hope to establish the real and everlasting peace which it has always been her philosophy to foster and propagate. There was a time when she only reluctantly took to this departure from her traditional path; but there is every indication now, as M. Painlevé saw, that the people are anxiously cherishing, cultivating, and applying the ideas of the West, and that there is great hope of success.

In the attempt thus to construct a new frame of society, which will demand all the power at the disposal of the people, the real spirit of Confucianism may, for the time being, be dissipated. It may find itself unable to dominate the minds of the people; but, instead, different and antagonistic tendencies will be set in motion. A large number of the people, especially the more youthful, may enrol themselves with the atheists or with the skeptics, and all of them will belong to different schools of thought. Confucianism itself may be reëxamined and reconsidered, and no doubt it will find great profit in this new analysis: for, originally possessing great vitality, its principles, through many centuries of unthinking acceptance, have become what J. S. Mill calls 'a dead dogma and not a living truth.'

But such is the mental stage — to all intents and purposes an anarchistic and turbulent stage — which China is beginning to reach. Already, as I said, it is manifest that there is a diversity and richness of thought in the different aspects of our national life, which does not give any one set of ideas a chance to tyrannize over the rest. Unity and simplicity, which are characteristic of Chinese as of other ancient civilizations, not excluding those of Greece and Rome, were largely the work of the one Confucian influence playing over the minds of the people in a vast nation not by any means racially homogeneous; and these, so far as the mental life is concerned, are not likely to be maintained. The example of the West, which certainly is different in spirit, will again be followed.

In one of his letters from America, Matthew Arnold observed: 'I cannot help thinking that the more diversity of nations there is on the American continent, the more chance there is of one nation developing itself with grandeur and richness. It has been so in Europe. What should we all be if we had not one another to check us and to be learned from? Imagine an English Europe! How frightfully *borné* and chill! Or a French Europe either, for that matter.'

This, I take it, is the secret of the success of Western nations. The lack of this diversity is what has led many to call Chinese civilization 'stagnant.' Diversity and unity, however, are not the inherent characteristics of the West and of China respectively: they are determined by circumstances; and in so far as circumstances can sometimes be created in defiance of fate, a nation can be diversified and unified almost according to its will. If the English people were confined to their island, without any contact with the Continent, it is perfectly conceivable that to this day they would be barbarians and far from

the wonderful civilization that they now possess. And yet this had for centuries been the case with China, which, through her entire history, with the solitary exception of the contact with Buddhistic India, had always *given* instruction and never *received* any. This is the one colossal example in the world's history where one nation, for forty centuries, was always the teacher and hardly ever the student. Self-complacency, self-satisfaction, implicit belief in the superiority of her own civilization, these were the primary factors in the Chinese civilization which we had up to very recently.

But it is strange that Westerners have often failed to realize the fundamental contrast between China and their own countries in these circumstances. Men of philosophical insight have, for a long time, always emphasized ancestor-worship in accounting for the peculiarities of Chinese civilization. Their great progress in former times and their present ignorance form a contrast for which it is difficult to account. I have always thought that their respect for their ancestors, which is a kind of religion with them, was a paralysis that prevented them from following the scientific career, said Voltaire two centuries ago; and many since have agreed with him. But ancestor-worship is not the cause of that unity and simplicity; it was itself the result of the lack of contact with other civilizations. The appearance of Western ideas, on any large scale, in the nineteenth century, was a revelation of a more forceful and powerful civilization, which China is now willing enough to reckon with, and to follow in certain important aspects.

The resulting conflict of ideas accounts for the diversity of the intellectual life we have at present. It is certainly to China's interest and to the interest of the world that this diversity

should be strengthened and encouraged. This is why Christianity, even if it had been pure and really altruistic in its dealings with China, cannot be very well adopted by the nation as its religion. The people are too individualistic to accept the religion; and the exercise of its authority, the demand for implicit and unquestioned faith in its tenets, which will naturally occur, are not reconcilable with the freedom of the intellect now so much in the air in China. The critical spirit, seeking truth by one's own power of reasoning, and individuality, accepting ideas not by authority, but with the sanction of one's own intelligence — these are the shibboleths we hear every day. For the moment, things may be chaotic and tumultuous; but only with this spirit can 'the elevation of a whole people through culture' be developed and realized.

The lack of a completely dominating set of ideas is a feature that is likely to stand out in the history of China for the next few decades. This will be true in religion as in other branches of thought. When Chancellor Tsai of the University of Peking, to whom Mr. Hutchinson referred, expressed the opinion that China ought to substitute art for religion, it showed two things, — the present richness of ideas in China, although they may not all be original, and the influence of European thought, — for the substitution of art for religion is the cult of Wackenroder and the German Romanticists, and recalls a statement of Goethe's: 'When a people has art and science, it has religion.'

This then is the 'Sturm und Drang' period in Chinese history. 'Although we are not in an enlightened age,' says Kant of Germany, 'we are in an age of enlightenment.' This is exactly where China is at present. It is necessarily a transitional stage, giving promise of loftier achievements in the future.



# ADVENTURES IN TAXATION—THE SALES TAX

BY SAMUEL SPRING

## I

TAXES are as inevitable and as unwelcome as death. In America we are just beginning to appreciate how great a blight modern taxation is, and we are still dazed. With a national expenditure of between four and six billions a year, and a soaring municipal and state budget, taxation has suddenly become an acute American problem. To-morrow our tax perplexities will probably emerge as an embittered political issue. To-day we are still hopeful of a primrose path out.

With high hopes, therefore, we are searching for a kindly, gentle tax, which we can pay without hardship or sacrifice, and which, like the Arabian genie of the lamp, will produce ample revenues with the simplicity of fairyland. Already the sales, or turnover, tax has attained a striking popularity. Various organizations are urging it enthusiastically. Its advocates offer it almost as a blessing — a financial touchstone. The cynic may hint at propaganda, and the pessimist may grumble that there never will be a tax by which the state can exact several billions of dollars annually from the public without causing distress and resentment. Yet it must be admitted that the sales tax has achieved striking popularity, and is being gayly welcomed by the business man.

The attractions of a sales tax seem to be legion. It is urged as the only substitute for our present unpopular excess-profits tax and the crushing weight

of surtaxes on income. The excess-profits tax has all but repealed itself, since large business profits have disappeared. Taxes as high as seventy-two per cent on individual incomes, it is true, stifle initiative and drive large wealth into tax-exempt securities. Our present national system of taxes is complicated, obscure; only lawyers and expert accountants can puzzle out what the terms income and expense and invested capital mean. The business man is always at sea as to what tax-payments he will have to make at the end of the year. And, naturally, we are willing to attribute business depression and high prices to our unpopular taxes. Thus, there is a wide desire for a simple, easily understood method of taxation, and particularly for an indirect method, so that the tax-payer is unconscious of the weight of his load. Since our present tax methods are so objectionable, it is urged, we must find a substitute. The concluding argument seems unanswerable — what substitute have we except the sales tax?

There is considerable to be said in favor of the sales tax. Adopted in 1905 in the Philippine Islands, through the efforts of Mr. John S. Hord, who had been struck with its apparent success under Porfirio Diaz in Mexico, it has produced a steady revenue without great hardship. In a primitive or agricultural community the sales tax probably is unobjectionable. France put it into operation in July of 1920. Canada

has adopted a modified turnover tax. The nature of a sales tax is easily stated and easily understood — a tax of one per cent on the gross turnover of all sales, to be paid to the government by the seller. In a small way it is already applied by the Federal government in the form of consumption, or luxury, taxes. Its operation is apparently equal, simple, open. There is no obscurity about it. It will produce between two and six billions of revenue annually — perhaps more. And it is so novel and so pleasant a contrast to our present muddled system, that it can be advocated with enthusiasm.

Yet the Federation of British Industries, exceedingly unhappy under taxes that ride British industry like the Old Man of the Sea, has hopefully examined the sales tax and sadly rejected it. It prefers the frying-pan to the fire.

Should we in America, with our national instinct for adopting untried legislation first, and understanding it afterward, accept the sales tax before we have ascertained its effect with a reasonable degree of certainty?

In the first place, the sales tax, in its application, will not be much simpler than our present system. Ours is an exceedingly complex social structure, with infinite variety and endlessly varying circumstance. Those intrusted with the drafting of economic legislation may well complain that America is so full of a number of things, we are sure we should all be as unhappy as kings. Apply a uniform blanket tax to all industries and sales alike, and gross injustice, maladjustment, and even ruin will result. The most unjust law is the simple law that applies uniformly, regardless of varying circumstances. A one per cent tax on the sale of bonds and stocks on our stock exchanges, or on the sale of real estate, where there are constant turnovers of the same property, would prove in practice almost a pro-

hibitive tax. So, too, in the sale and discounting of commercial paper and other negotiable documents. A one per cent tax on the sale of urban lands would be a restraint on alienation that would be particularly unfortunate today, in view of our urgent need of more building. Building and real-estate speculation are Siamese twins: stab one, and you kill both.

Again, what is a sale? The Uniform Sales Act indicates that a sale is a technical, artificial affair. Is the issuance of bonds or stock by a corporation to the public a sale? How about corporate reorganizations and consolidations? Moreover, you must exempt occasional sales involving trifling amounts. All these objections can be taken care of in legislation; yet, when you have made a sales-tax act enforceable and fairly adjusted to all the different circumstances of modern life, you have a complex and involved statute that must result in much litigation. No sooner has the United States Supreme Court determined the outstanding uncertainties under an income-tax system, than we are asked to adopt a new system, with fresh uncertainties. Mankind always seeks to avoid the payment of taxes; and tax statutes, to be workable, must be drawn with that fundamental instinct in mind. The enforcement of a sales tax, also, will be complex. An army of tax-collectors must be employed to enforce payment, since almost every citizen will be liable. Otherwise no one will pay the tax — for no tax can be devised that will collect itself. Possibly, with a sales tax we shall not need to increase greatly our present tribe of tax-gatherers; but surely we could make no decrease.

The fundamental objection to a sales tax, however, is the profound change it would work in our economic structure. Taxation at best is an interference with economic tendencies, a poison administered in small doses. Make the dose too

large, and weird transformations result. The tendency in America since the Civil War has been toward specialization and separation of processes in manufacturing. In most of our industries, specialization, the production of separate parts of a finally assembled product by independent manufacturers, has been the great counter-influence to monopoly. To be sure, specialization is placing a great strain upon our transportation system. Yet for several decades we have been attempting, by Sherman Anti-Trust Acts and a Federal Trade Board, to encourage specialization and to arrest the development of great synthesized industries, which control the production of the raw product, its conversion into a manufactured article, and its distribution to the consumer. We are still shuddering at the prospect of the packers' monopoly, and are attempting to wrench the stockyards out of their control. Specialization is the only way in which the small manufacturer can successfully resist the competition of monopoly. A sales tax would tend to destroy specialization and probably would prove the greatest accelerator of monopoly in our economic history.

A tax of one per cent every time that a manufactured product moves from independent process to independent process toward completion would pyramid up to a large amount. In the Philippines, a primitive, non-industrial society, there are many instances where the tax amounts to three per cent. In our highly specialized industrial system a five to seven per cent tax would not be uncommon. In some cases it would be even greater. Of course, figured on the final retail price, the amount of the tax would be reduced to much less than five to seven per cent. But is that a fair way to figure the tax? A concern with a capital of \$350,000,000, doing a gross turnover of a million, itself paying two

and one half per cent more in taxes than its monopoly competitor, in order to sell goods at the same price, would earn over seven per cent less on its capital. If the monopoly allowed the independent concern to fix prices, still the independent concern makes over seven per cent less on its capital.

Such a tax would, in modern industry, be well-nigh decisive. The Steel Corporation, our extensive systems of chain stores, our large mail-order houses would have an advantage over independent concerns that might well result in the most distinct move toward monopoly known in modern history. To be sure, a sales tax would not greatly alter our agricultural system. Indeed, the farmers, with their passionate dislike of modern distribution systems, as well as all middlemen, may incline toward a sales tax because it would tend to destroy all intermediate handling of goods and favor coöperative distribution.

It is futile to suggest that a blanket tax could be laid upon consumption as distinct from production, or that a sales tax could be graded. When a railroad buys a locomotive or a farmer erects a silo, is that consumption? Any attempt to draw a distinction between consumption and production in a workable manner would make the difficulties and complexities of invested capital under the excess-profits tax seem lucid and alluring.

Again, our tariff must not be overlooked. To-day the adherents of a high tariff to prevent European dumping seem to have the upper hand. Much can be said at the moment in favor of such a policy. A sales tax would tend to destroy tariff barriers — its effect is precisely the opposite from the tendency of a tariff. Imported goods would pay solely a consumption tax; goods manufactured in America would pay a much greater production tax. That factor greatly influenced even the free-trade

British in their rejection of the turn-over tax. If we erect a tariff wall to keep foreign goods out, and then enact a sales tax which will get them in, with costly armies to enforce each law, we shall have an American comedy, after the style of *Alice in Wonderland*, which will make the tax-payer wonder indeed.

## II

The sales tax, if reduced to the form of an additional consumption tax on luxuries, and confined to certain simple transactions, may well prove helpful. But as a basic method of raising taxes it is of slender merit. Like all consumption taxes, it is inherently limited in scope, and cannot produce anywhere near so large a revenue as an income tax. It is proposed as an easy tax — and an easy tax is usually a dangerous tax. And it has the final objection of being a tax that disregards the only fair rule of taxation — that the heaviest tax should be placed upon those who can best meet it. If justice in government means anything, it requires the recognition of this principle. Do not the rich, with their financial security, their ease, and their luxuries, receive more benefits from government than the poor, who live from hand to mouth? The sales tax is a tax upon the great mass of the people regardless of accumulated wealth. A tax on bread is always abhorrent.

Yet one cannot criticize the sales tax without suggesting a substitute. The excess-profits tax must go — what tax should take its place? If we cannot discover an easy substitute, what then?

To-day students of taxation are urging that the basic principle of all taxation is to keep taxes low. The only tolerable tax, the only unoppressive and mild tax, is a low tax. Taxation at best is a cumbersome evil. Indiscriminate bond issues alone are worse. There is

no way, under any system of society based upon the theory of private property, of enforcing a heavy tax without causing distress, arrested economic development — and danger of revolt. We storm at Bolshevism. If Marx lived to-day, he would probably point to our soaring taxes as the great current that would sweep us into Socialism. All just taxation is fundamentally leveling and communistic; high taxes accelerate the process.

This coming year, with only minor modifications of our present tax-system, but without the excess-profits tax, we can raise four billions of revenue. There are differences of opinion on this point. It is always hard to foretell the yield of a tax. Yet the facts indicate such a return. It is to be doubted if our present tax system can be much simplified. High taxes inevitably mean complex taxes. Seven billions of loans must be refunded or paid within the next three years. This seems scarcely the time to pay off so large a share of our loans through taxation. In a word, the outstanding policy of taxation that must be adopted to-day is to reduce our national outlay, even to the extent of delaying the reduction of our debt.

If more revenue must be obtained, we have three unpleasant, grim ways of obtaining it. Possibly we shall have to adopt modifications of all three. The simplest way is to increase the tax on such conveniences as automobiles and tobacco and medicinal liquors and to gain an additional revenue from our tariff. Why should transportation by railroad be taxed so many times more heavily than transportation by automobile or by truck? Yet anyone who advocates additional taxes on automobiles is grabbing a Tartar. Our automobile industry seems to consider itself favored of the gods. Increased consumption taxes, though exasperating, might well be adopted.

The next easiest way — and the fairest method of all — is to amend the Sixteenth Amendment of the Federal Constitution and place a tax upon the income derived from exempt municipal and state bonds. The exempt security is the outstanding defect to-day of our tax system. Our fourteen-odd billions of exempt securities are held largely by those with large incomes, who thus escape the surtax. Obviously this is unjust. Accumulated wealth should be rudely jerked out of this refuge. And, what is more, the economic influence of tax-exempt securities is much more significant than the revenue thus lost to the public. The collateral effects of taxation are often of greater importance than the revenue features. Tax-exempt securities are issued by our cities and our counties largely to finance activities which the reactionary calls socialistic. The demand by the rich for tax-exempt securities is so great in these days that our municipalities are the only part of society that can obtain capital readily. This factor is the impelling force to-day toward municipal ownership of street railroads and public utilities. The increase during the last ten years of municipal and state indebtedness in America is astounding. And our rich are the direct cause of these strides toward Socialism, although they shiver and rage, and finance propaganda against the rising tide of Socialism. Surely the only man who can enjoy himself over our tax muddle is the humorist; and the encouragement of Socialistic undertakings by the frightened rich, through the eager demand for tax-exempt securities, is a droll bit of American humor that cannot quickly be forgotten.

The placing of a tax upon municipal securities involves, of course, many difficulties. It seems widely agreed that any constitutional amendment should not affect municipal securities already outstanding. The amendment to the

Sixteenth Amendment now pending in Congress is so drawn. Yet if the amendment be made retroactive, Congress in imposing the tax can so adjust the amount as not to impair the credit of our municipalities. Of course, a constitutional amendment would require an adjustment of the bond market. Some cities might well complain that they needed money to complete extensive undertakings which would thus be denied them and that their fiscal policies would be disturbed. But the time required to put through a constitutional amendment would afford ample warning and ample opportunity for our cities to set their finances in order. Above all else, the increase in the amount of this exempt wealth, regardless of other considerations, must be stopped as quickly as possible. Even those who favor the marked tendency toward the municipal undertaking of private enterprises must recognize the danger of doing so by means of a vast accumulation of tax-free wealth.

Indeed, the apparent impetus behind the sales tax makes one suspect that there are some who fear that the proposed constitutional amendment, making future issues of municipal and state bonds subject to the income tax, will be passed unless the sales tax is accepted as a substitute. Moreover, the question of a graded surtax on corporate income, somewhat similar to the surtax on individual incomes, in place of the excess-profits tax, seems to frighten many business men, who are fleeing to the sales tax as a refuge.

Repeal the excess-profits tax, and corporations will be subject to only a ten per cent income tax, no matter how large their income. There must be some relation between the surtaxes on individual incomes and those on corporate incomes. Otherwise all individuals or partnerships employing capital in their business will become corporations.

Should we, then, directly or indirectly, abolish the surtax on individuals?

The third method of raising additional revenue is to adjust our income taxes on individual incomes. Our surtaxes of over fifty per cent of a man's income are unquestionably too high, and should be reduced. But if we must have more revenue, and the other methods fail, we must increase our rate of taxation on smaller incomes. In Great Britain the income tax for married men starts with an income of \$725; in America with an income of \$2000. On incomes up to \$5000, the British tax is almost six times as heavy as ours. On an income of \$5000 a married man in America today pays 2.4 per cent; in France, where we hear so much about unwillingness to tax, the rate is 3.2 per cent; in Great Britain, the rate is 15 per cent. The British maximum surtax is 52½ per cent; ours is 73 per cent. Unquestionably a high income tax on small incomes would be unpopular in America. It should be avoided if possible. Surely it cannot be thought of if we abolish or unduly reduce the surtax on individual incomes. But if we must have more revenue, and if we must take it from the small wage-earner, let us do so openly and frankly, and not try to exact it from him clandestinely, under the doubtful and unnecessary experiment of a sales tax. To decrease the tax on small incomes, in order to lure the mass of our population into accepting a much heavier sales-tax burden, is dangerous politics.

The fact that the sales tax is being so urgently favored in conservative quarters is no reason for rejecting it. The fact that the enactment of a sales tax will make the taxation of exempt securities unlikely, and will make possible a tremendous decrease in the tax on corporate income and also in the surtax on individual income, however, must make us hesitate. The adoption of a sales tax will mean a startling shift

in the burden of our taxation. The burden will fully and suddenly be put upon the consumer — upon the mass of our population, disregarding their ability to pay. Those who accumulate will be spared, because only those who spend will be taxed. If a sales tax is adopted, it will mean, in effect, a titanic shift toward reaction, and a dangerous experiment in taxation, as well. Even the conservatives may be wrong as to the working of legislative theories.

It never pays to blind one's self to the truth. Such concealment is particularly dangerous in a democracy. Taxation, particularly heavy taxation, in any form, is a miserable affliction. The only acceptable tax is a low tax. Since the sales tax is a tax on the consumer, let us say so openly. The effects of such a consumers' tax must be faced frankly. We are now trying to force down the wages of labor toward a pre-war standard. Admitting that labor should accept a lower wage, we must agree that the process of reducing wages is an extremely painful one for the wage-earner. It must strike some of our workers with a harrowing dread of a return to conditions in many industries that even the conservative recognizes to-day as unfortunate. Labor is in travail — but so far is acting fairly. Labor in England is infinitely more truculent. Congress should not complicate this great adjustment, which many of us a few short months ago deemed impossible, by a shift in taxation. This is a time for caution, not for experiment. And when European radical experiments in government are assailed in America as novel and deadly, and so unusual and dubious an experiment as a sales tax is urged by conservatives as a substitute for all burdensome taxes, or a compromise is suggested, of trying it out for a couple of years, the conviction is irresistible that only the humorist has a right to devise tax laws.

## THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

### ON MEETING THE BELOVED

To any sensitive man, not yet armored by the indifference that comes of being married himself, there is cause for apprehension in the prospect of meeting for the first time that person, male or female, whom somebody he knows and loves has elected to marry. The event, when it comes, is unavoidable, nor is there any period in adult life when it may not happen, or anybody we know so old that he or she may not occasion it. Only the other day, for example, I read in the newspaper of a man of one hundred and thirty-five years who had just subjected his little circle to this formality. Very likely the newspaper exaggerated, but the case undermines the security one ordinarily feels in his relationships with the ageing, and illustrates the truth that fact is more romantic, or at least remains romantic much later in life, than fiction.

Now it needs no argument that to be happy in the happiness of others is an inexpensive pleasure and well worth cultivating. Other things being equal, one should go dancing and singing to his first meeting with another's beloved. Age should make no difference: it should be all the same whether the beloved is sixteen or sixty. Bright-colored flowers, figuratively, should blossom from the granite curb along his way, and, though a foolish convention may repress the song and dance, yet should he walk as if shod with the most levitating heels ever made from the liveliest of live rubber, and sing merrily in his heart.

Mr. Harvey Todd, 2d (to take the first name that comes to mind), has be-

come engaged to Miss Margaret Lemon; Miss Lemon to Mr. Todd. Well and good. Nature, which, for some reason that thoughtful men have long curiously and vainly sought to penetrate, wishes to continue the human race, is, one may believe, fairly well satisfied. It is one job among many. But the satisfaction of Mr. Todd and Miss Lemon, if it could be put to such haberdashery use, would girdle the earth, and the ends, tied in a true lover's knot, would flutter out of sight beyond the farthest visible star. Men and women have become engaged in the past; men and women will become engaged in the future; but this engagement of Harvey Todd and Margaret Lemon is, and will ever remain, unique; and so, whoever is now called upon to appraise one party to this wonder and congratulate the other may well be troubled. He is not so much afraid of what he may do and say, as of the way that he will, in spite of himself, look when he says and does it.

There is, to be sure, the saving chance that Miss Lemon (or Mr. Todd) may affect him so pleasurably, but short of madness, that the ordeal will be less difficult to bear than he anticipates.

There is the rare possibility that he may *instantly and completely agree with Mr. Todd's estimate of Miss Lemon*; but this is the happy-madness itself, and certainly not desirable under the circumstances. There is the possibility that Miss Lemon, seeing him for the first time, will *instantly and completely prefer him to Mr. Todd*. There is the possibility that he may recoil with horror from Miss Lemon (or Mr. Todd), or be recoiled from, or that both may recoil simultaneously, falling over, figuratively, on

their backs, and being picked up and carried away unconscious, in opposite directions, by surprised but helpful on-lookers. His whole nature, in short, may instinctively run to or away from the beloved; and between these extremes there lies a gamut of intermediary emotions, many of which at the moment he would hardly wish to uncover. This inflexible and geometrical smile, — he asks himself at the worst, — can it deceive anybody? this hypocritical mutter of congratulation, does it proceed from his own or an ice-chest? Nor is he much relieved when Mr. Todd or Miss Lemon, as the case may be, proves how genuine appeared his smile, how sincere his mutter, by asking him in affectionate detail what he honestly thinks of the other — a procedure that should be legally forbidden the newly engaged, under penalty of being refused a marriage license for at least ten years.

This state of mind in lovers has engaged the attention of essayists, conversationalists, and philosophers. 'They fall at once,' wrote Stevenson, 'into that state in which another person becomes to us the very gist and centre-point of God's creation, and demolishes our laborious theories with a smile; in which our ideas are so bound up with the one master-thought that even the trivial cares of our own person become so many acts of devotion, and the love of life itself is translated into a wish to remain in the same world with so precious and desirable a fellow creature. And all the while their acquaintances look on in stupor.'

'No, sir,' said Dr. Johnson, promptly improving Mr. Boswell's milder assertion that love is like being enlivened with champagne, 'no, sir. Admiration and love are like being intoxicated with champagne.'

'His friends,' said Ralph Waldo Emerson, 'find in her a likeness to her mother, or her sisters, or to persons not

of her blood. The lover sees no resemblance except to summer evenings and diamond mornings, to rainbows and the song of birds.'

The fact is that Mr. Todd and Miss Lemon (so like a rainbow) are impervious to any lack of enthusiasm that you or I, dear, unselfish, sensitive reader, may fear to exhibit when either leads us to the other by the hand and says proudly, 'This is *it*!' Ours, if any, will be the suffering. It may even happen that Miss Lemon (or Mr. Todd) will ask us to call her (or him) Margaret (or Harvey).

Yet from another point of view — but this is a selfish one — apprehension is justified in proportion to the sensitive man's previous honest, rejoicing intimacy with the individual whose beloved he is about to meet. For until that meeting is over, 'previous' is the word for it: whatever opinion the beloved may form of him will determine the degree and manner of its continuance. If Miss Lemon disapproves of him, though Mr. Todd has hitherto loved him as Damon did Pythias, all is over; if Mr. Todd disapproves of him, though he has known Miss Lemon from her perambulator, all is over. A pale ghost, he may in either case sometimes hang his spectral hat in the Todd hallway, and even extend his phantom legs under the Todd mahogany, but *all is over*. Divinely harmonious as they seem, these two will never agree to let him try to cultivate the inexpensive pleasure of being happy in their happiness. He becomes what no self-respecting man can wish to be — a fly in the ointment.

Most cases, fortunately, are not so serious: he will be given a reasonable chance to 'come over' and make a place, such as it is, for himself on this new plane to which Mr. Todd and Miss Lemon have been translated; but it is always a question whether he can



exist happily on that plane, or must hereafter be content with hearing from his former friend through a medium. For he has not, as is so often gracefully but emptily said on these trying occasions, been enriched by the acquisition of a new friend: he has simply exchanged Miss Lemon or Mr. Todd (as the case may be) for a composite, a Toddlemon or a Lemontodd — a few years will show which. He must make the best he can of that composite. He who was formerly described (let us say) as 'my friend, Mr. Popp,' has become 'our friend, Mr. Popp'; and if ever he hears himself being introduced as 'Mr. Todd's friend, Mr. Popp,' or as 'Mrs. Todd's friend, Mr. Popp,' he had better go away as soon as politeness permits, and never come back. Never.

These are evidently the apprehensions of a bachelor, sensitive but not unselfish: the mental attitude is different with a student, philosopher, and idealist who, thinking not of himself, contemplates another's marriage in the calm, intelligent way, having as yet no beloved, in which he can contemplate his own. Such a one weighs. Such a one is conscious that, little as *he* knows the beloved of Mr. Todd or Miss Lemon, there is grave danger that Mr. Todd knows Miss Lemon, or Miss Lemon Mr. Todd, hardly better. This happy-madness may not only be a delusion, as a calm outside intelligence contemplates it, but it may be a snare. Mistakes do happen. There are known cases in which the happy lunatic has been mistaken in a beloved, not once but often; and the persistent effort of these poor madmen and madwomen to correct one mistake by making another is one of the most discussed and pitiable phases of our civilization. The calm intelligence must balance also the practical aspects of the business, its risks and liabilities as well as its profits; and so serious is the enterprise when

thus examined, that he can hardly fail to be terrified for anybody he knows and loves who is undertaking it.

O Harvey! Harvey! (or Margaret! Margaret!)

Tact is what he will pray for. And, if his prayer is granted, when Mr. Todd (or Miss Lemon) asks him, 'Now, honestly, what do you think of her (or him)?' he will say, 'Of course I do not know Miss Lemon (or Mr. Todd) very well *yet*, but I have never met anybody whom I *hoped* to know and like better.' Which will be quite true, and please the twittering questioner much more than if he said, 'Oh, I don't know; I *don't* know.'

#### WISDOM'S CHILDREN

It is my privilege to live in a small country community, and there to belong to a 'Science Club' of singular audacity and charm. Not one of our thirty-odd members can lay any claim to specialized knowledge, or even to a particularly scientific bent. With the exception of our founder and president, we are not scholars; and he is no scientist, but a retired professor of theology, with a passion for stars. And yet we make bold to foregather each month and discuss atoms, radium, psychic phenomena, ether, space; and every now and then we invite a professor from some not too remote college to come and lecture to us. We can pay him nothing but his 'expenses,' for we are as poor as we are presumptuous and ignorant. Moreover, our state railroad system is such that no one can reach us from any direction without spending hours in junctions and loitering local trains, and our winter weather is frequently terrific.

They always come, too, these college professors — some of them come more than once; and they give us the best they have in them: admirable addresses,

not too technical, yet not condescendingly popular, either; talks which so flatter our self-respect that some of us have to hold our breath, sitting round-eyed on the edge of our chairs, in an effort to prove ourselves worthy. They are serious, modest, quite matter-of-fact about taking all this trouble, and even, in the end, grateful for our hospitality! Excellent sages! Their virtue has at last irresistibly constrained my pen to utterance.

How mysterious is the working which tends to endow diverse followers of the same calling with the same traits! All dentists love fishing; all sailors are happy-go-lucky; all clergymen have good appetites and tell good stories; all lovers of books love gardens and cats. And, judging from my experience in our Science Club, all teachers of science are modest, humorous, gentle, well bred, and such good company that, when any one of them comes our way, Christopher and I hasten to put our guest-room at his disposal.

We did not understand this at first; and, being requested to 'entertain' an imminent lecturer, we consented with some misgiving. It seemed to us rather alarmingly risky to take a perfectly unguessable stranger into our home. How would he bear himself? In any one of a hundred thousand possible ways. What would he want for breakfast? Any one of a score or more possible combinations of food. We awaited his advent with anxiously open minds. But we are wiser now; and when the Club announces a lecture by Professor So-and-so, or This-and-That, of Dartmouth or Middlebury, we promptly put in our application: may we entertain him? And then, with confidence, we prepare the things we know he will like, and, never having seen him, we meet him at the station as if he were an old friend.

He is generally rather tall and thin, with a serene mouth and meditative

eyes behind spectacles. He is not particularly well dressed, but always neatly and carefully, as if he had a good wife. (It is, in fact, one of his outstanding traits that he has a good wife.) He is so unassuming and modest that, if one did not know better, one would sooner pick out the haberdashery salesman as an eminent personage. He moves slowly, speaks quietly, and has a whimsical smile. He is so essentially human — 'just folks' — that, before one knows it, one is telling him all about the freezing of the kitchen sink and he, in turn, is diffidently but sincerely explaining that, since we have no Bridget, he would like nothing better than to come out in the kitchen and wash the supper dishes. One has to pinch one's self rebukingly, to remember that he is an astronomer whose speculations range nightly beyond the farthest star, who has lost himself in vast nebulae, who has calculated eclipses and charted constellations — who, moreover, five minutes ago, was the completest stranger.

His demeanor in the household is perfect. When, in the mild stress of preparing the simple supper that we know he prefers to an elaborate meal, he is left to his own devices, he does not fidget, but hies him straight to our bookshelves, there to become acquainted with us, as we so mysteriously seem acquainted with him. And at the supper-table the charm of his conversation is such that we are apt to be late in arriving at the Science Club. Mellow, tolerant, humorous, human — what excellent talk is his! And full of idiosyncrasy too, as if, for all his modesty, he had plenty of courage to be himself.

But it is his demeanor before the Club that fills me with the most admiring realization of his essential greatness. What does he think when he faces us? Had he at all expected us to be so simple? An invitation to address 'the Natural Science Club' of a certain

town in a certain state might lead one to suppose that a serious body of well-equipped researchers was at work in seclusion. Instead of that — oh! we are not unintelligent; we know a good deal about various subjects, ranging from Biblical criticism through marble quarrying, apple and chicken farming, landscape painting, and teaching, to cooking and sewing. But we are distinctly not scientists, and the expression our faces assume in the presence of scientific revelation is one of wonder and awe.

Well, perhaps that is not unstimulating. It may be that miracles tend to lose their impressiveness when they are frequently and familiarly handled, when they are taken for granted. Certainly, I dare say, our mental response is a change from that of the average college classroom. At any rate, every professor of science who has ever addressed us has done so with zest and dignity, speaking to us as fellow adventurers in a marvelous realm; and our most foolish questions he has contrived to redeem with answers of boomerang distinction. Never has one of them given us to suppose for a moment that he was more than a few steps ahead of us along the road of knowledge. They have been really rather wonderful evenings that we have spent together thus, discussing the greatness of our universe; and I think that probably true Wisdom has for the hour hovered over us.

For she is humble herself, is she not? And she loves little children better than sophisticated bigwigs. It is the humility of professors of science that leads me to hope that their line of investigation may eventually conduct us to the remote goal of clarity and righteousness that we have all been seeking so long and earnestly. It seems safer to trust the future to their patient, firm, gentle fingers than to the fists of the politicians.

I would certainly trust my guest-room to any one of them, sight unseen. Pro-

fessor of Science, if you ever find yourself in my neighborhood, my house is your home.

#### THE PLAGUE OF ABBREVIATION

If 'that blessed word Mesopotamia' were in practical use to-day, it would doubtless suffer the horror of becoming Meso, or Ma.; for witness the fate of Pennsylvania and that blessed word California, over the sonority of which commerce does not permit us to linger. Oh, for a little leisure in an age of short cuts! We are wedded to abbreviation — and have been previously divorced from courtesy. Maryland, my Maryland has been 'doctored' to Md.; we no longer have time for company, but only for co.; and street and saint have become one and indivisible. The present writer has therefore determined to take an occasional holiday from this orgy of shortening, and to permit himself, on envelopes and elsewhere, the luxury of polysyllables. North shall not become a negation, or east a mere initial. The post-office clerk shall not dim his sight in profane endeavors to distinguish Missouri from Maine, and New York from New Jersey. Esquire shall flaunt its full ensign, though Mr. must remain dwarfed for lack of a fair fullness. One cannot permit Mister: it should be used only in humorous stories.

Wilt join, reader, in this holiday? It is a just protest against merciless 'efficiency,' an assumption of occasional leisure in which one may possess one's soul in peace. Most of us have completely forgotten that *mob* was once *mobile vulgus*, and that Jonathan Swift inveighed against its slang abbreviation. Surely the rage for shortening reached a *reductio ad absurdum* when *circa* was made *circ.*, an abbreviation which, with its period, is exactly as long as the original! What would Puck have said of such pranks with language? Let

us return, if not to Latin, at least to sanity. Especially exasperating to tyros are those ecclesiastical abbreviations, for we know not the complete words. What does 'persp.' mean — perspective or perspiration? And is 'prob.' probably or probity? As for *q.v.*, 't is hopeless to those who render not unto Cæsar the things that are his.

In a recent nightmare occasioned by reflections such as the above, the present writer found himself quoting, —

Oh, it came o'er my ear like the sweet so,  
That breathes upon a bank of violets.

And before his agonized waking he had asked himself whether a man may fill his belly with the e. wind. Whereupon some saint banished him to Hades, or at least to Purgatory, for addressing him familiarly as 'St.' It *was* almost like calling him 'old chap.' One trembles to think what, in a moment of inadvertence or natural embarrassment, at the pearly gates, one might call Saint Peter!

Yet there is one justifiable form of abbreviation — the loving diminution of Christian names. Among those that 'carry a perfume in the mention' are Will Shakespeare and Kit Marlowe — for thus their intimates knew them. Was Ben Jonson ever Benjamin? And who would wish to know that fictitious personage 'true Jack Falstaff, sweet Jack Falstaff' by any other name? He was never Sir John to his friends, only to 'the world.' Lamb complained that, after the death of an especially intimate companion, he had no one left to call him Charley. And he was not joking when he said it. Who does not love Dick Steele — and have respect for Joseph Addison? Sam Johnson often signed his name thus, which may show why he was a 'clubbable' man. Oliver Goldsmith was not Oliver at his club. A famous couplet preserves his abbreviation — that in which Burke said that

he wrote like an angel but talked like poor Poll. One cannot think of the renowned orator, however, as Ed! It seems a kind of profanation. And still more so in the case of good old Jeremy Taylor. The sense of fitness 'is all.' Ben Franklin by any other name would be as hard-headed, but much too dignified. Walter Whitman would be almost unrecognizable — even though he lengthened Manhattan to Mannahatta. But how Lamb would have loved Kipling's pun when he dubbed a friendly American publisher 'Effendi.'

The present writer has sometimes wickedly wondered whether the Sirens addressed Ulysses as Uly; but it is a profane speculation. Dorothy Wordsworth, in her delightful journal, always refers to her gifted brother as William. He was evidently not like Will Shakespeare — though, as Lamb slyly remarked, he (William) could doubtless have written the works of Will 'if he had had the mind.' But would he have written to his love that sonnet in which Shakespeare says, —

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy Will?

Or that other which ends, —

Make but my name thy love, and love that still,  
And then thou lov'st me, for my name is Will?

Such a name belongs among the joys, not the sorrows, of abbreviation. But why have we wholly lost such beautiful words as *lovingkindness* and *peradventure*, which have been abbreviated out of existence save in that inspired prose of the seventeenth century? And *dayspring* is something quite other than day. It carries a perfume in the mention! Dayspring and eventide — some of us are old-fashioned enough not to part with them. They are the terms of an age of imagination and of music, the age which gave us Shakespeare and the King James Version.

## THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Frederick J. E. Woodbridge, since 1904 a professor at Columbia University, is Dean of the faculties of Political Science, Philosophy, Pure Science, and the Fine Arts. Charles D. Stewart, whose earliest contribution to the *Atlantic* goes back more than half a generation, is the author of *The Fugitive Blacksmith*, and other successful works of fiction, as well as of essays and literary studies. Katharine Fullerton Grould, accomplished critic and story-teller, is the wife of a professor at Princeton University. Signe Toksvig, a new contributor, is a journalist of New York City.

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Olive Tilford Dargan is a woman of letters, who spends most of her time among the mountain folk of Kentucky and the Carolinas. Montague Rhodes James, Provost of Eton College since 1918, was for many years Provost of King's College, Cambridge, where he was graduated after a distinguished career. The author of many learned works relating to scriptural history and interpretation, his especial claim to the thanks of the commonalty rests on his delightful *Ghost Stories of an Antiquary*, which we hope our readers know. Wilhelmine Day is the wife of George Parmly Day, founder of the Yale University Press and treasurer of Yale University. Vernon Kellogg, scientist and administrator, still keeps Washington as his headquarters.

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Bertrand Russell has recently, we now hope wrongfully, been reported dead in China. Gifted with a mind of extraordinary brilliancy, he gained early in life a great reputation as a mathematician. To the larger public he is known chiefly as a political philosopher of radical tendencies, whose intellect is never overridden by his sympathies: witness his extraordinarily candid little volume on the principles of Communism and Socialism. Mr. Russell is the grandson of Lord John Russell, and presumptive heir to the earldom of Russell. Grace E. Polk is the Probation Officer attached to the Juvenile Court at Minneapolis, Minn. Margery

Swett sends this first contribution to the *Atlantic* from Chicago. E. Barrington is a British traveler and scholar. Alexander McAdie is Director of the Blue Hill Observatory of Harvard at Readville, Massachusetts.

Unless I am a miserable failure as a forecaster [he writes, speaking of the inspiration of this essay], we are in for a pandemic of Einstein and Relativity. And it is going to hit us hard. The suffering (mental anguish chiefly in having to listen to others trying to explain what they don't understand) will be very great.

Since 1905, when the Professor of Mathematics and Physics at Berlin published his *Principle of Relativity*, more than 1000 books have been published on the subject; and 70 per cent of these (estimated) in the last year. And this is only the beginning of the flood.

Every physicist, of course, thinks it is 'the thing' in physics; all astronomers take to it, like ducks to water; all mathematicians are now happy, for, as Professor Eddington says, 'a mathematician is never so happy as when he does n't understand what he is talking about'; and finally, every philosopher and metaphysician will glow over concepts of before and after and the metaphysics of infinity and eternity.

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John D. Willard is Director of the Extension Service in Agriculture and Home Economics at the Massachusetts Agricultural College, Amherst. William Archer, playwright, critic, and publicist, is known on this side of the water almost as well as in Great Britain. His earliest reputation was won through his confident introduction of Ibsen to the English-speaking world. Philip Hemenway Chadbourne had, during the war, a wide and varied experience in many lands. He took an active part in relief work in Belgium under Mr. Kellogg, and was in Petrograd, on a mission for this government, when the Russian Revolution broke out, in March, 1917. He is now in business in Smyrna, and was at Constantinople, awaiting orders to proceed to his permanent station, when his chief asked him to make the trip to the Crimea which is described in this letter. Chang Hsin-Hai is a student of Western civilization and culture. He holds the degree of A.M., and is now studying for a Ph.D. in Modern Languages at Harvard, 'believing that Literature gives

the best expression of the genius of the Western peoples.' He was formerly editor of the *Chinese Student's Monthly*. Samuel Spring, a member of the Suffolk bar, is an authority on taxation.

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Can the Japanese be 'Americanized'? This report of a Japanese attempt toward Americanization, in the interior of Japan, may throw some light on the much-agitated question.

TOKYO, JAPAN,  
February 7, 1921.

DEAR ATLANTIC MONTHLY, —

The following letter from a former pupil, who is now wife in the kind of Christian home and house any young American couple would be proud to have, is given as she wrote.

How delightful is the sense of humor, the give and take between husband and wife! Is not this the 'acid test' of the American spirit?

Yours truly, A. G. L.

January, 27.

MY DEAR MISS L——, —

I'm answering lots of letters and cards now I got at new years time. I could not write because I was sick in bed, now I am going to write you a few lines in English for a change as I have been thinking to write you any way. I was very thoughtless that I took medicine which did not agree with me. I took it because a friend of us told me that is good. I should have spoken about it to my husband; and then doctor told us that medicine poisoned me. I never had such a hard time, — my thought and mouth all swollen up, could not drink or eat or anything and had such high fever that every body was scared. My husband said that was punishment from God because I did not agree to M——'s new year's plan.

That is this: (1) M—— wants to change this house intirely into foreign house so he can walk in with dirty shoes.

2. He wants me to wear foreign dress intirely and children too.

3. He wants to change our language into English.

4. He wants to live more convient ways in every thing than now, he mentioned so many small things.

I abjected every one of them. Japanese house is convient for Japanese and specially our house is. I am more than thankful we have every thing we want comparing other Japanese house. This is made for two sides — Japanese and foreign, we can intertain Japanese guests or foreign guests and very convient for children. I am quite satisfied as it is. I don't like the custome to walk in with dirty shoes, you know country people don't know any better. If we allow them to come in with their own shoes, I have to clean our carpet every time people left and I don't know how much trouble that is.

And then about my changing dress and children

it is better for children even though it is trouble to get material as we can not buy in T—— and I have to teach our country tailor how to make children's dress beside I have to make over half dozen times in one dress. You can not make your dress in T—— that is settled. If we get a tailor from Kyoto or some place it is twice much expensive than you get a man in your own town. Since I have plenty of kimonos it is too extravagant to wear foreign dress. I like it just for sporting and I have some for it. You know a monkey is a monkey, and can't be looked nicer since she is borned as a monkey. I am fortunately or unfortunately Japanese but I am satisfied being Japanese and try not to show a goat as a sheep, if I can help it. Ha! ha! Of course I know we have to change Japanese kimonos but I suggest we must change inside part than outside part, I mean underwear part. And the language too. He wants me to speak in English to him and to children. I did not abject this as bad as others but you know I am not good in English and takes 3 times much of time and I canot not say half what I want to tell. You know I am such a poor head, I can not satisfy my husband. He said 'try and do it whether you can or not.' He made me do it. I say this way when I have to speak to him. Dear, um, um . . . he says, What is it? and rest of that, I tell him in Japanese. English does not come out easily from my mouth. I report you our new year's quarrel. I think no body writes you like that, but I tell you the truth it is better to tell such things to her trusted friend, perhaps she can tell better openions or suggest some new things, ne!

One of our twin girls is walking like a big girl the other was late 15 minutes when she was borne but she is later than 2 months. She still like a little animal but she is pushing chairs along. They like to pile up blocks and 3 children are good play mates. Big boy Taro tries to help his sisters, but I have to watch them carefully. Yesterday I noticed he was feeding them sweet cakes which they still can not eat. They like to sing. I wish you would hear them sing in chorus. Every one of them sings different tone, and different meaning. Every morning they get up at 6 o'clock and they all go to the next room where papa sleeps and they all get into papa's bed and they sing or climb on him or pushing all sorts games they can do. Papa does not welcome these industrious visitors. But he can not do anything with them. Poor papa! he is like a tamed lion to his 3 babies.

Say! I am writing almost too long. I did not think it was so long as I started in the beginning. Please excuse me. May be I took your precious time for such letter as this foolish writing. 'Gomen nasai.' This is all for to-day.

With love and trust as ever,

HARU.

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DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Your Boston policeman reminds me of a pig-gramage when each dip of the paddle brought us nearer, in spirit as well as distance, to Stratford-on-Avon. As the environment grew on me, I was shocked to realize that so many Americans lived in Stratford. I ventured to express the thought to my companion, an Oxford professor. His reply

has often brought joy to my heart: 'Not Americans, Bostonians.'

Soon afterward, in London, dodging in and out of highways and byways, bent on locating the 'Old Curiosity Shop,' I finally came out on that part of the city known as the Gates of London. I approached a traffic Bobbie, whose great frame made my six feet seem diminutive, my eyes being on the same level with his South African campaign ribbons. I inquired if he would be good enough to direct me to the place I sought.

'If you mean Dickens's Old Curiosity Shop, I am sorry, sir, I am unable to do it.'

I remarked that that was rather strange, as I was sure it was in the immediate vicinity.

'If you mean the curiosity shop they keep for you Americans, I can direct you quite easily. I have been a student of Dickens all my life, and it is most apparent that it could have not been situated on the site of the present shop.' The outcome was that the policeman and I spent a couple of delightful afternoons at the curiosity shop.

Yours very sincerely,

K. H. A.

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Those guides to correct living, the conductresses of the columns of personal advice that adorn the more chaste corners of our daily journals, deserve the thanks of parents everywhere. Here is an admonition from one of them — Miss Harriet B. Elliott — which comes home to us.

DEAR MISS ELLIOTT, —

I have a tall lover, who wears heavy glasses and reads the *Atlantic Monthly*. He is dreamy most of the time. He attends college, where he stars in some courses — history and literature — and flunks mathematics. Children like to have him toss them into the air, and dogs follow him. He seems lazy, as he is satisfied just to go to college and live a simple life. He does n't know what he wants to do when he gets out. His head is full of poetry and ideas about politics, which I like to discuss with him. I love him — that is not my problem. Will he amount to anything?

HELEN.

Yes.

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Later in the year, we hope to publish a more comprehensive series of papers on the negro. Meanwhile, we are glad to give space to a distinguished friend of the race — the President of the Slater Fund.

DEAR SIR, —

Without waiting to see what else Mr. Snyder has to say, doubtless many readers of his frank and well-written article in your February number have felt the spirit move them to utter a word of more or less protest.

Several months ago, on the same day, in the same smoking compartment of a Pullman, I heard one group of talkers, in the morning, agree that 'negroes have no gratitude, no matter what you do for them,' and another group assert, in the

afternoon, no less sweepingly, that 'there is one thing can be said for negroes, they are grateful for any consideration or kindness you show them.' Here we have the futility of general statements about any race or set of people. The fact is, that the black people of the South differ among themselves just as much as the white people, in gratitude as well as in industry and other traits. If Professor Shaler was right, the blacks may be said to have a right to differ more, because the various people of Africa from whom they are descended differ, he claims, more from each other than do the various people of Europe, from whom the whites are descended. Whatever the cause, the fact remains that you can no more safely make sweeping statements about the blacks than you can about the whites. When Mr. Snyder generalizes, therefore, we should be careful to note the fact that he is writing of those whom he speaks of as 'my negroes,' on his plantation. If all negroes were as ignorant, as thriftless, as primitive, as those whom Mr. Snyder describes, how could it have come about — to speak of property alone — that the colored race in the South owns more than twenty million acres of land, and property values of all kind estimated at one and a quarter billions? To my mind the most unchristian thing about our attitude toward the negro people as a whole is our ignorance of them. I am tempted to say that it is worse than lynching.

What Mr. Snyder's article shows, as the prefatory note well says, is the need of the extension of public education. But does it not show more? Is not his article somewhat in the nature of a boomerang? Does it not strengthen the criticism that the plantation system, even with a beneficent master, is an inevitable drawback to education and improvement? Now, I am perfectly well aware that plantation systems are not to be done away with overnight; but I believe it is true that the improvement of the poor folk of the open country, white or black, is inversely proportional to the prevalence of the plantation idea, the atmosphere of which is very much the same whether in Mississippi, in Mexico, or in Czecho-Slovakia. Only a few days ago, I heard a recently returned traveler speak of the ignorance of peasants in certain parts of Europe in almost the same terms which Mr. Snyder uses in regard to the negroes on his plantation.

I am sure Mr. Snyder would have written quite differently had he known the conditions among other than plantation negroes.

Very truly,

JAMES H. DILLARD.

Another letter — this from Virginia — is well worth printing.

EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY  
SIR, —

The article by a Mississippi planter in a recent number of your magazine was extremely interesting, treating as it did, of a very vital matter; and I believe it is correct. His lot has certainly fallen among negroes of a very low type, and there are several very definite reasons for their degraded condition, one of which he suggests, viz.: the

indifference of the white of that section to schools for the blacks. There is no avoiding the fact that, for several generations to come, we shall have to play the 'Big Brother,' and see to it that there are adequate schools for the negroes.

Our fine Big-Brother pose with reference to Haiti, Santo Domingo, and the small Central American republics is highly amusing when viewed in the light of our utter indifference to the weak 'brown brother' within our own frontiers. We are fostering an ulcer by our neglect, which may one day prove dangerous. So let the white man provide schools, and see to it that the children obey the law by attendance on them.

'Obey the law.' There is another point the planner hinted at. There are, presumably, laws against cruelty to children, and other misdemeanors; but they are never invoked unless the crime is against a white man, and then the chances are that the whites will break the law themselves by flogging or lynching the black, rather than allowing the law to punish. How can you expect the negro to have any respect for laws which they see broken every day of the year by the whites? A law in the South (or, at any rate, in Virginia, where I live) is not meant to be kept; it merely stands on the statute book, so that it can be 'pulled,' like a gun or a knife, on anyone against whom you have a grudge.

The negro is docile and imitative, and can be trained away from cruelty and filth, and into a moderate energy, and respect for the law, by seeing the whites obey the laws, and seeing that laws apply equally to blacks and whites.

There are two other reasons for the low type of negro in Mississippi, which take us back to old slavery days. One is that the plantations in Louisiana and Mississippi were enormous, so that, consequently, the slaves came very little in contact with the whites, and it was only by association with 'de fambly' that they learned manners and whatever morals the family had. The field-hand always remained more primitive and savage than the house servant, because the field-hand saw only the overseers, who were more or less brutal, but always brutal. So well recognized in the old days was this reputation for brutality 'down South,' that the threat by a master in one of the more northerly Southern states to 'sell him South' would nearly always reduce a refractory negro to terms.

This brings me to the third reason for the low type of negro found in Mississippi, and that is that they are the descendants of the unruly, hopelessly unmanageable negroes sold South. The awful story of those droves of slaves on their way south is one you never meet in the 'slush' literature poured out by Southern writers, who would have us believe that the relations in the old days were a roscate dream of affection and loyalty and kindness. I am a Southern woman, and know the negro by experience and tradition, as *all* my forebears were slave-holders — a fact which is not true of all Southerners, although Northerners have a vague impression that everyone living in the South counted his slaves by the dozen, at least, if not by the score: an impression rather nurtured by Southerners. I can testify that the

path of neither owner nor slave was an easy one. Some years ago I said to my mother that I was going to discharge a certain maid, as I could not stand some fault she had, to which my mother replied: 'You are fortunate that you *can* get rid of her: I had to stand such things, and worse.'

Their laziness, again, is partly temperamental and partly the result of example. *They* know that work is despised by the Southern white, who is quite as lazy as any negro ever born; and now that they don't have to work under the whip, they simply don't work. When the Southern white man learns that work is honorable as well as necessary, you will see the negro learning the same lesson. No American *likes* to work; so why in the name of sense, should we quarrel with the negro because he does n't, either?

Since smoking came into fashion among 'white ladies,' I one day saw a young negro woman walking along the road, smoking a cigarette, and laughingly told a neighbor of it, who scornfully remarked: 'What imitative creatures they are!' 'Yes,' I said, 'they are *just* what we make them; so you see our responsibility.'

We in the more northerly Southern states have our own problems; but, in Virginia, at least, we have no such general condition of degradation to handle, and the reasons for the difference I believe to be, that all the children go to fair schools, and that it is understood that the law will punish a crime against a black pest as quickly as a crime against a white. And still a third reason is that with us, the 'gun' is not considered as essential as his cravat to a man's correct attire.

\* \* \*

For those who deplore the insensibility of the age, we print the following.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Do you buy short stories for your magazine? I would like to have this one I am working on published, but did not know what company to place it with.

'The Mother-Love' will be the title.

Honor the dear old mother, time has scattered the snowy flakes on her brow, Time has plowed deep furrows on her cheek, but is she not beautiful now?

If you do not accept writings of this kind, perhaps you will be kind enough to give me the name of some one you think would accept it. Thanking you in advance, I remain

\* \* \*

The startling increase in crime has reached a climax in Oak Park, Illinois. We quote from a local organ.

Crime — Atlantic Monthly Stolen!!

Oak Park police station chronicles record many varieties of thefts, but none as remarkable as that recently brought to light at the Public Library. Two copies of *Atlantic Monthly* have been stolen from the reading room, and in consequence no one may obtain a copy except after being identified.



## ATLANTIC SHOP-TALK

Printed, like unprinted, letters evoke a variety of responses, but it is not every volume of correspondence that calls forth a letter which itself has the quality that gives pleasure in print. That is what *A Scholar's Letters to a Young Lady* has done with one of its readers—Mr. Gamaliel Bradford. After reading these 'Passages from the Later Correspondence of Francis James Child,' printed not long ago in a limited edition, Mr. Bradford wrote of them, and of the Harvard professor from whom they proceeded twenty-five and more years ago, in a letter from which these sentences are taken:—

'These are the most adorable letters of Child, the most delightful. I am rather an epicure in letters, having made a business as well as a pleasure of them for a great many years, and I do not know of any American letters that are superior to these, if any equal. Do you realize how sweet they are, how human, how full of profound meaning and significance in their careless grace?

'In the first place, they are so admirably written: without one trace of conscious effort, and yet so swift and light and vivid, nothing clumsy or trailing or loose-ended, but the natural expression of one who thinks with perfect clearness. And they rise to such a high imaginative quality. The sense of Shakespeare is present all through them, but it is not always easy to tell where the Shakespeare ends and the Child begins. And the delicate interweaving of humor and jest through it all is as Shakespearean as the touches of poetry. For you feel that you are dealing with a Shakespearean soul and the best of all is the way the soul shines through. The more I study letters, the less I understand what makes the difference in this respect. Matthew Arnold, for example, was an interesting man; but his letters are among the dullest. Bowles was a man of far less depth and power; but how the heart beats in his. And certainly the heart beats in these, without the least effort at self-display, the least pretense of revelation, but simply in spontaneous effusion of friendship and tenderness. How delicate and subtle and pervading the tenderness is, a wave of warm affection breaking always into the lightest, dancing foam of merriment. There is such fine, profound insight into life there; there is such just yet unobtrusive digestion of the art of living. Then the man's own work and passionate interests come in so charmingly, do not obtrude or tire, but yet are always there in their suave predom-

inance, showing how he toiled over them, and sighed over them, and loved them.

'And then there are the roses. What a strange, subtle, mystical crown the roses weave and twine over the man's whole life, the roses symbolizing woman, symbolizing love, symbolizing joy, tinging page after page with their crimson splendor. Oh, I call them wonderful roses, and a wonderful book, and a wonderful soul.'

\* \* \*

The season of roses is also the season of school and college commencements, to say nothing of the strawberries with which these festivals are intimately associated. This is the season of mourning for those to whom Professor Child once alluded in asking a discouraged student:—

Must I be carried to the skies  
On flowery beds of E's,  
While others fought to win the prize  
And sailed through bloody C's?

It is impossible to dispose so neatly of the A's and the B's, but for youth in general the season is one of hope, and it is peculiarly the season for the issue of a new Atlantic text, *Youth and the New World*. The editor of this compilation of essays which first appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* is Mr. Ralph P. Boas, Head of the English Department of the Central High School of Springfield, Massachusetts, the only preparatory school that has twice distinguished itself by winning the Harvard Phi Beta Kappa trophy, awarded on the basis of entrance-examination records. The essays which make up the book deal with a variety of topics—social, political, athletic, educational, and religious—with which the rising generation is confronted. Among the twenty essayists represented are Dean Briggs, of Harvard, President MacCracken, of Vassar, Bertrand Russell, the Rev. Dr. George A. Gordon, and others whose thoughts and words have produced stimulating effects upon many readers, young and old, through recent years. It is the definite purpose of the Atlantic Monthly Press, in placing books of this nature in the hands of school and college students, to fortify them for really constructive encounters with the world in which they must soon take their places.

\* \* \*

Appearing at about the same time with *Youth and the New World* is *The Atlantic Book of Modern Plays*, edited with Introduction, Com-

ment, and Annotated Bibliography, by Professor Sterling Andrus Leonard, of the University of Wisconsin. This is Professor Leonard's first year at Wisconsin, to which he went from the Lincoln School (Teachers' College) in New York. He has been keenly interested in the drama, especially as a vehicle of expression and cultivation for students in schools and colleges, and in this volume he has assembled a number of contemporary plays, American, English, and Irish, which lend themselves both to 'drama study' and to acting by high-school and college students and other adventurers in the field of amateur dramatics. The editorial apparatus of the book provides it with a distinct educational value, but what we hope is that, in addition to all its classroom uses, it will serve to supply the acting texts of a number of the best recent plays, by the best recent writers for the stage, in a highly practical and attractive form. The Garricks and Fanny Kembles of a future day may not at this moment be thronging our high schools, but the audiences of the future are, and in their discrimination between good and bad plays, whether it be acquired through witnessing or participating in them, lies the best hope for the further development of a great art.

\* \* \*

Still another addition to the list of Atlantic Texts is a volume scheduled for June publication under the title, *Story, Essay, and Verse*. It is edited by Charles Swain Thomas, Lecturer in Harvard University, and Harry G. Paul, of the English Department of the University of Illinois. These editors have collaborated before in the production of *Atlantic Prose and Poetry*, which was preceded on our book list by two volumes of *Atlantic Narratives*, compiled by Mr. Thomas, whose chief occupation has now become that of the editorial head of our educational texts. This new book is made up of selections in prose and verse from the *Atlantic Monthly*, of a character adapted particularly to the interest of freshmen in college and seniors in high schools. Through such books the Atlantic Monthly Press has abundant reason to believe that it is causing many younger students to realize that, after all, the relation between literature and life is a vital thing, of some personal concern to themselves.

\* \* \*

In talking before about *The Founding of New England*, by Mr. James Truslow Adams, we said nothing about the illustrations it contains. As a matter of fact, it is a rather notable example of what can be done, not in the way of turning a serious history into a 'picture-book,' but by the genuine illumination of history through historic documents. Several months ago Mr. Adams devoted some days to ransacking the seventeenth-

century treasures of the Massachusetts Historical Society and the Massachusetts Archives in the State House at Boston, for pieces of manuscript and print which would truly illustrate the book he had then written. Among the things he found were the manuscript of the 'Reverend John Cotton's Opinion that Philip's Son should be put to Death,' a 'Warrant signed by Governor Winslow of Plymouth for Sale of Indian Captives as Slaves,' a 'Document Signed by Uncas and his Squaw,' a 'Testimonial to the Good Character of Rebecca Nourse, executed as a Witch.' These and other pages are redolent of the time of which he writes. He has enriched the book also with two maps drawn especially for it: 'New England in 1640,' and 'Streams of Immigration from England, 1620 to 1642,' and has included also a 'Manuscript Map of the New England Coast, 1607/8, believed to have been drawn by Champlain,' reproduced from the original in the Library of Congress, and hitherto unfamiliar to most historical students.

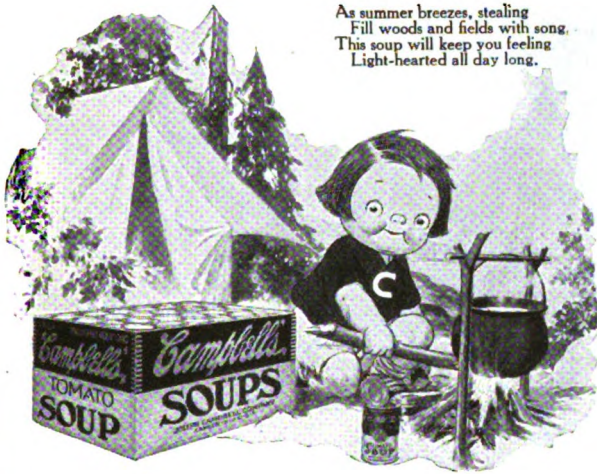
Mr. Adams is himself an expert in cartography, and as such served the United States Government in the war, both at Washington and at the Peace Conference, while he held the commission of a captain in the army.

\* \* \*

In a casual note from the Atlantic office to the 'conductor' of the 'Bowling Green' column of the New York *Evening Post*, the author of *Shackled Youth*, Mr. Edward Yeomans, was mentioned as a writer possessing 'the unspeakable advantage of approaching the whole question of education from the angle of a manufacturer of steam-pumps. The phrase afforded Mr. Christopher Morley the text of an amusing little dissertation upon the superfluity of colleges in the educational scheme — at least till one is forty. But it ought to be said of Mr. Yeomans that he approached the manufacture of steam-pumps from the vantage-point of a Princeton education. If he has written a better book on education because he makes steam-pumps, who shall say that he does not make better steam-pumps because he first went to Princeton?

\* \* \*

Miss Frances Lester Warner's *Pilgrim Trails* has been defined by the delirious advertiser as a book to be read before going to Cape Cod this summer, and after coming home. Many tercentenary pilgrims will be passing through Boston on their way to and from the Cape. They will find *Pilgrim Trails* at many shops in Boston; but friends of the *Atlantic*, wishing to buy this book or other publications of the Atlantic Monthly Press, or none, will be welcome visitors to our Book-Room, facing the Boston Public Garden.



As summer breezes, stealing  
Fill woods and fields with song.  
This soup will keep you feeling  
Light-hearted all day long.



## The natural food

A whiff of the savor from off the fire! A plate set out before you, steaming its invitation! The first delicious, invigorating spoonfuls! And then the glow of pleasure and satisfaction that comes over you! Right from nature comes

### Campbell's Tomato Soup

Your outdoors appetite tells you how good it is for all the year. The pure juices of luscious tomatoes, after the sun has ripened them to a glowing red are blended with creamery butter, pure granulated sugar, tempting herbs, spices and other ingredients. Just so much sheer enjoyment and tonic healthfulness!

### Campbell's Bean Soup

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**21 kinds**

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## The Chronometer:

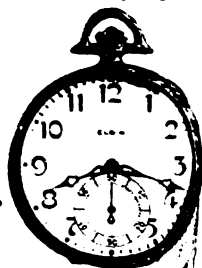
*M*ODERN Navigation dates from 1762, when John Harrison's Chronometer reached the West Indies, after a voyage of sixty-one days, with an error of only five seconds.

The rich prize which Parliament had offered for half a century—twenty thousand pounds sterling—went to Harrison. His victory, after thirty years of struggle, hinged on his previous invention of the Compensating Pendulum.

Unlike the modern ship's-watch, his timepiece was not suspended in gimbals but carried on a pillow.

The world war set new standards in naval timekeeping. The torpedo boat, with its terrific vibration, baffled America's experts till Elgin railroad watches were adapted to the service. And the first acceptable ship's-watches supplied our navy in quantities sufficient to equip the U. S. Emergency Fleets were—as might have been expected—

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—by adding or subtracting  
one single element in food

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**A** SCRAWNY, lethargic animal, rapidly dwindling in size, will completely change its appearance in a few days at most, on a diet unchanged except for a tiny bit of yeast." This is how one noted scientist describes the almost incredible results of experiments with yeast, the richest known source of the newly-discovered water-soluble "vitamine."

One mysterious element of food on which we are dependent for full vigor!

Primitive man secured an abundance of vitamine from his raw, uncooked foods and green, leafy vegetables. But modern diet — constantly refined and modified — is too often badly deficient in this vital element.

This is why so many people have "nothing the matter with them," yet never enjoy full vigor and health. Physicians say they are vitamine-starved.

Vitamines exist in various common foods — notably in the leafy vegetables, but we seldom

get enough to give us the vigor and surplus energy we need. But in yeast we have a food that will help us out of the difficulty — yes, just plain everyday Fleischmann's Yeast — rich in the water-soluble vitamine.

*Already being eaten by thousands*

Thousands of men and women are now eating yeast — those who feel the effects of undernourishment, and those who are only occasionally conscious of a lack of energy. As a result, many are being freed from minor ailments, are building increased resistance to disease, and are feeling vigor and energy they have not known for years.

Yeast may be eaten at any time with or between meals. One precaution: if troubled with gas, solve yeast first in boiling water.

Send 4c in stamps for the interesting booklet "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet." Many inquiries are coming in daily for this booklet that it is necessary to make this nominal charge to cover cost of handling and mailing. Address: The Fleischmann Company, at Dept. N, 701 Washington St., New York, N. Y.





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But the miracle of the telephone is realized in the emergency when it is so vital to health, happiness and success as to put its value beyond price.

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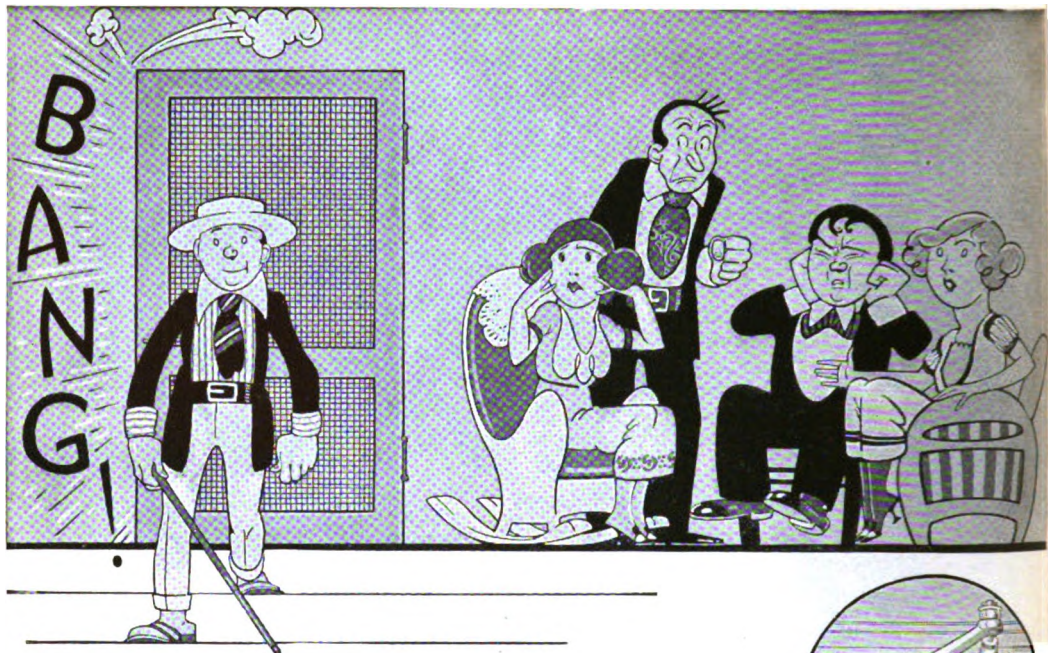
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**And all directed toward Better Service**





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Don't go through this experience this summer. Treat your nerves right. Put a Sargent Noiseless Screen Door Closer on your doors and enjoy the quiet and calm of the drowsy summer evening.

Use them on other doors, too. There is the coat closet in the front hall, the downstairs lavatory door, the bathroom door, the pantry door, the kitchen door, the basement door and others, in the home and at the office.

Doors equipped with Sargent Noiseless Screen Door Closers shut quickly, gently and quietly, without rebound, which means less wear on doors, locks and hinges; more order and dignity in the home.

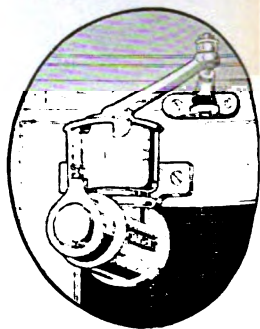
Sargent Screen Door Closers are easily attached. They are sturdy and dependable, like all Sargent Products.

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**CYPRESS**, “the Wood Eternal,” is the pre-eminent pergola wood because “CYPRESS lasts forever”—DEFIES ROT-INFLUENCES which destroy most other woods—does not warp, shrink or swell like most woods—takes paint and stain perfectly but does not need either. (See Govt. Rept., Vol. 1)

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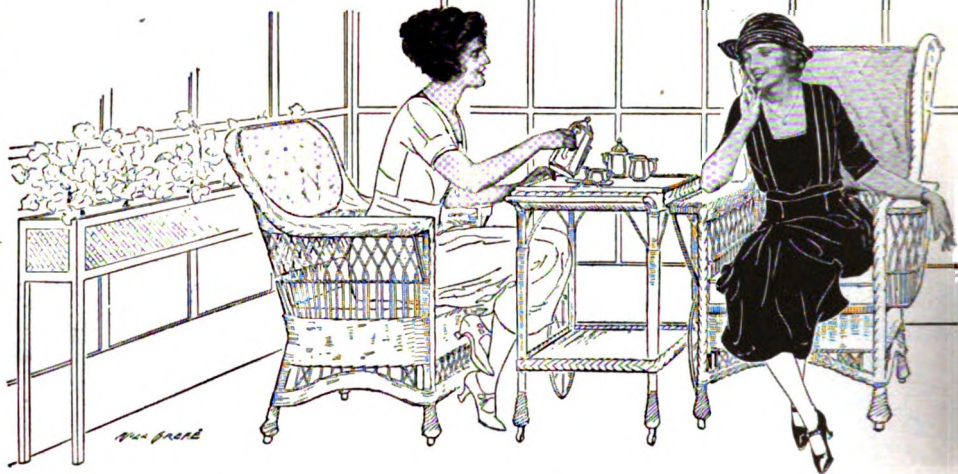
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# Dramatized Facts out of The Days Work

No. 4

Where the facts came from Building the new New England Oil Corporation plant at Fall River, Mass., was a rush job from the first day. 68 miles of piping, covering 55 acres, were installed by Grinnell Company for the contractors, Unit Construction Co., St. Louis. When the piping was tested only six leaks were reported to Mr. W.W. Boyd, Jr., Vice President and General Manager of the New England Oil Corporation—6 leaks from 4332 joints.



PRESIDENT

PLANT ENGINEER

CONSULTING ENGINEER PRODUCTION MANAGER

## 55 Acres of Borrowed Trouble

"The first tanker will dock here in just four months," declared the President, looking across the fifty-five-acre site of the gigantic new oil works. "By then we simply must be in full running order."

"And that includes piping," mused the Production Manager.

"It can't be done," exclaimed the Plant Engineer. "Why, there's more than 68 miles of piping required here."

"I don't care if there's a hundred and sixty-eight," flashed the President, "this job's got to go through on schedule."

"But sixty-eight miles of piping—" the Plant Engineer came back, "high and low pressure steam lines, acid, air and water lines, besides connections to stills and coking plants—why there's over fifty thousand joints to make trouble."

The Consulting Engineer turned—started to reply. But again the President broke in—"Not more than four months, remember."

"All right," persisted the Plant Engineer, "but if you rush construction like that, you can figure on acres of leaky joints after the construction army is gone—"

"You're borrowing trouble, old man," smiled the Consulting Engineer. "I'll bet you a suit of clothes there won't be a hundred leaks in the whole job when it's tested."

"Only a hundred leaks in 68 miles of rush piping? I'll go you."

It was hardly a fair bet. For the Consulting Engineer knew the service he would get from Grinnell Company. And his confidence wasn't misplaced. The job was done on time, and after the test only six leaks were reported. He won his suit of clothes with ninety-four leaks to spare!

### GRINNELL BULLETIN

Handling a great piping contract requires skilled erecting crews, working in groups under unit foremen with a resident foreman supervising. The Grinnell field organization of 1300 men can give such service anywhere in the country. Piping requires more than ideas and materials. It requires men, organized like an army to take orders and execute them quickly.

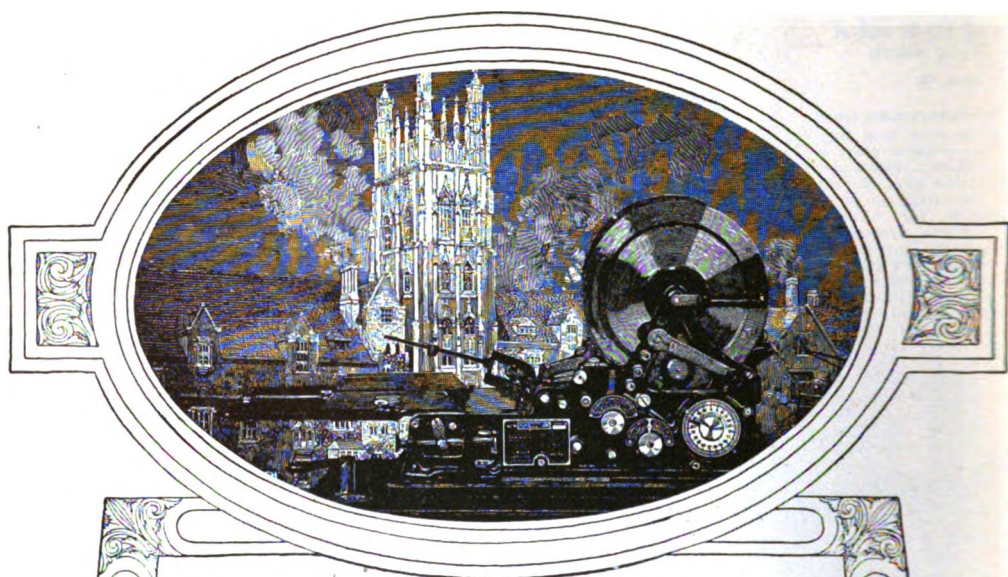
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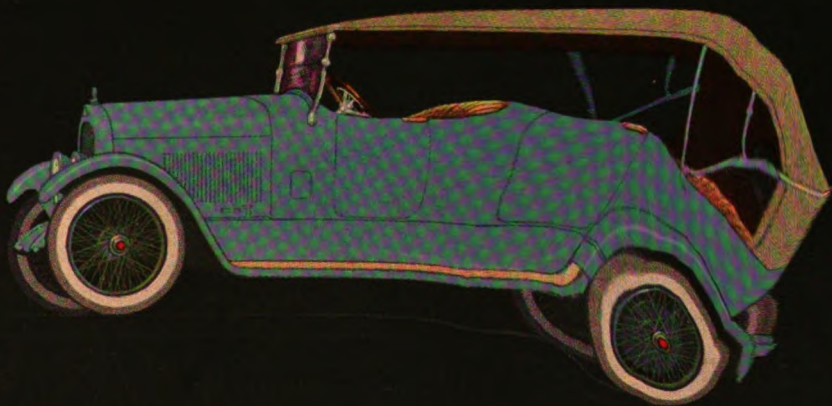


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Contrast him with the man of half his years whose wits are dulled and body prematurely aged by Pyorrhea. Pyorrhea is a disease of the gums, but its infecting germs seep into the system and deplete vitality. They travel in the blood stream and may affect the heart or kidneys, or cause such disorders as rheumatism and anaemia.

Pyorrhea begins with tenderness and bleeding of the gums. Then the gums recede, the teeth decay and loosen, or must be extracted to rid the system of the deadly Pyorrhea germs which breed in pockets about them.

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Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used in

time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices will not do this. Forhan's keeps the gums firm and healthy, the teeth white and clean.

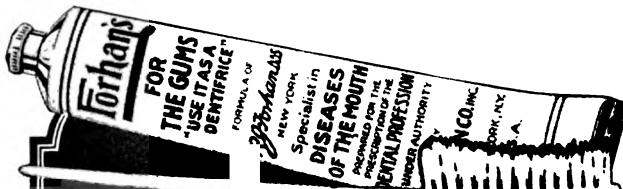
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*Use it twice daily, year in and year out.* Wet your brush in cold water, place a half-inch of the refreshing, healing paste on it, then brush your teeth *up and down*. Use a rolling motion to clean the crevices. Brush the grinding and back surfaces of the teeth. Massage your gums with your Forhan-coated brush—gently at first until the gums harden, then more vigorously. If the gums are very tender, massage with the finger, instead of the brush. If gum-shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions, and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

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## Would you buy a key-wind watch?

BACK home in a drawer—I've treasured away—an old-fashioned watch—with a little round hole—in the back of the case—and long years ago—I used to sit down—on the knee of my Dad—and take out this watch—that weighed half a pound—to hear the "tick tock."

Then Dad used to put—a little round key—in the hole in the case—and wind up the watch—and put it away.

And there is no doubt—that thousands of homes—have treasured away—an old-fashioned watch—which no one could buy—because memories live.

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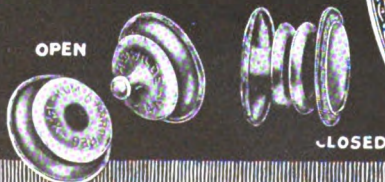
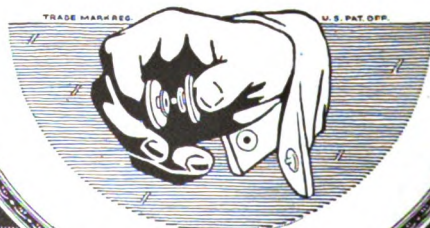
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# A FINANCIAL MEETING PLACE

¶ In the pages immediately following, THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY groups the announcements of banks and bankers, with particular reference to those which offer a service in Commercial and Investment Banking. We believe it is to the interest of our readers to present such advertisements in this manner and, on our part, we undertake to accept, for this Department, only such announcements as, in our judgment, are submitted by firms and institutions which, through their character and experience, are worthy of the confidence of our readers.



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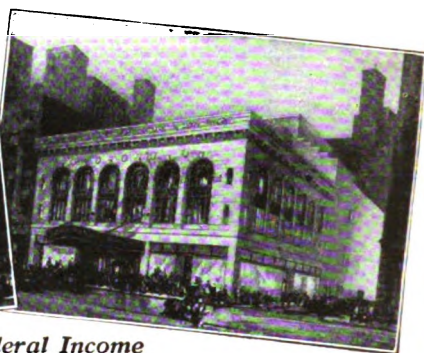
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**LOEW'S INCORPORATED**

with gross assets of over \$40,000,000, net assets of over \$27,000,000 and net earnings of over 200% of the entire bond issue.

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**Valuation and Income:**

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**Borrower:** Loew's Incorporated owns all of the stock of the New Broad Company, which in turn owns the Broadway and Eighty-Third Street Theatre in New York City, and the Broad and New St Theatre, Newark, N. J. Loew's Incorporated owns and controls over a hundred theatres, including those now in course of construction, throughout the United States and Canada, having a total daily average attendance of about 300,000 people, or an annual attendance of approximately 100,000,000 persons.



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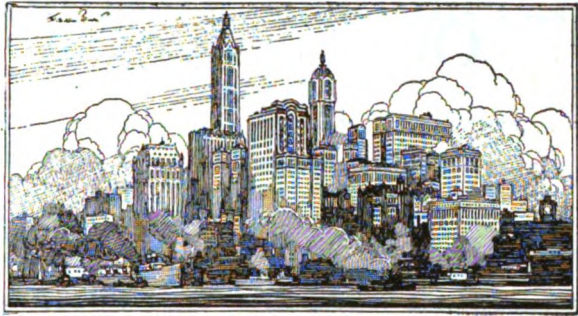
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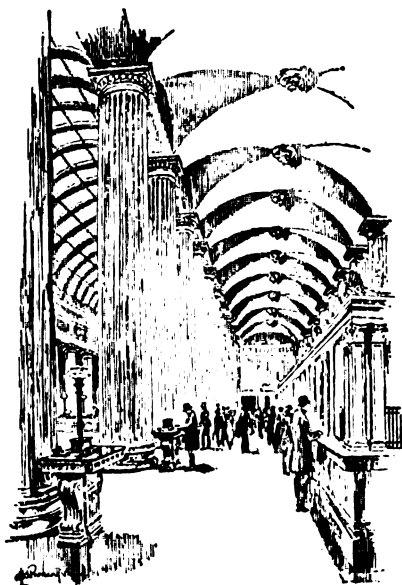
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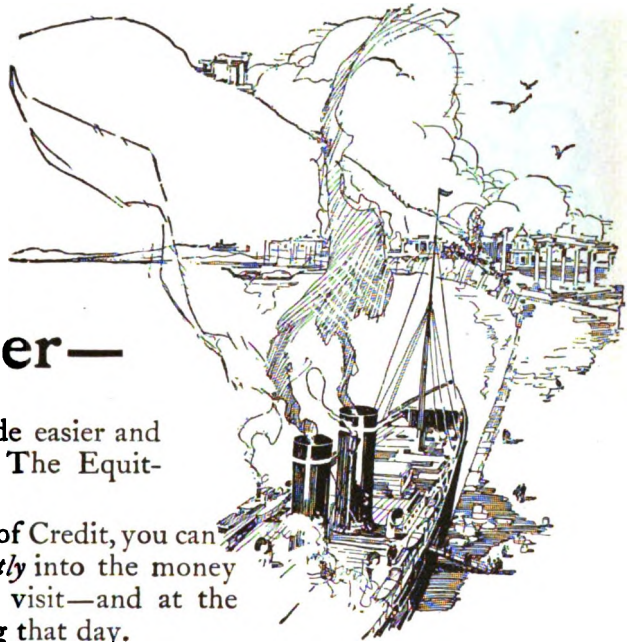
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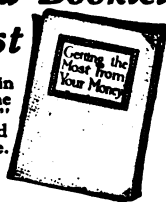
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It is recommended that readers write directly to the Investment Houses making request for such booklets as seem most likely to be useful, or for such information as the booklets may suggest. Our banker friends will be glad to be of service to *Atlantic Monthly* readers.

"Long Term Railroad Bonds" covering the trend of bond prices, commodity prices, and money rates since 1891; Brown Brothers & Co., 59 Wall St., New York.

"Travelers' Letters of Credit," how they are bought and used; Brown Brothers & Co., 59 Wall St., New York.

"Men and Bonds" (illustrated booklet); National City Company, 55 Wall St., New York.

"Investment Securities"; Kidder, Peabody & Co., 17 Wall St., New York, or 115 Devonshire St., Boston, Mass.

"Let's Choose Executors and Talk of Wills," a booklet on the fiduciary activities of a large bank; Bankers' Trust Co., 16 Wall St., New York.

"An Investment Service," describing a service of information and advice to investors; Poor's Publishing Co., 33 Broadway, New York.

"The 6% Systematic Savings Plan," Greenebaum Sons Bank & Trust Co., La Salle and Madison Sts., Chicago, Ill.

"Getting the Most Out of Your Money"; Babson's Statistical Organization, Wellesley Hills, Mass.

"Creating Good Investments"; G. L. Miller & Co., Atlanta, Ga.

"How Forman Farm Mortgages are Made"; George M. Forman & Co., 11 South La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

"Current Investment Guide"; S. W. Straus & Co., 150 Broadway, New York, and Straus Building, Chicago.

"Loose-Leaf Security Record," a convenient method of keeping account of securities; Halacy, Stuart & Co., 209 So. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill., 49 Wall St., New York, N. Y., 10 Post Office Square, Boston, Mass.

"Your Financial Requirements, and How We Can Meet Them," a booklet, by the Old Colony Trust Company, Boston, Mass.

"The Far East," one of a series of booklets of interest to those engaged in foreign trade; National Shawmut Bank, Boston, Mass.

"An Organization for Investment Service," a booklet on investment making; Guaranty Company of New York, 140 Broadway, New York.

"Equipment Trust Securities," a booklet by Casatt & Co., Philadelphia, describes the many special features of railroad equipment trust securities, with an interesting discussion of the origin and development and the operating features of the "Philadelphia Plan."

"Bibles and Bonds"; American Bible Society, 25 Bible House, Astor Place, New York, N. Y.

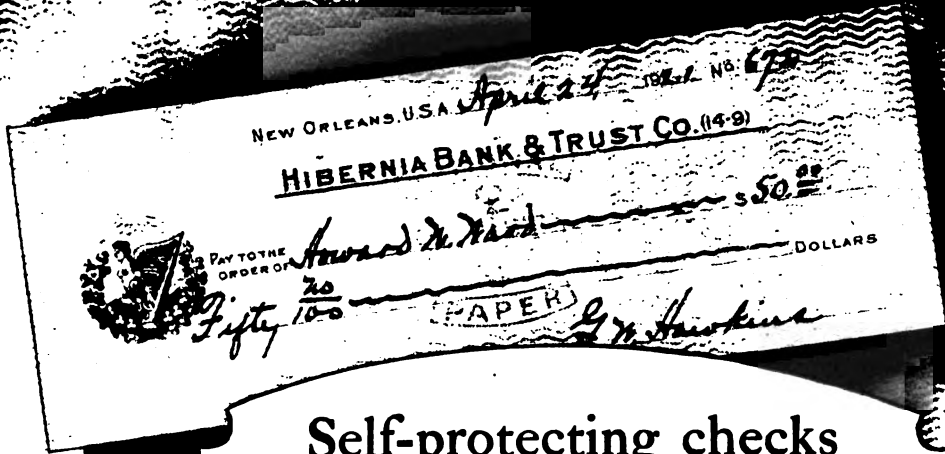
"The Safe-Keeping Account,"—Custody and Charge of Investments; The Equitable Trust Company of New York, 37 Wall Street, New York, N. Y.

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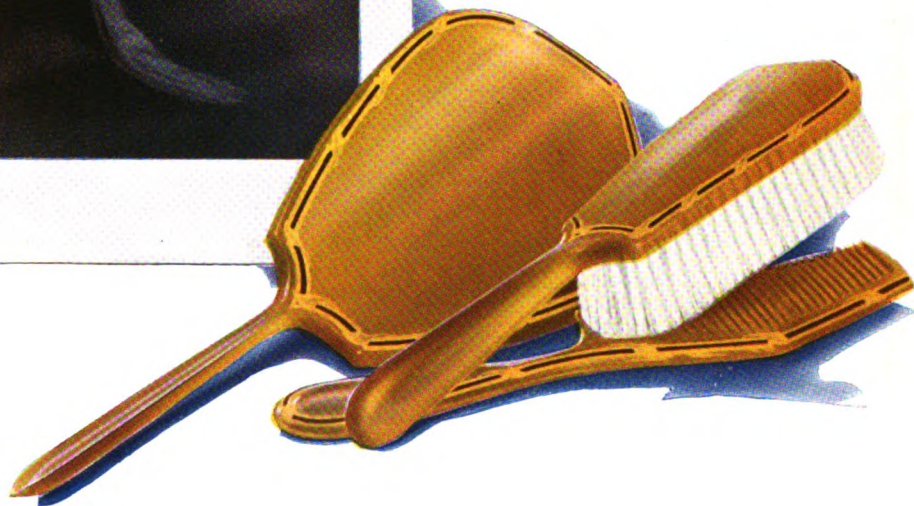
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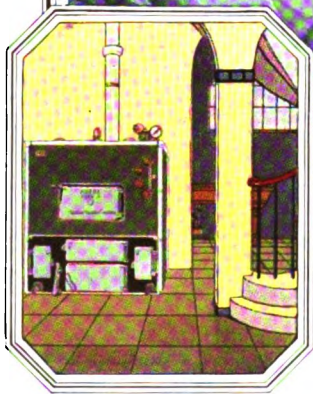


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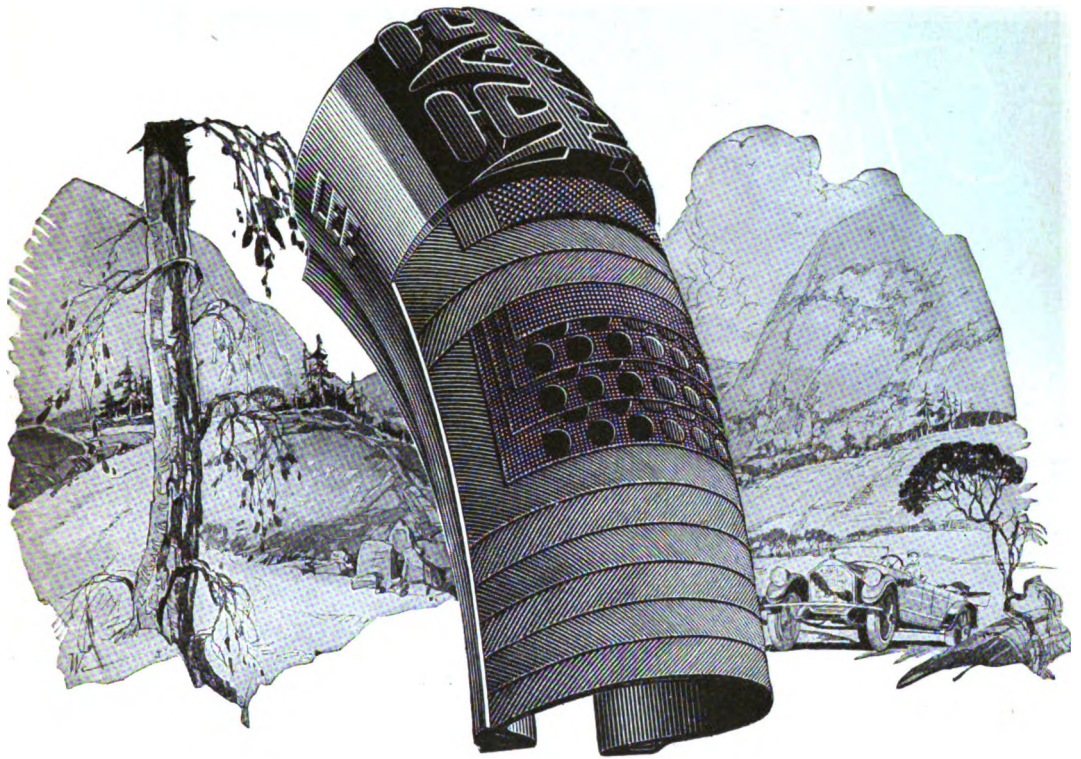
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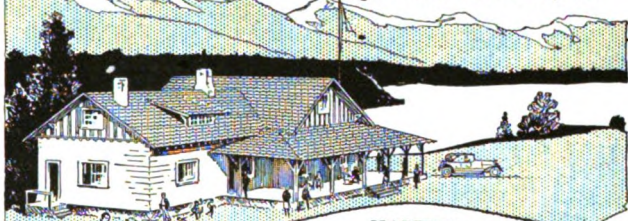
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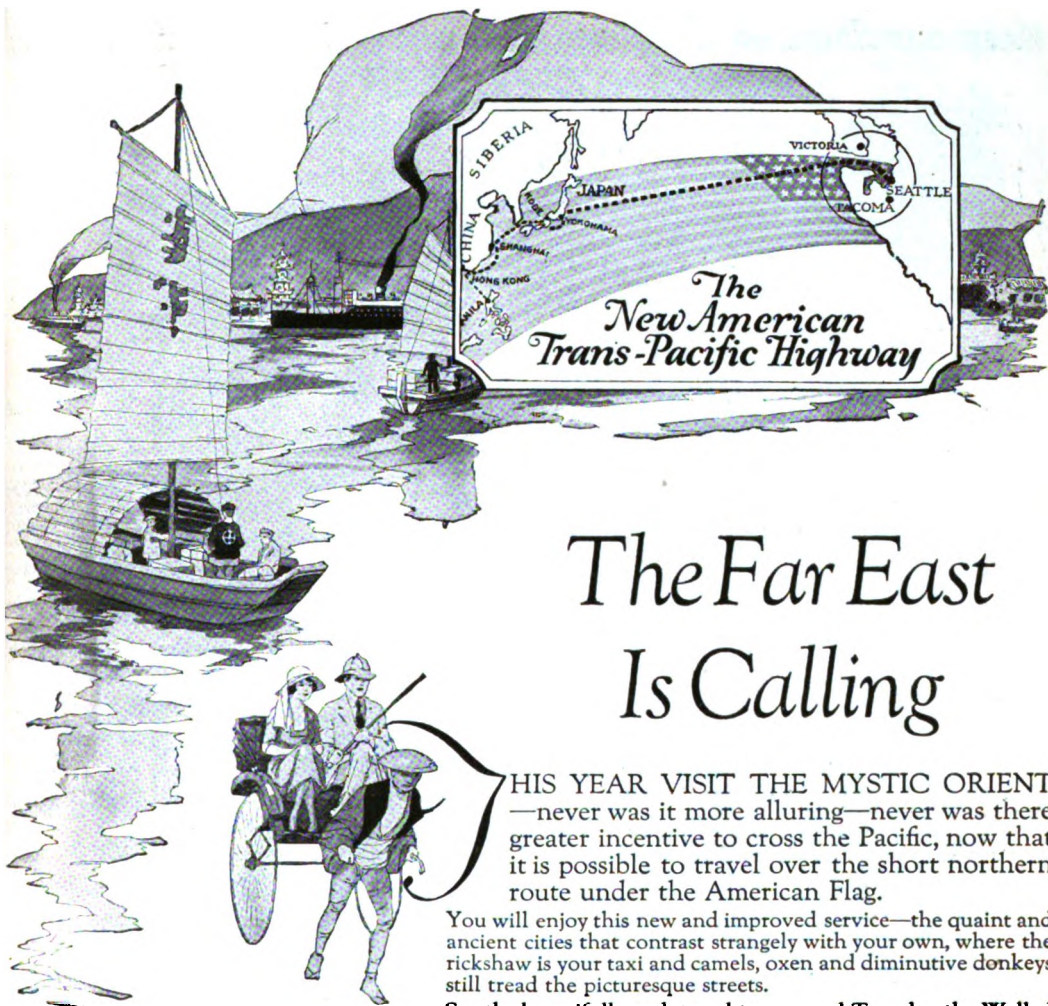
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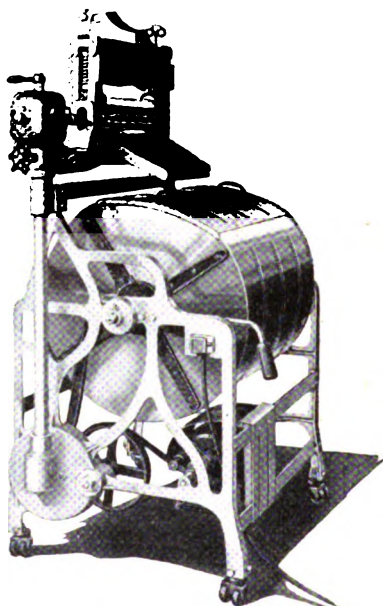
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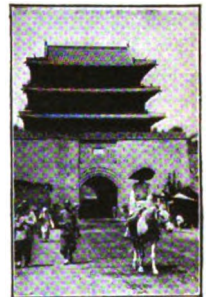
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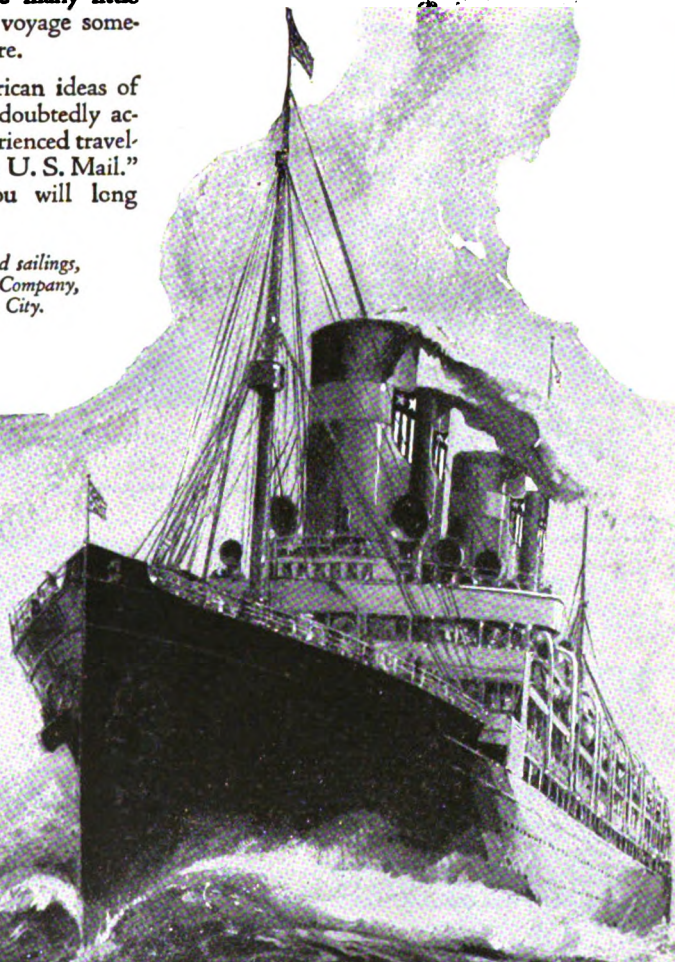


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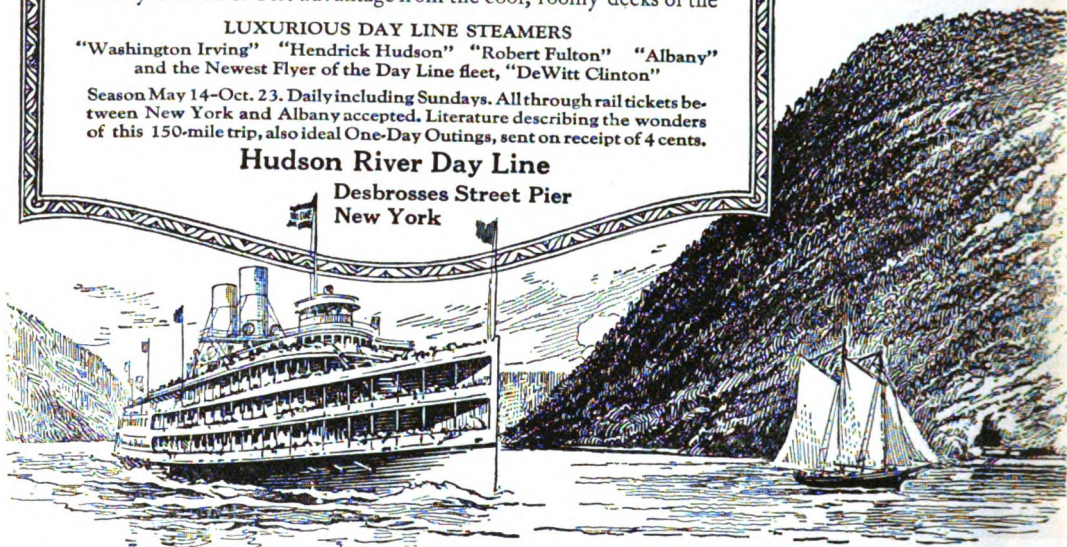
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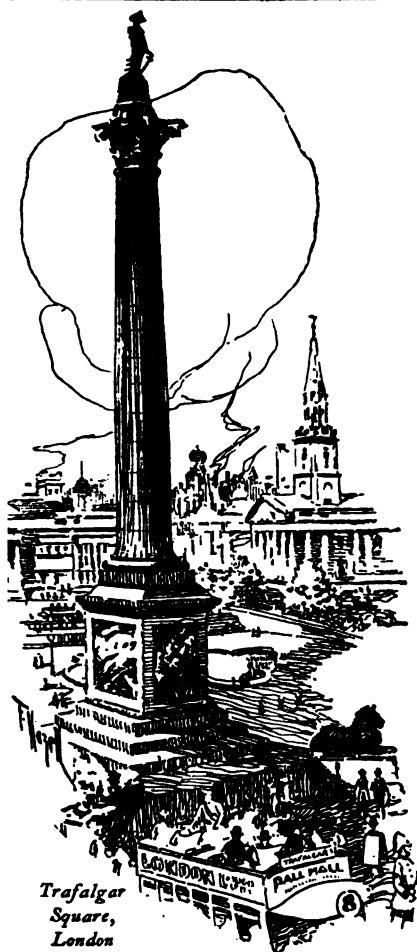
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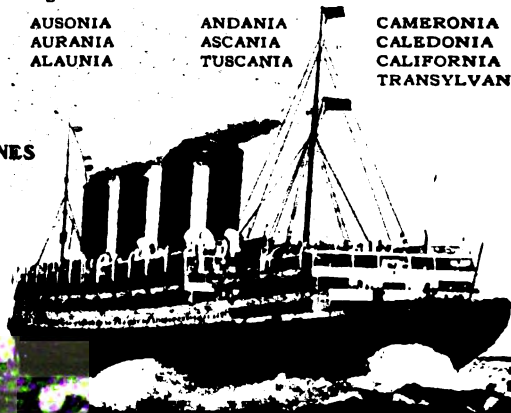
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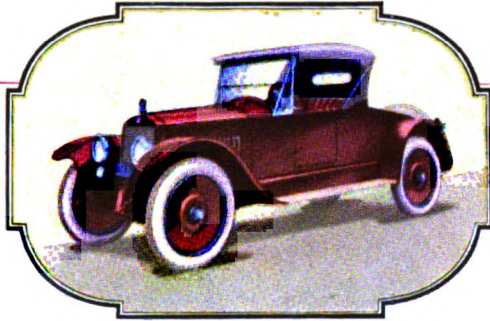
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# BOYCE MOTO METER

For sale by dealers everywhere

*"The Most Necessary Instrument on the Car"*



## More Than Speed or Climbing

**P**OWER means more than brute strength. The power of the Standard Eight is not the power of the motor alone, any more than the strength of a man means big biceps alone.

Power in an automobile involves the relation of motivity to weight, the coordination of balance with mass. This gives a responsiveness that is quick and sure. It is what the good golfer puts into his drive that gives him long distance without apparent effort. It is what the billiard player puts into his shot that gives a long roll to the balls without seeming to shoot hard.

Driving a Standard Eight gives you the same sort of pleasure you get when you play a game extremely well. You are exhilarated every minute of the while; you are not fatigued at the end; and you look forward to doing it again.

*Touring Car, \$3400 Sport, \$3400 Roadster, \$3400 Chassis, \$3150  
Vestibule Sedan, \$5000 Sedan, \$4800 Sedanette, \$4500 Coupé, \$4500  
Above prices f. o. b. Butler, Pa.*

## STANDARD EIGHT A POWERFUL CAR

STANDARD STEEL CAR COMPANY  
*Automotive Dept. Pittsburgh, Pa.*







Roof Stained with Cabot's Creosote Stain. Walls finished with Cabot's Old Virginia White. Charles A. Platt, Architect, New York

## Cabot's Creosote Stains

*Save Half Your Painting Bill*

### "50% Cheaper than Paint"

Your painting bill is actually reduced *more than half* by using Cabot's Stains instead of paint. The Stain itself not only costs less than half as much, but the labor cost is also less than half, because Cabot's Stains can be put on twice as quickly, by any ordinary workman. Or you can do it yourself.

### 100% Handsomer

These actual photographs show how handsome Cabot's Stains look on all kinds of woodwork—siding, shingles or boards—and the section at the bottom shows the difference between the Stain and paint *on the same board*. Paint covers and hides the wood. Cabot's Stains color without covering it, bringing out all the values of the grain and texture in rich, harmonious tones. You get "twice the beauty at half the cost."

### Preserve the Wood

Cabot's Stains are the original outside Stains, made with genuine refined Creosote "the best wood preservative known," and they preserve the wood against decay or insects.

### Old Virginia White

The New Stain White. As Brilliant as Fresh Whitewash and as Durable as Paint. It is whiter than paint, and softer in texture, does not look "painty." It is cheaper than paint, easier to apply and wears equally well.

*You can get Cabot's Stains all over the country. Send for samples of wood stained with moss-green, bungalow-brown, silver-gray, tile-red and many other shades, and name of nearest agent.*

**SAMUEL CABOT, Inc., Manufacturing Chemists**  
141 Milk St., Boston, Mass.

24 W. Kinzie St., Chicago  
525 Market St., San Francisco

342 Madison Ave., New York  
331 E. Fourth St., Los Angeles

Lattice finished with Old Virginia White. Frame Stained.



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*Enables You to Select Complete Heating, Plumbing and Sanitation Equipment through One Central Source of Supply*

WHEN you are ready to consider such installations for a building of any size or character, visit the nearest Crane branch with your architect, where you will find it a simple and pleasant matter to fill all of your requirements.

Crane Service provides a wide variety of designs from which you can choose precisely the types you want—and, above all, it safeguards you with uniform quality throughout the entire installations. It is complete, convenient, reliable.

*Call on any Crane Branch for the fullest co-operation*

*Partial View of Crane Exhibit Rooms in New York*

We are manufacturers of about 20,000 articles, including valves, pipe fittings and steam specialties, made of brass, iron, ferro-steel, cast steel and forged steel, in all sizes, for all pressures and all purposes, and are distributors of pipe, heating and plumbing materials.

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# How Would You Rank

If Home Owners were  
Rated by the Wisdom  
they Displayed in the  
Utilizing of Their Natural  
Environment?



*Illustrations from the June House Beautiful*

## THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL Magazine

*For June*

Presents Much Wisdom  
On This Subject



The Wise Home Owner  
Will Consult This  
Issue

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*Aside from its Instructive Value This Issue Is Exceptionally Beautiful as Well as Interesting*

### Partial Contents of the June Number

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A.M. 6-11



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Northern White Pine  
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*Western Hemlock  
Washington Red Cedar  
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Norway Pine*

## A NEW STANDARD OF EFFICIENCY IN THE USE OF MATERIALS

**W**HEREVER business men gather together today you hear of economies in production—new standards of efficiency for labor, for machinery and in the distribution of finished products.

Reconstruction demands lower production costs and higher relative values.

It demands a new standard of efficiency in the use of materials; and especially true is this in the use of lumber.

It may surprise you to know that the service value of the average purchase of lumber could be increased 100%, if the buyer chose the most practical wood and the most economical grade for a given purpose.



Lumber is more intimately woven into our complex industrial fabric than perhaps any other basic material. In the production of coal, in the manufacture of machinery, in the distribution of countless commodities where we least expect it, lumber touches every home, every farm, every business in the land.

That is why an enlightened lumber service is important in this period of industrial reconstruction and in the great era of home-building that is ahead.

Lumber is capable of the same close analysis as is a bar of steel or a block of concrete.

For years there has been accumulating a mass of close-knit knowledge about the kinds of wood, their service values and adaptabilities.

Few men are aware how well-rounded and scientific this knowledge of lumber is.

The strength of the various species. Their durability. Their service qualities.

What kind of lumber is best adapted to the manifold industrial uses. Which will give the longest service under exposure to the weather. What kinds are most suitable for construction purposes, and what for interior trim.

Add to this the advanced knowledge of wood preservation—and you begin to see the far-reaching benefits of this lumber service.



What we advocate is conservation and economy through the use of the right wood in its proper place.

To this end we will supply to lumber dealers and to the public, any desired information as to the qualities of the different species and the best wood for a given purpose.

This service will be as broad and impartial as we know how to make it. We are not partisans of any particular species of wood. We advise the best lumber for the purpose, whether we handle it or not.

From now on the Weyerhaeuser Forest Products trade-mark will be plainly stamped on our product.

When you buy lumber for any purpose, no matter how much or how little, you can look at the mark and know that you are getting a standard article of known merit.

Weyerhaeuser Forest Products are distributed through the established trade channels by the Weyerhaeuser Sales Company, Spokane, Washington, with branch offices and representatives throughout the country.

## WEYERHAEUSER FOREST PRODUCTS SAINT PAUL • MINNESOTA

*Producers of Douglas Fir, Western Hemlock, Washington Red Cedar and Cedar Shingles on the Pacific Coast; Idaho White Pine, Western Soft Pine, Red Fir and Larch in the Inland Empire; Northern White Pine and Norway Pine in the Lake States.*



A tiny bird house or a spacious cottage—it matters not what sort of building you want, there is nothing more serviceable, more attractive, more economical, than a Hodgson Portable House.

Practical construction makes erection easy; the best materials and careful manufacture insure durability.

Write for illustrated catalog.

**E. F. HODGSON COMPANY**  
Room 254 71-73 Federal St., Boston, Mass.  
6 East 39th St., New York City

# HODGSON *Portable* HOUSES

## WHITE MOUNTAIN Refrigerators

"The Chest with the Chill in it"  
Built on scientific principles and tested by use "in over a million homes."  
Easy to clean, economical, durable and efficient. Sold in every city and important town in the United States.

Send for handsome Catalogues and Booklets

Maine Manufacturing Co., Nashua, N. H.  
Established 1874

Look for the name

**WHITE MOUNTAIN**

*Cuts your ice bill.*

### NOTICE

The advertisement which won second prize in the "Everyday Adventures" Amateur Advertisement Contest will appear in the July *Atlantic Monthly*.

## STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, ETC., OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

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Signed **MACGREGOR JENKINS, Treas.**

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18th day of March, 1921.

[SEAL] **MARY A. LYONS, Notary Public.**

(My commission expires March 3, 1927.)

## TELL TOMORROW'S Weather

White's Weather Prophet forecasts the weather 8 to 24 hours in advance. Not a toy but a scientifically constructed instrument working automatically. Handsome, reliable and everlasting.

**An Ideal Present**

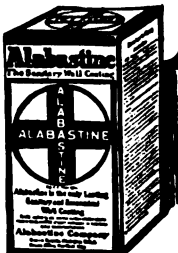
Made doubly interesting by the little figures of Hansel and Gretel and the Witch, who come in and out to tell you what the weather will be. Size 6 1/2 x 7 1/2; fully guaranteed. Postpaid to any address in U. S. or Canada on receipt of

**\$1.25**

Agents Wanted  
**DAVID WHITE, Dept. 93, 419 E. Water St., Milwaukee, Wis.**

## Books The "Little Peter Papers"

A RECORD OF THE WORLD'S WAR by Letters of Past Members of Co. D., First Corps Cadets, Boston, Mass., from France and elsewhere. From August 25, 1917, to April 20, 1919. Compiled by Col. WILLIAM STEARNS SIMMONS, Asst. to the Adjt.-General, Mass. Published by The Walker Press, Inc., 27 Purchase St., Boston, Mass.



# Alabastine

INSTEAD OF KALSOMINE OR WALL PAPER.

**A**LABASTINE beautifies your walls—modernizes your home, and conduces to the health of your family. Alabastine is durable, sanitary, economical; for interior surfaces, plaster, or wallboard—in full five-pound packages; directions on package; mixes with cold water. All Alabastine packages have cross and circle printed in red.

**ALABASTINE CO., 476 Grandville Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich.**



# Lowe Brothers



How's that, Molly?  
Just fine, Ned.

How'd you ever do it?  
Vernicol and this brush-  
That's all.

**Y**OU know, Molly, that page in the back of the Happy Happening Book about the Help Hint Booklets?

Well, I sent for the one telling "How to Make Things Do By Doing Them Over with Vernicol Varnish Stain."

Anything that would make things do, instead of buying things new, just naturally received my speedy investigation. Besides this can of porch furniture green Vernicol, I got one of mahogany to do over that fine old chair your Dad gave us.

Would you mind 'phon-ing Van that the tennis game is all off, because I am having too much fun Vernicoling? You might ask him over to take a look.

*The* **Lowe Brothers** *Company*

475 EAST THIRD ST., DAYTON, OHIO

Boston New York Jersey City Chicago Atlanta Memphis Kansas City Minneapolis Toronto  
Factories: Dayton Toronto

## Paints



# "You Never Made That GOWN YOURSELF!"

THE style of it says "Paris," the finish of it whispers "exclusive shop" or "Parisian modiste"—small wonder that people hesitate to believe that such an achievement *could* be "home-made!" BUT—if the strict truth be whispered, she didn't do it quite "all by herself." For in making it she had what no woman could possibly have before—the actual assistance of the *original* designer, cutter and creator of the gown—through

*The Marvelous New Picture Guide*

## THE DELTOR

*That Saves 50c to \$10, or More,  
on Materials Alone*

By a "PICTURE CHART," the *Deltor* shows you exactly how the expert cutter would lay out *every* size, *every* view of your pattern, on *every* width of suitable material, to get the most marvelously economical use of the goods. And with the chart before you, you can *instantly* do what it took the expert hours to work out!

By a "PICTURE GUIDE," the *Deltor* shows you exactly *how* the expert fitter joined each piece to the next. It makes *every* single step so *plain* that, without the least effort, you almost unconsciously achieve that perfect "set" of collar, sleeve—*every* part—which is the despair of all but the artists of the famous shops of Paris or Fifth Avenue.

By "FINISHING HINTS," the *Deltor* gives you *all* those clever little tricks—those means of securing distinction in ornament, trimming and finishing—that so absolutely differentiate the finished charm of Parisian handiwork from either "home-made" or "ready-made."

The *Deltor* now accompanies every new Butterick pattern—giving you, in addition to Butterick's Parisian style, the ability to create the exact counterpart of what heretofore only Paris or Fifth Avenue could produce. Ask for "Butterick pattern with *Deltor*" for the very next garment you plan to make.

# BUTTERICK

*Style Leaders of the World*





**P**ERHAPS yours is one of those homes where another bathroom would add much to comfort and convenience.

No longer need limited space handicap you. The illustration shows "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures installed in a room only five feet square, making a complete

individual bathroom with all the facilities of a larger room.

A small space partitioned off—a large closet utilized—and the advantages of a similar arrangement can be yours.

See your Contracting Plumber or write for our catalogue, "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures for the Home.

*"Standard" Plumbing Fixtures in this bathroom are: 5-foot Pembroke Bath with Shower, Marcosa Lavatory and Expulso Closet.*

### Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co., Pittsburgh

In addition to the displays of "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures shown by Wholesale Dealers and Contracting Plumbers, there are permanent "Standard" exhibits in the following cities:

NEW YORK.....	35 W. 31ST	COLUMBUS.....	503-519 PARK ST. S.	DALLAS.....	1200 JACKSON
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BOSTON.....	186 DEVONSHIRE	YOUNGSTOWN.....	458 W. FEDERAL	FORT WORTH.....	828 MONROE
PHILADELPHIA.....	1215 WALNUT	WHEELING.....	46 EIGHTEENTH	KANSAS CITY.....	201 RIDGE ARCADE
WASHINGTON.....	SOUTHERN BLDG.	HUNTINGTON.....	SECOND AVE. AND TENTH	SAN FRANCISCO.....	149-55 BLUXOME
PITTSBURGH.....	445 WATER	ERIE.....	130 W. TWELFTH	LOS ANGELES.....	216-224 S. CENTRAL
PITTSBURGH.....	106 SIXTH	MILWAUKEE.....	918 ELEVENTH	SYRACUSE OFFICE.....	303 HERALD BLDG.
CHICAGO.....	14 N. PEORIA	LOUISVILLE.....	426 BROADWAY	ATLANTA OFFICE.....	217 HEALEY BLDG.
ST. LOUIS.....	4140 FOREST PARK BLVD.	NASHVILLE.....	311 FIFTH	DETROIT OFFICE.....	414 HAMMOND BLDG.
EAST ST. LOUIS.....	16 N. MAIN	HOUSTON.....	323 W. MAIN	CHICAGO OFFICE.....	1010 STANDARD OIL BLDG.
CLEVELAND.....	4409 EUCLID	HOUSTON.....	315 TENTH AVE. S.	SEATTLE OFFICE.....	1714 L. C. SMITH BLDG.
CINCINNATI.....	633 WALNUT	HOUSTON.....	846 BARONNE	TORONTO, CAN.....	59 E. RICHMOND
TOLEDO.....	1002-1016 SUMMIT	HOUSTON.....	COR. PRESTON AVE. AND SMITH	HAMILTON, CAN.....	20 W. JACKSON

FACTORIES: Pittsburgh, Pa.; Louisville, Ky.; New Brighton, Pa.; Toronto, Can. POTTERIES: Kokomo, Ind.; Tiffin, O.





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# LAFAYETTE

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This cameo, which is mounted on the radiator of every LAFAYETTE, is the seal we place upon our work in witness that we have held fast to our purpose: to produce with honest metal and unhurried skill the very finest car we could. And the car's deportment in the service of its owners has so impressed motorists who have been schooled in long association with fine cars, that they see in the cameo a symbol of unmatched worth and constant satisfaction.

LAFAYETTE MOTORS COMPANY at *Mars Hill* INDIANAPOLIS

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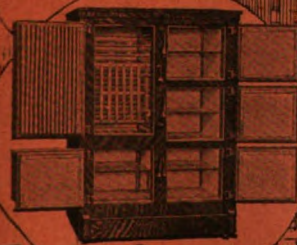


FOR GROCERY STORES

FOR HOTELS, CLUBS,  
HOSPITALS, ETC.  
FOR FLORIST SHOPS



FOR MEAT MARKETS



for Residences

## REFRIGERATORS for ALL PURPOSES

**M**cCRAY Refrigerators are built on the principle of the Pyramids—from start to finish they are made to endure. Built on the satisfied customer basis they combine quality and economy with long service.

Finest material is only one of the foundation stones of McCray quality. The uniform excellence of McCray Refrigerators is due quite as much to the painstaking care on the part of our workmen as to the selection of the material itself. It is this unvarying high standard that leads people to accept the name McCray as a guarantee of unequalled refrigerator service.

*Ask your grocer; he knows the McCray.*

McCray not only carries a large variety of refrigerators in stock for prompt shipment, but builds them to order in any desired style or size for all purposes.

Outside icing doors is a McCray feature, especially desirable for residences.

You will want a McCray catalog. Send today.

No. 95 for Residences

No. 53 for Hotels, Clubs, Hospitals, etc.

No. 72 for Grocery Stores

No. 64 for Meat Markets

No. 75 for Florist Shops

**MCCRAY REFRIGERATOR CO.**

6113 LAKE STREET

KENDALLVILLE, INDIANA

*Salesrooms in all Principal Cities*



FOR DELICATESSEN STORES

# BROWN BROTHERS & CO.

Established 1818

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Philadelphia

59 Wall St., NEW YORK

60 State St.  
Boston

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IN connection with domestic and foreign business we desire to co-operate with American institutions and to extend to them the benefits of a wide experience in financing trade, or in the selection of institutional or individual investments.

*A Century of Service*

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# BROWN, SHIPLEY & COMPANY

Established 1810

Founders Court, Lothbury  
LONDON, E. C.

Office for Travelers  
123 Pall Mall, LONDON, S. W.









